



F. A. Marshall.



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THE
VVORKES
OF
BENJAMIN JONSON.

The second Volume.

CONTAINING
THESE PLAYES,
Viz.

- 1 Bartholomew Fayre.
- 2 The Staple of Newes.
- 3 The Divell is an Assc.



LONDON,
Printed for RICHARD MEIGHEN,
1640.

THE
VOLUME

OF
THE SECOND VOLUME.

CONTAINING
THESE PLAYS.

1. Bartholomew Fair.
2. The Staple of News.
3. The Divell is an Ass.



Printed for Richard M. Edwards,
1640.

BARTHOLMEW FAYRE:

A COMEDIE,
ACTED IN THE
YEARE, 1614.

By the Lady *ELIZABETHS*
SERVANTS.

And then dedicated to King *IAMES*, of
most Blessed Memorie;

By the Author, BENIAMIN IOHNSON.

*Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus : nam
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,
Vt sibi præbentem, mimo spectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putaret assello
Fabellam surdo. Hor. lib. 2. Epist. 1.*



LONDON,
Printed by *I. B.* for ROBERT ALLOT, and are
to be sold at the signe of the Beare, in *Pauls*
Church-yard. 1631.

BARTRAM
FAYRE:

A COMEDIE
ACTED IN THE
YEARE 1614
By the Lady ELIZABETH
SERVANTS

And then dedicated to King IAMES
most Blessed Memory

By the Author, WILLIAM LINDSAY

Printed in London, by Iohn Wolfe,
at the Signe of the Gunne, in
St. Dunstons Church, in the Strand,
1634.



Printed by I. B. for ROBERT ALLEN
to be sold at the signe of the Gunne
in St. Dunstons Church, in the Strand,
1634.

B. B.
CHEN



THE
PROLOGVE
TO
THE KINGS
MAIESTY.



Our Maiesty is welcome to a Fayre;
Such place, such men, such language & such ware,
You must expect: with these, the zealous noyse
Of your lands Faction, scandaliz'd at toyes,
As Babies, Hobby-horses, Puppet-playses,
And such like rage, whereof the petulant wayes
Your selfe haue knowne, and haue bin vext with long.
These for your sport, without perticular wrong,
Or iust complaint of any priuate man,
(Who of himselfe, or shall thinke well or can)
The Maker doth present: and hopes, to night
To giue you for a Fayring, true delight.

A 3

THE



THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

J OHN LITTLEWIT.	<i>A Proctor.</i>
W IN LITTLEWIT.	<i>His wife.</i>
D AME PURCRAFT.	<i>Her mother and a widow.</i>
Z EAL-OF-THE-LAND BUSY.	<i>Her Suitor, a Banbury man.</i>
W IN-WIFE.	<i>His Rivall, a Gentleman.</i>
Q VARLOVS.	<i>His companion, a Gamester.</i>
B ARTHOLMEW COKES.	<i>An Esquire of Harrow.</i>
H UMPHREY WASPE.	<i>His man.</i>
A DAM OVER-DOO.	<i>A Iustice of Peace.</i>
D AME OVERDOO.	<i>His wife.</i>
G RACE WELBORNE.	<i>His Ward.</i>
L ANT. LEATHERHEAD.	<i>A Hobbi-horse seller.</i>
I OANE TRASH.	<i>A Ginger-bread woman.</i>
E ZECHIEL EDGWORTH.	<i>A Cutpurse.</i>
N IGHTINGALE.	<i>A Ballad-singer.</i>
V RSLA.	<i>A Pigge-woman.</i>
M OON-CALFE.	<i>Her Tapster.</i>
I ORDAN KNOCK-HVM.	<i>A Horse-courser, and ranger o'</i>
V AL. CUTTING.	<i>A Roarer. (Turnbull.</i>
C APTAIN WHIT.	<i>A Bawd.</i>
P VNQVE ALICE.	<i>Mistresse o' the Game.</i>
T ROUBLE-ALL.	<i>A Madman.</i>
W HITCHMEN, three.	
C OSTARD-monger.	
M OVSETRAP-man.	
C LOTHIER.	
W RESTLER.	
P ORTERS.	
D OORE-KEEPERS.	
P UPPETS.	

The SCENE SMITHFIELD.

THE



THE INDUCTION. ON THE STAGE.

STAGE-KEEPER.



Entlemen, haue a little patience, they are e'en vpon comming, instantly. He that should beginne the Play, Master *Littlewit*, the *Proctor*, has a stitch new salne in his black silk stocking; 'twill be drawn vpe ere you can tell twenty. He playes one o'the *Arches*, that dwels about the *Hospitall*, and hee has a very pretty part. But for the whole *Play*, will you ha'the truth on't? (I am looking, lest the *Poet* heare me, or his man, Master *Broome*, behind the Arras) it is like to be a very conceited scuruy one, in plaine English. When't comes to the *Fayre*, once: you were e'en as good goe to *Virginia*, for any thing there is of *Smith-field*. Hee has not hit the humors, he do's not know 'hem; hee has not conuers'd with the *Bartholmew*-birds, as they say; hee has ne're a Sword, and Buckler man in his *Fayre*, nor a little *Dauy*, to take toll o'the Bawds there, as in my time, nor a *Kind-heart*, if any bodies teeth should chance to ake in his *Play*. Nor a Iugler with a wel-educated Ape to come ouer the chaine, for the *King of England*, and backe againe for the *Prince*, and sit still on his arse for the *Pope*, and the *King of Spaine*! None o'these fine sights! Nor has he the Canuas-cut'the night, for a Hobby-horseman to creepe into his she-neighbour, and take his leap, there!

THE INDUCTION.

there! Nothing! No, and some writer (that I know) had had but the penning o' this matter, hee would ha' made you such a *lig-ajogge* i'the boothes, you should ha' thought an earthquake had beene i'the *Fayre*! But these Master-Poets, they will ha' their owne absurd courses; they will be inform'd of nothing! Hee has (*sirreuerence*) kick'd me three, or foure times about the Tying-house, I thanke him, for but offering to putt in, with my experience. I'll be iudg'd by you, *Gentlemen*, now, but for one conceit of mine! would not a fine Pumpe vpon the Stage ha' done well, for a property now? and a *Punque* set vnder vpon her head, with her Sterne vpward, and ha' beene sous'd by my wity young masters o'the *Innes o' Court*? what thinke you o'this for a shew, now? hee will not heare o'this! I am an Ass! I! and yet I kept the *Stage* in Master *Tarletons* time, I thanke my starres. Ho! and that man had liu'd to haue play'd in *Bartholmew Fayre*, you should ha' seene him ha' come in, and ha' beene coozened i'the Cloath-quaiter, so finely! And *Adams*, the Rogue, ha' leap'd and caper'd vpon him, and ha' dealt his vermine about, as though they had cost him nothing. And then a substantiall watch to ha' stolne in vpon 'hem, and taken 'hem away, with mistaking words, as the fashion is, in the *Stage-practice*.

Booke-holder: Scriuener. To him.

Booke. How now? what rare discourse are you false vpon? ha? ha? you found any familiars here, that you are so free? what's the businesse?

Sta. Nothing, but the vnderstanding Gentlemen o' the ground here, ask'd my iudgement.

Booke. Your iudgement, Rascall? for what? sweeping the *Stage*? or gathering vp the broken Apples for the beares within? Away Rogue, it's come to a fine degree in these *spectacles* when such a youth as you pretend to a iudgement. And yet hee may, i'the most o'this matter i'faith:

For,

THE INDUCTION.

For the *Author* hath writ it iust to his *Meridian*, and the *Scale* of the grounded Iudgements here, his Play-fellowes in wit. Gentlemen; not for want of a *Prologue*, but by way of a new one, I am sent out to you here, with a *Scriuener*, and certaine Articles drawne out in haist betweene our *Author*, and you; which if you please to heare, and as they appeare reasonable, to approue of; the *Play* will follow presently. Read, *Scribe*, gi me the Counterpaine.

Scr. **ARTICLES** of Agreement, indented, between the *Spectators* or *Hearers*, at the *Hope* on the Banke side, in the County of *Surrey* on the one party; And the *Author* of *Bartholmew Fayre* in the said place, and County on the other party: the one and thirtieth day of *Octob.* 1614. and in the twelfth yeere of the Raigne of our Soueraigne Lord, **JAMES** by the grace of God *King of England, France, and Ireland*; Defender of the faith And of *Scotland* the seauen and fortieth.

IN PRIMIS, It is couenanted and agreed, by and betweene the parties abouesaid, and the said *Spectators*, and *Hearers*, aswell the curious and enuious, as the fauouring and iudicious, as also the grounded Iudgements and vnderstandings, doe for themselves seuerally Couenant, and agree to remaine in the places, their money or friends haue put them in, with patience, for the space of two houres and an halfe, and somewhat more. In which time the *Author* promisseth to present them by vs, with a new sufficient Play called **BARTHOLMEW FAYRE**, merry, and as full of noise, as sport: made to delight all, and to offend none. Prouided they haue either, the wit or the honesty to thinke well of themselves.

It is further agreed that euery person here, haue his or their free-will of censure, to like or dislike at their owne charge, the *Author* hauing now departed with his right: It shall bee lawfull for any man to iudge his six pen'orth his twelue pen'orth, so to his eightene pence, 2. shillings, halfe a crowne, to the value of his place: Prouided alwaies his place get not aboue his wit. And if he pay for halfe a dozen

THE INDUCTION.

dozen, hee may censure for all them too, so that he will vndertake that they shall bee silent. Hee shall put in for *Censures* here, as they doe for *lots* at the *lottery*: mary if he drop but sixe pence at the doore, and will censure a crownes worth, it is thought there is no conscience, or iustice in that.

It is also agreed, that euery man heere, exercise his owne Iudgement, and not censure by *Contagion*, or vpon *trust*, from anothers voice, or face, that sits by him, be he neuer so first, in the *Commission of Wit*: As also, that hee bee fixt and settled in his censure, that what hee approues, or not approues to day, hee will doe the same to morrow, and if to morrow, the next day, and so the next weeke (if neede be:) and not to be brought about by any that sits on the *Bench* with him, though they indite, and arraigne *Playes* daily. Hee that will sweare, *Ieronimo*, or *Andronicus* are the best playes, yet, shall passe vnexcepted at, heere, as a man whose Iudgement shewes it is constant, and hath stood still, these fiae and twentie, or thirtie yeeres. Though it be an *Ignorance*, it is a vertuous and stay'd ignorance; and next to *truth*, a confirm'd errour does well; such a one the *Author* knowes where to finde him.

It is further couenanted, concluded and agreed, that how great soeuer the expectation bee, no person here, is to expect more then hee knowes, or better ware then a *Fayre* will affoord: neyther to looke backe to the sword and buckler-age of *Smithfield*, but content himselfe with the present. In stead of a little *Dauy*, to take toll o'the Bawds, the *Author* doth promise a strutting *Horse-courser*, with a leere-Drunkard, two or three to attend him, in as good *Equipage* as you would wish. And then for *Kinde-heart*, the Tooth-drawer, a fine oylly *Pig-woman* with her *Tapster*, to bid you welcome, and a consort of *Roarers* for musique. A wise *Iustice* of *Peace meditant*, in stead of a *Iugler*, with an *Ape*. A ciuill *Cutpurse searchant*. A sweete *Singer* of new *Bal-*
lads

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lads *allurant* : and as fresh an *Hypocrite*, as euer was broach'd *rampant*. If there bee neuer a *Seruant-monster* i'the *Fayre*; who can helpe it? he sayes; nor a nest of *Antiques*? Hee is loth to make Nature afraid in his *Playes*, like those that beget *Tales*, *Tempests*, and such like *Drolleries*, to mixe his head with other mens heeles, let the concupiscence of *Iigges* and *Dances*, raigne as strong as it will amongst you : yet if the *Puppets* will please any body, they shall be entreated to come in.

In *consideration of which*, it is finally agreed, by the fore-said hearers, and *spectators*, that they neyther in themselves conceale, nor suffer by them to be concealed any *State-decipherer*, or politique *Picklocke* of the *Scene*, so solemnly ridiculous, as to search out, who was meant by the *Ginger-bread-woman*, who by the *Hobby-horse-man*, who by the *Costard-monger*, nay, who by their *Wares*. Or that will pretend to affirme (on his owne *inspired ignorance*) what *Mirror of Magistrates* is meant by the *Iustice*, what *great Lady* by the *Pigge-woman*, what *conceal'd States-man*, by the *Seller of Mouse-trappes*, and so of the rest. But that such person, or persons so found, be left discouered to the mercy of the *Author*, as a forfeiture to the *Stage*, and your laughter, aforesaid. As also, such as shall so desperately, or ambitiously, play the foole by his place aforesaid, to challenge the *Author* of scurrilitie, because the language some where fauours of *Smithfield*, the *Booth*, and the *Pig-broath*, or of prophanenesse, because a *Mad-man* cryes, *God quit you*, or *blesse you*. In *witnesse whereof*, as you haue preposterously put to your Seales already (which is your money) you will now adde the other part of suffrage, your hands, The *Play* shall presently begin. And though the *Fayre* be not kept in the same *Region*, that some here, perhaps, would haue it, yet thinke, that therein the *Author* hath obseru'd a speciall *Decorum*, the place being as durty as *Smithfield*, and as stinking euery whit.

How-

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Howsoever, hee prayes you to belecue, his *Ware* is still
the same, else you will make him iustly suspect that
hee that is so loth to looke on a *Baby*, or an *Hob-*
by-horse, heere, would bee glad to take vp
a *Commodity* of them, at any laugh-
ter, or losse, in ano-
ther place.

BARTHOLOMEW



BARTHOLMEVV FAYRE.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

LITTLE-VVIT. { *To him* } VVIN.



Pretty conceit, and worth the finding! I ha' such lucke to spinne out these fine things still, and like a Silke-worme, out of my selfe. Her's Master *Bartholomew Cokes*, of *Harrow o'th hill*, i'th County of *Middlesex*, Esquire, takes forth his Licence, to marry Mistrisse *Grace Wel-borne* of the said place and County: and when do's hee take it foorth? to day! the foure and twentieth of August! *Bartholmew day! Bartholmew vpon Bartholmew!* there's the deuice! who would haue mark'd such a leap-frogge chance now? A very lesse then *Ames-ace*, on two Dice! well, goe thy wayes *John Little-wit*, Proctor *John Little-wit*: One o' the pretty wits o' *Pauls*, the *Little-wit* of *London* (so thou art call'd) and some thing beside. When a quirk, or a *quiblin* do's scape thee, and thou dost not watch, and apprehend it, and bring it afore the Constable of conceit: (there now, I speake *quib* too) let'hem carry thee out o' the Archdeacons Court, into his Kitchin, and make a *Iack* of thee, in stead of a *John*. (There I am againe la!) *Win*, Good morrow, *Win*. I marry *Win*! Now you looke finely indeed, *Win*! this Cap do's conuince! youl'd not ha' worne it, *VVin*, nor ha' had it veluet, but a rough countrey Beauer, with a copper-band, like the Conney-skinne woman of *Budge-row*? Sweete *VVin*, let me kisse it! And. her fine high shooes, like the *Spanish Lady*! Good *VVin*, goe a litle I would faine see thee pace pretty *VVin*! By this fine Cap, I could neuer leaue kissing on't.

B

VVin.

WIN. Come,indeede la, you are such a foole, still!

LITT. No, but halfe a one, *Win*, you are the tother halfe: man and wife make one foole, *Win*. (Good!) Is there the Proctor, or Doctor indeed, i' the *Dioceffe*, that euer had the fortune to win him such a *Win*! (There I am againe!) I doe feele conceits comming vpon mee, more then I am able to turne tongue too. A poxe o' these pretenders, to wit! your *Three Cranes*, *Miter*, and *Mermaid* men! Not a corne of true salt, nor a graine of right mustard amongst them all. They may stand for places or so, againe the next *Wit* fall, and pay two pence in a quart more for their *Canary*, then other men. But gi' mee the man, can start vp a *Iustice of Wit* out of six-shillings beare, and giue the law to all the *Poets*, and *Poet-suckers* i' Towne, because they are the Players Gossips? 'Slid, other men haue wiues as fine as the Players, and as well drest. Come hither, *Win*.

ACT. I. SCENE. II.

WIN-WIFE. LITTLEVVIT. WIN.

VVhy, how now Master *Little-wit*! measuring of lips? or molding of kisses? which is it?

LITT. Troth I am a little taken with my *Wins* dressing here! Do'st not fine Master *Win-wife*? How doe you apprehend, Sir? Shee would not ha' worne this habit. I challenge all *Cheapside*, to shew such another: *Morefields*, *Pimlico* path, or the *Exchange*, in a sommer euening, with a Lace to boot as this has. Deare *Win*, let Master *Win-wife* kisse you. Hee comes a wooing to our mother *Win*, and may be our father perhaps, *Win*. There's no harme in him, *Win*.

WIN-W. None i' the earth, Master *Little-wit*.

LITT. I enuy no man, my delicates, Sir.

WIN-W. Alas, you ha' the garden where they grow still! A wife heere with a *Strawbery*-breath, *Chery*-lips, *Apricot*-cheekes, and a soft veluet head, like a *Melicotton*.

LITT. Good y'faith! now dulnesse vpon mee, that I had not that before him, that I should not light on't, as well as he! Veluet head!

WIN-W. But my taste, Master *Little-wit*, tends to fruiet of a later kinde: the sober Matron, your wiues mother.

LITT. H! wee know you are a Suitor, Sir. *Win*, and I both, wish you well: by this Licencc here, would you had her, that your two names were as fast in it, as here are a couple. *Win* would faine haue a fine young father i' law, with a fether: that her mother might

might hood it, and chaine it, with Mistris *Ouer-doo*. But, you doe not take the right course, Master *Win-wife*.

WIN-W. No? Master *Little-wit*, why?

LIT. You are not madde enough.

WIN-W. How? Is madnesse a right course?

LIT. I say nothing, but I winke vpon *Win*. You haue a friend, one (Master *Quarlous*) comes here some times?

WIN-W. Why? he makes no loue to her, do's he?

LIT. Not a tokenworth that euer I saw, I assure you, But—

WIN-W. What?

LIT. He is the more Mad-cap o'the two. You doe not apprehend mee.

WIN. You haue a hot coale i' your mouth, now, you cannot hold.

LIT. Let mee out with it, deare *Win*.

WIN. I'll tell him my selfe.

LIT. Doe, and take all the thanks, and much good do thy pretty heart, *Win*.

WIN. Sir, my mother has had her natiuity-water cast lately by the Cunning men in *Cow-lane*, and they ha' told her her fortune, and doe ensure her, shce shall neuer haue happy houre; vnlesse shce marry within this sen'night, and when it is, it must be a Madde-man, they say.

LIT. I, but it must be a Gentle-man Mad-man.

WIN. Yes, so the tother man of *More-fields* sayes.

WIN-W. But do's shce beleue 'hem?

LIT. Yes, and ha's beene at *Bedlem* twice since, euery day, to enquire if any Gentleman be there, or to come there, mad!

WIN-W. Why, this is a confederacy, a meere piece of practice vpon her, by these *Impostors*?

LIT. I tell her so; or else say I, that they meane some young-Madcap-Gentleman (for the diuell can equiuocate, as well as a Shop-keeper) and therefore would I aduise you, to be a little madder, then Master *Quarlous*, hereafter.

WIN. Where is shce? stirring yet?

LIT. Stirring! Yes, and studying an old Elder, come from *Banbury*, a Suitor that puts in heere at meale-tyde, to praise the painefull brethren, or pray that the sweet fingers may be restor'd; Sayes a grace as long as his breath lasts him! Some time the spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him, and then my mother, or *Win*, are faine to fetch it againe with *Malmesey*, or *Aqua caelestis*.

WIN. Yes indeed, we haue such a tedious life with him for his dyet, and his clothes too, he breaks his buttons, and cracks seames at euery saying he fobs out.

IOH. He cannot abide my Vocation, he sayes.

WIN. No, he told my mother, a *Procter* was a claw of the *Beast*,

and that she had little lesse then committed *abomination*, in marry-
ing me so, as she ha's done.

IOH. Euery line (he sayes) that a *Proctor* writes, when it comes
to be read in the *Bishops Court*, is a long blacke hayre, kemb'd out
of the taylor of *Anti-Christ*.

WIN-W. When came this *Profelyte*?

IOH. Some three dayes since.

ACT. I. SCENE. IIJ.

QVARLOVS. IOHN. WIN. WIN-VVIFE.

O Sir, ha' you tane soyle, here? it's well, a man may reach you,
after 3. houres running, yet! what an vnmercifull companion
art thou, to quit thy lodging, at such vngentle manly houres?
None but a scatterd couey of Fidiers, or one of these Rag-rakers
in dung-hills, or some Marrow-bone man at most, would haue
beene vp, when thou wert gone abroad, by all description. I pray
thee what aylest thou, thou canst not sleepe? hast thou thornes
i' thy eye-lids, or thistles i' thy bed.

WIN-W. I cannot tell: It seemes you had neither i' your feet;
that tooke this paine to finde me.

QVAR. No, and I had, all the Lime-hounds o'the City should
haue drawne after you, by the sent rather. M^r *John Little-wit*! God
saue you, Sir. 'Twas a hot night with some of vs, last night, *John*:
shal we pluck a hayre o'the same wolfe, to day, *Proctor John*?

IOH. Doe you remember Master *Quarlous*, what wee discourst
on, last night?

QVAR. Not I, *John*: nothing that I eyther discourse or doe,
at those times: I forfeit all to forgetfulnesse.

IOH. No? not concerning *Win*? looke you, there shee is! and
drest as I told you she should be. Harke you Sir, had you forgot?

QVAR. By this head, I'le beware how I keepe you company,
John, when I drinke, and you haue this dangerous memory! that's
certaine.

IOH. Why Sir?

QVAR. Why? we were all a little stain'd last night, sprinkled
with a cup or two, and I agreed with *Proctor John* heere, to come
and doe somewhat with *Win* (I know not what 'twas) to day; and
he puts mee in minde on't, now: hee sayes hee was comming to
fetch me. Before *Truth*, if you haue that fearefull quality, *John*,
to remember, when you are sober, *John*, what you promise drunke,
John, I shall take heed of you, *John*. For this once, I am content to
winke

winke at you, where's your wife? come hither *Win.* (*He kisseth her.*)

WIN. Why, *Iohn*! doe you see this, *Iohn*? looke you! helpe me, *Iohn*.

IOH. O *Win*, fie, what do you meane, *Win*? Be womanly, *Win*. make an outcry to your mother, *Win*! Master *Quarlous* is an honest Gentleman, and our worshipfull good friend, *Win*: and he is Master *Win-wifes* friends, too. And Master *Win-wife* comes a Suitor to your mother, *Win*, as I told you before, *Win*, and may perhaps, be our Father, *Win*, they'll do you no harme, *Win*, they are both our worshipfull good friends. Master *Quarlous*! you must know *Mr. Quarlous*, *Win*; you must not quarrell with Master *Quarlous*, *Win*.

QVAR. No, wee'll kisse againe, and fall in.

IOH. Yes, doe good *Win*.

WIN. Y'faith you are a foole, *Iohn*.

IOH. A *Foole-Iohn* she calls me, doe you marke that, Gentlemen? pretty littlewit of veluet! a *Foole-Iohn*!

QVAR. She may call you an *Apple-Iohn*, if you vse this.

WIN-W. Pray thee forbear, for my respect, somewhat.

QVAR. Hoy-day! how respectiue you are become o'the sudden! I feare this family will turne you *reformed* too, pray you come about againe. Because she is in possibility to be your daughter in law, and may aske you blessing hereafter, when she courts it to *Totnam*, to eat creame. Well, I will forbear, Sir, but i'faith, would thou wouldst leaue thy exercise of widdow-hunting once! this drawing after an old reuerend Smock, by the splay-foote: There cannot be an ancient *Tripe*, or *Trillibub* i'the Towne, but thou art straight nosing it, and 'tis a fine occupation thou'lt confine thy selfe to, when thou ha'st got one: scrubbing a piece of Buffe, as if thou hadst the perpetuity of *Pannier-alley* to stinke in; or perhaps, worse: currying a carkasse, that thou hast bound thy selfe to aliuie. I'll besworne, some of them, (that thou art, or hast beene a Suitor to) are so old, as no chaste or married pleasure can euer become 'hem: the honest Instrument of procreation, has (forty yeeres since) left to belong to 'hem. Thou must visit 'hem, as thou wouldst doe a *Tombe*, with a torch, or three hand-fulls of lincke, flaming hot, and so thou maist hap to make 'hem feele thee, and after, come to inherit, according to thy inches. A sweet course for a man to waste his brand of life for, to be still raking himselfe a fortune in an old womans embers! We shall ha' thee, after thou hast beene but a moneth married to one of 'hem, looke like the *quartane ague*, and the black *laundise* met in a face: and walke as if thou had'st borrow'd legs of a *Spinner*, and voice of a *Cricket*. Afore I would endure to heare fiftene *sermons* aweeke for her, and such course, and lowd one's, as some of 'hem must be: I would e'en desire of *Fate*, I might dwell in a Drumme, and take in my sustenance, with an old broken Tobacco-pipe and a Straw! Dost thou euer thinke to

bring thine eares or stomack, to the patience of a drie *grace*, as long as thy Tablecloth? and droan'd out by thy sonne, here, (that might be thy father;) till all the meat o'thy board has forgot, it was that day i'the Kitchin? Or to brooke the noise made, in a question of *Predestination*, by the good labourers and painefull eaters, assembled together, put to 'hem by the Matron, your Spouse; who moderates with a cup of wine, euer and anone, and a Sentence out of *Knox* between? or the perpetuali spitting, before, and after a sober drawne *exhortation* of six houres, whose better part was the *hum-hum*? Or to heare prayers groan'd out, ouer thy iron-chests, as if they were *charmes* to breake 'hem? And all this for the hope of two *Apostle*-spoones, to suffer! and a cup to eate a cawdle in! For that will be thy legacy. She'll ha' conuey'd her state, safe enough from thee, an' she be a right widdow.

WIN. Alasse, I am quite off that sent now.

QVAR. How so?

WINW. Put off by a *Brother* of *Banbury*, one, that, they say, is come heere, and gouernes all, already.

QVAR. What doe you call him? I knew diuers of those *Banburians* when I was in *Oxford*.

WIN-W. Master *Little-wit* can tell vs.

IOH. Sir! good *Vvin*, goe in, and if Master *Bartholmew Cokes*-his man come for the Licence: (the little old fellow) let him speake with me; what say you, Gentlemen?

WIN-W. What call you the Reuerend *Elder*? you told me of? your *Banbury*-man.

IOH. *Rabbi Busy*, Sir, he is more then an *Elder*, he is a *Prophet*, Sir.

QVAR. O, I know him! a Baker, is he not?

IOH. Hee was a Baker, Sir, but hee do's dreame now, and see visions, hee has giuen ouer his Trade.

QVAR. I remember that too: out of a scruple hee tooke, that (in spic'd conscience) those Cakes hee made, were seru'd to *Bridales*, *May-poles*, *Morrisses*, and such prophane feasts and meetings; his Christen-name is *Zeale-of-the-land*.

IOH. Yes, Sir, *Zeale-of-the-land Busye*.

WIN-W. How, what a name's there!

IOH. O, they haue all such names, Sir; he was *Witnesse*, for *Win*, here; (they will not be call'd God-fathers) and nam'd her *Vvinne-the-fight*, you thought her name had beene *Vvinnifred*, did you not?

WIN-W. I did indeed.

IOH. Hee would ha' thought himselfe a starke Reprobate, if it had.

QVAR. I, for there was a Blew-starch-woman o'the name, at the same time. A notable hypocriticall vermine it is; I know him. One that stands vpon his face, more then his faith, at all times;
Euer

Euer in seditious motion, and reprovng for vaine-glory: of a most *lunatique* conscience, and splene, and affects the violence of *Singularity* in all he do's: (He has vndone a Grocer here, in Newgate-market, that broke with him, trusted him with Currans, as errant a Zeale as he, that's by the way: by his profession, hee will euer be i'the state of Innocence, though; and child-hood; derides all *Antiquity*; defies any other *Learning*, then *Inspiration*; and what discretion soeuer, yeeres should afford him, it is all preuented in his *Originall ignorance*; ha' not to doe with him: for hee is a fellow of a most arrogant, and inuincible dulnesse, I assure you; who is this?

ACT. I. SCENE. III.

WASPE. IOHN. WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS.

BY your leaue, Gentlemen, with all my heart to you: and god you good morrow; M^r *Little-wit*, my businesse is to you. Is this Licence ready?

IOH. Heere, I ha' it for you, in my hand, Master *Humphrey*.

WAS. That's well, nay, neuer open, or read it to me, it's labour in vaine, you know. I am no *Clarke*, I scorne to be sau'd by my booke, i' faith I'll hang first; fold it vp o' your word and gi' it mee; what must you ha' for't?

IOH. We'll talke of that anon, Master *Humphrey*.

WAS. Now, or not at all, good M^r *Proctor*, I am for no anon's, I assure you.

IOH. Sweet *Vvin*, bid *Salomon* send mee the little blacke boxe within, in my study.

WAS. I, quickly, good Mistresse, I pray you: for I haue both egges o'the Spit, and yron i'the fire, say, what you must haue, good M^r *Little-wit*.

IOH. Why, you know the price, M^r *Numps*.

WAS. I know? I know nothing. I, what tell you mee of knowing? (now I am in hast) Sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorne to know, and yet, (now I think on't) I will, and do know, as well as another; you must haue a *Marke* for your thing here, and eight pence for the boxe; I could ha' sau'd two pence i'that, an' I had bought it my selfe, but heere's foureteene shillings for you. Good Lord! how long your little wife staies! pray God, *Salomon*, your Clerke, be not looking i'the wrong boxe, M^r *Proctor*.

IOH. Good i' faith! no, I warrant you, *Salomon* is wiser then so, Sir.

WAS.

WAS. Fie, fie, fie, by your leaue Master *Little-wit*, this is scuruy, idle, foolish and abominable, with all my heart; I doe not like it.

WIN-W. Doe you heare? *Iacke Little-wit*, what businesse do's thy pretty head thinke, this fellow may haue, that he keepes such a coyle with?

QVAR. More then buying of ginger-bread i'the *Cloyster*, here, (for that wee allow him) or a guilt pouch i'the *Fayre*?

IOH. Master *Quarlous*, doe not mistake him: he is his Masters both-hands, I assure you.

QVAR. What? to pull on his boots, a mornings, or his stockings, do's hee?

IOH. Sir, if you haue a minde to mocke him, mocke him softly, and looke to'ther way: for if hee apprehend you flout him, once, he will flie at you presently. A terrible testie old fellow, and his name is *Waspe* too.

QVAR. Pretty *Insect*! make much on him.

WAS. A plague o'this boxe, and the poxe too, and on him that made it, and her that went for't, and all that should ha' sought it, sent it, or brought it! doe you see, Sir?

IOH. Nay, good Mr *Waspe*.

WAS. Good Master *Hornet*, turd i' your teeth, hold you your tongue; doe not I know you? your father was a *Pothecary*, and sold glisters, more then hee gaue, I wusse: and turd i' your little wiues teeth too (heere she come,) 'twill make her spit as fine as she is, for all her veluet-custerd on her head, Sir.

IOH. O! be ciuill Master *Numpes*.

WAS. Why, say I haue a humour not to be ciuill; how then? who shall compell me? you?

IOH. Here is the boxe, now.

WAS. Why a pox o' your boxe, once againe: let your little wife stale in it, and she will. Sir, I would haue you to vnderstand, and these Gentlemen too, if they please—

WIN-W. With all our hearts. Sir.

WAS. That I haue a charge. Gentlemen.

IOH. They doe apprehend, Sir.

WAS. Pardon me, Sir, neither they nor you, can apprehend mee, yet. (you are an *Asse*) I haue a young Master, hee is now vpon his making and marring; the whole care of his well doing, is now mine. His foolish scholemasters haue done nothing, but runne vp and downe the Countrey with him, to beg puddings, and cake-bread, of his tennants, and almost spoyled him, he has learn'd nothing, but to sing *catches*, and repeat *rattle bladder rattle*, and O, *Madge*. I dare not let him walke alone, for feate of learning of vile tunes, which hee will sing at supper, and in the sermon-times! if hee meete but a Carman i'the streete, and I finde him not talke to keepe him off on him, hee will whistle him, and all his tunes ouer, at night in his sleepe! he has a head full of

of Bees ! I am faine now (for this little time I am absent) to leaue him in charge with a Gentlewoman ; 'Tis true, shee is A *Iustice of Peace* his wife, and a Gentlewoman o'the hood, and his naturall sister : But what may happen, vnder a womans gouernment, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you doe not know him : hee is another manner of peece then you think for ! but nineteen yeere old, and yet hee is taller then either of you, by the head, God blesse him.

QV AR. Well, mee thinkes, this is a fine fellow !

WIN-W. He has made his Master a finer by this description, I should thinke.

QV AR. 'Faith, much about one, it's *crosse* and *pile*, whether for a new farthing.

WAS. I'll tell you Gentlemen---

IOH. Will't please you drinke, Master *Vvaspe*?

WAS. Why, I ha' not talk't so long to be drie, Sir, you see no dust or cobwebs come out o'my mouth: doe you? you'd ha' me gone, would you?

IOH. No, but you were in haste'en now, Mr *Numpes*.

WAS. What an' I were? so I am still, and yet I will stay too; meddle you with your match, your *Win*, there, she has as little wit, as her husband it seemes: I haue others to talke to.

IOH. She's my match indeede, and as little wit as I, Good!

WAS. We ha' bin but a day and a halfe in towne, Gentlemen, 'tis true; and yester day i'the afternoone, we walk'd *London*, to shew the City to the Gentlewoman, he shall marry, *Mistresse Grace*; but, afore I will endure such another halfe day, with him, I'll be drawne with a good Gib-cat, through the great pond at home, as his vnkle *Hodge* was! why, we could not meet that *heathen* thing, all day, but stayd him: he would name you all the *Signes* ouer, as hee went, aloud: and where hee spi'd a *Parrat*, or a *Monkey*, there hee was pitch'd, with all the littl-long-coats about him, male and female; no getting him away! I thought he would ha' runne madde o'the blacke boy in *Bucklers-bury*, that takes the scury, roguy *tobacco*, there.

IOH. You say true, Master *Numpes*: there's such a one indeed.

WAS. It's no matter, whether there be, or no, what's that to you?

QV AR. He will not allow of *John's* reading at any hand,

C

ACT.

ACT. I. SCENE. V.

COKE S. Mistris OVER-DOO. WASPE. GRACE.
QVARLOVS. WIN-WIFE. JOHN. WIN.

O *Numpes* ! are you here *Numpes* ? looke where I am, *Numpes* ! and Mistris *Grace*, too ! nay, doe not looke angerly, *Numpes* : my Sister is heere, and all, I doe not come without her.

WAS. What, the mischiefe, doe you come with her ? or shee with you ?

COK. We came all to seeke you, *Numpes*.

WAS. To seeke mee ? why, did you all thinke I was lost ? or runne away with your foureteene shillings worth of small ware, here ? or that I had chang'd it i'the *Fayre*, for hobby-horses ? S'pretious—to seeke me !

OVER. Nay, good Mr *Numpes*, doe you shew discretion, though he bee exorbitant, (as Mr *Ouer doo* saies,) and't be but for conseruation of the peace.

WAS. Mary gip, goody she-*Iustice*, Mistris *French-hood* ! turd i'your teeth ; and turd i'your *French-hoods* teeth, too, to doe you seruice, doe you see ? must you quote your *Adam* to me ! you thinke, you are *Madam Regent* still, Mistris *Ouer-doo* ; when I am in place ? no such matter, I assure you, your *raigne* is out, when I am in, *Dame*.

OVER. I am content to be in *abeyance*, Sir, and be gouern'd by you ; so should hee too, if he did well ; but'twill be expected, you should also gouerne your passions.

WAS. Will't so forsooth ? good Lord ! how sharpe you are ! with being at *Bet'lem* yesterday ? *VVhetston* has set an edge vpon you, has hee ?

OVER. Nay, if you know not what belongs to your dignity : I doe, yet, to mine.

WAS. Very well, then.

COK. Is this the Licence, *Numpes* ? for Loues sake, let me see't. I neuer saw a Licence.

WAS. Did you not so ? why, you shall not see't, then.

COK. An' you loue mee, good *Numpes*.

WAS. Sir, I loue you, and yet I do not loue you, i'these fooleries, set your heart at rest ; there's nothing in't, but hard words : and what would you see't for ?

COK. I would see the length and the breadth on't, that's all ; and I will see't now, so I will.

WAS. You sha' not see it, heere.

COK. Then I'll see't at home, and I'll looke vpo' the case heere.

WAS. Why, doe so, a man must giue way to him a little in trifles :

trifles: Gentlemen. These are errors, diseases of youth: which he will mend, when he comes to iudgement, and knowledge of matters. I pray you conceiue so, and I thanke you. And I pray you pardon him, and I thanke you againe.

QVAR. Well, this *dry-nurse*, I say still, is a delicate man.

WIN-W. And I, am, for the *Coffet*, his charge! Did you euer see a fellowes face more accuse him for an *Asse*?

QVAR. Accuse him? it confesses him one without accusing. What pittie 'tis yonder wench should marry such a *Cokes*?

WIN-W. 'Tis true.

QVAR. Shee scemes to be discreete, and as sober as shee is handsome.

WIN-W. I, and if you marke her, what a restrain'd scorne she casts vpon all his behauour, and speeches?

COK. Well, *Numpes*, I am now for another piece of businesse more, the *Fayre*, *Numpes*, and then—

WAS. Blesse me! deliuer me, helpe, hold mee! the *Fayre*!

COK. Nay, neuer fidge vp and downe, *Numpes*, and vexe it selfe. I am resolute *Bartholmew*, in this; Il'e make no suite on't to you; 'twas all the end of my iourney, indeed, to shew Mistris *Grace* my *Fayre*: I call't my *Fayre*, becaule of *Bartholmew*: you know my name is *Bartholmew*, and *Bartholmew Fayre*.

IOH. That was mine afore, Gentlemen: this morning. I had that i' faith, vpon his Licence, belecue me, there he comes, after me.

QVAR. Come, *John*, this ambitious *wit* of yours, (I am afraid) will doe you no good i' the end.

IOH. No? why Sir?

QVAR. You grow so insolent with it, and ouerdoing, *John*: that if you looke not to it, and tie it vp, it will bring you to some obscure place in time, and there 'twill leaue you.

WIN-W. Doe not trust it too much, *John*, be more sparing, and vse it, but now and then; a *wit* is a dangerous thing, in this age; doe not ouer. buy it.

IOH. Thinke you so, Gentlemen? I'll take heed on't, hereafter.

WIN. Yes, doe *John*.

COK. A prety little soule, this same Mistris *Little-wit*! would I might marry her.

GRA. So would I, or any body else, so I might scape you,

COK. *Numps*, I will see it, *Numps*, 'tis decreed: neuer be melancholy for the matter.

WAS. Why, see it, Sir, see it, dee see it! who hinders you? why doe you not goe see it? 'Slid see it.

COK. The *Fayre*, *Numps*, the *Fayre*.

WAS. Would the *Fayre* and all the Drums, and Rattles in't, were i' your belly for mee: they are already i' your braine: he that had the meanes to trauell your head, now, should meet finer sights then any are i' the *Fayre*; and make a finer voyage on't; to see it

all hung with cockle-shells, pebbles, fine wheat-strawes, and here and there a chicken's feather, and a cob-web.

QVAR. Goodfaith, hee lookes, me thinkes an' you marke him, like one that were made to catch flies, with his Sir *Cranion*-legs.

WIN-W. And his *Numpes*, to flap 'hem away.

WAS. God, bew' you, Sir, there's your *Bee* in a box, and much good doo't, you.

COK. Why, your friend, and *Bartholmew*; an' you be so contumacious.

QVAR. What meane you, *Numpes*?

WAS. I'll not be guilty, I, Gentlemen.

OVER. You will not let him goe, *Brother*, and loose him?

COK. Who can hold that will away? I had rather loose him then the *Fayre*, I wusse.

WAS. You doe not know the inconuenience, Gentlemen, you perswade to: nor what trouble I haue with him in these humours. If he goe to the *Fayre*, he will buy of euery thing, to a *Baby* there; and household-stuffe for that too. If a legge or an arme on him did not grow on, hee would lose it i'the presse. Pray heauen I bring him off with one stone! And then he is such a *Rauener* after fruite! you will not belecue what a coyle I had, t'other day, to compound a businesse betweene a *Katerne*-peare-woman, and him, about snatching! 'tis intolerable, Gentlemen.

WIN-W. O! but you must not leaue him, now, to these hazards, *Numpes*.

WAS. Nay, hee knowes too well, I will not leaue him, and that makes him presume: well, Sir, will you goe now? if you haue such an itch i' your feete, to foote it to the *Fayre*, why doe you stop, am I your *Tarriars*? goe, will you goe? Sir, why doe you not goe?

COK. O *Numps*! haue I brought you about? come *Mistresse Grace*, and *Sister*, I am resolute *Batt*, i' faith, still.

GRA. Truly, I haue no such fancy to the *Fayre*; nor ambition to see it; there's none goes thither of any quality or fashion.

COK. O Lord, Sir! you shall pardon me, *Mistris Grace*, we are inow of our selues to make it a fashion: and for qualities, let *Numps* alone, he'l finde qualities.

QVAR. What a Rogue in apprehension is this! to vnderstand her language no better.

WIN-W. I, and offer to marry to her? well, I will leaue the chase of my widdow, for to day, and directly to the *Fayre*. These flies cannot, this hot season, but engender vs excellent creeping sport.

QVAR. A man that has but a spoone full of braine, would think so. Farewell, *John*.

IOH. *Win*, you see, 'tis in fashion, to goe to the *Fayre*, *Win*: we must to the *Fayre* too, you, and I, *Win*. I haue an affaire i' the *Fayre*, *Win*, a Puppet-play of mine owne making, say nothing, that I writ for

for the *motion* man, which you must see, *Win*.

WIN. I would I might *Iohn*, but my mother will neuer consent to such a *prophane motion* : she will call it.

IOH. Tut, we'll haue a deuice, a dainty one ; (Now, *Wit*, helpe at a pinch, good *Wit* come, come, good *Wit*, and't be thy will.) I haue it, *Win*, I haue it i'faith, and'tis a fine one. *Win*, long to eate of a Pigge, sweet *Win*, i'the *Fayre* ; doe you see ? i'the heart o'the *Fayre* ; not at *Pye-Corner*. Your mother will doe any thing, *Win*, to satisfie your longing, you know, pray thee long, presently, and be sicke o'the sudden, good *Win*. I'll goe in and tell her, cut thy lace i'the meane time, and play the *Hypocrite*, sweet *Win*.

WIN. No, I'll not make me vnready for it. I can be *Hypocrite* enough, though I were neuer so straight lac'd.

IOH. You say true, you haue bin bred i'the family, and brought vp to't. Our mother is a most elect *Hypocrite*, and has maintain'd us all this seuen yeere with it, like Gentle-folkes.

WIN. I, Let her alone, *Iohn*, she is not a wise wilfull widdow for nothing, nor a sanctified sister for a song. And let me alone too, I ha' somewhat o'the mother in me, you shall see, fetch her, fetch her, ah, ah.

ACT. I. SCENE. VI.

PVRE CRAFT. WIN. IOHN. BUSY.
SALOMON.

NOW, the blaze of the beauteous discipline, fright away this Neuell from our house ! how now *Win-the-fight*, Child : how do you ? Sweet child, speake to me.

WIN. Yes, forsooth.

PVR. Looke vp, sweet *Win-the-fight*, and suffer not the enemy to enter you at this doore, remember that your education has bin with the purest, what polluted one was it, that nam'd first the vn-cleane beast, Pigge, to you, Child ?

WIN. (Vh, vh.)

IOH. Not I, o' my sincerity, mother : she long'd aboue three houres, ere she would let me know it ; who was it *Win* ?

WIN. A prophane blacke thing with a beard, *Iohn*.

PVR. O ! resist it, *Win-the-fight*, it is the Tempter, the wicked Tempter, you may know it by the fleshly motion of Pig, be strong against it, and it's foule temptations, in these assaults, whereby it broacheth flesh and blood, as it were, on the weaker side, and pray against it's carnall prouocations, good child, sweet child, pray.

IOH. Good mother, I pray you; that she may eate some Pigge, and her belly full, too; and doe not you cast away your owne child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the Tempter: how doe you, *Win*? Are you not sicke?

WIN. Yes, a great deale, *Iohn*, (vh, vh.)

PVR. What shall we doe? call our zealous brother *Busy* hither, for his faithfull fortification in this charge of the aduersary; child, my deare childe, you shall eate Pigge, be comforted, my sweet child.

WIN. I, but i'the *Fayre*, mother.

PVR. I meane i'the *Fayre*, if it can be any way made, or found lawfull; where is our brother *Busy*? Will hee not come? looke vp, child.

IOH. Presently, mother, as soone as he has cleans'd his beard. I found him, fast by the teeth, i'the cold Turkey-pye, i'the cupbord, with a great white loafe on his left hand, and a glasse of *Malmesey* on his right.

PVR. Slander not the *Brethren*, wicked one.

IOH. Here hee is, now, purified, Mother.

PVR. O brother *Busy*! your helpe heere to edifie, and raise vs vp in a scruple; my daughter *Win-the-fight* is visited with a naturall disease of women; call'd, A longing to eate Pigge.

IOH. I Sir, a *Bartholmew*-pigge: and in the *Fayre*.

PVR. And I would be satisfied from you, Religiously-wise, whether a widdow of the sanctified assembly, or a widdowes daughter, may commit the act, without offence to the weaker sisters.

BVS. Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a disease, a carnall disease, or appetite, incident to women: and as it is carnall, and incident, it is naturall, very naturall: Now Pigge, it is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing, and may be long'd for, and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; very exceeding well eaten: but in the *Fayre*, and as a *Bartholmew*-pig, it cannot be eaten, for the very calling it a *Bartholmew*-pigge, and to eat it so, is a spice of *Idolatry*, and you make the *Fayre*, no better then one of the high *Places*. This I take it, is the state of the question. A high place.

IOH. I, but in state of necessity: *Place* should giue place, Mr *Busy*, (I haue a conceit left, yet.)

PVR. Good Brother, *Zeale-of-the-land*, thinke to make it as lawfull as you can.

IOH. Yes Sir, and as soone as you can: for it must be Sir; you see the danger my little wife is in, Sir.

PVR. Truly, I doe loue my child dearly, and I would not haue her miscarry, or hazard her first fruites, if it might be otherwise.

BVS. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subiect, to construction, subiect, and hath a face of offence, with the weake, a great face

face, a foule face, but that face may haue a vaile put ouer it, and be shaddowed, as it were, it may be eaten, and in the *Fayre*, I take it, in a Booth, the tents of the wicked: the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in midst of the prophane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with *sobriety*, and humbleness; not gorg'd in with gluttony, or greediness; there's the feare: for, should she goe there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the vncleane dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or the lust of the palat, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good.

IOH. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't, but courage, *Win*, we'll be humble enough; we'll seeke out the homeliest Booth i'the *Fayre*, that's certaine, rather then faile, wee'll eate it o' the ground.

PVR. I, and I'll goe with you my selfe, *Win the fight*, and my brother, *Zeale-of-the-land*, shall goe with vs too, for our better consolation.

WIN. Vh, vh.

IOH. I, and *Salomon* too, *Win*, (the more the merrier) *Win*, we'll leaue *Rabby Busy* in a Booth. *Salomon*, my cloake.

SAL. Here, Sir.

BVS. In the way of comfort to the weake, I will goe, and eat. I will eate exceedingly, and prophesie; there may be a good vse made of it, too, now I thinke on't: by the publike eating of Swines flesh, to professe our hate, and loathing of *Iudaisme*, whereof the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eate, yea, I will eate exceedingly.

IOH. Good, i'faith, I will eate heartily too, because I will be no *Jew*, I could neuer away with that stiffnecked generation: and truely, I hope my little one will be like me, that cries for Pigge so, i'the mothers belly.

BVS. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding likely.

ACT.



ACT. II. SCENE. I.

IVSTICE OVERDOO.



Ell, in Iustice name, and the Kings; and for the common-wealth! defie all the world, *Adam Ouerdoo*, for a disguise, and all *story*; for thou hast fitted thy selfe, I sweare; faine would I meet the *Lincens* now, that Eagles eye, that peircing *Epi-daurian* serpent (as my *Quint. Horace* call's him) that could discover a Iustice of Peace, (and lately of the *Quorum*) vnder this couering. They may haue seene many a foole in the habite of a Iustice; but neuer till now, a Iustice in the habit of a foole. Thus must we doe, though, that wake for the publike good: and thus hath the wise Magistrate done in all ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the way be found. Neuer shall I enough commend a worthy worshipfull man, sometime a capitall member of this City, for his high wisdome, in this point, who would take you, now the habit of a Porter; now of a Carman; now of the Dog-killer, in this moneth of *August*; and in the winter, of a Seller of tinder-boxes; and what would hee doe in all these shapes? mary goe you into euery Alehouse, and down into euery Celler; measure the length of puddings, take the gage of blacke pots, and cannes, I, and custards with a sticke; and their circumference, with a thrid; weigh the loaues of bread on his middle-finger; then would he send for 'hem, home; giue the puddings to the poore, the bread to the hungry, the custards to his children; breake the pots, and burne the cannes, himselfe; hee Would not trust his corrupt officers; he would do't himselfe. would all men in authority would follow this worthy president! For (alas) as we are publike persons, what doe we know? nay, what can wee know? wee heare with other menseares; wee see with other mens eyes? a foolish Constable, or a sleepy Watchman,

man, is all our information, he flanders a Gentleman, by the vertue of his place, (as he calls it) and wee by the vice of ours, must beleue him. As a while agoe, they made mee, yea me, to mistake an honest zealous Pursuant, for a *Seminary*: and a proper yong Batcheler of Musicke, for a Bawd. This wee are subiect to, that liue in high place, all our intelligence is idle, and most of our intelligencers, knaues: and by your leaue, our selues, thought little better, if not errant fooles, for beleeuing 'hem. I *Adam Ouerdoo*, am resolu'd therefore, to spare spy-money hereafter, and make mine owne discoveries. Many are the yeerely enormities of of this *Fayre*, in whose courts of *Pye-pouldres* I haue had the honour during the three dayes sometimes to sit as Iudge. But this is the speciall day for detection of those foresaid enormities. Here is my blacke booke, for the purpose; this the cloud that hides me: vnder this couert I shall see, and not be seene. On *Iunius Brutus*. And as I began, so I'll end: in Iustice name, and the Kings; and for the Common-wealth.

ACT. II. SCENE. II.

LEATHERHEAD. TRASH. IUSTICE. VRS'LA.
MOONE-CALFE. NIGHTINGALE.

Costermonger. Passengers.

THE *Fayre's* pestilence dead, mee thinkes; people come not abroad, to day, what euer the matter is. Doe you heare, Sister *Trash*, Lady o'the Basket? sit farther with your ginger-bread-progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I'll ha' it proclaim'd i'the *Fayre*, what stufte they are made on.

TRA. Why, what stufte are they made on, Brother *Leatherhead*? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

LEA. Yes, stale bread, rotten egges, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know.

IVS. I! haue I met with enormity, so soone?

LEA. I shall marre your market, old *Ione*.

TRA. Marre my market, thou too-proud Pedler? do thy worst; I defie thee, I, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground, as well as thou dost, and thou wrong'st mee for all thou art parcell-poet, and an Inginer. I'll finde a friend shall right me, and make a ballad of thee, and thy cattell all ouer. Are you puffed vp with the pride of your wares? your *Arsedine*?

LEA. Goe to, old *Ione*, I'll talke with you anone; and take you
D downe

downe too, afore Iustice *Ouerdoo*, he is the man must charme you, Ile ha' you i'the *Piepouldres*.

TRA. Charme me? I'll meet thee face to face, afore his worship, when thou dar'st: and though I be a little crooked o' my body, I'll be found as vpright in my dealing, as any woman in *Smithfield*, I, charme me?

I v s. I am glad, to heare, my name is their terror, yet, this is doing of Iustice.

LEA. What doe you lacke? what is't you buy? what do you lacke? Rattles, Drums, Halberts, Horses, Babies o'the best? Fiddles o'th finest? [Enter Cost.

Cos. Buy any peares, peares, fine, very fine peares.

TRA. Buy any ginger-bread, guilt ginger-bread!

NIG. Hey, now the *Fayre's* a filling!

O, for a Tune to startle

The Birds o'the Booths here billing:

Yeerely with old Saint Barthle!

The Drunkards they are wading,

The Pungues, and Chapmen trading;

Who'd see the *Fayre* without his lading? Buy any ballads; new ballads?

VRs. Fye vpon't: who would weare out their youth, and prime thus, in roasting of pigges, that had any cooler vocation? Hell's a kind of cold cellar to't, a very fine vault, o'my conscience! what *Moone-calfe*.

Moo. Heere, Mistresse.

NIG. How now *Vrsla*? in a heate, in a heat?

VRs. My chayre, you false faucet you; and my mornings draught, quickly, a bottle of Ale, to quench mee, Rascall. I am all fire, and fat, *Nightingale*, I shall e'en melt away to the first woman, a ribbe againe, I am afraid. I doe water the ground in knots, as I goe, like a great Garden-pot, you may follow me by the S.S. I make.

NIG. Alas, good *Vr's*; was *Zekiel* heere this morning?

VRs. *Zekiel*? what *Zekiel*?

NIG. *Zekiel Edgeworth*, the ciuill cut-purse, you know him well enough; hee that talkes bawdy to you still: I call him my Secretary.

VRs. He promis'd to be heere this morning, I remember.

NIG. When he comes, bid him stay: I'll be backe againe presently.

VRs. Best take your mornings dew in your belly, *Nightingale*, come, Sir, set it heere, did not I bid you should get this chayre let out o'the sides, for me, that my hips might play? you'll neuer thinke of any thing, till your dame be rumpgall'd; 'tis well, Changeling: because it can take in your Grasse-hoppers thighs, you care for no more. Now, you looke as you had been i'the corner

*Moon-calfe
brings in the
Chaire.*

ner o'the Booth, fleaing your breech, with a candles end, and set fire o'the *Fayre*. Fill, *Stote*: fill,

I v s. This Pig-woman doe I know, and I will put her in, for my second enormity, shee hath beene before mee, *Punkte*, *Pinnacle* and *Bawd*, any time these two and twenty yeeres, vpon record i'the *Pie-poudres*.

Vrs. Fill againe, you vnlucky vermine.

Moo. Pray you be not angry, Mistresse, I'll ha' it widen'd anone.

Vrs. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, ere the *Fayre* be done, you thinke, now you ha' heated me? A poore vex'd thing I am, I feele my selfe dropping already, as fast as I can: two stone a fewet aday is my proportion: I can but hold life & soule together, with this (heere's to you, *Nightingale*) and a whiffe of tobacco, at most. Where's my pipe now? not fill'd? thou errant *Incubee*.

Nig. Nay, *Vrs*, thoult gall betweene the tongue and the teeth, with fretting, now.

Vrs. How can I hope, that euer hee'll discharge his place of trust, Tapster, a man of reckoning ynder me, that remembers nothing I say to him? but looke too't, sirrah, you were best, three pence a pipe full, I will ha' made, of all my whole haife pound of tabacco, and a quarter of a pound of *Celtsfoot*, mixt with it too, to itch it out. I that haue dealt so long in the fire, will not be to seek in smoak, now. Then 6. and 20. shillings a barrell I will aduance o'my Beere; and fifty shillings a hundred o'my bottle-ale, I ha' told you the waies how to raise it. Froth your cannes well i'the filling, at length Rogue, and iogge your bottles o'the buttocke, Sirrah, then skinke out the first glasse, euer, and drinke with all companies, though you be sure to be drunke; you'll mis-reckon the better, and be lesse asham'd on't. But your true trick, Rascall, must be, to be euer busie, and mis-take away the bottles and cannes, in hast, before they be halfe drunke off, and neuer heare any body call, (if they should chance to marke you) till you ha' brought fresh, and be able to forswear 'hem. Giue me a drinke of Ale.

I v s. This is the very wombe, and bedde of enormitie! grosse, as her selfe! this must all downe for enormity, all, euery whit on't.

Vrs. Looke, who's there, Sirrah? five shillings a Pigge is my price, at least; if it be a sow-pig, six pence more. if she be a great bellied wife, and long for't, six pence more for that.

I v s. O *Tempora*! O *mores*! I would not ha' lost my discouery of this one grieuance, for my place, and worship o'the *Bench*, how is the poore subiect abus'd, here! well, I will fall in with her, and with her *Moone-calse*, and winne out wonders of enormity. By thy leaue, goodly woman, and the fatnesse of the *Fayre*: oyle as the Kings constables Lampe, and shining as his Shooing-horne! hath thy Ale vertue, or thy Beere strength? that the tongue of man may be tickled? and his palat pleas'd in the morning? let thy

One knocks.

thy pretty Nephew here, goe search and see.

VRS. What new Roarer is this?

MOO. O Lord! doe you not know him, Mistris, 'tis mad *Arthur* of *Bradley*, that makes the Orations. Braue Master, old *Arthur* of *Bradley*, how doe you? welcome to the *Fayre*, when shall wee heare you againe, to handle your matters? with your backe againe a *Booth*, ha? I ha' bin one o' your little disciples, i' my dayes!

IVS. Let me drinke, boy, with my loue, thy Aunt, here; that I may be eloquent: but of thy best, lest it be bitter in my mouth, and my words fall foule on the *Fayre*.

VRS. Why dost thou not fetch him drinke? and offer him to sit?

MOO. Is't Ale, or Beere? Master *Arthur*?

IVS. Thy best, pretty stripling, thy best; the same thy Doue drinketh, and thou drawest on holy daies.

VRS. Bring him a fixe penny bottle of Ale; they say, a fooles handsell is lucky.

IVS. Bring both, child. Ale for *Arthur*, and Beere for *Bradley*. Ale for thine Aunt, boy. My disguise takes to the very wish, and reach of it. I shall by the benefit of this, discouer enough, and more: and yet get off with the reputation of what I would be. A certaine midling thing, betweene a foole and a madman.

ACT. II. SCENE. III.

KNOCKVM. {to them.

VVhat! my little leane *Vrs*! my shee-Beare! art thou aline yet? with thy litter of pigges, to grunt out another *Bartholmew Fayre*? ha!

VRS. Yes, and to amble afoote, when the *Fayre* is done, to heare you groane out of a cart, vp the heauy hill.

KNO. Of *Holbourne*, *Vrs*! meanst thou so? for what? for what, pretty *Vrs*?

VRS. For cutting halfe-penny purses: or stealing little penny dogges, out o' the *Fayre*.

KNO. O! good words, good words *Vrs*.

IVS. Another speciall enormitie. A cutpurse of the sword! the boote, and the feather! those are his marks.

VRS. You are one of those horseleaches, that gaue out I was dead, in *Turne-bull* streete, of a surfet of botle ale, and tripes?

KNO. No, 'twas better meat *Vrs*: cowes vdders, cowes vdders!

VRS.

Vrs. Well, I shall be meet with your mumbling mouth one day.

KNO. What? thou'lt poyson mee with a newt in a bottle of Ale, will't thou? or a spider in a tobacco-pipe, Vrs? Come, there's no malice in these fat folkes, I neuer feare thee, and I can scape thy leane *Moomecalfe* heere. Let's drinke it out, good Vrs, and no vapours!

Ivs. Dost thou heare, boy? (there's for thy Ale, and the remnant for thee) speake in thy faith of a faucet, now; is this goodly person before vs here, this vapours, a knight of the knife?

MOO. What meane you by that, Master *Arthur*?

Ivs. I meane a child of the horne-thumb, a babe of booty, boy; acutpurse.

MOO. O Lord, Sir! far from it. This is Master *Dan. Knock-hum*; *Iordane* the Ranger of Turnebull. He is a horse-courser, Sir.

Ivs. Thy dainty dame, though, call'd him cutpurse.

MOO. Like enough, Sir, shee'll doe forty such things in an houre (an you listen to her) for her recreation, if the toy take her i'the greasie kerchiefe: it makes her fat you see. Shee battens with it.

Ivs. Here might I ha' beene deceiu'd, now: and ha' put a fooles blot vpon my selfe, if I had not play'd an after game o' discretion.

KNO. Alas poore Vrs, this's an ill season for thee.

Vrs. Hang your selfe, *Hacney-man*.

KNO. How? how? Vrs, vapours! motion breede vapours?

Vrs. Vapours? Neuer tuske, nor twirle your dibble, good *Iordane*, I know what you'll take to a very drop. Though you be Captaine o'the Roarers, and fight well at the case of pis-pots, you shall not fright me with your Lyon-chap, Sir, nor your tuskes, you angry? you are hungry: come, a pigs head will stop your mouth, and stay your stomacke, at all times.

KNO. Thou art such another mad merry Vrs still! Troth I doe make conscience of vexing thee, now i'the dog-daies, this hot weather, for feare of foundring thee i'the bodie; and melting down a *Piller* of the *Fayre*. Pray thee take thy chayre againe, and keepe state; and let's haue a fresh bottle of Ale, and a pipe of tabacco; and no vapours. I'le ha' this belly o'thine taken vp, and thy grasse scour'd, wench; looke! heere's *Ezechiel Edgworth*; a fine boy of his inches, as any is i'the *Fayre*! has still money in his purse, and will pay all, with a kind heart; and good vapours.

*Vrs comes
in againe
dropping.*

ACT.

ACT.II. SCENE.III.

To them EDGVVORTH. NIGHTINGALE.

Corne-cutter. Tinder-box-man. Passengers.

THat I will, indeede, willingly, Master *Knockhum*, fetch some Ale, and Tabacco.

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen? Maid: see a fine hobby horse for your young Master: cost you but a token a weeke his prouander.

COR. Ha' you any cornes 'i your feete, and toes?

TIN. Buy a Mouse-trap, a Mouse-trap, or a Tormentor for a Flea.

TRA. Buy some Ginger-bread.

NIG. Ballads, Ballads! fine new ballads:

Heare for your loue, and buy for your money.

A delicate ballad o' the Ferret and the Coney.

A preseruatine again' the Punques euill.

Another of Goose-greene-starch, and the Deuill.

A dozen of diuine points, and the Godly garters.

The Fairing of good counsell, of an ell and three quarters. What is't you buy?

The Wind-mill blowne downe by the witches fart!

Or Saint George, that O! did breake the Dragons heart!

EDG. Master *Nightingale*, come hither, leaue your mart a little.

NIG. O my Secretary! what sayes my Secretarie?

Ivs. Childe o'the bottles, what's he? what he?

Moo. A ciuill young Gentleman, Master *Arthur*, that keepest company with the Roarers, and disburseth all, still. He has euer monee in his purse; He payes for them; and they roare for him: one do's good offices for another. They call him the Secretary, but he serues no body. A great friend of the Ballad-mans they are neuer afunder.

Ivs. What pittie 'tis, so ciuill a young man should haunt this debauched company? here's the bane of the youth of our time apparant. A proper penman, I see't in his countenance, he has a good Clerks looke with him, and I warrant him a quicke hand.

Moo. A very quicke hand, Sir.

EDG. All the purses, and purchase, I giue you to day by conueyance

ueyance, bring hither to *Vrsla's* presently. Heere we will meet at night in her lodge, and share. Looke you choose good places, for your standing i'the *Fayre*, when you sing, *Nightingale*.

VRS. I, neere the fullest passages; and shift hem often.

EDG. And i' your singing, you must vse your hawkseye nimbly, and flye the purse to a marke, still, where 'tis worne, and o' which side; that you may gi' me the signe with your beake, or hang your head that way i'the tune.

VRS. Enough, talke no more on't: your friendship (Masters) is not now to beginne. Drinke your draught of Indenture, your sup of Couenant, and away, the *Fayre* fils apace, company begins to come in, and I ha' ne'er a Pigge ready, yet.

KNO. Well said! fill the cups, and light the tabacco: let's giue fire i'th' works, and noble vapours.

EDG. And shall we ha' smockes *Vrsla*, and good whimsies, ha?

VRS. Come, you are i' your bawdy vaine! the best the *Fayre* will afford, *Zekiel*, if Bawd *Whit* keepe his word; how doe the Pigges, *Moone-calse*?

MOO. Very passionate, Mistresse, one on hem has wept out an eye. Master *Arthur O'Bradley* is melancholy, heere, no body talkes to him. Will you any tabacco Master *Arthur*?

IVS. No, boy, let my meditations alone.

MOO. He's studying for an Oration, now.

IVS. If I can, with this daies trauell, and all my policy, but rescue this youth, here, out of the hands of the lewd man, and the strange woman. I will sit downe at night, and say with my friend *Ouid*, *Iamq; opus exegi, quod nec Iouis ira, nec ignis, &c.*

KNO. Here *Zekiel*; here's a health to *Vrsla*, and a kind vapour, thou hast money i'thy purse still; and store! how dost thou come by it? Pray thee vapour thy friends some in a courteous vapour.

EDG. Halfe I haue, Master *Dan. Knockhum*, is alwaies at your seruice,

IVS. Ha, sweet nature! what Goshawke would prey vpon such a Lambe?

KNO. Let's see, what 'tis, *Zekiel*! count it, come, fill him to pledge mee.

*This they
whisper, that
Ouerdoo
heares it not.*

ACT.

ACT.II. SCENE. V.

WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS. { to them.

VVe are heere before 'hem, me thinkes.

QVAR. All the better, we shall see 'hem come in now.

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen, what is't you lacke? a fine Horse? a Lyon? a Bull? a Beare? a Dog, or a Cat? an excellent fine *Bartholmew*-bird? or an Instrument? what is't you lacke?QVAR. S'lid! heere's *Orpheus* among the beasts, with his Fiddle, and all!

TRA. Will you buy any comfortable bread, Gentlemen?

QVAR. And *Ceres* selling her daughters picture, in Gingerworke!

WIN. That these people should be so ignorant to thinke vs chapmen for 'hem! doe wee looke as if wee would buy Gingerbread? or Hobby-horses?

QVAR. Why, they know no better ware then they haue, nor better customers then come. And our very being here makes vs fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would *Cokes* would come! there were a true customer for 'hem.KNO. How much is't? thirty shillings? who's yonder! *Ned Winwife*? and *Tom Quarlous*, I thinke! yes, (gi' me it all) (gi' me it all) Master *Win-wife*! Master *Quarlous*! will you take a pipe of tabacco with vs? do not discredit me now, *Zekiel*.

WIN. Doe not see him! he is the roaring horse-courser, pray thee let's auoyd him: turne downe this way.

QVAR. S'lud, I'll see him, and roare with him, too, and hee roar'd as loud as *Neptune*, pray thee goe with me.

WIN. You may draw me to as likely an inconuenience, when you please, as this.

QVAR. Goe to then, come along, we ha' nothing to doe, man, but to see sights, now.

KNO. Welcome Master *Quarlous*, and Master *Winwife*! will you take any froth, and smoake with vs?

QVAR. Yes, Sir, but you'l pardon vs, if we knew not of so much familiarity betweene vs afore.

KNO. As what, Sir?

QVAR. To be so lightly inuited to smoake, and froth.

KNO. A good vapour! will you sit downe, Sir? this is old

Vrsla's

Vrsla's mansion, how like you her bower? heere you may ha' your Punque, and your Pigge in state, Sir, both piping hot.

QVAR. I had rather ha' my Punque, cold, Sir.

IVS. There's for me, Punque! and Pigge!

VRS. What *Moonecalfe*? you Rogue.

MOO. By and by, the bottle is almost off Mistrisse, here Master *Arthur*.

VRS. I'll part you, and your play-fellow there, i'the garded coat, an' you sunder not the sooner.

KNO. Master *Win wife*, you are proud (me thinkes) you doe not talke, nor drinke, are you proud?

WIN. Not of the company I am in, Sir, nor the place, I assure you.

KNO. You doe not except at the company! doe you? are you in vapours, Sir?

MOO. Nay, good Master *Dan: Knockhum*, respect my Mistris Bowes, as you call it; for the honour of our Booth, none o' your vapours, heere.

VRS. Why, you thinne leane Polcat you, and they haue a minde to be i'their vapours, must you hinder 'hem? what did you know Vermine, if they would ha' lost a cloake, or such a trifle? must you be drawing the ayre of pacification heere? while I am tormented, within, i'the fire, you Weasell?

MOO. Good Mistrisse, 'twas in the behalfe of your Booth's credit, that I spoke.

VRS. Why? would my Booth ha' broake, if they had fal'ne out in't? Sir? or would their heate ha' fir'd it? in, you Rogue, and wipe the pigges, and mend the fire, that they fall not, or I'll both baste and roast you, till your eyes drop out, like 'hem. (Leaue the bottle behinde you, and be curst a while.)

QVAR. Body o'the *Fayre*! what's this? mother o'the Bawds?

KNO. No, she's mother o'the Pigs; Sir, mother o'the Pigs!

WIN. Mother o'the *Furies*, I thinke, by her firebrand.

QVAR. Nay, shee is too fat to be a *Fury*, sure, some walking Sow o'tallow!

WIN. An inspir'd vessell of Kitchen-stuffe!

QVAR. She'll make excellent geere for the Coach-makers, here in Smithfield, to anoynt wheelles and axell trees with.

VRS. I, I, Gamesters, mocke a plaine plumpe soft wench o'the Suburbs, doe, because she's iuicy and wholesome: you must ha' your thinne pinch'd ware, pent vp i'the compasse of a dogge-collar, (or 'twill not do) that lookes like a long lac'd *Conger*, set vp-right, and a greene feather, like fennell i'the loll on't.

KNO. Well said *Vrs*, my good *Vrs*; to 'hem *Vrs*.

QVAR. Is shee your quagmire, *Dan: Knockhum*? is this your Bogge?

NIG. We shall haue a quarrel presently.

E

KNO.

*She calls
within.*

*She comes
out with a
fire-brand.*

*She drinks
this while.*

KNO. How? Bog? Quagmire? foule vapours! hum'h!

QVAR. Yes, hee that would venture for't, I assure him, might sinke into her, and be drown'd a weeke, ere any friend hee had, could find where he were.

WIN. And then he would be a fort'night weighing vp againe.

QVAR. 'Twere like falling into a whole *shire* of butter: they had need be a teeme of *Dutchmen*, should draw him out.

KNO. Answer 'hem, *Vrs*, where's thy *Bartholmew-wit*, now? *Vrs*, thy *Bartholmew-wit*?

VRS. Hang 'hem, rotten, roguy Cheaters, I hope to see 'hem plagu'd one day (pox'd they are already, I am sure) with leane play-house poultry, that has the boany rumpe, sticking out like the Ace of Spades, or the point of a Partizan, that euery rib of 'hem is like the tooth of a Saw: and will so grate 'hem with their hips, & shoulders, as (take 'hem altogether) they were as good lye with a hurdle.

QVAR. Out vpon her, how she drips! she's able to giue a man the sweating Sicknesse, with looking on her.

VRS. Mary looke off, with a patch o' your face; and a dosen i' your brecch, though they be o' scarlet, Sir. I ha' seene as fine out-fides, as either o' yours, bring low sic linings to the Brokers, ere now, twice a weeke?

QVAR. Doe you thinke there may be a fine new Cuckingstoole i' the *Fayre*, to be purchas'd? one large inough, I meane. I know there is a pond of capacity, for her.

VRS. For your mother, you Rascall, out you Rogue, you hedge bird, you Pimpe, you pannier-mans bastard, you.

QVAR. Ha, ha, ha.

VRS. Doe you sincere, you dogs-head, you *Trendle taylor*! you looke as you were begotten a' top of a Cart in haruest-time, when the whelp was hot and eager. Go, snuffe after your brothers bitch, *Mrs Commodity*, that's the Liuary you weare, 'twill be out at the elbows, shortly. It's time you went to't, for the to'ther remnant.

KNO. Peace, *Vrs*, peace, *Vrs*, they'll kill the poore Whale, and make oyle of her. Pray thee goe in.

VRS. I'le see 'hem pox'd first, and pil'd, and double pil'd.

WIN. Let's away, her language growes greasier then her Pigs.

VRS. Dos't so, snotty nose? good Lord! are you sniueling? you were engendred on a she-begger, in a barne, when the bald Thrasher, your Sire, was scarce warme.

WIN. Pray thee, let's goe.

QVAR. No, faith: I'le stay the end of her, now: I know shee cannot last long; I finde by her *similes*, shee wanes a pace.

VRS. Do's shee so? I'le set you gone. Gi' mee my Pig-pan hither a little. I'le scald you hence, and you will not goe.

KNO. Gentlemen, these are very strange vapours! and very idle vapours! I assure you.

QVAR. You are a very serious assc, wee assure you.

KNO.

KNO. Humh ! Asses and serious ? nay, then pardon mee my vapour. I haue a foolish vapour, Gentlemen : any man that doe's vapour me, the Asses, Master *Quarlous*—

QVAR. What then, Master *Iordan* ?

KNO. I doe vapour him the lye.

QVAR. Faith, and to any man that vapours mee the lie, I doe vapour that.

KNO. Nay, then, vapours vpon vapours.

EDG. NIG. 'Ware the pan, the pan, the pan, shee comes with the pan, Gentlemen. God blesse the woman.

VRs. Oh.

ERA. What's the matter ?

IVs. Goodly woman !

MOO. Mistresse !

VRs. Curse of hell, that euer I saw these Feinds, oh ! I ha' scalded my leg, my leg, my leg, my leg. I ha' lost a limb in the seruice ! run for some creame and sallad oyle, quickly. Are you vnder-peeking, you Baboun ? rip off my hose, an' you be men, men, men.

MOO. Runne you for some creame, good mother *Ione*. I'll looke to your basket.

LEA. Best sit vp i' your chaire, *Vrs*. Helpe, Gentlemen.

KNO. Be of good cheere, *Vrs*, thou hast hindred me the currying of a couple of Stallions, here, that abus'd the good race-Bawd o' Smithfield ; 'twas time for 'hem to goe.

NIG. I faith, when the panne came, they had made you runne else. (this had beene a fine time for purchase, if you had ventur'd.)

EDG. Not a whit, these fellowes were too fine to carry money.

KNO. *Nightingale*, get some helpe to carry her legge out o' the ayre ; take off her shooes ; body o' me, she has the Mallanders, the scratches, the crowne scabbe, and the quitter bone, i' the tother legge.

VRs. Oh ! the poxe, why doe you put me in minde o' my leg, thus, to make it prick, and shoot ? would you ha' me i' the Hospitall, afore my time ?

KNO. Patience, *Vrs*, take a good heart, 'tis but a blister, as big as a Windgall ; I'll take it away with the white of an egge, a little honey, and hogs grease, ha' thy pasternes well rol'd, and thou shall't pafe againe by to morrow. I'll tend thy Booth, and looke to thy affaires, the while : thou shalt sit i' thy chaire, and giue directions, and shine *Vrs* a maior.

Vrs comes in, with the scalding-pan. They fight. Shee falls with it.

ACT. II. SCENE. VI.

IVSTICE. EDGEWORTH. NIGHTINGALE. COKE. WASPE. Mistris OVERDOO. GRACE.

THESE are the fruites of bottle-ale, and tabacco! the some of the one, and the fumes of the other! Stay young man, and despise not the wisdome of these few hayres, that are growne gray in care of thee.

EDG. *Nightingale*, stay a little. Indeepe I'le heare some o' this!

COK. Come, *Numps*, come, where are you? welcome into the *Fayre*, Mistris *Grace*.

EDG. S'light, hee will call company, you shall see, and put vs into doings presently.

IVS. Thirst not after that frothy liquor, Ale: for, who knowes, when hee openeth the stopple, what may be in the bottle? hath not a Snaile, a Spider, yea, a Newt bin found there? thirst not after it, youth: thirst not after it.

COK. This is a braue fellow, *Numps*, let's heare him.

WAS. S'blood, how braue is he? in a garded coate? you were best trucke with him, e'en strip, and trucke presently, it will become you, why will you heare him, because he is an Ass, and may be a kinnne to the *Cokeses*?

COK. O, good *Numps*!

IVS. Neither doe thou lust after that tawney weede, tabacco.

COK. Braue words!

IVS. Whose complexion is like the Indians that vents it!

COK. Are they not braue words, Sister?

IVS. And who can tell, if, before the gathering, and making vp thereof, the *Alligarta* hath not piss'd thereon?

WAS. 'Heart let 'hem be braue words, as braue as they will! and they were all the braue words in a Countrey, how then? will you away yet? ha'you inough on him? Mistris *Grace*, come you away, I pray you, be not you accessary. If you doe lose your Licence, or somewhat else, Sir, with listning to his fables: say, *Numps*, is a witch, with all my heart, doe, say so.

COK. Avoyd i' your sattin doublet, *Numps*.

IVS. The creeping venome of which subtill serpent, as some late

late writers affirme; neither the cutting of the perrillous plant, nor the drying of it, nor the lighting, or burning, can any way persway or, assuage.

COK. Good, i' faith! is't not Sister?

Ivs. Hence it is, that the lungs of the Tabacconist are rotted, the Liuer spotted, the braine smoak'd like the backside of the Pig-womans Booth, here, and the whole body within, blacke, as her Pan, you saw e'en now, without.

COK. A fine similitude, that, Sir! did you see the panne?

EDG. Yes, Sir.

Ivs. Nay, the hole in the nose heere, of some tabacco-takers, or the third nostrill, (if I may so call it) which makes, that they can vent the tabacco out, like the Ace of clubs, or rather the Flower-de-lice, is caused from the tabacco, the meere tabacco! when the poore innocent pox, hauing nothing to doe there, is miserably, and most vnconscionably slander'd.

COK. Who would ha' mist this, Sister?

OVER. Not any body, but *Numps*.

COK. He do's not vnderstand.

EDG. Nor you feele.

COK. What would you haue, Sister, of a fellow that knowes nothing but a basket-hilt, and an old Fox in't? the best musique i' the *Fayre*, will not moue a logge.

EDG. In, to *Vrsla*, *Nightingale*, and carry her comfort: see it told. This fellow was sent to vs by fortune, for our first fairing.

Ivs. But what speake I of the diseases of the body, children of the *Fayre*?

COK. That's to vs, Sister. Braue i' faith!

Ivs. Harke, O, you sonnes and daughters of Smithfield! and heare what mallady it doth the minde: It causeth swearing, it causeth swaggering, it causeth snuffling, and snarling, and now and then a hurt.

OVE. He hath something of Master *Ouerdoo*, mee thinkes, brother.

COK. So mee thought, Sister, very much of my brother *Ouerdoo*: And 'tis, when he speakes.

Ivs. Looke into any Angle o' the towne, (the Streights, or the *Bermuda's*) where the quarrelling lesson is read, and how doe they entertaine the time, but with bottle-ale, and tabacco? The Lecturer is o' one side, and his Pupils o' the other; But the seconds are still bottle-ale, and tabacco, for which the Lecturer reads, and the Nouices pay. Thirty pound a weeke in bottle-ale! forty in tabacco! and ten more in Ale againe. Then for a fute to drinke in, so much, and (that being flauer'd) so much for another fute, and then a third fute, and a fourth fute! and still the bottle-ale flauereth, and the tabacco stinketh!

WAS. Heart of a mad-man! are you rooted heere? well you

*Hee picketh
his purse.*

neuer away? what can any man finde out in this bawling fellow, to grow heere for? hee is a full handfull higher, sin' he heard him, will you fix heere? and set vp a Booth? Sir?

Ivs. I will conclude briefly—

WAS. Hold your peace, you roaring Rascall, I'le runne my head i' your chaps else. You were best build a Booth, and entertaine him, make your Will, and you say the word, and him your heyre! heart, I neuer knew one taken with a mouth of a pecke, afore. By this light, I'le carry you away o' my backe, and you will not come.

COK. Stay *Numps*, stay, set mee downe: I ha' lost my purse, *Numps*, O my purse! one o' my fine purses is gone.

OVER. Is't indeed, brother?

COK. I, as I am an honest man, would I were an errant Rogue, else! a plague of all roguy, damn'd cut-purses for me.

WAS. Blesse 'hem with all my heart, with all my heart, do you see! Now, as I am no Infidell, that I know of, I am glad on't. I am, (here's my witnesse!) doe you see, Sir? I did not tell you of his fables, I? no, no, I am a dull malt-horse, I, I know nothing. Are you not iustly seru'd i' your conscience now? speake i' your conscience. Much good doe you with all my heart, and his good heart that has it, with all my heart againe.

EDG. This fellow is very charitable, would he had a purse too! but, I must not be too bold, all at a time.

COK. Nay, *Numps*, it is not my best purse.

WAS. Not your best! death! why should it be your worst? why should it be any, indeed, at all? answer me to that, gi' mee a reason from you, why it should be any?

COK. Nor my gold, *Numps*; I ha' that yet, looke heere else, Sister.

WAS. Why so, there's all the feeling he has!

OVER. I pray you, haue a better care of that, brother.

COK. Nay, so I will, I warrant you; let him catch this, that catch can. I would faine see him get this, looke you heere.

WAS. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so! Very good.

COK. I would ha' him come againe, now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take notice of a good iest? I will put it iust where th'other was, and if we ha' good lucke, you shall see a delicate fine trap to catch the cutpurse, nibling.

EDG. Faith, and he'll trye ere you be out o' the *Fayre*.

COK. Come, Mistresse *Grace*, pre'thee be not melancholy for my mis-chance; sorrow wi' not keepe it, Sweet heart.

GRA. I doe not thinke on't, Sir.

COOK. 'Twas but a little scuruy white money, hang it: it may hang the cutpurse, one day. I ha' gold left to gi' thee a fayring, yet, as hard as the world goes: nothing angers me, but that no body heere, look'd like a cutpurse, vnlesse 'twere *Numps*.

WAS.

He gets him
up on pick-
packe.

WAS. How? I? I looke like a cutpurse? death! your Sister's a cutpurse! and your mother and father, and all your kinne were cutpurses! And here is a Rogue is the baud o' the cutpurses, whom I will beat to begin with.

COK. *Numps, Numps.*

OVER. Good M^r Humphrey.

WAS. You are the *Patrico*! are you? the Patriarch of the cutpurses? you share, Sir, they say, let them share this with you. Are you i' your hot fit of preaching againe? I'le coole you.

Ivs. Murther, murther, murther.

Ivs. Hold thy hand, childe of wrath, and heyre of anger, make it not Childermasse day in thy fury, or the feast of the French *Bartholmew*, Parent of the Massacre.

*They speake
all together:
and Waspe
beats the
Iustice.*



ACT. III. SCENE. I.

WHIT. HAGGISE. BRISTLE. LEATHER-
HEAD. TRASH.



Ay, tish all gone, now! dish tish, phen thou wilt not be phitin call, Master Officer, phat ish a man te better to lishen out noyshes for tee, & thou art in an oder 'orld, being very shuffishient noyshes and gallantsh too, one o' their brabblesh woud haue fed vsh all dish fortnight, but thou art so bushy about beggersh stil, thou hast no leshure to intend shentlemen, and't be.

HAG. Why, I told you, *Dany Bristle*.

BRI. Come, come, you told mee a pudding, *Toby Haggise*; A matter of nothing; I am sure it came to nothing! you said, let's goe to *Vrsla's*, indeede; but then you met the man with the mon-
sters,

sters, and I could not get you from him. An old foole, not leaue seeing yet?

HAG. Why, who would ha' thought any body would ha' quarrell'd so earely? or that the ale o'the *Fayre* would ha' beene vp so soone.

WHI. Phy? phat a clocke toest tou tinke it ish, man?

HAG. I cannot tell.

WHI. Tou art a vishe vatchman, i'te meane teeme.

HAG. Why? should the watch goe by the clocke, or the clock by the watch, I pray?

BRI. One should goe by another, if they did well.

WHI. Tou art right now! phen didst tou euer know, or heare of a shuffilhent vatchman, but he did tell the clocke, phat bushinnesse focuer he had?

BRI. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient watchman knowes what a clocke it is.

WHI. Shleeping, or vaking! ash well as te clocke himshelfe, or te lack dat shtrikes him!

BRI. Let's enquire of Master *Leatherhead*, or *Ione Trash* heere. Master *Leatherhead*, doe you heare, Master *Leatherhead*?

WHI. If it be a Ledderhead, tish a very tick Ledderhead, tat sho mush noish vill not peirsh him.

LEA. I haue a little businesse now, good friends doe not trouble me.

WHI. Phat? because o'ty wrought neet cap, and ty pheluet sherkin, Man? phy? I haue sheene tee in ty Ledder sherkin, ere now, Mashter o'de hobby-Horses, as bushy and as stately as tou sheem'st to be.

TRA. Why, what an' you haue, Captaine *Whit*? hee has his choyce of Ierkins, you may see by that, and his caps too, I assure you, when hee pleases to be either sicke, or imploy'd.

LEA. God a mercy *Ione*, answer for me.

WHI. Away, be not sheen i' my company, here be shentlemen, and men of vorship.

ACT. III. SCENE. II.

QVARLOVS. WHIT. WIN-VVIFE. BVSY.

IOHN. PVRE-CRAFT. WIN. KNOK.

HVM. MOON-CALFE. VRSLA.

VV Ee had wonderfull ill lucke, to misse this prologue o'the purse, but the best is, we shall haue five *Acts* of him ere night: hee'le be spectacle enough! I'le answer for't.

WHI.

WHI. O Creeth! Duke *Quarlous*, how dost thou? thou dost not know me, I feare? I am the vithesht man, but lustish *Ouerdoo*, in all *Bartholmew Fayre*, now. Gi' me tweluepence from thee, I will help thee to a wife worth forty marks for't, and't be.

QVAR. Away, Rogue, Pimpe away.

WHI. And thee shall shew thee as fine cut o'rke for't in her smock too, as thou canst wish i' faith; wilt thou haue her, vorshipfull *Vin wife*? I will helpe thee to her, heere, be an't be, in the pig-quarter, gi' me ty twelpence from thee.

WIN-W. Why, there's twelpence, pray thee wilt thou be gone.

WHI. Thou art a worthy man, and a vorshipfull man still.

QVAR. Get you gone, Rascall.

WHI. I doe meane it, man. Prinsh *Quarlous* if thou hast need on me, thou shalt finde me heere, at *Vrsla's*, I will see phat ale, and punque ish i'te pighty, for thee, blesse ty good vorship.

QVAR. Looke! who comes heere! *Iohn Little-wit*!

WIN-W. And his wife, and my widdow, her mother: the whole family.

QVAR. Slight, you must gi'hem all fairings, now!

WIN-W. Not I, I'll not see 'hem,

QVAR. They are going a feasting. What Schole-master's that is with 'hem?

WIN-W. That's my Riual, I beleue, the Baker!

BVS. So, walke on in the middle way, fore-right, turne neyther to the right hand, nor to the left: let not your eyes be drawne aside with vanity, nor your eare with noyses.

QVAR. O, I know him by that start!

LEA. What do you lack? what do you buy, pretty Mistris! a fine Hobby-Horse, to make your sonne a Tilter? a Drum to make him a Souldier? a Fiddle, to make him a Reueller? What is't you lack? Little Dogs for your Daughters! or Babies, male, or female?

BVS. Look not toward them, harken not: the place is *Smithfield*, or the field of Smiths, the Grove of Hobbi-horses and trinkets, the wares are the wares of diuels. And the whole *Fayre* is the shop of *Satan*! They are hooks, and baits, very baits, that are hung out on euery side, to catch you, and to hold you as it were, by the gills, and by the nostrills, as the Fisher doth: therefore, you must not looke, nor turne toward them—The Heathen man could stop his eares with wax, against the harlot o'the sea: Doe you the like, with your fingers against the bells of the Beast.

WIN-W. What flashes comes from him!

QVAR. O, he has those of his ouen! a notable hot Baker'twas, when hee ply'd the peece: hee is leading his flocke into the *Fayre*, now.

WIN-W. Rather driuing 'hem to the Pens: for he will let 'hem looke vpon nothing.

KNO. Gentlewomen, the weather's hot! whither walke you?

Little-wit
is gazing at
the signe;
which is the
Pigs-head
with a large
writing un-
der it.

Busy fents
after it like
a Hound.

Haue a care o' your fine veluet caps, the *Fayre* is dusty. Take a sweet delicate Booth, with boughs, here, i'the way, and coole your selues i'the shade: you and your friends. The best pig and bottle-ale i'the *Fayre*, Sir. Old *Vrs* is Cooke, there you may read: the pigges head speakes it. Poore soule, shee has had a *Sringhalt*, the *Maryhincho*: but shee's prettily amended.

WHI. A delicate show-pig, little Mistris, with shweet sauce, and crackling, like de bay-leave i'de fire, la! Tou shalt ha'de cleane side o'de table-clot and di glasse vash'd with phatersh of Dame *Annes* sh *Cleare*.

IOH. This's fine, verily, here be the best pigs: and shee doe's roast 'hem as well as euer she did; the Pigs head sayes.

KNO. Excellent, excellent, Mistris, with fire o' *Iuniper* and *Rosemary* branches! The Oracle of the Pigs head, that, Sir.

PVR. Sonne, were you not warn'd of the vanity of the eye? haue you forgot the wholesome admonition, so soone?

IOH. Good mother, how shall we finde a pigge, if we doe not looke about for't? will it run off o'the spit, into our mouths thinke you? as in *Lubberland*? and cry, *we, we*?

BVS. No, but your mother, religiously wise, conceiue it may offer it selfe, by other meanes, to the sense, as by way of steeme, which I thinke it doth, here in this place (*Huh, huh*) yes, it doth. and it were a sinne of obstinacy, great obstinacy, high and horrible obstinacy, to decline, or resist the good titillation of the famelick sense, which is the smell. Therefore be bold (*huh, huh, huh*) follow the sent. Enter the Tents of the vncleane, for once, and satisfie your wiues frailty. Let your fraile wife be satisfied: your zealous mother, and my suffering selfe, will also be satisfied.

IOH. Come, *Win*, as good winny here, as goe farther, and see nothing.

BVS. Wee scape so much of the other vanities, by our earely entring.

PVR. It is an ædifying consideration.

WIN. This is scuruy, that wee must come into the *Fayre*, and not looke on't.

IOH. *Win*, haue patience, *Win*, I'll tell you more anon.

KNO. *Moone-calse*, entertaine within there, the best pig i'the Booth; a Porklike pig. These are *Banbury-bloods*, o'the sincere stud, come a pigge-hunting. *Whit*, wait *Whit*, looke to your charge.

BVS. A pigge prepare, presently, let a pigge be prepared to vs.

MOO. S'light, who be these?

VRS. Is this the good seruice, *Iordan*, you'd doe me?

KNO. Why, *Vrs*? why, *Vrs*? thou'lt ha' vapours i'thy legge againe presently, pray thee go in, 't may turne to the scratches else.

VRS.

VRS. Hang your vapours, they are stale, and stinke like you, are these the guests o' the game, you promis'd to fill my pit with-all, to day?

KNO. I, what aile they *Vrs*?

VRS. Aile they? they are all sippers, sippers o' the City, they looke as they would not drinke off two penn'orth of bottle-ale amongst 'hem.

MOO. A body may read that i' their small printed ruffles.

KNO. Away, thou art a foole, *Vrs*, and thy *Moone-calse* too, i' your ignorant vapours, now? hence, good guests, I say right hypocrites, good gluttons. In, and set a couple o' pigs o' the board, and halfe a dozen of the biggest bottles afore 'hem, and call *Whit*, I doe not loue to heare Innocents abus'd: Fine ambling hypocrites! and a stone-puritane, with a sorrell head, and beard, good mouth'd gluttons: two to a pigge, away.

VRS. Are you sure they are such?

KNO. O' the right breed, thou shalt try 'hem by the teeth, *Vrs*, where's this *Whit*?

WHI. Behold, man and see, what a worthy man am ee!

With the fury of my sword, and the shaking of my beard,

I will make ten thousand men afeard.

KNO. Well said, braue *Whit*, in, and scare the ale out o' the bottles, into the bellies of the brethren, and the sisters drinke to the cause, and pure vapours.

QVAR. My Roarer is turn'd Tapster, mee thinks. Now were a fine time for thee, *Win-wife*, to lay aboard thy widdow, thou'lt neuer be Master of a better season, or place; shee that will venture her selfe into the *Fayre*, and a pig-boxe, will admit any assault, be assur'd of that.

WIN. I loue not enterprises of that suddennesse, though.

QVAR. I'le warrant thee, then, no wife out o' the widdowes Hundred: if I had but as much Title to her, as to haue breath'd once on that streight stomacher of hers, I would now assure my selfe to carry her, yet, ere shewent out of *Smithfield*. Or she should carry me, which were the fitter fight, I confesse. But you are a modest vndertaker, by circumstances, and degrees; come, 'tis Disease in thee, not Iudgement, I should offer at all together. Looke, here's the poore foole, againe, that was stung by the waspe, ere while.

ACT. III. SCENE. III.

IVSTICE. WIN-WIFE. QVARLOVS.

I will make no more orations, shall draw on these tragicall conclusions. And I begin now to thinke, that by a spice of collaterall Iustice, *Adam Ouerdoo*, deseru'd this beating; for I the said *Adam*, was one cause (a by-cause) why the purse was lost: and my wiues brothers purse too, which they know not of yet. But I shall make very good mirth with it, at supper, (that will be the sport) and put my little friend, *Mr Humphrey Wasp's* choler quite out of countenance. When, sitting at the vpper end o' my Table, as I vse, & drinking to my brother *Cokes*, and *Mrs. Alice Ouerdoo*, as I wil, my wife, for their good affectiō to old *Bradley*, I deliuer to 'hem, it was I, that was cudgell'd, and shew 'hem the marks. To see what bad euent may peepe out o' the taile of good purposes! the care I had of that ciuil yong man, I tooke fancy to this morning, (and haue not left it yet) drew me to that exhortation, which drew the company, indeede, which drew the cut-purse; which drew the money; which drew my brother *Cokes* his losse; which drew on *Wasp's* anger; which drew on my beating: a pretty gradation! And they shall ha' it i' their dish, i' faith, at night for fruit: I loue to be merry at my Table. I had thought once, at one speciall blow he ga' me, to haue reuealed my selfe? but then (I thank thee fortitude) I remembered that a wise man (and who is euer so great a part, o' the Commonwealth in himselfe) for no particular disaster ought to abandon a publike good designe. The husbandman ought not for one vnthankful yeer, to forsake the plough; The Shepheard ought not, for one scabb'd sheep, to throw by his tar-boxe; The Pilot ought not for one leake i' the poope, to quit the Helme; Nor the Alderman ought not for one custerd more, at a meale, to giue vp his cloake; The Constable ought not to breake his staffe, and forswear the watch, for one roaring night; Nor the Piper o' the Parish (*Vt paruis componere magna solebam*) to put vp his pipes, for one rainy Sunday. These are certaine knocking conclusions; out of which, I am resolu'd, come what come can, come beating, come imprisonment, come infamy, come banishment, nay, come the rack, come the hurdle, (welcome all) I will not discouer who I am, till my due time; and yet still, all shall be, as I said euer, in Iustice name, and the King's, and for the Common-wealth.

WIN.

WIN. What doe's he talke to himselfe, and act so seriously ?
poore foole !

QVAR. No matter what. Here's fresher argument, intend that.

ACT.III. SCENE. IIIJ.

COKE. LEATHERHEAD. WASPE. Mistresse
OVERDOO. WIN-VVIFE. QVARLOVS.
TRASH. GRACE.

Come, Mistresse *Grace*, come Sister, heere's more fine fights,
yet i'faith. Gods'lid where's *Numps* ?

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen ? what is't you buy ?
fine Rattles ! Drummes ? Babies ? little Dogges ? and Birds for
Ladies ? What doe you lacke ?

COK. Good honest *Numpes*, keepe afore, I am so afraid thou'lt
lose somewhat : my heart was at my mouth, when I mist thee.

WAS. You were best buy a whip i' your hand to driue me.

COK. Nay, doe not mistake, *Numps*, thou art so apt to mis-
take : I would but watch the goods. Looke you now, the treble
fiddle, was e'en almost like to be lost.

WAS. Pray you take heede you lose not your selfe : your best
way, were e'en get vp, and ride for more surety. Buy a tokens
worth of great pinnes, to fasten your selfe to my shoulder.

LEA. What doe you lacke, Gentlemen ? fine purses, pouches,
pincafes, pipes ? What is't you lacke ? a paire o' smithes to wake
you i' the morning ? or a fine whistling bird ?

COK. *Numps*, here be finer things then any we ha' bought by
oddes ! and more delicate horses, a great deale ! good *Numpes*,
stay, and come hither.

WAS. Will you scourse with him ? you are in *Smithfield*, you
may fit your selfe with a fine easy-going street-nag, for your sad-
dle again' *Michaelmasse-terme*, doe, has he ne'er a little odde cart for
you, to make a Carroch on, i' the countrey, with foure pyed hob-
byhorses ? why the meazills, should you stand heere, with your
traine, cheaping of Dogges, Birds, and Babies ? you ha' no chil-
dren to bestow hem on ? ha' you ?

COK. No, but again' I ha' children, *Numps*, that's all one.

WAS. Do, do, do, do ; how many shall you haue, think you ?
an' I were as you, I'd buy for all my Tenants, too, they are a kind
o' ciuill Sauages, that wil part with their children for rattles, pipes,
and kniues. You were best buy a hatchet, or two, & truck with hem.

COK. Good *Numps*, hold that little tongue o'thine, and saue it a labour. I am resolute *Bat*, thou know'st.

WAS. A resolute foole, you are, I know, and a very sufficient Coxcombe; with all my heart; nay you haue it, Sir, and you be angry, turd i' your teeth, twice: (if I said it not once afore) and much good doe you.

WIN. Was there euer such a selfe-affliction? and so impertinent?

QVAR. Alas! his care will goe neere to cracke him, let's in, and comfort him.

WAS. Would I had beene set i' the ground, all but the head on me, and had my braines bowl'd at, or thresh'd out, when first I vnderwent this plague of a charge!

QVAR. How now, *Numps*! almost tir'd i' your Protectorship? ouerparted? ouerparted?

WAS. Why, I cannot tell, Sir, it may be I am, dos't grieue you?

QVAR. No, I sweare dos't not, *Numps*: to satisfie you.

WAS. *Numps*? S'blood, you are fine and familiar! how long ha' wee bin acquainted, I pray you?

QVAR. I thinke it may be remembred, *Numps*, that? 'twas since morning sure.

WAS. Why, I hope I know't well enough, Sir, I did not aske to be told.

QVAR. No? why then?

WAS. It's no matter why, you see with your eyes, now, what I said to you to day? you'll belceue me another time?

QVAR. Are you remouing the *Fayre*, *Numps*?

WAS. A pretty question! and a very ciuill one! yes faith, I ha' my lading you see; or shall haue anon, you may know whose beast I am, by my burthen. If the pannier-mans Iacke were euer better knowne by his loynes of mutton, I'le be flead, and feede dogs for him, when his time comes.

WIN. How melancholi' Mistresse *Grace* is yonder! pray thee let's goe enter our selues in *Grace*, with her.

COK. Those fixe horses, friend I'le haue—

WAS. How!

COK. And the three Iewes trumps; and halfe a dozen o' Birds, and that Drum, (I haue one Drumme already) and your Smiths; I like that device o' your smiths, very pretty well, and foure Halberts—and (le'me see) that fine painted great Lady, and her three women for state, I'le haue.

WAS. No, the shop; buy the whole shop, it will be best, the shop, the shop!

LEA. If his worship please.

WAS. Yes, and keepe it during the *Fayre*, Bobchin.

COK. Peace, *Numps*, friend; doe not meddle with him, an' you

you be wise, and would shew your head aboue board : hee will sting thorow your wrought night-cap, belecue me. A set of these Violines, I would buy too, for a delicate young noise I haue i'the countrey, that are euery one a size lesse then another, iust like your fiddles. I would faine haue a fine young Masque at my marriage, now I thinke on't : but I doe want such a number o'things. And *Numps* will not helpe me now, and I dare not speake to him.

TRA. Will your worship buy any ginger-bread, very good bread, comfortable bread?

COK. Ginger-bread ! yes, let's see.

WAS. There's the tother sprindge?

LEA. Is this well, goody *Ione*? to interrupt my market? in the midst? and call away my customers? can you answer this, at the *Piepouldres*?

TRA. Why? if his Master-ship haue a minde to buy, I hope my ware lies as open as another's; I may shew my ware, as well as you yours.

COK. Hold your peace; I'le content you both: I'le buy vp his shop, and thy basket.

WAS. Will you i'faith?

LEA. Why should you put him from it, friend?

WAS. Cry you mercy! you'd be sold too, would you? what's the price on you? Ierkin, and all as you stand? ha' you any qualities?

TRA. Yes, good-man angry-man, you shall finde he has qualities, if you cheapen him.

WAS. Gods so, you ha' the selling of him! what are they? will they be bought for loue, or money?

TRA. No indeed, Sir.

WAS. For what then? victualls?

TRA. He scornes victualls, Sir, he has bread and butter at home, thanks be to God! and yet he will do more for a good meale, if the toy take him i'the belly, mary then they must not set him at lower end; if they do, he'll goe away, though he fast. But put him a top o'the Table, where his place is, and hee'll doe you forty fine things. Hee has not been sent for, and sought out for nothing, at your great citty-suppers, to put downe *Coriat*, and *Cokeley*, and bin laught at for his labour; he'll play you all the Puppets i'the towne ouer, and the Players, euery company, and his owne company too; he spares no body!

COK. I'faith?

TRA. Hee was the first, Sir, that euer baited the fellow i'the beare's skin, an't like your worship: no dog euer came neer him, since. And for fine motions!

COK. Is hee good at those too? can hee set out a Masque trow?

TRA. O Lord, Master! sought to farre, and neere, for his in-
ventions:

*He runnes to
her shop.*

ventions: and hee engrosses all, hee makes all the Puppets i'the Fayre.

COK. Do'st thou (in troth) old veluet Ierkin? giue mee thy hand.

TRA. Nay, Sir, you shall see him in his veluet Ierkin, and a scarfe, too, at night, when you heare him interpret Master *Littlewit's* Motion.

COK. Speake no more, but shut vp shop presently, friend. I'le buy both it, and thee too, to carry downe with me, and her hamper, beside. Thy shop shall furnish out the Masque, and hers the Banquet: I cannot goe lesse, to set out any thing with credit. what's the price, at a word, o'thy whole shop, case, and all as it stands?

LEA. Sir, it stands me in fixe and twenty shillings seuen pence, halfe-peny, besides three shillings for my ground.

COK. Well, thirty shillings will doe all, then! And what comes yours too?

TRA. Foure shillings, and eleauen pence, Sir, ground, and all, an't like your worship.

COK. Yes, it do's like my worship very well, poore woman, that's fise shillings more, what a Masque shall I furnish out, for forty shillings? (twenty pound scotsh) and a Banquet of Ginger-bread? there's a stately thing! *Numps*? Sister? and my wedding gloues too? (that I neuer thought on afore.) All my wedding gloues, Ginger-bread? O me! what a deuice will there be? to make 'hem eate their fingers ends! and delicate Brooches for the Bride-men! and all! and then I'le ha' this poesie put to 'hem: *For the best grace*, meaning *Mistresse Grace*, my wedding poesie.

GRA. I am beholden to you, Sir, and to your *Bartholmew-wit*.

WAS. You doe not meane this, doe you? is this your first purchase?

COK. Yes faith, and I doe not thinke, *Numpes*, but thou'lt say, it was the wisest Act, that euer I did in my wardship.

WAS. Like inough! I shall say any thing. I!

ACT.

ACT. III. SCENE. V.

IUSTICE. EDGVVORTH. NIGHTINGALE.

I Cannot beget a *Proiect*, with all my politicall braine, yet; my *Proiect* is how to fetch off this proper young man, from his de-
baucht company: I haue followed him all the *Fayre* ouer, and still
I finde him with this songster: And I begin shrewdly to suspect
their familiarity; and the young man of a terrible taint, *Poetry*!
with which idle disease, if he be infected, there's no hope of him, in
a state-course. *Actum est*, of him for a common-wealths-man: if
hee goe to't in *Rime*, once.

EDG. Yonder he is buying o' Ginger-bread: set in quickly, be-
fore he part wirth too much on his money.

NIG. *My masters and friends, and good people, draw neere, &c.*

COK. Ballads! harke, harke! pray thee, fellow, stay a little,
good *Numpes*, looke to the goods. What Ballads hast thou? let
me see, let me see my selfe.

*He runn's
to the Ballad
man.*

WAS. Why so! hee's flowne'to another lime-bush, there he
will flutter as long more; till hee ha' ne'r a feather left. Is there
a vexation like this, Gentlemen? will you belecue mee now, here-
after? shall I haue credit with you?

QVAR. Yes faith, shalt thou, *Numps*, and thou art worthy on't,
for thou sweatest for't. I neuer saw a young Pimpe errant, and his
Squire better match'd.

WIN-W. Faith, the sister comes after hem, well, too.

GRA. Nay, if you saw the Iustice her husband, my Guardian,
you were fitted for the Messe, hee is such a wise one his
way—

WIN-W. I wonder, wee see him not heere.

GRA. O! hee is too serious for this place, and yet better sport
then then the other three, I assure you, Gentlemen: where ere he
is, though't be o'the Bench.

COK. How dost thou call it! A caueat against cutpurses! a
good iest, i' faith, I would faine see that *Demon*, your Cutpurse,
you talke of, that delicate handed Diuell; they say he walkes here-
about; I would see him walke, now. Looke you sister, here, here,
let him come, sister, and welcome. Ballad-man, do's any cutpur-
ses haunt hereabout? pray thee raise me one or two: beginne and
shew me one.

*He show's
his purse
boastingly.*

NIG. Sir, this is a spell against hem, spicke and span new, and
'tis made as'twere in mine owne person, and I sing it in mine owne

G

defence.

defence. But 'twill cost a penny alone, if you buy it.

COK. No matter for the price, thou dost not know me, I see, I am an odd *Bartholmew*.

OVE. Ha'st a fine picture, Brother?

COK. O Sister, doe you remember the ballads ouer the Nursery-chimney at home o' my owne pasting vp, there be braue pictures. Other manner of pictures, than these, friend.

WAS. Yet these will serue to picke the pictures out o' your pockets, you shall see.

COK. So, I heard 'hem say. Pray thee mind him not, fellow: hee'll haue an oare in euery thing.

NIG. It was intended Sir, as if a purse should chance to be cut in my presence, now, I may be blamelesse, though: as by the sequell, will more plainly appeare.

COK. We shall find that i'the matter. Pray thee begin.

NIG. To the tune of *Paggingtons Pound*, Sir.

COK. *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la*. Nay, I'll put thee in tune, and all! mine owne country dance! Pray thee begin.

NIG. It is a gentle admonition, you must know, Sir, both to the purse-cutter, and the purse-bearer.

COK. Not a word more, out o'the tune, an' thou lou'st mee: *Fa, la la la, la la la, fa la la la*. Come, when?

NIG. *My masters and friends, and good people draw neere,
And looke to your purses, for that I doe say;*

COK. Ha, ha, this chimes! good counsell at first dash.

NIG. *And though little money, in them you doe beare.*

It cost more to get, then to lose in a day.

[COK. Good!

You oft haue beene told,

Both the young and the old;

And bidden beware of the cutpurse so bold.

Then if you take heed not, free me from the curse,

Who both giue you warning, for and, the cutpurse.

Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin staru'd by thy Nurse,

Then liue to be hanged for cutting a purse.

COK. Good i'faith, how say you, *Numps*? Is there any harme i'this?

NIG. *It hath bin vpbayded to men of my trade,*

That oftē times we are the cause of this crime.

Alacke and for pittie, why should it be said?

As if they regarded or places, or time.

Examples haue been

Of some that were seen,

In Westminster Hall, yea the pleaders between,

Then why should the Iudges be free from this curse,

More then my poore selfe, for cutting the purse?

Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin staru'd by thy Nurse,

Then liue to be hanged for cutting a purse.

COK. Well
said! hee were
to blame that
wold not i'faith.

COK. The
more coxeōbes
they that did it,
I wusse.

COK. God a
mercy for that!
why should they
be more free in-
deede?

COK.

COK. That againe, good Ballad-man, that againe. O rare! I would faine rubbe mine elbow now, but I dare not pull out my hand. On, I pray thee, hee that made this ballad, shall be Poet to my Masque.

He sings the burden with him.

NIG. *At Worc'ter 'tis knowne well, and euen i' the layle,
A Knight of good worship did there shew his face,
Against the foule sinners, in zeale for to rayle,
And lost (ipso facto) his purse in the place.*

COK. Is it possible?

*Nay, once from the Seat
Of Iudgement so great,*

A Iudge there did lose a faire pouch of veluete.

[COK. I'faith?

O Lord for thy mercy, how wicked or worse,

Are those that so venture their necks for a purse! Youth, youth, &c.

COK. Youth, youth, &c? pray thee stay a little, friend, yet o'thy conscience, Numps, speake, is there any harme i' this?

WAS. To tell you true, 'tis too good for you, lesse you had grace to follow it.

Ivs. It doth discouer enormitie, I'le marke it more: I ha' not lik'd a paltry piece of poetry, so well a good while.

COK. Youth, youth, &c! where's this youth, now? A man must call vpon him, for his owne good, and yet hee will not appeare: looke here, here's for him; handy-dandy, which hand will he haue? On, I pray thee, with the rest, I doe heare of him, but I cannot see him, this Master Youth, the cutpurse.

Hee shewes his purse.

NIG. *At Playes and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,*

'Tis daily their practice such booty to make:

Yea, vnder the Gallows, at Executions,

They sticke not the Stare-about's purses to take.

*Nay one without grace,
at a better place,*

COK. That was a fine fellow! I would

At Court, & in Christmas, before the Kings face, haue him, now.

Alacke then for pittie must I beare the curse,

That onely belongs to the cunning cutpurse?

COK. But where's their cunning, now, when they should vse it? they are all chain'd now, I warrant you. Youth, youth, thou hadst better, &c. The Rat-catchers charme, are all fooles and Asses to this! A poxe on 'hem, that they will not come! that a man should haue such a desire to a thing, and want it.

QVAR. 'Fore God, I'd giue halfe the Fayre, and 'twere mine, for a cutpurse for him, to saue his longing.

COK. Looke you Sister, heere, heere, where is't now? which pocket is't in? for a wager?

WAS. I beseech you leaue your wagers, and let him end his matter, an't may be.

COK. O, are you ædified Numps?

Ivs. Indeed hee do's interrupt him, too much: There Numps spoke to purpose.

Hee shewes his purse againe.

again.

Edgworth
gets up to
him, and
tickles him
in the ear
with a straw
twice to
draw his
hand out
of his pocket.

COK. Sister, I am an Ass, I cannot keepe my purse : on, on ; I pray thee, friend.

NIG. But O, you vile nation of cutpurses all,
Relent and repent, and amend and be sound,
And know that you ought not, by honest mens fall,
Adnaunce your owne fortunes, to die aboue ground,
And though you goe gay,
In silkes as you may,

It is not the high way to heauen, (as they say)
Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse :
And kisse not the Gallows for cutting a purse.
Youth, youth, thou hadst better bin stern'd by thy Nurse,
Then lue to be hanged for cutting a purse.

God hee is a braue fellow ; pitty hee should be detected.

ALL An excellent ballad ! an excellent ballad !

EDG. Friend, let mee ha' the first, let mee ha' the first, I pray you.

COK. Pardon mee, Sir. First come, first seru'd ; and I'll buy the whole bundle too.

WIN. That conueyance was better then all, did you see't ? he has giuen the purse to the ballad-finger.

QVAR. Has hee ?

EDG. Sir, I cry you mercy ; I'll not hinder the poore mans profit : pray you mistake me not.

COK. Sir, I take you for an honest Gentleman ; if that be mistaking, I met you to day afore : ha ! humh ! O God ! my purse is gone, my purse, my purse, &c.

WAS. Come, doe not make a stirre, and cry your selfe an Ass, thorow the Fayre afore your time.

COK. Why, hast thou it, *Numpes* ? good *Numpes*, how came you by it ? I mar'le !

WAS. I pray you seeke some other gamster, to play the foole with : you may lose it time enough, for all your *Fayre-wit*.

COK. By this good hand, gloue and all, I ha' lost it already, if thou hast it not : fcele else, and Mistris Grace's handkercher, too, out o'the tother pocket.

WAS. Why, 'tis well ; very well, exceeding pretty, and well.

EDG. Are you sure you ha' lost it, Sir ?

COK. O God ! yes ; as I am an honest man, I had it but e'en now, at youth, youth.

NIG. I hope you suspect not me, Sir.

EDG. Thee ? that were a iest indeede ! Dost thou thinke the Gentleman is foolish ? where hadst thou hands, I pray thee ? Away Ass, away.

Ivs. I shall be beaten againe, if I be spi'd.

EDG. Sir, I suspect an odde fellow, yonder, is stealing away.

Ove.

WINW. Will you see sport ? looke, there's a fellow gathers vp to him, marke.

QVA. Good, i faith ! o he has lighted on the wrōg pocket.

WINW. He has it, fore

OVE. Brother, it is the preaching fellow! you shall suspect him. He was at your tother purse, you know! Nay, stay, Sir, and view the worke you ha'done, an' you be benefic'd at the Gallows, and preach there, thanke your owne handy-worke.

COK. Sir, you shall take no pride in your preferment: you shall be silenc'd quickly.

Ivs. What doe you meane? sweet buds of gentility.

COK. To ha' my peneworths out on you: Bud. No lesse then two purses a day, serue you? I thought you a simple fellow, when my man *Numpes* beate you, i'the morning, and pittied you—

OVE. So did I, I'll besworne, brother; but now I see hee is a lewd, and pernicious Enormity: (as Master *Ouerdoo* calls him.)

Ivs. Mine owne words turn'd vpon mee, like swords.

COK. Cannot a man's purse be at quiet for you, i'the Masters pocket, but you must intice it forth, and debauch it?

WAS. Sir, Sir, keepe your debauch, and your fine *Bartholmew*-termes to your selfe; and make as much on hem as you please. But gi' me this from you, i'the meane time: I beseech you, see if I can looke to this.

COK. Why, *Numps*?

WAS. Why? because you are an Asse, Sir, there's a reason the shortest way, and you will needs ha' it; now you ha' got the tricke of losing, you'd lose your breech, an't 'twere loose. I know you, Sir, come, deliuer, you'll goe and cracke the vermine, you breed now, will you? 'tis very fine, will you ha' the truth on't? they are such retchlesse flies as you are, that blow cutpurses abroad in euery corner; your foolish hauing of money, makes hem. An' there were no wiser then I, Sir, the trade shoud lye open for you, Sir, it should i' faith, Sir. I would teach your wit to come to your head, Sir, as well as your land to come into your hand, I assure you, Sir.

WIN. Alacke, good *Numps*.

WAS. Nay, Gentlemen, neuer pittie mee, I am not worth it: Lord send me at home once, to *Harrow* o'the *Hill* againe, if I trauell any more, call me *Coriat*; withall my heart.

QVAR. Stay, Sir, I must haue a word with you in priuate. Doe you heare?

EDG. With me, Sir? what's your pleasure? good Sir.

QVAR. Doe not deny it. You are a cutpurse, Sir, this Gentleman here, and I, saw you, nor doe we meane to detect you (though we can sufficiently informe our selues, toward the danger of concealing you) but you must doe vs a piece of seruice.

EDG. Good Gentlemen, doe not yndoe me; I am a ciuill young man, and but a beginner, indeed.

QVAR. Sir, your beginning shall bring on your ending, for vs.

Wasp takes
the Licence
from him.

We are no Catchpoles nor Constables. That you are to vndertake, is this; you saw the old fellow, with the blacke boxe, here?

EDG. The little old Gouvernour, Sir?

QVAR. That same: I see, you haue flowne him to a marke already. I would ha' you get away that boxe from him, and bring it vs.

EDG. Would you ha' the boxe and all, Sir? or onely that, that is in't? I'll get you that, and leaue him the boxe, to play with still: (which will be the harder o' the two) because I would gaine your worships good opinion of me.

WIN-W. He sayes well, 'tis the greater Mastry, and 'twill make the more sport when 'tis mist.

EDG. I, and 'twill be the longer a missing, to draw on the sport.

QVAR. But looke you doe it now, firrah, and keepe your word: or—

EDG. Sir, if euer I breake my word, with a Gentleman, may I neuer read word at my need. Where shall I find you?

QVAR. Some-where i' the *Fayre*, heereabouts. Dispatch it quickly. I would faine see the carefull foole deluded! of all Beasts, I loue the serious Ass. He that takes paines to be one, and playes the foole, with the greatest diligence that can be.

GRA. Then you would not chose, Sir, but loue my Guardian, Iustice *Ouerdoo*, who is answerable to that description, in euery haire of him.

QVAR. So I haue heard. But how came you, Mistis *Welborne*, to be his Ward? or haue relation to him, at first?

GRA. Faith, through a common calamity, he bought me, Sir; and now he will marry me to his wiues brother, this wise Gentleman, that you see, or else I must pay value o' my land.

QVAR. S'lid, is there no deuice of disparagement? or so? talke with some crafty fellow, some picklocke o' the Law! Would I had studied a yeere longer i' the Innes of Court, and 't had beene but i' your case.

WIN-W. I Master *Quarlous*, are you proffering?

GRA. You'd bring but little ayde, Sir.

WIN-W. (I'll looke to you 'ifaith, Gamster.) An vnfortunate foolish *Tribe* you are false into, Lady, I wonder you can endure 'hem.

GRA. Sir, they that cannot worke their fetters off; must weare 'hem.

WINW. You see what care they haue on you, to leaue you thus.

GRA. Faith the same they haue of themselves, Sir. I cannot greatly complaine, if this were all the plea I had against 'hem.

WIN. 'Tis true! but will you please to withdraw with vs, a little, and make them thinke, they haue lost you. I hope our manners ha' beene such hitherto, and our language, as will giue you

you no cause, to doubt your selfe, in our company.

GRA. Sir, I will giue my selfe, no cause ; I am so secure of mine owne manners, as I suspect not yours.

QVAR. Looke where *John Little-wit* comes.

WIN-W. Away, I'le not be seene, by him.

QVAR. No, you were not best, hee'ld tell his mother, the widdow.

WIN-W. Heatt, what doe you meane ?

QVAR. Cry you mercy, is the winde there ? must not the widdow be nam'd ?

ACT. III SCENE. VI.

JOHN. WIN. TRASH. LEATHERHEAD.
KNOCKHVM. BUSY. PVRE CRAFT.

DOe you heare *Win, Win* ?

WIN. What say you, *John* ?

IOH. While they are paying the reckoning, *Win*, I'll tell you a thing *Win*, wee shall neuer see any sights i'the *Fayre*, *Win*, except you long still, *Win*, good *Win*, sweet *Win*, long to see some Hobby-horses, and some Drummes, and Rattles, and Dogs, and fine deuices, *Win*. The Bull with the five legs, *Win* ; and the great Hog: now you ha' begun with Pigge, you may long for any thing, *Win*, and so for my Motion, *Win*.

WIN. But we sha'not eat o'the Bull, and the Hogge, *John*, how shall I long then ?

IOH. O yes! *Win*: you may long to see, as well as to taste, *Win*: how did the Pothecarie's wife, *Win*, that long'd to see the Anatomy, *Win*? or the Lady, *Win*, that desir'd to spit i'the great Lawyers mouth, after an eloquent pleading? I assure you they long'd, *Win*, good *Win*, goe in, and long.

TRA. I think we are rid of our new customer, brother *Leather-head*, wee shall heare no more of him.

LEA. All the better, let's packe vp all, and be gone, before he finde vs.

TRA. Stay a little, yonder comes a company: it may be wee may take some more money.

KNO, Sir, I will take your counsell, and cut my haire, and leaue vapours: I see, that Tabacco, and Bottle-Ale, and Pig, and *Whit*, and very *Vrsla*, her selfe, is all vanity.

BVS. Onely Pigge was not comprehended in my admonition, the

They plot to be gone.

the rest were. For long haire, it is an Ensigne of pride, a banner, and the world is full of those banners, very full of Banners. And, bottle-ale is a drinke of Sathan's, a diet-drinke of Sathans, deuised to puffed vs vp, and make vs swell in this latter age of vanity, as the smoake of tabacco, to keepe vs in mist and error: But the fleshly woman, (which you call *Vrsla*) is aboue all to be auoyded, hauing the marks vpon her, of the three enemies of Man, the World, as being in the *Faire*; the Deuill, as being in the fire; and and the Flesh, as being her selfe.

PVR. Brother *Zeale-of-the land*! what shall we doe? my daughter *Win-the-fight*, is falne into her fit of longing againe.

BVS. For more pig? there is no more, is there?

PVR. To see some sights, i' the *Faire*.

BVS. Sister, let her fly the impurity of the place, swiftly, lest shee partake of the pitch thereof. Thou art the seate of the Beast, O *Smithfield*, and I will leaue thee. Idolatry peepeth out on euery side of thee.

KNO. An excellent right Hypocrite! now his belly is full, he falls a railing and kicking, the lade. A very good vapour! I'll in, and ioy *Vrsla*, with telling, how her pigge works, two and a halfe he eate to his share. And he has drunke a pailefull. He eates with his eyes, as well as his teeth.

LEA. What doe you lack, Gentlemen? What is't you buy? Rattles, Drumms, Babies. —

BVS. Peace, with thy Apocryphall wares, thou prophane Publican: thy *Bells*, thy *Dragons*, and thy *Tobie's Dogges*. Thy Hobby-horse is an Idoll, a very Idoll, a feirce and rancke Idoll: And thou, the *Nabuchadnezzar*, the proud *Nabuchadnezzar* of the *Faire*, that set'st it vp, for children to fall downe to, and worship.

LEA. Cry you mercy, Sir, will you buy a fiddle to fill vp your noise.

IOH. Looke *Win*. doe, looke a Gods name, and saue your longing. Here be fine sights.

PVR. I child, so you hate 'hem, as our Brother *Zeale* do's, you may looke on 'hem.

LEA. Or what do you say, to a Drumme. Sir?

BVS. It is the broken belly of the Beast, and thy Bellows there are his lungs, and these Pipes are his throate, those Feathers are of his taile, and thy Rattles, the gnashing of his teeth.

TRA. And what's my ginger-bread? I pray you.

BVS. The prouander that pricks him vp. Hence with thy basket of Popery, thy nest of Images: and whole legend of ginger-worke.

LEA. Sir if you be not quiet, the quicklier, I'll ha' you clapp'd fairely by the heeles, for disturbing the *Faire*.

BVS. The sinne of the *Faire* prouokes me, I cannot bee silent.

PVR. Good brother *Zeale*!

LEA.

LEA. Sir, I'll make you silent, beleeeue it.

IOH. I'd giue a shilling, you could i' faith, friend.

LEA. Sir, giue me your shilling, I'll giue you my shop, if I do not, and I'll leaue it in pawne with you, i' the meane time.

IOH. A match i' faith, but do it quickly, then.

BVS. Hinder me not, woman. I was mou'd in spirit, to bee here, this day, in this *Faire*, this wicked, and foule *Faire*; and fitter may it be a called a foule, then a *Faire*: To protest against the abuses of it, the foule abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted Saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with the opening of the merchandize of *Babylon* againe, & the peeping of *Popery* vpon the stals, here, here, in the high places. See you not *Goldyllocks*, the purple strumpet, there? in her yellow gowne, and Greene fleeces? the prophane pipes, the tinckling timbrells? A shop of reliques!

IOH. Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with 'hem.

BVS. And this Idolatrous Groue of Images, this flasket of Idols! which I will pull downe——

(TRA. O my ware, my ware, God blesse it.)

BVS. In my zeale, and glory to be thus exercis'd.

LEA. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his zeale, wee cannot sell a whistle, for him, in tune. Stop his noyse, first!

BVS. Thou canst not: 'tis a sanctified noyse. I will make a loud and most strong noyse, till I haue daunted the prophane enemy. And for this cause.——

LEA. Sir, heer's no man afraid of you, or your cause. You shall sweare it, i' the stocks, Sir.

BVS. I will thrust my selfe into the stocks, vpon the pikes of the Land.

LEA. Carry him away.

PVR. What doe you meane, wicked men?

BVS. Let them alone; I feare them not.

IOH. Was not this shilling well ventur'd, *Win*? for our liberty? Now we may goe play, and see ouer the *Fayre*, where we list our selues; my mother is gone after him, and let her ee'n go, and loose vs.

WIN. Yes *John*, but I know not what to doe.

IOH. For what, *Win*?

WIN. For a thing, I am asham'd to tell you, i' faith, and 'tis too farre to go home.

IOH. I pray thee bee not asham'd, *Win*. Come, i' faith thou shall not be asham'd, is it any thing about the Hobby-horse-man? an't be, speake freely.

WIN. Hang him, base Bobchin, I scorne him; no, I haue very great, what sha' call'um, *John*.

IOH. O! Is that all, *Win*? wee'll goe backe to Captaine *Jordan*; to the pig-womans, *Win*. hee'll helpe vs, or she with a drip-

H

*He speaks
to the wid-
dow.*

*Overthrows
the ginger-
bread.*

*Leather-
head enters
with officers*

dripping pan, or an old kettle, or something. The poore greasie soule loues you, *Win*, and after we'll visit the *Fayre* all ouer, *Win*, and see my Puppet play, *Win*, you know it's a fine matter, *Win*.

LEA. Let's away, I counsell'd you to packe vp afore, *Ione*.

TRA. A poxe of his *Bedlem* purity. Hee has spoyl'd halfe my ware: but the best is, wee lose nothing, if wee misse our first Merchant.

LEA. It shall be hard for him to finde, or know vs, when we are translated, *Ione*.



ACT. III. SCENE. I.

TROUBLE-ALL. BRISTLE. HAGGISE,
COKE. IVSTICE. POCHER.
BUSY. PVRECRAFT.



Y Masters, I doe make no doubt, but you are officers.

BRI. What then, Sir?

TRO. And the Kings louing, and obedient subiects.

BRI. Obedient, friend? take heede what you speake, I aduise you: *Oliuer Bristle* aduises you. His louing subiects, we grant you: but not his obedient, at this time, by your leaue, wee know our

selues, a little better then so, wee are to command, Sr. and such as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his obedient subiects, going to the stocks, and wee'll make you such another, if you talke.

TRO. You are all wise enough i' your places, I know,

BRI. If you know it, Sir, why doe you bring it in question?

TRO. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only hope you haue warrant, for what you doe, and so, quit you, and so, multiply you.

HAG. What's hee? bring him vp to the stocks there. Why bring you him not vp?

TRO.

*He goes a-
way againe.*

TRO. If you haue Iustice *Ouerdoo's* warrant, 'tis well: you are safe; that is the warrant of warrants. I'll not giue this button, for any mans warrant else.

comes again.

BRI. Like enough, Sir, but let me tell you, an' you play away your buttons, thus, you will want 'hem ere night, for any store I see about you: you might keepe 'hem, and saue pinnes, I wusse.

goes away.

Ivs. What should hee be, that doth so esteeme, and aduance my warrant? he seemes a sober and discreet person! it is a comfort to a good conscience, to be follow'd with a good fame, in his sufferings. The world will haue a pretty tast by this, how I can beare aduersity: and it will beget a kind of reuerence, toward me, hereafter, euen from mine enemies, when they shall see I carry my calamity nobly, and that it doth neither breake mee, nor bend mee.

HAG. Come, Sir, heere's a place for you to preach in. Will you put in your legge?

Ivs. That I will, cheerefully.

BRI. O my conscience a Seminary! hee kisses the stockes.

They put him in the stockes.

COK. Well my Masters, I'll leaue him with you; now I see him bestow'd, I'll goe looke for my goods, and *Numps*.

HAG. You may, Sir, I warrant you; where's the tother Bawler? fetch him too, you shall find 'hem both fast enough.

Ivs. In the mid'st of this tumult, I will yet be the *Author* of mine owne rest, and not minding their fury, sit in the stockes, in that calme, as shall be able to trouble a *Triumph*.

comes again,

TRO. Doe you assure me vpon your words? may I vndertake for you, if I be ask'd the question; that you haue this warrant?

HAG. What's this fellow, for Gods sake?

TRO. Doe but shew me *Adam Ouerdoo*, and I am satisfied.

goes out.

BRI. Hee is a fellow that is distracted, they say; one *Trouble-all*: hee was an officer in the Court of *Pie-poulders*, here last yeere, and put out on his place by Iustice *Ouerdoo*.

Ivs. Ha!

BRI. Vpon which, he tooke an idle conceipt, and's runne mad vpon't. So that euer since, hee will doe nothing, but by Iustice *Ouerdoo's* warrant, he will not eate a crust, nor drinke a little, nor make him in his apparell, ready. His wife, Sirreuerence, cannot get him make his water, or shift his shirt, without his warrant.

Ivs. If this be true, this is my greatest disaster! how am I bound to satisfie this poore man, that is of so good a nature to mee, out of his wits! where there is no roome left for dissembling.

comes in.

TRO. If you cannot shew me *Adam Ouerdoo*, I am in doubt of you: I am afraid you cannot answere it.

goes againe.

HAG. Before me, Neighbour *Bristle* (and now I thinke on't better) Iustice *Ouerdoo*, is a very parantory person.

BRI. O! are you aduis'd of that? and a seuerer Iusticer, by your leaue.

Ivs. Doe I heare ill o' that side, too?

BRI. He will sit as vpright o' the bench, an' you marke him, as a candle i' the socket, and giue light to the whole Court in euery businesse.

HAG. But he will burne blew, and swell like a bile (God blesse vs) an' he be angry.

BRI. I, and hee will be angry too, when his list, that's more: and when hee is angry, be it right or wrong; hee has the Law on's side, euer. I marke that too.

Ivs. I will be more tender hereafter. I see compassion may become a *Iustice*, though it be a weaknesse, I confesse; and neerer a vice, then a vertue.

HAG. Well, take him out o' the stocks againe, wee'll goe a sure way to worke, wee'll ha' the Ace of hearts of our side, if we can.

Poc. Come, bring him away to his fellow, there. Master *Busby*, we shall rule your legges, I hope, though wee cannot rule your tongue.

Bvs. No, Minister of darkenesse, no, thou canst not rule my tongue, my tongue it is mine own, and with it I will both knocke, and mocke downe your *Bartholmew*-abominations, till you be made a hissing to the neighbour Parishes, round about.

HAG. Let him alone, we haue deuise'd better vpon't.

PVR. And shall he not into the stocks then?

BRI. No, Mistresse, wee'll haue 'hem both to *Iustice Ouerdoo*, and let him doe ouer 'hem as is fitting. Then I, and my gossip *Haggis*, and my beadle *Pocher* are discharg'd.

PVR. O, I thanke you, blessed, honest men!

BRI. Nay, neuer thank vs, but thank this mad-man that comes heere, hee put it in our heads.

PVR. Is hee mad? Now *heauen* increase his madnesse, and blesse it, and thanke it, Sir, your poore hand-maide thanks you.

TRO. Haue you a warrant? an' you haue a warrant, shew it.

PVR. Yes, I haue a warrant out of the word, to giue thanks for remouing any scorne intended to the brethren.

TRO. It is *Iustice Ouerdoo's* warrant, that I looke for, if you haue not that, keepe your word, I'll keepe mine. Quir yee, and multiply yee.

ACT.

They take
the Iustice
out.

Comes a
gaine.

ACT. III. SCENE. II.

EDGVORTH. TROUBLE-ALL.

NIGHTINGALE. COKE. COS-

TARDMONGER.

*C*ome away *Nightingale*, I pray thee.*TRO.* Whither goe you? where's your warrant?*EDG.* Warrant, for what, Sir?*TRO.* For what you goe about, you know how fit it is, an' you have no warrant, blesse you, I'll pray for you, that's all I can doe.*Goes out.**EDG.* What meanes hee?*NIG.* A mad-man that haunts the *Fayre*, doe you not know him? it's maruell hee has not more followers, after his ragged heeles.*EDG.* Beshrew him, he startled me: I thought he had knowne of our plot. Guilt's a terrible thing! ha' you prepar'd the *Costard-monger*?*NIG.* Yes, and agreed for his basket of peares; hee is at the corner here, ready. And your *Prise*, he comes downe, sailing, that way, all alone; without his *Protector*: hee is rid of him, it seemes.*EDG.* I, I know; I should ha' follow'd his *Protector*-ship for a feat I am to doe vpon him: But this offer'd it selfe, so i'the way, I could not let it scape: heere he comes, whistle, be this sport call'd *Dorring the Dottrell*.*Nightin-gale whistles**NIG.* Wh, wh, wh, wh, &c.*COK.* By this light, I cannot finde my ginger-bread-Wife, nor my Hobby-horse-man in all the *Fayre*, now; to ha' my money againe. And I do not know the way out on't, to go home for more, doe you heare, friend, you that whistle; what tune is that, you whistle?*NIG.* A new tune, I am practising, Sir.*COK.* Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee? nay, on with thy tune, I ha' no such hast, for an answer: I'll practise with thee.*COS.* Buy any peares, very fine peares, peares fine.*COK.* Gods so! a muffle, a muffle, a muffle, a muffle.*COS.* Good Gentleman, my ware, my ware, I am a poore man. Good Sir, my ware.*Nightin-gale sets his foots afore him, and he falls with his basket.*

Cokes falls
a scrambling
whilest they
runne away
with his
things.

NIG. Let me hold your sword, Sir, it troubles you.

COK. Doe, and my cloake, an'thou wilt; and my hat, too.

EDG. A delicate great boy! me thinks, he out-scrambles 'hem all. I cannot perswade my selfe, but he goes to grammer-scholle yet; and playes the trewant, to day.

NIG. Would he had another purse to cut, *Zekiel*.

EDG. Purse? a man might cut out his kidneys, I thinke; and he neuer feeles 'hem, he is so earnest at the sport.

NIG. His soule is halfe way out on's body, at the game.

EDG. Away, *Nightingale*: that way.

COK. I thinke I am furnisht'd for Catherne peares, for one vnder-meale: gi' me my cloake.

COS. Good Gentleman, giue me my ware.

He runs out.

COK. Where's the fellow, I ga' my cloake to? my cloake? and my hat? ha! Gods'lid, is he gone? thieues, thieues, helpe me to cry, Gentlemen.

EDG. Away, Costermonger, come to vs to *Vrsla's*. Talke of him to haue a soule? 'heart, if hee haue any more then a thing giuen him in stead of salt, onely to keepe him from stinking, I'le be hang'd afore my time, presently, where should it be trow? in his blood; hee has not so much to'ard it in his whole body, as will maintaine a good Flea; And if hee take this course, he will not ha' so much land left, as to reare a Calfe within this twelue month. Was there euer greene Plouer so pull'd! That his little Ouerfeer had beene heere now, and beene but tall enough, to see him steale peares, in exchange, for his beauer-hat, and his cloake thus? I must goe finde him out, next, for his blacke boxe, and his Patent (it seemes) hee has of his place; which I thinke the Gentleman would haue a reuerfion of; that spoke to me for it so earnestly.

He comes a-
gain.

throws away
his peares.

COK. Would I might lose my doublet, and hose, too; as I am an honest man, and neuer stirre, if I thinke there be any thing, but thieuing, and cooz'ning, i' this whole *Fayre*. *Bartholmew-fayre*, quoth he; an' euer any *Bartholmew* had that lucke in't, that I haue had, I'le be martyr'd for him, and in *Smithfield*, too. I ha' paid for my peares, a rot on 'hem, I'le keepe 'hem no longer; you were choake-peares to mee; I had bin better ha' gone to mum chance for you, I wusse. Me thinks the *Fayre* should not haue vs'd me thus, and 'twere but for my names sake, I would not ha' vs'd a dog o' the name, so. O, *Numps* will triumph, now! Friend, doe you know who I am? or where I lye? I doe not my selfe, I'll besworne. Doe but carry me home, and I'le please thee, I ha' money enough there, I ha' lost my selfe, and my cloake and my hat; and my fine sword, and my sister, and *Numps*, and Mistris *Grace*, (a Gentlewoman that I should ha' marryed) and a cut-worke handkercher, shee ga' mee, and two purses to day. And my bargaine o' Hobby-horses and Ginger-bread, which grieues me worst of all.

Trouble all
comes again.

TRO. By whose warrant, Sir, haue you done all this?

COK.

COK. Warrant? thou art a wise fellow, indeed, as if a man need a warrant to lose any thing, with.

TRO. Yes, Iustice *Ouerdo's* warrant, a man may get, and lose with, I'll stand to't.

COK. Iustice *Ouerdoo*? Dost thou know him? I lye there, hee is my brother in Law, hee married my sister: pray thee shew me the way, dost thou know the house?

TRO. Sir, shew mee your warrant, I know nothing without a warrant, pardon me.

COK. Why, I warrant thee, come along: thou shalt see, I haue wrought pillowes there, and cambricke sheetes, and sweete bags, too. Pray thee guide me to the house.

TRO. Sir, I'll tell you; goe you thither your selfe, first, alone; tell your worshipfull brother your minde: and but bring me three lines of his hand, or his Clerkes, with *Adam Ouerdoo*, vnderneath; here I'll stay you, I'll obey you, and I'll guide you presently.

COK. S'lid, this is an Ass, I ha' found him, poxe vpon mee, what doe I talking to such a dull foole; farewell, you are a very Coxcomb, doe you heare?

TRO. I thinke, I am, if Iustice *Ouerdoo* signe to it, I am, and so wee are all, hee'll quit vs all, multiply vs all.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. IIJ.

GRACE. QVARLOVS. WIN-WIFE.

TROUBLE-ALL. EDGVVORTH.

*They enter
with their
swords
drawne.*

Gentlemen, this is no way that you take: you do but breed one another trouble, and offence, and giue me no contentment at all. I am no she, that affects to be quarell'd for, or haue my name or fortune made the question of mens swords.

QVA. S'lod, wee loue you.

GRA. If you both loue mee, as you pretend, your owne reason will tell you, but one can enioy me; and to that point, there leads a directer line, then by my infamy, which must follow, if you fight. 'Tis true, I haue profest it to you ingenuously, that rather then to be yoked with this Bridegroom is appointed me, I would take vp any husband, almost vpon any trust. Though Subtilty would say to me, (I know) hee is a foole, and has an estate, and I might gouerne him, and enioy a friend, beside. But these are not my aymes, I must haue a husband I must loue, or I cannot liue with him. I shall ill make one of these politike wiues!

WIN-W.

WIN-W. Why, if you can like either of vs, Lady, say, which is he, and the other shall sweare instantly to desist.

QVA. Content, I accord to that willingly.

GRA. Sure you thinke me a woman of an extreme leuity, Gentlemen, or a strange fancy, that (meeting you by chance in such a place, as this, both at one instant, and not yet of two hours acquaintance, neither of you deseruing afore the other, of me) I should so forsake my modesty (though I might affect one more particularly) as to say, This is he, and name him.

QVA. Why, wherefore should you not? What should hinder you?

GRA. If you would not giue it to my modesty, allow it yet to my wit; giue me so much of woman, and cunning, as not to betray my selfe impertinently. How can I iudge of you, so farre as to a choyse, without knowing you more? you are both equall, and alike to mee, yet: and so indifferently affected by mee, as each of you might be the man, if the other were away. For you are reasonable creatures, you haue vnderstanding, and discourse. And if fate send me an vnderstanding husband, I haue no feare at all, but mine owne manners shall make him a good one.

QVAR. Would I were put forth to making for you, then:

GRA. It may be you are, you know not what's toward you: will you consent to a motion of mine, Gentlemen?

WINW. What euer it be, we'll presume reasonablenesse, coming from you.

QVAR. And fitnesse, too.

GRA. I saw one of you buy a paire of tables, e'en now.

WIN-W. Yes, heere they be, and maiden ones too, vnwritten in.

GRA. The fitter for what they may be imployed in. You shall write either of you, heere, a word, or a name, what you like best; but of two, or three syllables at most: and the next person that comes this way (because *Destiny* has a high hand in businesse of this nature) I'll demand, which of the two words, he, or she doth approue; and according to that sentence, fixe my resolution, and affection, without change.

QVAR. Agreed, my word is conceiued already.

WIN-W. And mine shall not be long creating after.

GRA. But you shall promise, Gentlemen, not to be curious to know, which of you it is, taken; but giue me leaue to conceale that till you haue brought me, either home, or where I may safely tender my selfe.

WIN-W. Why that's but equall.

QVAR. Wee are pleas'd.

GRA. Because I will bind both your indeauours to work together, friendly, and ioyntly, each to the others fortune, and haue my selfe fitted with some meanes, to make him that is forsaken, a part of amends.

QVAR.

QVAR. These conditions are very curteous. Well my word is out of the *Arcadia*, then: *Argalus*.

WIN-W. And mine out of the play, *Palemon*.

TRO. Haue you any warrant for this, Gentlemen?

QVAR. WIN-W. Ha!

TRO. There must be a warrant had, beleue it.

WIN-W. For what?

TRO. For whatsoever it is, any thing indeede, no matter what.

QVA. S'light, here's a fine ragged Prophet, dropt downe 'ithe nicke!

TRO. Heaven quit you, Gentlemen.

QVA. Nay, stay a little, good Lady, put him to the question.

GRA. You are content, then?

WIN-W. QVAR. Yes yes.

GRA. Sir, heere are two names written—

TRO. Is *Iudice Ouerdoo*, one?

GRA. How, Sir? I pray you read 'hem to your selfe, it is for a wager betweene these Gentlemen, and with a stroake or any difference, marke which you approue best.

TRO. They may be both worshipfull names for ought I know, Mistresse, but *Adam Ouerdoo* had beene worth three of 'hem, I assure you, in this place, that's in plaine english.

GRA. This man amazes mee! I pray you, like one of 'hem, Sir,

TRO. I doe like him there, that has the best warrant, Mistresse, to saue your longing, and (multiply him) It may be this. But I am I still for *Iustice Ouerdoo*, that's my conscience. And quit you.

WIN-W. Is't done, Lady?

GRA. I, and strangely, as euer I saw! What fellow is this trow?

QVA. No matter what, a Fortune-teller wee ha' made him. Which is't, which is't.

GRA. Nay, did you not promise, not to enquire?

QVA. S'lid, I forgot that, pray you pardon mee. Looke, here's our *Mercury* come: The Licence arriues i'the finest time, too! 'tis but scraping out *Cokes* his name, and 'tis done.

WIN-W. How now lime-twigg? hast thou touch'd.

EDG. Not yet, Sir, except you would goe with mee, and see't, it's not worth speaking on. The act is nothing, without a witnesse. Yonder he is, your man with the boxe false into the finest company, and so transported with vapours, they ha' got in a Northren Clothier, and one *Puppy*, a Westerne man, that's come to wrastle before my Lord *Maier*, anone, and Captaine *Whit*, and one *Val Cutting*, that helps Captaine *Iordan* to roare, a circling boy: with whom your *Numps*, is so taken, that you may strip him of his cloathes, if you will. I le vndertake to geld him for you; if you had but a Surgeon, ready, to seare him. And Mistresse *Iustice*,
I there,

Trouble-all
comes again.

there, is the goodeſt woman! ſhee do's ſo loue 'hem all ouer, in termes of Juſtice, and the Stile of authority, with her hood vp-right—that I beſeech you come away Gentlemen, and ſee't.

QVAR. S'light, I would not loſe it for the *Fayre*, what'll you doe, *Ned*?

WIN-W. Why, ſtay heere about for you, Miſtreſſe *Welborne* muſt not be ſcene.

QVA. Doe ſo, and find out a Prieſt i'the meane time, I'le bring the Liſenſe. Lead, which way iſ't?

EDG. Here, Sir, you are o'the backſide o'the Booth already, you may heare the noiſe.

ACT. III. SCENE. IV.

KNOCKHVM. NORDERN. PUPPY. CUTTING. WHIT. EDGVVORTH. QVARLOVS. OVERDOO. WASPE. BRISTLE.

VV^{Hit}, bid *Vall Cutting* continue the vapours for a liſt, *Whit*, for a liſt.

NOR. Il'e ne mare, Il'e ne mare, the eale's too meeghty.

KNO. How now! my *Galloway Nag*, the ſtaggers? ha! *Whit*, gi' him a ſlit i'the fore-head. Cheare vp, man, a needle, and threed to ſtitch his eares. I'd cure him now an' I had it, with a little butter, and garlike, long-pepper, and graines. Where's my horne? I'le gi' him a maſh, preſently, ſhall take away this dizzineſſe.

PVP. Why, where are you zurs? doe you vlinch, and leaue vs i'the zuds, now?

NOR. I'le ne mare, I'is e'en as vull as a Paipers bag, by my troth, I.

PVP. Doe my Northerne cloth zhrinke i'the wetting? ha?

KNO. Why, well ſaid, old 'Flea-bitten, thou'lt neuer tyre, I ſee.

CVT. No, Sir, but he may tire, if it pleaſe him.

WHI. Who told dee ſho? that he vuld neuer teer, man?

CVT. No matter who told him ſo, ſo long as he knowes.

KNO. Nay, I know nothing, Sir, pardon me there.

EDG. They are at it ſtil, Sir, this they call vapours.

WHI. He ſhall not pardon dee, Captaine, dou ſhalt not be pardon'd. Pre'de ſhweete heart doe not pardon him.

CVT. S'light, I'le pardon him, an' I liſt, whoſoeuer ſaies nay to't.

QVA.

*They fall to
their va-
pours, a-
gaine.*

QVAR. Where's *Numps*? I misse him.

WAS. Why, I say nay to't.

QVAR. O there he is!

KNO. To what doe you say nay, Sir?

WAS. To any thing, whatsoever it is, so long as I do not like it.

WHI. Pardon me, little man, dou must like it a little.

CVT. No, hee must not like it at all, Sir, there you are i'the wrong.

WHI. I tinke I be, he must not like it, indeede.

CVT. Nay, then he both must, and will like it, Sir, for all you.

KNO. If he haue reason, he may like it, Sir.

WHI. By no meansh Captaine, vpon reason, he may like nothing vpon reason.

WAS. I haue no reason, nor I will heare of no reason, nor I will looke for no reason, and he is an Ass, that either knowes any, or looks for't from me.

CVT. Yes, in some sense you may haue reason, Sir.

WAS. I, in some sense, I care not if I grant you.

WHI. Pardon mee, thou ought to grant him nothing, in no shensh, if dou doe loue dy shelfe, angry man.

WAS. Why then, I doe grant him nothing; and I haue no sense.

CVT. 'Tis true, thou hast no sense indeed.

WAS. S'lid, but I haue sense, now I tinke on't better, and I will grant him any thing, doe you see?

KNO. He is i'the right, and do's vtter a sufficient vapour.

CVT. Nay, it is no sufficient vapour, neither, I deny that.

KNO. Then it is a sweet vapour.

CVT. It may be a sweet vapour.

WAS. Nay, it is no sweet vapour, neither, Sir, it stinkes, and I'll stand to't.

WHI. Yes, I tinke it dosh shinke, Captaine. All vapour dosh shinke.

WAS. Nay, then it do's not stinke, Sir, and it shall not stinke.

CVT. By your leaue, it may, Sir.

WAS. I, by my leaue, it may stinke, I know that.

WHI. Pardon me, thou knowesht nothing, it cannot by thy leaue, angry man.

WAS. How can it not?

KNO. Nay, neuer question him, for he is i'the right.

WHI. Yesh, I am i'de right, I confesh it, so ish de little man too.

WAS. I'll haue nothing confest, that concernes mee. I am not i'the right, nor neuer was i'the right, nor neuer will be i'the right, while I am in my right minde,

CVT. Minde? why, heere's no man mindes you, Sir, nor any thing else.

Here they continue their game of vapours, which is non sense. Euery man to oppose the last man that spoke: whether it concern'd him, or no.

They drinke againe.

PVP. Vreind, will you mind this that wee doe?

QVA. Call you this vapours? this is such belching of quarrell, as I neuer heard. Will you minde your businesse, Sir?

EDG. You shall see, Sir.

NOR. I'le ne maire, my waimb warkes too mickle with this auready.

EDG. Will you take that, Master *Waspe*, that no body should minde you?

WAS. Why? what ha' you to doe? is't any matter to you?

EDG. No, but me thinks you should not be vnminde, though,

WAS. Nor, I wu' not be, now I thinke on't, doe you heare, new acquaintance, do's no man mind me, say you?

CVT. Yes, Sir, euery man heere mindes you, but how?

WAS. Nay, I care as little how, as you doe, that was not my question.

WHI. No, noting was ty question, tou art a learned man, and I am a valiant man, i' faith la, tou shalt speake for mee, and I vill fight for tee.

KNO. Fight for him, *Whit*? A grosse vapour, hee can fight for himsele.

WAS. It may be I can, but it may be, I wu' not, how then?

CVT. Why, then you may chuse.

WAS. Why, and I'le chuse whether I'le chuse or no.

KNO. I thinke you may, and 'tis true; and I allow it for a resolute vapour.

WAS. Nay, then, I doe thinke you doe not thinke, and it is no resolute vapour.

CVT. Yes, in some sort he may allow you.

KNO. In no sort, Sir, pardon me, I can allow him nothing. You mistake the vapour.

WAS. He mistakes nothing, Sir, in no sort.

WHI. Yes, I pre dee now, let him mistake.

WAS. A turd i' your teeth, neuer pre dee mee, for I will haue nothing mistaken.

KNO. Turd, ha turd? a noysome vapour, strike *Whit*.

OVE. Why, Gentlemen, why Gentlemen, I charge you vpon my authority, conserue the peace. In the Kings name, and my Husbands, put vp your weapons, I shall be driuen to commit you my selfe, else.

QVA. Ha, ha, ha.

WAS. Why doe you laugh, Sir?

QVA. Sir, you'll allow mee my christian liberty. I may laugh, I hope.

CVT. In some sort you may, and in some sort you may not, Sir.

KNO. Nay in some sort, Sir, hee may neither laugh, nor hope, in this company.

WAS.

*They fall by
the eares.*

WAS. Yes, then he may both laugh, and hope in any sort, an't please him.

QVA. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please mee exceedingly.

WAS. No exceeding neither, Sir.

KNO. No, that vapour is too lofty.

QVA. Gentlemen, I doe not play well at your game of vapours, I am not very good at it, but—

CVT. Doe you heare, Sir? I would speake with you in circle?

QVA. In circle, Sir? what would you with me in circle?

CVT. Can you lend me a Piece, a *Iacobus*? in circle?

QVA. S'lid, your circle will proue more costly then your vapours, then. Sir, no, I lend you none.

CVT. Your beard's not well turn'd vp, Sir.

QVA. How Rascall? are you playing with my beard? I'll breake circle with you.

PVP. NOR. Gentlemen, Gentlemen!

KNO. Gather vp, *Whit*, gather vp, *Whit*, good vapours.

OVE. What meane you? are you Rebels? Gentlemen? shall I send out a *Serieant at Armes*, or a Writ o' Rebellion, against you? I'll commit you vpon my woman-hood, for a Riot, vpon my Iustice-hood, if you persist.

WAS. Vpon your Iustice-hood? Mary shite o' your hood, you'll commit? Spoke like a true Iustice of peace's wife, indeed, and a fine female Lawyer! turd i' your teeth for a fee, now.

OVER. Why, *Numps*, in Master *Ouerdoo's* name, I charge you.

WAS. Good Mistresse *Vnderdoo* hold your tongne.

OVER. Alas! poore *Numps*.

WAS. Alas! and why alas from you, I beseech you? or why poore *Numps*, goody *Rich*? am I come to be pittied by your rust taffata now? why Mistresse, I knew *Adam*, the Clerke, your husband, when he was *Adam* Scriuener, and writ for two pence a sheet, as high as he beares his head now, or you your hood, Dame. What are you, Sir?

BRI. Wee be men, and no Infidells; what is the matter, here, and the noyses? can you tell?

WAS. Heart, what ha' you to doe? cannot a man quarrell in quietnesse? but hee must be put out on't by you? what are you?

BRI. Why, wee be his Maiesties Watch, Sir.

WAS. Watch? S'blood, you are a sweet watch, indeede. A body would thinke, and you watch'd well a nights, you should be contented to sleepe at this time a day. Get you to your fleas, and your flocke-beds, you Rogues, your kennells, and lye downe close.

BRI. Downe? yes, we will downe, I warrant you, downe with him in his Maiesties name, downe, downe with him, and carry him away, to the pigeon-holes.

*Hee drawes
a circle on
the ground.*

*They draw
all, and fight.*

*The watch
comes in.*

OVE. I thanke you honest friends, in the behalfe o'the Crowne, and the peace, and in Master *Ouerdoo's* name, for suppressing enormities.

WHI. Stay, *Bristle*, heere ish a noder brash o'drunkards, but very quiet, speciall drunkards, will pay dee, five shillings very well. Take 'hem to dee, in de graish o' God: one of hem do's change cloth, for Ale in the *Fayre*, here, te toder ish a strong man, a mighty man, my Lord Mayors man, and a wrafter. Hee has wraffled so long with the bottle, heere, that the man with the beard, hash almost streeke vp his heelsh.

BRI. S'lid, the Clerke o'the Market, has beene to cry him all the *Fayre* ouer, here, for my Lords seruice.

WHI. Tere he ish, pre de taik him hensh, and make ty best on him. How now woman o' thilke, vat ailsh ty shweet faish? art tou melancholy?

OVE. A little distemper'd with these enormities; shall I intreat a curtesie of you, Captaine?

WHI. Intreat a hundred, veluet voman, I vill doe it, shpeake out.

OVE. I cannot with modesty speake it out, but—

WHI. I vill doe it, and more, and more, for dee. What *Vrsla*, and't be bitch, and't be baud and't be!

VRs. How now Rascall? what roare you for? old Pimpe.

WHI. Heere, put vp de cloakes *Vrsh*; de purchase, pre dee now, shweet *Vrsh*, help dis good braue voman, to a *Jordan*, and't be.

VRs. S'lid call your Captaine *Jordan* to her, can you not?

WHI. Nay, pre dee leaue dy consheits, and bring the veluet woman to de—

VRs. I bring her, hang her: heart must I find a common pot for euery punque i' your purlews?

WHI. O good voordsh, *Vrsh*, it ish a guest o' veluet, i' fait la.

VRs. Let her sell her hood, and buy a sponge, with a poxe to her, my vessell, employed Sir. I haue but one, and 'tis the bottome of an old bottle. An honest Proctor, and his wife, are at it, within, if shee'll stay her time, so.

WHI. As soone ash tou cansht shwet *Vrsh*. Of a valiant man I tinke I am the patientsh man i' the world, or in all *Smithfield*.

KNO. How now *whit*? close vapours, stealing your leaps? couering in corners, ha?

WHI. No fait, Captaine, dough tou beesht a vishe man, dy vit is a mile hence, now. I vas procuring a shmall courtesie, for a woman of fashion here.

OVE. Yes, Captaine, though I am Iustice of peace's wife, I doe loue Men of warre, and the Sonnes of the sword, when they come before my husband.

KNO. Say'st thou so Filly? thou shalt haue a leape presently, I'le horse thee my selfe, else.

VRs.

VRS. Come, will you bring her in now? and let her talke her turne?

WHI. Gramercy good *Vrs*, I thanke dee.

OVER. Master *Overdoo* shall thanke her.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. V.

IOHN. WIN. VRS LA. KNOCKHVM.

WHIT. OVERDOO. ALES.

Good Ga'mere *Vrs*; *Win*, and I, are exceedingly beholden to you, and to Captaine *Iordan*, and Captaine *Whit*. *Win*, I'll be bold to leaue you, i'this good company, *Win*: for halfe an houre, or so *Win*, while I goe, and see how my matter goes forward, and if the Puppets be perfect: and then I'll come & fetch you, *Win*.

WIN. Will you leaue me alone with two men, *Iohn*?

IOH. I, they are honest Gentlemen *Win*, Captaine *Iordan*, and Captaine *Whit*, they'll vse you very ciuilly, *Win*, God b'w'you, *Win*.

VRS. What's her husband gone?

KNO. On his false, gallop, *Vrs*, away.

VRS. An' you be right *Bartholmew*-birds, now shew your selues so: we are vndone for want of fowle i'the *Fayre*, here. Here will be *Zekiell Edgworth*, and three or foure gallants, with him at night, and I ha' neither Plover nor Quaille for 'hem: perswade this betweene you two, to become a Bird o'the game, while I worke the veluct woman, within, (as you call her.)

KNO. I conceiue thee, *Vrs*! goe thy waies, dost thou heare, *Whit*? is't not pittie, my delicate darke chestnut here, with the fine leane head, large fore-head, round eyes, euen mouth, sharpe eares, long necke, thinne crest, close withers, plaine backe, deepe sides, short fillets, and full flanks: with a round belly, a plumpe buttocke, large thighes, knit knees, streight legges, short pasternes, smooth hooves, and short heeles; should lead a dull honest womans life, that might liue the life of a Lady?

WHI. Yes, by my fait, and trot, it is, Captaine: de honest womans life is a scuruy dull life, indeed, la.

WIN. How, Sir? is an honest womans life a scuruy life?

WHI. Yes fait, shweet heart, beleue him, de leefe of a Bond-woman! but if dou vilt harken to me, I vill make tee a free-woman, and a Lady: dou shalt liue like a Lady, as te Captaine saish.

KNO. I, and be honest too sometimes: haue her wiers, and her

her tires, her greene gownes, and veluet petticoates.

WHI. I, and ride to *Ware* and *Rumford* i'dy Coash, shee de Players, be in loue vit 'hem; sup vit gallantsh, be drunke, and cost de noting.

KNO. Braue vapours!

WHI. And lye by twenty on 'hem, if dou pleash shweet heart.

WIN. What, and be honest still, that were fine sport.

WHI. Tish common, shweet heart, tou may st doe it by my hand: it shall be iustified to ty husbands faish, now: tou shalt be as honest as the skinn betweene his hornsh, la!

KNO. Yes, and weare a dressing, top, and top-gallant, to compare with ere a husband on 'hem all, for a fore-top: it is the vapour of spirit in the wife, to cuckold, now adaies; as it is the vapour of fashion, in the husband, not to suspect. Your prying cat-eyed-citizen, is an abominable vapour.

WIN. Lord, what a foole haue I beene!

WHI. Mend then, and doe euery ting like a Lady, heereafter, neuer know ty husband, from another man.

KNO. Nor any one man from another, but i'the darke.

WHI. I, and then it ish no dishgrash to know any man.

VRs. Helpe, helpe here.

KNO. How now? what vapour's there?

VRs. O, you are a sweet *Ranger*! and looke well to your walks. Yonder is your *Punque* of *Turnbull*, *Ramping Ales*, has false vpon the poore Gentlewoman within, and pull'd her hood ouer her eares, and her hayre through it.

OVE. Helpe, helpe, i'the Kings name.

ALE. A mischiefe on you, they are such as you are, that vndoe vs, and take our trade from vs, with your tuft-taffata hanches.

KNO. How now *Alice*!

ALE. The poore common whores can ha' no traffique, for the priuy rich ones; your caps and hoods of veluet, call away our customers, and lick the fat from vs.

VRs. Peace you foule ramping lade, you—

ALE. Od's foote, you Bawd in greace, are you talking?

KNO. VVhy, *Alice*, I say.

ALE. Thou Sow of *Smithfield*, thou.

VRs. Thou tripe of *Turnebull*.

KNO. Cat-a-mountaine-vapours! ha!

VRs. You know where you were taw'd lately, both lash'd, and flash'd you were in *Bridewell*.

ALE. I, by the same token, you rid that weeke, and broake out the bottome o'the Cart, Night-rub.

KNO. VVhy, *Lyonface*! ha! doe you know who I am? shall I teare ruffe, slit wastcoat, make ragges of petticoat? ha! goe to, vanish, for feare of vapours. *Whit*, a kick, *Whit*, in the parting vapour. Come braue woman, take a good heart, thou shalt be a Lady, too.

VVHI.

Alice enters, beating the Justice's wife.

WHI. Yes fait, dey shal all both be Ladies, and write Madame. I vill do't my selfe for dem. *Doe*, is the vord, and *D* is the middle letter of *Madame*, *DD*, put 'hem together, and make deeds, without which, all words are alike, la.

KNO. 'Tis true, *Vrsla*, take 'hem in, open thy wardrope, and fit 'hem to their calling. Greene-gownes, Crimson-petticoats, green women! my Lord Maiors green women! guests o'the Game, true bred. I'le prouide you a Coach, to take the ayre, in.

VVIN. But doe you thinke you can get one?

KNO. O, they are as common as wheelebarrowes, where there are great dunghills. Euery Pettifoggers wife, has 'hem, for first he buyes a Coach, that he may marry, and then hee marries that hee may be made Cuckold in't: For if their wiues ride not to their Cuckolding, they doe 'hem no credit. Hide, and be hidden; ride, and be ridden, sayes the vapour of experience.

ACT. IIIJ. SCENE. VI.

TROBLE-ALL. KNOCKHVM. WHIT.

QVARLOVS. EDGVVORTH. BRISTLE.

WASPE. HAGGISE. IUSTICE.

BVSY. PVRE-CRAFT.

BY what warrant do's it say so?

KNO. Ha! mad child o'the *Pye-pouldres*, art thou there? fill vs a fresh kan, *Vrs*, wee may drinke together.

TRO. I may not drinke without a warrant, Captaine.

KNO. S'llood, thou'll not stale without a warant, shortly. *Whit*, Giue mee pen, inke and paper. I'l draw him a warrant presently.

TRO. It must be *Iustice Ouerdoo's*?

KNO. I know, man, Fetch the drinke, *Whit*.

VVHI. I pre dee now, be very brieft, Captaine; for de new Ladies stay for dee.

KNO. O, as brieft as can be, here 'tis already. *Adam Ouerdoo*.

TRO. VVhy, now, I'le pledge you, Captaine.

KNO. Drinke it off. I'll come to thee, anone, againe.

QVA. Well, Sir. You are now discharg'd: beware of being spi'd, hereafter.

EDG. Sir, will it please you, enter in here, at *Vrsla's*; and take

K

part

Quarrous
to the Cnt-
purse.

part of a filken gowne, a veluet petticoate, or a wrought smocke; I am promis'd such: and I can spare any Gentleman a moiety.

QVA. Keepe it for your companions in beastlinesse, I am none of 'hem, Sir. If I had not already forgien you a greater trespassse, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your manners, to whom you made your offers. But goe your wayes, talke not to me, the hangman is onely fit to discourse with you; the hand of Beadle is too mercifull a punishment for your Trade of life. I am sorry I employ'd this fellow; for he thinks me such: *Facinus quos inquinat, aequat*. Bnt, it was for sport. And would I make it serious, the getting of this Licence is nothing to me, without other circumstances concurre. I do thinke how impertinently I labour, if the word bee not mine, that the ragged fellow mark'd: And what aduantage I haue giuen *Ned Win-wife* in this time now, of working her, though it be mine. Hee'll go neare to forme to her what a debauch'd Rascall I am, and fright her out of all good conceipt of me: I should doe so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity. But my hope is in her temper, yet; and it must needs bee next to despaire, that is grounded on any part of a woman's discretion. I would giue by my troth, now, all I could spare (to my cloathes, and my sword) to meete my ratter'd *sooth-sayer* againe, who was my iudge i' the question, to know certainly whose word he has damn'd or sau'd. For, till then, I liue but vnder a *Repreine*. I must seeke him. Who be these?

Ent. Waspe
with the offi-
cers.

WAS. Sir, you are a welsh Cuckold, and a prating Runt, and no Constable.

BRI. You say very well. Come put in his legge in the middle roundell, and let him hole there.

WAS. You stinke of leeks, *Metbeglyn*, and cheefe. You Rogue.

BRI. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly in the stocks in the meane time? if you haue a minde to stinke too, your breeches sit close enough to your bumme. Sit you merry, Sir.

QVA. How now, *Numps*?

WAS. It is no matter, how; pray you looke off.

QVA. Nay I'll not offend you, *Numps*. I thought you had sate there to be seen.

WAS. And to be sold, did you not? pray you mind your businesse, an' you haue any.

QVA. Cry you mercy, *Numps*. Do's your leg lie high enough?

BRI. How now, neighbour *Haggise*, what sayes *Iustice Ouerdo's* worship, to the other offenders?

HAG. Why, hee sayes iust nothing, what should hee say? Or where should he say? He is not to be found, Man. He ha' not been seen i' the *Fayre*, here, all this liue-long day, neuer since seuen a clocke i' the morning. His Clearks know not what to thinke on't. There is no Court of *Pie-poulders* yet. Heere they be return'd.

BRI. What shall be done with 'hem, then? in your discretion?

HAG.

HAG. I thinke wee were best put 'hem in the stocks, in discretion (there they will be safe in discretion) for the valour of an houre, or such a thing, till his worship come.

BRI. It is but a hole matter, if wee doe, Neighbour *Haggise*, come, Sir, heere is company for you, heaue vp the stocks.

WAS. I shall put a tricke vpon your welsh diligence, perhaps.

BRI. Put in your legge, Sir.

QVA. What, *Rabby Busy*! is hee come?

BVS. I doe obey thee, the Lyon may roare, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the *heathen* of the land, and put a part in the stocks, for the holy cause.

WAS. What are you, Sir?

BVS. One that reioyceth in his affliction, and sitteth here to prophesie, the destruction of *Payres* and *May-games*, *Wakes*, and *Whitson-ales*, and doth sigh and groane for the reformation, of these abuses.

WAS. And doe you sigh, and groane too, or reioyce in your affliction?

Ivs. I doe not feele it, I doe not thinke of it, it is a thing without mee: *Adam*, thou art about these batties, these contumelies. *In te manca ruit fortuna*, as thy friend *Horace* saies; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*,. And therefore as another friend of thine saies, (I thinke it be thy friend *Persius*) *Nonte quassueris extra*.

QVA. What's heere! a Stoick i'the stocks? the Foole is turn'd *Philosopher*.

BVS. Friend, I will leaue to communicate my spirit with you, if I heare any more of those superstitious reliques, those lists of Latin, the very rags of *Rome*, and patches of *Poperie*.

WAS. Nay, an' you begin to quarrel, Gentlemen, I'll leaue you. I ha' paid for quarrelling too lately: looke you, a deuice, but shifting in a hand for a foot. God b'w'you.

BVS. Wilt thou then leaue thy brethren in tribulation?

WAS. For this once, Sir.

BVS. Thou art a halting *Neutrall* stay him there, stop him: that will not endure the heat of persecution.

BRI. How now, what's the matter?

BVS. Hee is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out.

BRI. What, has he made an escape, which way? follow, neighbour *Haggise*.

PVR. O me! in the stocks! haue the wicked preuail'd?

BVS. Peace religious sister, it is my calling, comfort your selfe, an extraordinary calling, and done for my better standing, my surer standing, hereafter.

TRO. By whose warrant, by whose warrant, this?

QVA. O, here's my man! dropt in, I look'd for.

As they open the stocks, Waspe puts his shooe on his hand, and slips it in for his legge.

They bring Busy, and put him in.

He gets out.

The mad-man enters.

Ivs. Ha!

PVR. O good Sir, they haue set the faithfull, here to be wonder'd at; and prouided holes, for the holy of the land.

TRO. Had they warrant for it? shew'd they *Iustice Ouerdoo's* hand? if they had no warrant, they shall answer it.

BRI. Sure you did not locke the stocks sufficiently, neighbour Toby!

HAG. No! see if you can lock 'hem better.

BRI. They are very sufficiently lock'd, and truely, yet some thing is in the mater.

TRO. True, your warrant is the matter that is in question, by what warrant?

BRI. Mad man, hold your peace, I will put you in his roome else, in the very same hole, doe you see?

QVA. How! is hee a mad-man!

TRO. Shew me *Iustice Ouerdoo's* warrant. I obey you.

HAG. You are a mad foole, hold your tongue.

TRO. In *Iustice Ouerdoo's* name, I drinke to you, and here's my warrant.

Ivs. Alas poore wretch! how it eames my heart for him!

QVA. If hee be mad, it is in vaine to question him. I'll try though, friend: there was a Gentlewoman, shew'd you two names, some houre since, *Argalus* and *Palemon*, to marke in a booke, which of 'hem was it you mark'd?

TRO. I marke no name, but *Adam Ouerdoo*, that is the name of names, hee onely is the sufficient Magistrate; and that name I reuerence, shew it mee.

QVA. This fellowes madde indeede: I am further off, now, then afore.

Ivs. I shall not breath in peace, till I haue made him some amends.

QVA. Well, I will make another vse of him, is come in my head: I haue a nest of beards in my Truncke, one some thing like his.

BRI. This mad foole has made mee that I know not whether I haue lock'd the stocks or no, I thinke I lock'd 'hem.

TRO. Take *Adam Ouerdoo* in your minde, and feare nothing.

BRI. S'lid, madnesse it selfe, hold thy peace, and take that.

TRO. Strikest thou without a warrant? take thou that.

Bvs. Wee are deliuered by miracle; fellow in fetters, let vs not refuse the meanes, this madnesse was of the spirit: The malice of the enemy hath mock'd it selfe.

PVR. Mad doe they call him! the world is mad in error, but hee is mad in truth: I loue him o'the sudden, (the cunning man sayd all true) and shall loue him more, and more. How well it becomes a man to be mad in truth! O, that I might be his yoake-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many should wee draw to mad.

Shewes his
Kanne.

The watch-
men come
back againe.
The mad-
man fights
with 'hem,
and they
leave open
the stocks.

madnesse in truth, with vs!

BRI. How now! all scap'd? where's the woman? it is witchcraft! Her veluet hat is a witch, o' my conscience, or my key! t'one. The mad-man was a Diuell, and I am an Assc; so blesse me, my place, and mine office.

*The watch
missing them
are affright-
ed.*



ACT. V. SCENE. I.

LANTHORNE. FILCHER. SHARKVELL.



ELL, Lucke and Saint Bartholmew; out with the signe of our inuention, in the name of *Wit*, and do you beat the Drum, the while; All the fowle i'the *Fayre*, I meane, all the dirt in *Smithfield*, (that's one of Master *Littlewit's* *Carwhitchets* now) will be throwne at our Banner to day, if the matter do's not please the people. O the *Motions*, that I *Lanthorne* *Leatherhead* haue giuen light to, i' my time, since my Master *Pod* dyed! *Ierusalem* was a stately thing; and so was *Niniue*, and the citty of *Norwich*, and *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah*; with the rising o'the prentises; and pulling downe the bawdy houses there, vpon *Shroue-Tuesday*; but the *Gunpowder-plot*, there was a get-penny! I haue presented that to an eightene, or twenty pence audience, nine times in an afternoone. Your home-borne proiects proue euer the best, they are so easie, and familiar, they put too much learning i'their things now o'dayes: and that I feare will be the spoile o'this. *Little-wit*? I say, *Mickle-wit*! if not too mickle! looke to your gathering there, good man *Filcher*.

FIL. I warrant you, Sir.

LAN. And there come any Gentlefolks, take two pence a piece, *Sharkwell*.

SHA. I warrant you, Sir, three pence, an' we can.

*Pod was a
Master of
motions be-
fore him.*

ACT. V. SCENE. II.

IV STICE. WIN-WIFE. GRACE. QVARS.
LOVS. PVRE-CRAFT.

*The Iustice
comes in like
a Porter.*

THis later disguise, I haue borrow'd of a Porter, shall carry me out to all my great and good ends; which how euer interrupted, were neuer destroyed in me: neither is the houre of my severity yet come, to reueale my selfe, wherein cloud-like, I will breake out in raine, and haile, lightning, and thunder, vpon the head of enormity. Two maine works I haue to prosecute: first, one is to inuent some satisfaction for the poore, kinde wretch, who is out of his wits for my sake, and yonder I see him comming, I will walke aside, and proiect for it.

WIN. I wonder where *Tom Quarlous* is, that hee returnes not, it may be he is stricke in here to seeke vs.

GRA. See, heere's our mad-man againe.

QVA. I haue made my selfe as like him, as his gowne, and cap will giue me leaue.

PVR. Sir, I loue you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth.

WIN-W. How! my widdow in loue with a mad-man?

PVR. Verily, I can be as mad in spirit, as you.

QVA. By whose warrant? leaue your canting. Gentlewoman, haue I found you? (saue yee, quit yee, and multiply yee) where's your booke? 'twas a sufficient name I mark'd, let me see't, be not afraid to shew't me.

GRA. What would you with it, Sir?

QVA. Marke it againe, and againe, at your seruice.

GRA. Heere it is, Sir, this was it you mark'd.

QVA. *Palemon*? fare you well, fare you well.

WIN-W. How, *Palemon*!

GRA. Yes faith, hee has discover'd it to you, now, and therefore 'twere vaine to disguise it longer, I am yours, Sir, by the benefit of your fortune.

WIN-W. And you haue him *Mistresse*, beleue it, that shall neuer giue you cause to repent her benefit, but make you rather to thinke that in this choyce, she had both her eyes.

GRA. I desire to put it to no danger of protestation.

QVA. *Palemon*, the word, and *Win-wife* the man?

PVR.

*Quarlous
in the habit
of the mad-
man is mis-
taken by Mr
Purc-craft.*

*He desires to
see the booke
of Mistresse
Grace.*

PVR. Good Sir, vouchsafe a yoakefellow in your madnesse, shun not one of the sanctified sisters, that would draw with you, in truth.

QVA. Away, you are a heard of hypocriticall proud Ignorants, rather wilde, then mad. Fitter for woods, and the society of beasts then houses, and the congregation of men. You are the second part of the society of *Canterbs*, Outlawes to order and *Discipline*, and the onely priuiledg'd *Church-robbers* of *Christendome*. Let me alone. *Palemon*, the word, and *Winwife* the man?

PVR. I must vncouer my selfe vnto him, or I shall neuer enioy him, for all the *cunning mens* promises. Good Sir, heare mee, I am worth sixe thousand pound, my loue to you, is become my racke, I'll tell you all, and the truth: since you hate the hypocrisie of the party-coloured brother-hood. These seuen yeeres, I haue beene a wilfull holy widdow, onely to draw feasts, and gifts from my intrangled suitors: I am also by office, an assisting *sister* of the *Deacons*, and a deuourer, in stead of a distributer of the alms. I am a speciall maker of marriages for our decayed *Brethren*, with our rich *widdowes*; for a third part of their wealth, when they are marryed, for the reliefe of the poore *elect*: as also our poore handsome yong Virgins, with our wealthy Batchelors, or Widdowers; to make them steale from their husbands, when I haue confirmed them in the faith, and got all put into their custodies. And if I ha' not my bargaine, they may sooner turne a scolding drab, in to a silent *Minister*, then make me leaue pronouncing *reprobation*, and *damnation* vnto them. Our elder, *Zeale-of-the-land*, would haue had me, but I know him to be the capitall Knaue of the land, making himselfe rich, by being made *Feoffee* in trust to deceased *Brethren*, and coozning their *heyres*, by swearing the absolute gift of their inheritance. And thus hauing eas'd my conscience, and vtter'd my heart, with the tongue of my loue: enioy all my deceits together. I beseech you. I should not haue reuealed this to you, but that in time I thinke you are mad, and I hope you'll thinke mee so too, Sir?

QVA. Stand aside, I'll answer you, presently. Why should not I marry this sixe thousand pound, now I thinke on't? and a good trade too, that shee has beside, ha? The tother wench, *Winwife*, is sure of; there's no expectation for me there! here I may make my selfe some sauer, yet, if shee continue mad, there's the question. It is money that I want, why should I not marry the money, when 'tis offer'd mee? I haue a *License* and all, it is but razing out one name, and putting in another. There's no playing with a man's fortune! I am resolu'd! I were truly mad, an' I would not! well, come your wayes, follow mee, an' you will be mad, I'll shew you a warrant!

PVR. Most zealously, it is that I zealously desire.

IVS. Sir, let mee speake with you.

He consider
with him-
selfe of it.

He takes her
along with
him.

The Iustice
calls him.

QVA.

QVA. By whose warrant?

IVS. The warrant that you tender, and respect so; *Iustice Ouerdoo's*! I am the man, friend *Trouble-all*, though thus disguis'd (as the carefull *Magistrate* ought) for the good of the Republique, in the *Fayre*, and the weeding out of enormity. Doe you want a house or meat, or drinke, or cloathes? speake whatsoeuer it is, it shall be supplied you, what want you?

QVA. Nothing but your warrant.

IVS. My warrant? for what?

QVA. To be gone, Sir.

IVS. Nay, I pray thee stay, I am serious, and haue not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee; thinke what may doe thee good.

QVA. Your hand and seale, will doe me a great deale of good; nothing else in the whole *Fayre*, that I know.

IVS. If it were to any end, thou should'st haue it willingly.

QVA. Why, it will satisfie me, that's end enough, to looke on; an' you will not gi' it mee, let me goe.

IVS. Alas! thou shalt ha' it presently: I'll but step into the *Scriueners*, hereby, and bring it. Doe not go away.

QVA. Why, this mad mans shape, will proue a very fortunate one, I thinke! can a ragged robe produce these effects? if this be the wise *Iustice*, and he bring mee his hand, I shall goe neere to make some vse on't. Hee is come already!

IVS. Looke thee! heere is my hand and seale, *Adam Ouerdoo*, if there be any thing to be written, aboue in the paper, that thou want'st now, or at any time hereafter; thinke on't; it is my deede, I deliuer it so, can your friend write?

QVA. Her hand for a *witnesse*, and all is well.

IVS. With all my heart.

QVA. Why should not I ha' the conscience, to make this a bond of a thousand pound? now, or what I would else?

IVS. Looke you, there it is; and I deliuer it as my deede againe.

QVA. Let vs now proceed in madnesse.

IVS. Well, my conscience is much eas'd; I ha' done my part, though it doth him no good, yet *Adam* hath offer'd satisfaction! The sting is remoued from hence: poore man, he is much alter'd with his affliction, it has brought him low! Now, for my other worke, reducing the young man (I haue follow'd so long in loue) from the brinke of his bane, to the center of safety. Here, or in some such like vaine place, I shall be sure to finde him. I will waite the good time.

ACT.

The Iustice
goes out.

and returns.

Hee vrgeth
Mistresse
Purecraft.

He takes her
in with him.

ACT. V. SCENE. IIJ.

COKE S. SHAKRVVEL. IVSTICE. FIL-
CHER. IOHN. LANTERNE.

How now? what's here to doe? friend, art thou the *Master* of the *Monuments*?

SHA. 'Tis a *Motion*, an't please your worship.

IVS. My phantasticall brother in Law, Master *Bartholmew Cokes*!

COK. A *Motion*, what's that? The ancient moderne history of *Hero*, and *Leander*, otherwise called *The Touchstone of true Love*, with as true a tryall of friendship, betweene *Damon*, and *Pithias*, two faithfull friends o'the *Bankside*? pretty i'faith, what's the meaning on't? is't an *Enterlude*? or what is't?

He reads the
Bill.

FIL. Yes Sir, please you come neere, wee'll take your money within.

COK. Backe with these children; they doe so follow mee vp and downe.

The boyes
o'the Fayre
follow him.

IOH. By your leaue, friend.

FIL. You must pay, Sir, an' you goe in.

IOH. Who, I? I perceiue thou know'st not mee: call the *Master* o'the *Motion*.

SHA. What, doe you not know the *Author*, fellow *Filcher*? you must take no money of him; he must come in *gratis*: M^r. *Littlewit* is a voluntary; he is the *Author*.

IOH. Peace, speake not too lowd, I would not haue any notice taken, that I am the *Author*, till wee see how it passes.

COK. Master *Littlewit*, how do'st thou?

IOH. Master *Cokes*! you are exceeding well met: what, in your doublet, and hose, without a cloake, or a hat?

COK. I would I might neuer stirre, as I am an honest man, and by that fire; I haue lost all i'the *Fayre*, and all my acquaintance too; did'st thou meet any body that I know, Master *Littlewit*? my man *Numps*, or my sister *Querdeo*, or Mistrisse *Grace*? pray thee Master *Littlewit*, lend mee some money to see the *Interlude*, here. I'le pay thee againe, as I am a Gentleman. If thou'lt but carry mee home, I haue money enough there.

IOH. O, Sir, you shall command it, what, will a crowne serue you?

L

COK.

COK. I think it well, what do we pay for comming in, fellowes?
FIL. Twopence, Sir.

COK. Two pence? there's twelue pence, friend; Nay, I am a *Gallant*, as simple as I looke now; if you see mee with my man about me, and my *Artillery*, againe.

IOH. Your man was i' the Stocks, ee'n now, Sir.

COK. V. ho, *Numps*?

IOH. Yes faith.

COK. For what i' faith, I am glad o' that; remember to tell me on't anone; I haue enough, now! What manner of matter is this, Mr. *Littlewit*? What kind of *Actors* ha' you? Are they good *Actors*?

IOH. Pretty youthes, Sir, all children both old and yong, heer's the Master of 'hem—

(LAN. Call me not *Leatherhead*, but *Lanterne*.)

IOH. Master *Lanterne*, that giues light to the businesse,

COK. In good time, Sir, I would faine see 'hem, I would be glad drinke with the young company; which is the Tiring-house?

LAN. Troth, Sir, our Tiring-house is somewhat little, we are but beginners, yet, pray pardon vs; you cannot goe vpright in't.

COK. No? not now my hat is off? what would you haue done with me, if you had had me, feather, and all, as I was once to day? Ha' you none of your pretty impudent boyes, now; to bring stooles, fill Tabacco, fetch Ale, and beg money, as they haue at other houses? let me see some o' your *Actors*.

ION. Shew him 'hem, shew him 'hem. Master *Lanterne*, this is a Gentleman, that is a fauorer of the quality.

IVS. I, the fauouring of this licencious quality, is the consumption of many a young Gentleman; a pernicious enormity.

COK. What, doe they liue in baskets?

LEA. They doe lye in a basket, Sir, they are o'the small *Players*.

COK. These be *Players minors*, indeed. Doe you call these *Players*?

LAN. They are *Actors*, Sir, and as good as any, none disprais'd, for dumb shewes: indeed, I am the mouth of 'hem all!

COK. Thy mouth will hold 'hem all. I thinke, one *Taylor*, would goe neere to beat all this company, with a hand bound behinde him.

IOH. I, and eate 'hem all, too, an' they were in cake-bread.

COK. I thanke you for that, Master *Littlewit*, a good iest! which is your *Burbage* now?

LAN. What meane you by that, Sir?

COK. Your best *Actor*. Your *Field*?

IOH. Good ifaith! you are euen with me, Sir.

LAN. This is he, that acts young *Leander*, Sir. He is extreemly belou'd of the womenkind, they doe so affect his action, the green

Leather-head
whispers to Littlewit.

He brings
them out in
a basket.

green gamesters, that come here, and this is lovely *Hero*; this with the beard, *Damon*; and this pretty *Pythias*: this is the ghost of King *Dionysius* in the habit of a scriuener: as you shall see anone, at large.

COK. Well they are a ciuill company, I like 'hem for that; they offer not to fleere, nor geere, nor breake iests, as the great *Players* doe: And then, there goes not so much charge to the feasting of 'hem, or making 'hem drunke, as to the other, by reason of their littlenesse. Doe they vse to play perfect? Are they neuer fluster'd?

LAN. No, Sir, I thanke my industry, and policy for it; they are as well gouern'd a company, though I say it—— And here is young *Leander*, is as proper an *Actor* of his inches; and shakes his head like an hostler.

COK. But doe you play it according to the printed booke? I haue read that.

LAN. By no meanes, Sir.

COK. No? How then?

LAN. A better way, Sir, that is too learned, and poeticall for our audience; what doe they know what *Hellepont* is? Guilty of true loues blood? or what *Abidos* is? or the other *Sestos* height?

COK. Th'art i'the right, I doe not know my selfe.

LAN. No, I haue entreated Master *Littlewit*, to take a little paines to reduce it to a more familiar straine for our people.

COK. How, I pray thee, good Mr *Littlewit*.

IOH. It pleases him to make a matter of it, Sir. But there is no such matter I assure you: I haue onely made it a little easie, and moderne for the times, Sir, that's all; As, for the *Hellepont* I imagine our *Thames* here; and then *Leander*, I make a *Diers sonne*, about *Puddle-wharfe*: and *Hero* a wench o' the *Banke-side*, who going ouer one morning, to old fish-street; *Leander* spies her land at *Trigstayres*, and falis in loue with her: Now do I introduce *Cupid*, hauing *Metamorphos'd* himselfe into a *Drawer*, and he strikes *Hero* in loue with a pint of *Sherry*, and other pretty passages there are, o' the friendship, that will delight you, Sir, and please you of Iudgement.

COK. I'll be sworne they shall; I am in loue with the *Actors* already, and I'll be allyed to them presently. (They respect gentlemen, these fellowes) *Hero* shall be my fayring: But, which of my fayrin s? (Le' me see) i' faith, my *fiddle*! and *Leander* my *fiddle-sticke*: Then *Damon*, my *Drum*; and *Pythias*, my *Pipe* and the ghost of *Dionysius*, my *hobby-horse*. All fitted.

ACT. V. SCENE. IV.

To them WIN-WIFE. GRACE. KNOCKHVM.
WHITT. EDGVVORTH. VVIN. *Mistris*
OVERDOO. And to them VVASPE.

Looke yonder's your *Cokes* gotten in among his play-fellowes;
I thought we could not misse him, at such a Spectacle.

GRA. Let him alone, he is so busie, he will neuer spie vs.

LEA. Nay, good Sir.

COK. I warrant thee, I will not hurt her, fellow; what dost think
me vnciuill? I pray thee be not iealous: I am toward a wife.

IOH. Well good Master *Lanterne*, make ready to begin, that I
may fetch my wife, and looke you be perfect, you vndoe me else,
i' my reputation.

LAN. I warrant you Sir, doe not you breed too great an expe-
ctation of it, among your friends: that's the onely hurter of these
things.

IOH. No, no, no.

COK. I'll stay here, and see; pray thee let me see.

WIN-VV. How diligent and troublesome he is!

GRA. The place becomes him, me thinkes.

IVS. My ward, *Mistresse Grace* in the company of a stranger? I
doubt I shall be compell'd to discouer my selfe, before my time!

FIL. Two pence a piece Gentlemen, an excellent Motion.

KNO. Shall we haue fine fire-works, and good vapours!

SHA. Yes Captaine, and water-works, too.

WHI. I pree dee, take a care o'dy shmall Lady, there, *Edgworth*;
I will looke to dish tall Lady my selfe.

LAN. Welcome Gentlemen, welcome Gentlemen.

WHI. Predee, Mashter o'de *Mopshter sh*, helpe a very sicke Lady,
here, to a chayre, to shitt in.

LAN. Presently, Sir.

WHI. Good fait now, *Vrsla's Ale*, and *Aqua-vitæ* ish to blame
for't; shitt downe shweet heart, shitt downe, and shleep a little.

EDG. Madame, you are very welcom hither.

KNO. Yes, and you shall see very good vapours.

IVS. Here is my care come! I like to see him in so good com-
pany; and yet I wonder that persons of such fashion, should re-
fort hither!

EDG.

*Cokes is
bandling the
Puppets.*

*The doore-
keepers
speake.*

*They bring
Mistris O-
uerdoo a
chayre.*

*By Edge-
worth.*

EDG. This is a very priuate house, *Madame*.

LAN. Will it please your Ladiship sit, *Madame*?

WIN. Yes good-man. They doe so all to be *Madame* mee, I thinke they thinke me a very Lady!

EDG. What else *Madame*?

WIN. Must I put off my masque to him?

EDG. O, by no meanes.

WIN. How should my husband know mee, then?

KNO. Husband? an idle vapour; he must not know you, nor you him; there's the true vapour.

Ivs. Yea, I will obserue more of this: is this a *Lady*, friend?

WHI. I, and dat is anoder *Lady*, shweet heart; if dou ha sh't a minde to 'hem giue me twelue pence from tee, and dou shalt haue eder-oder on 'hem!

Ivs. I? This will prooue my chieft enornity: I will follow this.

EDG. Is not this a finer life, *Lady*, then to be clogg'd with a husband?

WIN. Yes, a great deale. When will they beginne, trow? in the name o' the *Motion*?

EDG. By and by *Madame*, they stay but for company.

KNO. Doe you heare, *Puppet-Master*, these are tedious vapours; when begin you?

LAN. We stay but for Master *Littlewit*, the *Author*, who is gone for his wife; and we begin presently.

WIN. That's I, that's I.

EDG. That was you, *Lady*; but now you are no such poore thing.

KNO. Hang the *Authors* wife, a running vapour! here be *Ladies*, will stay for nere a *Delia* o' hem all.

WHI. But heare mee now, heere ish one o' de *Ladish*, a shleep, stay till shee but vake man.

WAS. How now friends? what's heere to doe?

FIL. Two pence a piece, Sir, the best *Motion*, in the *Fayre*.

WAS. I belecue you lye; if you doe, I'll haue my money againe, and beat you.

WIN. *Numps* is come!

WAS. Did you see a Master of mine, come in here, a tall yong Squire of *Harrow* o' the *Hill*; Master *Bartholmew* *Cokes*?

FIL. I thinke there be such a one, within.

WAS. Looke hee be, you were best: but it is very likely: I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I ha' beene at the *Eagle*, and the blacke *Wolfe*, and the *Bull* with the fwe legges, and two pizzles; (hee was a *Calfe* at *Vxbridge* *Fayre*, two yeeres agone) And at the *dogges* that daunce the *Morrice*, and the *Hare* o' the *Taber*; and mist him at all these! Sure this must needs be some fine sight, that holds him so, if it haue him.

The Cut-
purse courts
Mistresse
Littlewit.

The doore-
keepers a-
gaine.

COK. Come, come, are you readie now ?

LAN. Presently, Sir.

WAS. Hoyday, hee's at worke in his Dublet, and hose; doe you heare, Sir? are you imploy'd? that you are bare-headed, and so busie?

COK. Hold your peace, *Numpes*; you ha' beene i'the stocks, I heare.

WAS. Do's he know that? nay, then the date of my *Authority* is out; I must thinke no longer to raigne, my gouernment is at an end. He that will correct another, must want fault himselfe.

WIN-W. Sententious *Numpes*! I neuer heard so much from him, before.

LAN. Sure, Master *Littlewit* will not come; please you take your place, Sir, wee'll beginne.

COK. I pray thee doe, mine cares long to be at it; and my eyes too. O *Numpes*, i'the stocks, *Numps*? where's your sword, *Numps*?

WAS. I pray intend your game, Sir, let mee alone.

COK. Well, then we are quit for all. Come, sit downe, *Numps*; I'll interpret to thee: did you see Mistresse *Grace*? it's no matter, neither, now, I thinke on't, tell me anon.

WIN-VV. A great deale of loue, and care hee expresses.

GRA. Alas! would you haue him expresse more then hee has? that were tyranny.

COK. Peace, ho; now, now.

LAN. Gentles, that no longer your expectations may wander,
Behold our chiefe Actor, amorous Leander.

With a great deale of cloth lap'd about him like a Scarfe,
For he yet serues his father, a Dyer at Puddle wharfe,
Which place wee'll make bold with, to call our Abidus,
As the Banke-side is our Sestos, and let it not be deny'd vs.

Now, as hee is beating, to make the Dye take the fuller,
Who chances to come by, but faire Hero, in a Sculler;

And seeing Leanders naked legge, and goodly calfe,
Cast at him, from the boat, a Sheepes eye, and a halfe.

Now she is landed, and the Sculler come backe;

By and by, you shall see what Leander doth lacke.

PVP. L. Cole, Cole, old Cole.

LAN. That's the Scullers name without controle.

PVP. L. Cole, Cole, I say, Cole.

LAN. Wee doe heare you.

PVP. L. Old Cole.

LAN. Old Cole? is the Dyer turn'd Collier? how doe you sell?

PVP. L. A pox o' you manners, kisse my hole here and smell.

LAN. Kisse your hole and smell? there's manners indeed.

PVP. L. VVhy, Cole, I say Cole.

LAN. It's the Sculler you need!

PVP. L. I, and be hang'd.

LAN. Be hang'd; looke you yonder,
Old Cole, you must go hang with Master Leander.

PVP. C. Where is he?

PVP. L. Here, Cole, what sayest of Fayers,
was that fare, that thou landedst but now a Trigsstayres?

COK. What was that, fellow? Pray thee tell me, I scarce vnderstand 'hem.

LAN. Leander do's aske, Sir, what sayest of Fayers,
Was the fare thbe landed, but now, at Trigsstayres?

PVP. C. It is lonely Hero.

PVP. L. Nero?

PVP. C. No, Hero.

LAN. It is Hero.

Of the Bankside, he saith, to tell you truth with out erring,
Is come ouer into Fish-street to eat some fresh herring.

Leander sayes no more, but as fast as he can,
Gets on all his best cloathes; and will after to the Swan.

COK. Most admirable good, is't not?

LAN. Stay, Sculler.

PVP. C. What say you?

LAN. You must stay for Leander,
and carry him to the wench.

PVP. C. You Rogue, I am no Pandar.

COK. He sayes he is no Pandar. 'Tis a fine language; I vnderstand it, now.

LAN. Are you no Pandar, Goodman Cole? heer's no man sayes you are,
You'll grow a hot Cole, it seemes, pray you stay for your fare.

PVP. C. Will hee come away?

LAN. What doe you say?

PVP. C. I'de ha' him come away.

LEA. Would you ha' Leander come away? why 'pray' Sir, stay.
You are angry, Goodman Cole; I beleue the faire Mayd
Came ouer w' you a' trust: tell vs Sculler, are you paid.

PVP. C. Yes Goodman Hogrubber, o' Pickt-hatch.

LAV. How, Hogrubber, o' Pickt-hatch?

PVP. C. I Hogrubber o' Pickt-hatch. Take you that.

LAN. O, my head!

PVP. C. Harme watch, harme catch.

COK. Harme watch, harme catch, he sayes: very good i' faith,
the Sculler had like to ha' knock'd you, sirrah.

LAN. Yes, but that his fare call'd him away.

PVP. L. Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row, row.

LAN. You are knauishly loaden, Sculler, take heed where you goe.

PVP. C. Knaue i' your face, Goodman Rogue.

PVP. L. Row, row, row, row, row, row.

COK. Hee said knaue i' your face, friend.

LAN.

The Puppet
strikes him
ouer the paze

LAN. I Sir, I heard him. But there's no talking to these water-men, they will ha' the last word

COK. God's my life! I am not allied to the Sculler, yet; hee shall be *Dauphin* my boy. But my Fiddle-sticke do's fiddle in and out too much; I pray thee speake to him, on't: tell him, I would haue him tarry in my sight, more.

LAN. I Pray you be content; you'll haue enough on him, Sir. *Now gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid, but that you haue heard of a little god of loue, call'd Cupid. Who out of kindnes to Leander, hearing he but saw her, this present day and houre, doth turne himselfe to a Drawer. And because he would haue their first meeting to be merry, he strikes Hero in loue to him, with a pint of Sherry.*

Which he tells her, from amorous Leander is sent her, who after him, into the roome of Hero, doth venter

PVP. IO: *A pint of sacke, score a pint of sacke, i' the Conney.*

COK. Sack? you said but ee'n now it should be *Sherry*.

PVP. IO: *Why so it is; sherry, sherry, sherry.*

COK. *Sherry, sherry, sherry.* By my troth he makes me merry. I must haue a name for *Cupid*, too. Let me see, thou mightst helpe me now, an' thou wouldest, *Numps*, at a dead lift, but thou art dreaming o' the stocks, still! Do not thinke on't, I haue forgot it: 'tis but a nine dayes wonder, man; let it not trouble thee.

WAS. I would the stocks were about your necke, Sir; condition I hung by the heeles in them, till the wonder were off from you, with all my heart.

COK. Well said resolute *Numps*: but hearke you friend, where is the friendship, all this while, betwene my Drum, *Damon*; and my Pipe, *Pythias*?

LAN. You shall see by and by, Sir?

COK. You thinke my Hobby-horse is forgotten, too; no, I'll see 'hem allenact before I go; I shall not know which to loue best, else

KNO. This Gallant has interrupting vapours, troublesome vapours, *Whitt*, puffe with him.

WHIT. No, I pre dee, Capitaine, let him alone. Hee is a Child i' faith, la'.

LAN. *Now gentles, to the freinds, who in number, are two, and lodg'd in that Ale-house, in which faire Hero do's doe.*

Damon (for some kindnesse done him the last weeke) is come faire Hero, in Fish-streete, this morning to seeke:

Pythias do's smell the knauery of the meeting, and now you shall see their true friendly greeting.

PVP. Pi. You whore-masterly Slaue, you

COK. Whore-masterly slaue, you? very friendly & familiar, that.

PVP. Da. *Whore-master i' thy face, Thou hast lien with her thy selfe, I'll proue't i' this place.*

COK. *Damon sayes Pythias has lien with her, himselfe, hee'll proue't in this place.*

LAN.

PVP. Leander goes in-
to Mistris
Hero's room

LAN. *They are Whore-masters both, Sir, that's a plaine case.*

PVP. Pi. *You lye, like a Rogue.*

LAN. *Doe I ly, like a Rogue?*

PVP. Pi. *A Pimpe, anda Stabbe.*

LAN. *A Pimpe, and a Scabbe?*

I say between you, you haue both but one Drabbe.

PVP. Da. *You lye againe.*

LAN. *Doe I lye againe?*

PVP. Da. *Like a Rogue againe.*

LAN. *Like a Rogue againe?*

PVP. Pi. *And you are a Pimpe, againe.*

COK. *And you are a Pimpe againe, he sayes.*

PVP. Da. *And a Scabbe, againe.*

COK. *And a Scabbe againe, he sayes.*

LAN. *And I say againe, you are both whore-masters againe,
and you haue both but one Drabbe againe.*

PVP. Da. Pi. *Do'st thou, do'st thou, do'st thou?*

AN. *What, both at once?*

PVP. P. *Downe with him, Damon*

PVP. D. *Pinke his guts, Pythias:*

LAN. *What, so malicious?*

will ye murder me, Masters both, i' mine owne house?

COK. *Ho! well acted my Drum, well acted my Pipe, well acted
still.*

WAS. *Well acted, with all my heart.*

LAN. *Hld, hold your hands*

COK. *I, both your hands, for my sake! for you ha' both done well.*

PVP. D. *Gramercy pure Pythias.*

PVP. P. *Gramercy, Deare Damon.*

COK. *Gramercy to you both, my Pipe, and my drum.*

PVP. P. D. *Come now wee'll together to breakfast to Hero.*

LAN. *'Tis well, you can now go to breakfast to Hero,
you haue giuen my breakfast, with a hone and honero.*

COK. *How is't friend, ha' they hurt thee?*

LAN. *O no!*

Betweene you and I Sir, we doe but make show.

Thus Gentles you perceine, without any deniall,

'twixt Damon and Pythias here, friendships true tryall.

*Though houely they quarrell thus, and raare each with other,
they fight you no more, then do's brother with brother.*

*But friendly together, at the next man they meet,
they let fly their anger as here you might see't.*

COK. *Well, we haue seen't, and thou hast felt it, whatsoeuer
thou sayest, what's next? what's next?*

LEA. *This while young Leander, with faire Hero is drinking,
and Hero growne drunke, to any mans thinking!*

Yet was it not three pints of sherry could flaw her.

M

till

They fight.

till Cupid distinguish'd like Ionas the Drawer,
From vnder his apron, where his lechery lurkes,
put loue in her Sacke. Now marke how it workes.

PVP. H. O Leander Leander, my deare my deare Leander,
I'le for euer be thy goose, so thou'lt be my gander.

COK. Excellently well said, Fiddle, shee'll euer be his goose, so
hee'll be her gander: was't not so?

LAN. Yes, Sir, but marke his answer, now!

PVP. L. And sweetest of geese, before I goe to bed,
I'll swimme o're the Thames, my goose, thee to tread.

COK. Braue! he will swimme o're the Thames, and tread his
goose, too night, he sayes.

LAN. I, peace, Sir, the'll be angry, if they heare you caues-drop-
ping, now they are setting their match.

PVP. L. But lest the Thames should be dark, my goose, my deare friend,
let thy window be prouided of a candles end.

PVP. H. Feare not my gander, I protest, I should handle
my matters very ill, if I had not a whole candle.

PVP. L. Well then, looke to't, and kisse me to boote.

LAN. Now, heere come the friends againe, Pythias, and Damon,
and vnder their clokes, they haue of Bacon, a gammon.

PVP. P. Drawer, fill some wine heere.

LAN. How, some wine there?

there's company already, Sir, pray forbear!

PVP. D. 'Tis Hero.

LAN. Yes, but shee will not be taken,
after jacke, and fresh herring, with your Dunmow-bacon.

PVP. P. You lye, it's Westfabian.

LAN. Westphalian you should say.

PVP. D. If you hold not your peace, you are a Coxcombe, I would say.

PVP. What's here? what's here? kisse, kisse, vpon kisse.

LAN. I, Wherefore should they not? what harme is in this?
'tis Mistresse Hero.

PVP. D. Mistresse Hero's a whore.

LAN. Is shee a whore? keepe you quiet, or Sir Knaue out of doore.

PVP. D. Knaue out of doore?

PVP. H. Yes, Knaue, out of doore.

PVP. D. Whore out of doore.

PVP. H. I say, Knaue, out of doore.

PVP. D. I say, whore, out of doore.

PVP. P. Yea, so say I too.

PVP. H. Kisse the whore o' the arse.

LAN. Now you ha' something to doe:

you must kisse her o' the arse shee sayes.

PVP. D. P. So we will, so we will.

PVP. H. O my hanches, O my hanches, hold, hold.

LAN. Stand'st thou still?

Damon and
Pythias en-
ter.

Leander
and Hero
are kissing.

Heere the
Puppets
quarrell and
fall together
by the eares.

Leander

Leander, where art thou? stand'st thou still like a sot,
and not offer'st to breake both their heads with a pot?

See who's at thine elbow, there! Puppet Ionas and Cupid.

PVP. I. Vpon'hem Leander, be not so stupid.

PVP. L. You Goat-bearded slaue!

PVP. D. You whore-master Knaue.

PVP. L. Thou art a whore-master.

PVP. I. Whore-masters all.

LAN. See, Cupid with a word has tane vp the brawle.

KNO. These be fine vapours!

COK. By this good day they fight brauely! doe they not,
Numps?

WAS. Yes, they lack'd but you to be their second, all this
while.

LAN. This tragicall encounter, falling out thus to busie vs,
It raises vpthe ghost of their friend Dionysius:

Not like a Monarch, but the Master of a Schoole,
in a Scriueners furr'd gowne, which shewes he is no foole.

for therein he hath wit enough to keepe himselfe warme.

O Damon he cries, and Pythias; what harme,

Hath poore Dionysius done you in his graue,

That after his death, you should fall out thus, and raue,

And call amorous Leander whore-master Knaue?

PVP. D. I cannot, I will not, I promise you endure it.

They fight.

ACT. V. SCENE. V.

To them BVS.

BVS. Downe with Dagon, downe with Dagon; 'tis I, will no
longer endure your prophanations.

LAN. What meane you, Sir?

BVS. I wil remoue Dagon there, I say, that I doll, that heathenish
Idoll, that remains (as I may say) a beame, a very beame, not a
beame of the Sunne, nor a beame of the Moone, nor a beame of a bal-
lance, neither a house-beame, nor a Weauers beame, but a beame
in the eye, in the eye of the brethren; a very great beame, an ex-
ceeding great beame; such as are your Stage players, Rimers, and
Morris-dancers, who haue walked hand in hand, in contempt of
the Brethren, and the Cause; and beene borne out by instruments,
of no meane countenance.

LAN. Sir, I present nothing, but what is licens'd by authority.

BAS. Thou art all license, euen licentiousnesse it selfe, Skirnei!

LAN. I haue the Master of the Reuell's hand for't, Sir.

M 2

BVS.

BVS. The Master of *Rebells* hand, thou hast; *Satan's*! hold thy peace, thy scurrility shut vp thy mouth, thy profession is damnable, and in pleading for it, thou dost plead for *Baal*. I haue long opened my mouth wide, and gaped, I haue gaped as the oyster for the tide after thy destruction: but cannot compasse it by sure, or dispute; so that I looke for a bickering, ere long, and then a battell.

KNO. Good *Banbury-vapours*.

COK. Friend, you'd haue an ill match on't, if you bicker with him here, though he be no man o'the fist, hee has friends that will goe to cuffes for him, *Numps*, will not you take our side?

EDG. Sir, it shall not need, in my minde, he offers him a fairer course, to end it by disputation! hast thou nothing to say for thy selfe, in defence of thy quality?

LAN. Faith, Sir, I am not well studied in these controuersies, betweene the hypocrites and vs. But here's one of my *Motion*, *Puppet Dionisius* shall vndertake him, and I'll venture the cause on't.

COK. Who? my Hobby-horse? will he dispute with him?

LAN. Yes, Sir, and make a Hobby-Asse of him, I hope.

COK. That's excellent! indeed he looks like the best scholler of 'hem all. Come, Sir, you must be as good as your word, now.

BVS. I will not feare to make my spirit, and gifts knowne! assist me zeale, fill me, fill me, that is, make me full.

WINW. What a desperate, prophane wretch is this! is there any Ignorance, or impudence like his? to call his zeale to fill him against a *Puppet*?

QVA. I know no fitter match, then a *Puppet* to commit with an Hypocrite!

BVS. First, I say vnto thee, *Idoll*, thou hast no *Calling*.

PVP. D. *You lie, I am call'd Dionisius*.

LAN. The *Motion* sayes you lie, he is call'd *Dionisius* in the matter, and to that *calling* he answers.

BVS. I meane no *vocation*, *Idoll*, no present lawfull *Calling*.

PVP. D. *Is yours a lawfull Calling?*

LAN. The *Motion* asketh, if yours be a lawfull *Calling*?

BVS. Yes, mine is of the Spirit.

PVP. D. *Then Idoll is a lawfull Calling*.

LAN. He saies, then *Idoll* is a lawfull *Calling*! for you call'd him *Idoll*, and your *Calling* is of the spirit.

COK. Well disputed, Hobby-horse!

BVS. Take not part with the wicked young Gallant. He neygheth and hinneyeth, all is but hinnying Sophistry. I call him *Idoll* againe. Yet, I say, his *Calling*, his Profession is prophane, it is prophane, *Idoll*.

PVP. D. *It is not prophane!*

LAN. It is not prophane, he sayes.

BVS. It is prophane.

PVP. *It is not prophane.*

BVS.

BVS. It is prophane.

PVP. *It is not prophane.*

LAN. Well said, confute him with *not*, still. You cannot beare him downe with your base noyse, Sir.

BVS. Nor he me, with his treble creaking, though he creeke like the chariot wheelles of *Satan*; I am zealous for the Cause—

LAN. As a dog for a bone.

BVS. And I say, it is prophane, as being the Page of *Pride*, and the waiting woman of *vanity*.

PVP. D. Yea? what say you to your *Tire-women*, then?

LAN. Good.

PVP. Or feather-makers & the Fryers, that are o' your faction of faith? Are not they with their perrukes, and their puffes, their fannes, and their buffes, as much Pages of *Pride*, and waiters upon *vanity*? what say you? what say you? what say you?

BVS. I will not answer for them.

PVP. Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a Bugle-maker a lawfull Calling? or the Confect-makers? such you haue there: or your French Fashioner? you'd haue all the sinne within your selues, would you not? would you not?

BVS. No, Dagon.

PVS. What then, Dagonet? is a Puppet worse then these?

BVS. Yes, and my maine argument against you, is, that you are an *abomination*: for the Male, among you, putteth on the apparell of the *Female*, and the *Female* of the *Male*.

PVP. You lye, you lye, you lye abominably.

COK. Good, by my troth, he has giuen him the lye thrice.

PVP. It is your old stale argument against the Players, but it will not hold against the Puppets; for we haue neyther Male nor Female amongst vs. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblinde zeale as thou art!

EDG. By my faith, there he has answer'd you, friend; by playne demonstration.

PVP. Nay, I'le proue, against ere a Rabbin of 'hem all, that my standing is as lawfull as his; that I speak by inspiration, as well as he; that I haue as little to doe with learning as he; and doe scorne her helps as much as he.

BVS. I am confuted, the Cause hath failed me.

PVS. Then be conuerted, be conuerted.

LAN. Be conuerted, I pray you, and let the Play goe on!

BVS. Let it goe on. For I am changed, and will become a beholder with you!

COK. That's braue i' faith, thou hast carryed it away, Hobby-horse, on with the Play!

IVS. Stay, now do I forbid, I *Adam Ouerdoo*! sit still, I charge you.

COK. What, my Brother i' law!

GRA. My wise Guardian!

EDG. *Iustice Ouerdoo*!

The Puppet takes up his garment.

The Iustice discouers himselfe.

Ivs. It is time, to take Enormity by the fore head, and brand it; for, I haue discover'd enough.

ACT. V. SCENE. VI.

To them, QVARLOVS. (*like the Mad-man*) PVRE-CRAFT. (*a while after*) IOHN. to them TROUBLE-ALL. VRSLA. NIGHTIGALE.

QVAR. Nay, come Mistresse Bride. You must doe as I doe, now. You must be mad with mee, in truth. I haue heere *Iustice Ouerdoo* for it.

Ivs. Peace good *Trouble-all*; come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your friend too, you also, young man shall be my care, stand there.

EDG. Now, mercy vpon mee.

KNO. Would we were away, *Whit*, these are dangerous vapours, best fall off with our birds, for feare o'the Cage.

Ivs. Stay, is not my name your terror?

WHI. Yesh faith man, and it ilh fot tat, we would be gone man.

IOH. O Gentlemen! did you not see a wife of mine? I ha' lost my little wife, as I shall be trusted: my little pretty *Win*, I left her at the great woman's house in trust yonder, the Pig-womans, with Captaine *Jordan*, and Captaine *Whit*, very good men, and I cannot heare of her. Poore foole, I feare shee's stepp'd aside. Mother, did you not see *Win*?

Ivs. If this graue Matron be your mother, Sir, stand by her, *Et digito compeſce labellum*, I may perhaps spring a wife for you, anone. Brother *Bartholmew*, I am sadly sorry, to see you so lightly giuen, and such a *Disciple* of enormity: with your graue Gouvernour *Humphrey*: but stand you both there, in the middle place; I will reprehend you in your course. Mistresse *Grace*, let me rescue you out of the hands of the stranger.

WIN-W. Pardon me, Sir, I am a kinsman of hers.

Ivs. Are you so? of what name, Sir?

WIN-W. *Winwife*, Sir:

Ivs. Master *Winwife*? I hope you haue won no wife of her, Sir. If you haue, I will examine the possibility of it, at fit leasure. Now, to my enormities: looke vpon mee, O *London*! and see mee, O *Smithfield*; The example of *Iustice*, and Mirror of *Magistrates*: the true top of formality, and scourge of enormity. Harken vnto my labours,

To the Cut-
purse, and
Mistresse
Litwit.

The rest are
stealing a-
way.

labours, and but obserue my *discoveries*; and compare *Hercules* with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or *Columbus*; *Magellan*; or our countrey man *Drake* of later times: stand forth you weedes of enormity, and spread. First, *Rabbi Busy*, thou *superlunaticall* hypocrite, next, thou other extremity, thou prophane profeslor of *Puppetry*, little better then *Poetry*: then thou strong Debaucher, and Seducer of youth; witnesse this easie and honest young man: now thou *Esquire* of Dames, *Madams*, and twelue-penny *Ladies*: now my greene *Madame* her selfe, of the price. Let mee vnmasque your *Ladiship*.

IOH. O my wife, my wife, my wife!

IVS. Is she your wife? *Redde te Harpocratem!*

TRO. By your leaue, stand by my Masters, be vncover'd.

VRS. O stay him, stay him, helpe to cry, *Nightingale*; my pan, my panne.

IVS. What's the matter?

NIG. Hee has stolne gammar *Vrsla's* panne.

TRO. Yes, and I feare no man but *Iustice Ouerdoo*.

IVS. *Vrsla*? where is she? O the Sow of enormity, this! welcome, stand you there, you Songster, there.

VRS. An' please your worship, I am in no fault: A Gentleman stripp'd him in my Booth, and borrow'd his gown, and his hat; and hee ranne away with my goods, here, for it.

IVS. Then this is the true mad-man, and you are the enormity!

QVA. You are i'the right, I am mad, but from the gowne outward.

IVS. Stand you there.

QVA. Where you please, Sir.

OVER. O lend me a bason, I am sicke, I am sicke; where's Mr. *Ouerdoo*? *Bridget*, call hither my *Adam*.

IVS. How?

WHI. Dy very owne wife, i'fait, worshipfull *Adam*.

OVER. Will not my *Adam* come at mee? shall I see him no more then?

QVA. Sir, why doe you not goe on with the enormity? are you oppress'd with it? I'll helpe you: harke you Sir, i'your eare, your *Innocent young man*, you haue tane such care of, all this day, is a *Cutpurse*; that hath got all your brother *Cokes* his things, and help'd you to your beating, and the stocks; if you haue a minde to hang him now, and shew him your *Magistrates* wit, you may: but I should think it were better, recovering the goods, and to saue your estimation in him. I thank you Sr. for the gift of your *Ward*, Mrs. *Grace*: look you, here is your hand & seale, by the way. Mr. *Win-wife* giue you ioy, you are *Palemon*, you are posses'd o'the Gentlewoman, but she must pay me value, here's warrant for it. And honest mad-man, there's thy gowne, and cap againe; I thanke thee for my wife. Nay, I can be mad, sweet heart, when I please, still; neuer feare me:

And

To Busy,
To Lantern,
To the horse
courser, and
Cutpurse.
Then Cap.
Whit, and
Mistresse
Littlewit.

Enter Trou-
ble-all.

To Vrsla,
and Nigh-
tingale.

To Quar-
lous.

Mistresse
Ouerdoo is
sicke: and
her husband
is silenc'd.

To the wid-
dow.

Waspemif-
seth the Li-
cence.

And carefull *Numps*, where's he? I thanke him for my licence.

WAS. How!

QVA. 'Tis true, *Numps*.

WAS. I'll be hang'd then.

QVA. Loke i' your boxe, *Numps*, nay, Sir, stand not you fixt here, like a stake in *Finsbury* to be shot at, or the whipping post i' the *Fayre*, but get your wife out o' the ayre, it wil make her worse else; and remember you are but *Adam*, *Flesh*, and blood! you haue your frailty, forget your other name of *Ouerdoo*, and inuite vs all to supper. There you and I will compare our *disconeries*; and drowne the memory of all enormity in your bigg'st bowle at home.

COK. How now, *Numps*, ha' you lost it? I warrant, 'twas when thou wert i' the stocks: why dost not speake?

WAS. I will neuer speak while I liue, againe, for ought I know.

Ivs. Nay, *Humphrey*, if I be patient, you must be so too; this pleasant conceited Gentleman hath wrought vpon my iudgement, and preuail'd: I pray you take care of your sicke friend, *Mistresse Alice*, and my good friends all—

QVA. And no enormities.

Ivs. I inuite you home, with mee to my house, to supper: I will haue none feare to go along, for my intents are *Ad correctionem*, *non ad destructionem*; *Ad edificandum*, *non ad diruendum*: so lead on.

COK. Yes, and bring the *Actors* along, wee'll ha' the rest o' the *Play* at home.

The end.

THE EPILOGVE.



Our Maiesty hath scene the Play, and you
can best allow it from your eare, and view.
You know the scope of Writers, and what store,
of leaue is giuen them, if they take not more,
And turne it into licence: you can tell
if we haue vs'd that leaue you gaue vs, well:
Or whether wee to rage, or licence breake,
or be prophane, or make prophane men speake?
This is your power to iudge (great Sir) and not
the enuy of a few. Which if wee haue got,
Wee value lesse what their dislike can bring,
if it so happy be, t' haue pleas'd the King.

89
THE STAPLE
OF
NEWVES.

A COMEDIE
ACTED IN THE
YEARE, 1625.

BY HIS MAIESTIES
SERVANTS.

The Author BEN: IONSON.

HOR. in ART. POET.

*Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poeta:
Aut simul & iucunda, & idonea dicere vita*



LONDON,
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THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

- PENI-BOY.** *the Sonne, the heire and Sutter.*
PENI-BOY. *the Father. the Canter.*
PENI-BOY. *the Uncle. The Vsurer.*
CYMBAL. *Master of the Staple, and prime Ieerer.*
FITTON. *Emissary Court, and Ieerer.*
ALMANACH *Doctor in Physick, and Ieerer.*
SHVN-FIELD. *Sea-captaine, and Ieerer.*
MADRIGAL. *Poetafter, and Ieerer.*
PICKLOCK. *Man o' law, and Emissary Westminster.*
PYED-MANTLE. *Pursuant at armes, and Heraldet.*
REGISTER. *Of the Staple, or Office.*
NATHANEEL. *First Clerke of the Office.*
THO: BARBR. *Second Clerke of the Office.*
PECVNIA. *Infanta of the Mynes.*
MORTGAGE. *Her Nurse.*
STATUTE. *First Woman.*
BAND. *Second Woman.*
VVAXE. *Chambermaid.*
BROKER. *Secretary, and Gentleman vs her to her Grace.*
LICK-FINGER. *A Master Cooke, and parcell Poet.*
FASHIONER. *The Taylor of the times.*
LINENR. HABERDASHER.
SHOOMAKER. SPURRIER.
CVSTOMERS. { *Male and Female.*
PORTER. DOGGES. II.

The SCENE. London.



THE INDUCTION.

The PROLOGVE enters.

After him, Gossip MIRTH. Gos. TATLE. Gos. EXPECTATION. and Gossip CENSURE.

4. Gentlewomen LADY-like attyred.

PROLOGVE.



Or your owne sake, not ours——

MIRTH. Come Gossip, be not asham'd. The Play is the Staple of Newes, and you are the Mistresse, and Lady of Tatle, let's ha' your opinion of it: Do you heare Gentleman? what are you? Gentleman-usher to the Play? pray you helpe vs to some stooles here.

PROLOGVE. Where? o' the Stage, Ladies?

MIRTH. Yes, o' the Stage; wee are persons of quality, I assure you, and women of fashion; and come to see, and to be seene: My Gossip Tatle here, and Gossip Expectation, and my Gossip Censure, and I am Mirth, the daughter of Christmas, and spirit of Shrouetide. They say, It's merry when Gossips meet, I hope your Play will be a merry one!

PROLOGVE. Or you will make it such, Ladies. Bring a forme here, but what will the Noblemen thinke, or the graue Wits here, to see you seated on the bench thus?

MIRTH. Why, what should they thinke? but that they had Mothers, as we had, and those Mothers had Gossips (if their children were christned) as we are, and such as had a longing to see Playes, and sit upon them, as wee doe, and arraigne both them, and their Poets.

PROLOGVE. O! Is that your purpose? Why, M^{rs}. Mirth, and Madame Tatle, enioy your delights freely.

TATLE. Looke your Newes be new, and fresh, M^r. Prologue, and untainted, I shall find them else, if they be stale, or flye-blowne, quickly!

PROLOGVE. Wee aske no fauour from you, onely wee would entreate of Madame Expectation——

EXPECTATION. *What, Mr. Prologue?*

PROLOGVE. *That your Ladyship would expect no more then you understand.*

EXPECTATION. *Sir, I can expect enough!*

PROLOGVE. *I feare too much, Lady, and teach others to do the like?*

EXPECTATION. *I can doe that too, if I haue cause.*

PROLOGVE. *Cry you mercy, you neuer did wrong, but with iust cause. What's this, Lady?*

MIRTH. *Curiosity, my Lady Censure.*

PROLOGVE. *O Curiosity! you come to see, who weares the new sute to day? whose clothes are best penn'd, what euer the part be? which Actor has the best legge and foote? what King playes without cuffes? and his Queene without gloues? who rides post in stockings? and daunces in bootes?*

CENSURE. *Yes, and which amorous Prince makes loue in drinke, or doe's ouer-act prodigiously in beaten satten, and, hauing got the tricke on't, will be monstrous still, in despite of Counsell!*

BOOK-HOLDER. *Mend your lights, Gentlemen. Master Prologue, beginne.*

TATLE. *Ay me!*

EXPECTATION. *Who's that?*

PROLOGVE. *Nay, start not Ladies, these carry no fire-workes to fright you, but a Torch to their hands, to giue light to the businesse. The truth is, there are a set of gamesters within, in trauell of a thing call'd a Play, and would faine be deliuer'd of it: and they haue intreated me to be their Man-Midwife, the Prologue; for they are like to haue a hard labour on't.*

TATLE. *Then the Poet has abus'd himselfe, like an Asse, as hee is.*

MIRTH. *No, his Actors will abuse him enough, or I am deceiu'd. Yonder he is within (I was i' the Tiring-house a while to see the Actors drest) rowling himselfe up and downe like a tun, i' the midst of hem, and spurges, neuer did vessel of wort, or wine worke so! His sweating put me in minde of a good Shroning dish (and I beleene would be taken up for a seruice of state somewhere, an't were knowne) a stew'd Poet! He doth sit like an vnbrac'd Drum with one of his heads beaten out: For, that you must note, a Poet hath two heads, as a Drum has, one for making, the other repeating, and his repeating head is all to pieces: they may gather it up i' the tiring-house; for hee hath torne the booke in a Poeticall fury, and put himselfe to silence in dead Sacke, which, were there no other vexation, were sufficient to make him the most miserable Embleme of patience.*

CENSURE. *The Prologue, peace.*

The Tiring-men enter to mend the lights.

THE



THE PROLOGVE FOR THE STAGE



Or your owne fakes, not his, he bad me say,
Would you were come to heare, not see a Play.
Though we his *Actors* must provide for those,
Who are our guests, here, in the way of shewes,
The maker hath not so; he'ld haue you wise,
Much rather by your eares, then by your eyes:
And prayes you'll not preiudge his Play for ill,
Because you marke it not, and sit not still;
But haue a longing to salute, or talke
With such a female, and from her to walke
With your discourse, to what is done, and where,
How, and by whom, in all the towne; but here.
Alas! what is it to his Scene, to know
How many Coaches in *Hide-parke* did show
Last spring, what fare to day at *Medleyes* was,
If *Dunstan*, or the *Phænix* best wine has?
They are things—But yet, the Stage might stand as wel,
If it did neither heare these things, nor tell.
Great noble wits, be good vnto your selues,
And make a difference 'twixt Poetique elues,
And Poets: All that dable in the inke,
And defile quills, are not those few, can thinke,
Conceiue, expresse, and steere the soules of men,
As with a rudder, round thus, with their pen.
He must be one that can instruct your youth,
And keepe your *Acme* in the state of truth,
Must enterprize this worke, marke but his wayes,
What flight he makes, how new; And then he sayes,
If that not like you, that he sends to night,
'Tis you haue left to iudge, not hee to write.



THE PROLOGVE FOR THE COURT:

*A Worke not smelling of the Lampe, to night,
 But fitted for your Maiesties disport,
 And writ to the Meridian of your Court,
 Wee bring; and hope it may produce delight:
 The rather, being offered, as a Rite
 To Schollers, that can iudge, and faire report
 The sense they heare, about the vulgar sort
 Of Nut-crackers, that onely come for sight.
 Wherein, although our Title, Sir, be Newes.
 Wee yet aduenture, here, to tell you none;
 But shew you common follies, and so knowne,
 That though they are not truths, th'innocent Muse
 Hath made so like, as Phant'sie could them state,
 Or Poetry, without scandall, imitate.*

THE



THE STAPLE OF NEVVES.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

PENI-BOY. IV. LETHER-LEGGE.



Ramercie Letherleg: Get me the Spurrier,
And thou hast fitted me. LET. I'll do't presently.
P. IV. Look to me, wit, and look to my wit, Land,
That is, looke on me, and with all thine eyes,
Male, Female, yea, Hermaphroditicke eyes,
And those bring all your helpes, and perspicills,
To see me at best aduantage, and augment

My forme as I come forth, for I doe feele
I will be one, worth looking after, shortly.
Now, by and by, that's shortly. * 't strikes! One, two,
Three, foure, fve, six. Inough, inough, deare watch,
Thy pulse hath beate inough. Now sleepe, and rest;
Would thou couldst make the time to doe so too:
I'll winde thee vp no more. The houre is come
So long expected! There, there, * drop my wardship,
My pupill age, and vassalage together.
And Liberty, come throw thy selfe about me,
In a rich suite, cloake, hat, and band, for now
I'le sue out no mans Liuary, but miny owne,
I stand on my owne feete, so much a yeere,
Right, round, and sound, the Lord of mine owne ground,
And (to ryme to it) threescore thousand Pound!
* Not come? Not yet? Taylor thou art a vermine,
Worse then the same thou prosecut' st, and prick' st
In subtill seame— (Go too, I say no more)

* His Shoemaker has
pull'd on a
new payre of
bootes; and
hee walks in
his Gowne,
wastcoate,
and trouses,
expecting his
Taylor.

* He drawes
forth his
watch, and
sets it on the
Table.

* He throws
off his gowne

* He goes to
the doore,
and looks,

Thus

Thus to retard my longings : on the day
 I doe write man, to beat thee. One and twenty,
 Since the clock strooke, compleat ! and thou wilt feele it
 Thou foolish *Animall* ! I could pittie him,
 (An' I were not heartily angry with him now)
 For this one peece of folly he beares about him,
 To dare to tempt the Furie of an heyre,
 T' aboue two thousand a yeere ; yet hope his custome !
 Well, *Mr. Fashioner*, theres some must breake—
 A head, for this your breaking. Are you come, Sir,

ACT.II. SCENE.IJ.

FASHIONER. PENIBOY. THOMAS
 BARBER. HABERDASHER.

G Od giue your worship ioy. P.Iv. What ? of your staying ?
 And leauing me to stalke here in my trowfes,
 Like a tame *Her'n-sew* for you ? FAS. I but waited
 Below, till the clocke strooke. P.Iv. Why, if you had come
 Before a quarter, would it so haue hurt you,
 In reputation, to haue wayted here ?

FAS. No, but your worship might haue pleaded nonage,
 If you had got 'hem on, ere I could make
 Iust *Affidauit* of the time. P.Iv. That iest
 Has gain'd thy pardon, thou had'st liu'd, condemn'd
 To thine owne hell else, neuer to haue wrought
 Stitch more for me, or any *Peniboy*,
 I could haue hindred thee: but now thou art mine.

For one and twenty yeeres, or for three liues,
 Chuse which thou wilt, I'll make thee a *Copy-holder*,
 And thy first *Bill* vnquestion'd. Helpe me on.

FAS. Presently, Sir, I am bound vnto your worship. *(Stomach.)*

P.Iv. Thou shalt be, when I haue seal'd thee a *Lease* of my *Cu-*

FAS. Your wor^{ps} *Barbar* is without. P.IN. Who ? *Thom?*

Come in *Thom*; set thy things vpon the Boord

And spread thy clothes, lay all forth in *procinctu*,

And tell's what newes ? THO. O Sir, a staple of newes !

Or the *New Staple*, which you please. P.Iv. What's that ?

FAS. An *Office*, Sir, a braue young *Office* set vp.

I had forgot to tell your worship. P.Iv. For what ?

THO. To enter all the *Newes*, Sir, o' the time,

FAS.

He sayes his
 sure.

FAS. And vent it as occasion serues! A place
Of huge commerce it will be! P.IV. Pray thee peace,
I cannot abide a talking Taylor: let *Thom*
(He's a Barber) by his place relate it,
What is't, an *Office*, *Thom*? THO. Newly erected
Here in the house, almost on the same floore,
Where all the newes of all sorts shall be brought,
And there be examin'd, and then registred,
And so be issu'd vnder the Seale of the *Office*,
As *Staple Newes*; no other newes be currant.

P.IV. Fore me, thou speak'st of a braue busines, *Thom*.

FAS. Nay, if you knew the brain that hatch'd it Sr—

P.IV. I know thee wel inough: giue him a loaf, *Thom*—
Quiet his mouth, that Ouen will be venting else.

Proceed— THO. He tels you true Sr. Mr *Cymbal*,
Is Master of the *Office*, he proiected it,
Hee lies here i' the house: and the great roomes
He has taken for the *Office*, and set vp
His *Deskes* and *Classes*, Tables and his Shelues,

FAS. He's my Customer, and a Wit Sir, too.
But, h' has braue wits vnder him— THO. Yes, foure *Emissaries*,

P.IV. *Emissaries*? Say, there's a fine new word, *Thom*!
'Pray God it signifie any thing, what are *Emissaries*?

THO. Men imploy'd outward, that are sent abroad
To fetch in the commodity. FAS. From all regions
Where the best newes are made. THO. Or vented forth.

FAS. By way of exchange, or trade. P.IV. Nay, thou wilt speak—

FAS. My share Sr. there's enough for both. P.IV. Goe on then,
Speake all thou canst: me thinkes, the ordinaries
Should helpe them much. FAS. Sir, they haue ordinaries,
And extraordinaries, as many changes,
And variations, as there are points i' the compasse.

THO. But the 4. Cardinall Quarters— P.IV. I, those *Thom*—

THO. The Court, Sir, *Pauls*, *Exchange*, and *Westminster-hall*.

P.IV. Who is the Chiefe? which hath preceedencie?

THO. The gouernour o' the *Staple*, Master *Cymball*.
He is the Chiefe; and after him the *Emissaries*:

First *Emissary Court*, one Master *Fitton*,
He's a leerer too. P.IV. What's that? FAS. A Wit.

THO. Or halfe a Wit, some of them are *Halfe-wits*,
Two to a Wit, there are a set of 'hem.

Then Master *Ambler*, *Emissary Pauls*,
A fine pac'd gentleman, as you shall see, walke
The middle Ile: And then my *Froy Hans Buz*,
A *Dutch-man*; he's *Emissary Exchange*.

FAS. I had thought Mr. *Burst* the Marchant had had it. THO.
He has a rupture, hee has sprung a leake,

Hee giues
the Taylor
leane to salk.

Emisserie Westminster's vndispos'd of yet ;
 Then the *Examiner, Register,* and two *Clerkes,*
 They mannage all at home, and fort, and file,
 And seale the newes, and issue them. P. Iv. *Thom,* deare *Thom.*
 What may my meanes doe for thee, aske, and haue it,
 I'd faine be doing some good. It is my *birth-day.*
 And I'd doe it betimes, I feele a grudging
 Of bounty, and I would not long lye fallow.
 I pray thee thinke, and speake, or wish for something.

THO. I would I had but one o' the *Clerkes* places,
 I' this *Newes Office,*. P. Iv. Thou shalt haue it, *Thom,*
 If siluer, or gold will fetch it; what's the rate?

At what is't set i' the *Mercat*? THO. Fiftie pound, Sir.

P. Iv. An't were a hundred, *Thom,* thou shalt not want it.

FAS. O Noble Master! P. Iv. How now *Aesops Asse*!

Because I play with *Thom,* must I needes runne
 Into your rude embraces? stand you still, Sir;
 Clownes fawnings, are a horses salutations.

How do'st thou like my suite, *Thom*? THO. M^r *Fashioner*
 Has hit your measures, Sir, h'has moulded you,
 And made you, as they say. FAS. No, no, not I,

I am an *Asse,* old *Aesops Asse.* P. Iv. Nay, *Fashioner,*
 I can doe thee a good turne too, be not musty,

Though thou hast moulded me, as little *Thom* sayes,
 (I thinke thou hast put me in mouldy pockets.) FAS. Asgood,
 Right *Spanish* perfume, the *Lady Estifania's,*
 They cost twelue pound a payre. P. Iv. Thy bill will say so.

I pray thee tell me, *Fashioner,* what Authors
 Thou read'st to helpe thy inuention? *Italian* prints?
 Or *Arras* hangings? They are Taylors *Libraries.*

FAS. I scorne such helps. P. Iv. O, though thou art a silk-wormc!
 And deal'st in sattins and veluets, and rich plushes,
 Thou canst not spin all formes out of thy selfe;
 They are quite other things: I thinke this suite
 Has made me wittier, then I was. FAS. Belieue it Sir,

That clothes doe much vpon the wit, as weather
 Do's on the braine; and thence comes your prouerbe;

The *Taylor makes the man*: I speake by experience
 Of my owne Customers. I haue had Gallants,
 Both Court and Countrey, would ha' fool'd you vp
 In a new suite, with the best wits, in being,

And kept their speed, as long as their clothes lasted
 Han'some, and neate; but then as they grew out
 At the elbowes againe, or had a staine, or spot,

They haue sunke most wretchedly. P. Iv. What thou report'st,
 Is but the common calamity, and scene daily;
 And therefore you haue another answering prouerbe;

The Taylor
 leapes, and
 embraceth
 him.

He drawes
 out his poc-
 kets.

A broken sleeue keepes the arme backe, FAS. 'Tis true, Sir.
And thence wee lay, that such a one playes at *peepe arme*.

P.IV. Doe you so? it is wittily sayd. I wonder, Gentlemen,
And men of meanes will not maintaine themselves
Fresher in wit, I meane in clothes, to the highest.
For hee that's out o' clothes, is out o' fashion,
And out of fashion, is out of countenance,
And out o' countenance, is out o' Wit.

Is not Rogue *Haberdasher* come? HAB. Yes, here, Sir.
I ha' beene without this halfe houre. P.IV. Giue me my hat.
Put on my Girdle. Rascall, sits my Ruffe well? (same hat

*They are all
about him,
busie.*

LIN. Inprint. P.IV. Slaue. LIN. See your selfe. P.IV. Is this
O'the blocke passant? Doe not answer mee,
I cannot stay for an answer. I doe feelee
The powers of *one and twenty*, like a Tide
Flow in vpon mee, and perceiue an Heyre,
Can Coniure vp all spirits in all circles,
Rogue, Rascall, Slaue, giue tradesmen their true names,
And they appeare to 'hem presently. LIN. For profit.

P.IV. Come, cast my cloake about me, I'll goe see,
This *Office Thom*, and be trimm'd afterwards.
I'll put thee in possession, my prime worke!
Gods so: my Spurrier! put 'hem on boy, quickly,
I had like to ha lost my Spurres with too much speed.

*His Spurri-
er comes in.*

ACT. I. SCENE. IIJ.

PENI-BOY, Canter. *to them singing.*

Good morning to my Ioy, My iolly Peni-boy!
The Lord, and the Prince of plenty!
I come to see what riches, Thou bearest in thy breeches,
The first of thy one and twenty:
What, doe thy pockets gingle? Or shall wee neede to mingle
Our strength both of foote, and horses!
These fellows looke so eager, As if they would beleaguer
An Heyre in the midst of his forces!
I hope they be no Serieants! That hang vpon thy margents.
This Rogue has the Ioule of a Iaylor!

P.IV. O Founder, no such matter, My Spurrier, and my Hatter,
My Linnen-man, and my Taylor.
Thou should'st haue beene brought in too, Shoemaker,

*The young
Peny-boy
answers in
tune.*

He takes the
bills, and puts
them up in
his pockets.

He payes all.

He gives the
Spurrier, to
his boxe.

If the time had beene longer, and *Thom Barber*.
How do'st thou like my company, old *Canter*?
Doe I not muster a braue troupe? all *Bill-men*?
Present your Armes, before my *Founder* here,
This is my *Founder*, this same learned *Canter*!
He brought me the first newes of my fathers death,
I thanke him, and euer since, I call him *Founder*,
Worship him, boyes, I'll read onely the summes. (blesse him.
And passe 'hem streight. *SHO*. Now *Ale*. *REST*. And strong *Ale*
P. Iv. Gods so, some *Ale*, and *Sugar* for my *Founder*!
Good *Bills*, sufficient *Bills*, these *Bills* may passe.
P. CA. I do not like those paper-squibs, good *Master*.
They may vndoe your store, I meane, of *Credit*,
And fire your *Arsenall*, if case you doe not
In time make good those *outerworkes*, your *pockets*,
And take a *Garrison* in of some *two hundred*,
To beat these *Pyoners* off, that carry a *Mine*
Would blow you vp, at last. Secure your *Casamates*,
Here *Master Picklocke*, Sir, your man o' *Law*,
And learn'd *Attorney*, has sent you a *Bag of munition*. (hem.
P. Iv. What is't? *P. CA*. Three hundred pieces. *P. Iv*. I'll dispatch
P. CA. Do, I would haue your strengths lin'd, and perfum'd
With *Gold*, as well as *Amber*. *P. Iv*. God a mercy,
Come, *Ad soluendum*, boyes! there, there, and there, &c.
I looke on nothing but *Totalis*. *P. CA*. See!
The difference 'twixt the couetous, and the prodigall!
„The Couetous man neuer has money! and
„The Prodigall will haue none shortly! *P. Iv*. Ha,
What saies my *Founder*? I thanke you, I thanke you *Sirs*.
ALL. God blesse your worship, and your worships *Chanter*.
P. CA. I say 't is nobly done, to cherish *Shop-keepers*,
And pay their *Bills*, without examining thus.
P. Iv. Alas! they haue had a pittifull hard time on't,
A long vacation, from their coozening.
Poore *Rascalls*, I doe doe it out of charity.
I would aduance their trade againe, and haue them
Haste to be rich, sweare, and forswear wealthily,
What doe you stay for, *Sirrah*? *SPV*. To my boxe Sir,
P. Iv. Your boxe, why, there's an *angel*, if my *Spurres*
Be not right *Rippon*. *SPV*. Giue me neuer a penny
If I strike not thorow your bounty with the *Rowells*.
P. Iv. Do'st thou want any money *Founder*? *P. CA*. Who, *Sr*. I,
Did I not tell you I was bred i' the *Mines*,
Vnder Sir *Bewis Bullion*. *P. Iv*. That is true,
I quite forgot, you *Myne-men* want no money,
Your streets are pau'd with 't: there, the molten siluer
Runns out like creame, on cakes of gold. *P. CA*. And *Rubies*
Doe

Doe grow like Strawberries. P. Iv. 'Twere braue being there!
Come *Thom*, we'll go to the Office now. P. Ca. What Office?

P. Iv. *Newes Office*, the *New Staple*; thou shalt goe too,
'Tis here i' the house, on the same floore, *Thom*. sayes,
Come, *Founder*, let vs trade in Ale, and nutmegges.

ACT. I. SCENE. IIII.

REGISTER. CLERKE. WOMAN.

What, are those Desks fit now? set forth the Table,
The Carpet and the Chayre: where are the *Newes*
That were examin'd last? ha' you fil'd them vp?

CLE. Not yet, I had no time. REG. Are those newes registred,
That *Emissary Buz* sent in last night?

Of *Spinola*, and his Egges? CLE. Yes Sir, and fil'd.

REG. What are you now vpon? CLE. That our new *Emissary*
Westminster, gaue vs, of the *Golden Heyre*.

REG. Dispatch, that's newes indeed, and of importance.
What would you haue good woman? WO. I would haue Sir,
A groatsworth of any *Newes*, I care not what,
To carry downe this *Saturday*, to our *Vicar*.

REG. O! You are a Butterwoman, aske *Nathaniel*
The *clerke*, there. CLE. Sir, I tell her, she must stay
Till *Emissary Exchange*, or *Pauls* send in,
And then I'll fit her. REG. Doe good woman, haue patience,
It is not now, as when the *Captaine* liu'd.

CLE. You'll blast the reputation of the Office,
Now i' the Bud, if you dispatch these *Groats*,
So soone: let them attend in name of policie.

A countrey-
woman
waites there.

ACT. I. SCENE. V.

PENIBOY. CYMBAL. FITTON. THO:
BARBER. CANTER.

IN troth they are dainty roomes; what place is this?

CYM. This is the outer roome, where my *Clerkes* sit,
And keepe their sides, the *Register* i' the midst,
The *Examiner*, he sits priuate there, within,
And here I haue my seuerall *Rowles*, and *Fyles*
Of *Newes* by the *Alphabet*, and all put vp
Vnder their heads. P. Iv. But those, too, subdiuided?

CYM. Into *Authenticall*, and *Apocryphall*.

FIT. Or *Newes* of doubtfull credit, as *Barbers newes*.

CYM. And *Taylors Newes*, *Porters*, and *Watermens newes*,

FIT. Whereto, beside the *Coranti*, and *Gazetti*.

CYM. I haue the *Newes* of the season. FIT. As *vacation newes*,
Terme-newes, and *Christmas-newes*. CYM. And *newes* o' the *faction*.

FIT. As the *Reformed newes*, *Protestant newes*,

CYM. And *Pontificiall newes*, of all which seuerall,
The *Day-bookes*, *Charaēters*, *Precedents* are kept.
Together with the names of speciall friends—

FIT. And men of *Correspondence* i' the *Cowntrey*—

CYM. Yes, of all ranks, and all *Religions*.—

FIT. *Factors*, and *Agents*— CYM. *Liegers*, that lie out
Through all the *Shires* o' the kingdome. P. Iv. This is fine!
And beares a braue relation! but what sayes
Mercurius Britannicus to this?

CYM. O Sir, he gaines by't halfe in halfe. FIT. Nay more
I'll stand to't. For, where he was wont to get

In, hungry *Captaines*, obscure *Statesmen*. CYM. Fellowes

To drinke with him in a darke roome in a *Tauerne*,

And eat a *Sawfage*. FIT. We ha' seen't, CYM. As faine,
To keepe so many *politique pennes*

Going, to feed the presse. FIT. And dish out *newes*,

Were't true, or false. CYM. Now all that charge is sau'd

The publique *Chronicler*. FIT. How, doe you call him there?

CYM. And gentle *Reader*. FIT. He that has the maidenhead
Of all the *bookes*. CYM. Yes, dedicated to him,

FIT. Or rather *prostituted*. P. Iv. You are right, Sir.

CYM. No more shall be abus'd, nor countrey-*Parsons*

O' the *Inquisition*, nor busie *Iustices*,
 Trouble the *peace*, and both torment themselves,
 And their poore ign'rant Neighbours with enquiries
 After the many, and most innocent *Monsters*,
 That neuer came i'th' Counties they were charg'd with.

P. IV. Why, me thinkes Sir, if the honest common people
 Will be abus'd, why should not they ha' their pleasure,
 In the believing Lyes, are made for them;
 As you i'th' *Office*, making them your selues?

FIT. O Sir! it is the printing we oppose.

CYM. We not forbid that any *Newes*, be made,
 But that 't be printed; for when *Newes* is printed,
 It leaues Sir to be *Newes*. while 'tis but written —

FIT. Though it be ne're so false, it runnes *Newes* still.

P. IV. See diuers mens opinions! vnto some,
 The very printing of them, makes them *Newes*;
 That ha' not the heart to belecue any thing,
 But what they see in print. FIT. I, that's an Error
 Ha's abus'd many; but we shall reforme it,
 As many things beside (we haue a hope)
 Are crept among the *popular abuses*.

CYM. Nor shall the *Stationer* cheat vpon the Time,
 By buttering ouer againe — FIT. once, in Seuen Yeares,
 As the age doates — CYM. And growes forgetfull o' them,
 His *antiquated Pamphlets*, with new dates.

But all shall come from the *Mint*. FIT. Fresh and new stamp'd,

CYM. With the *Office-Seale*, *Staple Commoditie*.

FIT. And if a man will assure his *Newes*, he may;
 Two-pence a Sheet he shall be warranted,
 And haue a *policie* for't. P. IV. Sir, I admire
 The method o' your place; all things within't
 Are so digested, fitted, and compos'd,
 As it shewes *Wit* had married *Order*. FIT. Sir.

CYM. The best wee could to inuite the Times. FIT. It ha's
 Cost sweat, and freeing. CYM. And some broken sleepes
 Before it came to this. P. IV. I easily thinke it.

FIT. But now it ha's the shape — CYM. And is come forth.

P. IV. A most polite neat thing! with all the limbs,
 As sense can tast! CYM. It is Sir, though I say it,
 As well-begotten a busines, and as fairely
 Helpt to the World. P. IV. You must be a Mid-wife Sir!
 Or els the sonne of a Mid-wife! (pray you pardon me)
 Haue helpt it forth so happily! what *Newes* ha' you?
Newes o' this morning? I would faine heare some
 Fresh, from the forge (as new as day, as they say.)

CYM. And such we haue Sir. REG. Shew him the last *Rowle*,
 Of *Emissary West-minster's*, The *Heire*.

P. IV.

Peny reioy-
ceth, that he
is in.

Tels Thom:
of it.

Call in the
Canter.
Hee giues
the Clarke.

P. Iv. Come nearer, *Thom*: CLA. There is a braue yong *Heire*
Is come of age this morning, M^r. *Peny-boy*. P. Iv. That's I!

CLA. His Father dy'd on this day seventh-night. P. Iv. True!

CLA. At fixe o'the Clocke i'the morning, iust a weeke

Ere he was *One and Twenty*. P. Iv. I am here, *Thom*!

Proceed, I pray thee. CLA. An old *Canting Begger*

Brought him first *Newes*, whom he has entertain'd,

To follow him, since. P. Iv. Why, you shall see him! *Founder*,

Come in; no *Follower*, but *Companion*,

I pray thee put him in, Friend. There's an *Angell*—

Thou do'st not know, hee's a wise old Fellow,

Though he seeme patch'd thus, and made vp o' peeces.

Founder, we are in, here, in, i'the *Newes-Office*!

In this dayes *Rowle*, already! I doe muse

How you came by vs Sir's! CYM. One Master *Pick-locke*

A Lawyer, that hath purchas'd here a place,

This morning, of an *Emissary* vnder me.

FIT. *Emissarie Westminster*. CYM. Gaue it into th' *Office*,

FIT. For his *Essay*, his peece. P. Iv. My man o' Law!

Hee's my Attorney, and Sollicitour too!

A fine *pragmaticke*! what's his place worth?

CYM. A *Nemo-scit*, Sir. FIT. 'Tis as *Newes* come, in,

CYM. And as they are issued. I haue the iust *meoytie*

For my part: then the other *meoytie*

Is parted into seuen. The foure *Emissaries*;

Whereof my Cozen *Fitton* here's for Court,

Ambler for *Pauls*, and *Buz* for the *Exchange*,

Picklocke, for *Westminster*, with the *Examiner*,

And *Register*, they haue full parts: and then one part

Is vnder-parted to a couple of *Clarks*;

And there's the iust diuision of the profits!

P. Iv. Ha' you those *Clarks* Sir. CYM. There is one Desk empty,

But it has many Suitors. P. Iv. Sir, may I

Present one more and carry it, if his parts

Or Gifts, (which you will, call 'hem) CYM. Be sufficient Sir.

P. Iv. What are your present *Clarks* habilities?

How is he qualified? CYM. A decay'd *Stationer*

He was, but knowes *Newes* well, can fort and ranke 'hem.

FIT. And for a need can make 'hem. CYM. True *Paules* bred,

I'the *Church-yard*. P. Iv. And this at the *West-dore*,

O'th other side, hee's my Barber *Thom*,

A pretty Scholler, and a *Master of Arts*,

Was made, or went out *Master of Arts* in a throng,

At the *Vniuersitie*; as before, one *Christmas*,

He got into a *Masque* at Court, by his wit,

And the good meanes of his *Cythern*, holding vp thus

For one o'the *Masique*, Hee's a nimble Fellow!

And

And alike skil'd in euery *liberall Science*,
As hauing certaine snaps of all, a neat,
Quick-vaine, in forging *Newes* too. I doe loue him,
And promis'd him a good turne, and I would doe it.
Whats your price? the value? Cym. *Fifty pounds, Sr.*

P. Iv. Get in *Thom*, take possession, I install thee;
Here, tell your money; giue thee ioy, good *Thom*;
And let me heare from thee euery minute of *Newes*,
While the *New Staple* stands, or the *Office* lasts,
Which I doe wish, may ne're be lesse for thy sake.

CLA. The *Emissaries*, Sir, would speake with you,
And Master *Fitton*, they haue brought in *Newes*,
Three *Bale* together. Cym. Sr, you are welcome, here.

FIT. So is your creature. Cym. Businesse calls vs off, Sir,
That may concerne the *Office*. P. Iv. Keepe me faire, Sir,
Still i' your *Staple*, I am here your friend,
On the same flooe. FIT. We shall be your seruants.

P. Iv. How dost thou like it, *Founder*? P. CA. All is well,
But that your man o' law me thinks appeares not
In his due time. O! Here comes Masters worship.

Hee buyes
Thom a
Clerkes
place.

They take
leau of Pe-
ny-boy, and
Canter.

ACT. I. SCENE. VI.

PICKLOCK. PENI-BOY. Iv.

P. CANTER.

How do's the *Heyre*, bright Master *Peniboy*?
Is hee awake yet in his *One and Twenty*?
Why, this is better farre, then to weare *Cypresse*,
Dull smutting gloues, or melancholy blacks,
And haue a payre of twelue-peny broad ribbands
Laid out like Labells. P. Iv. I should ha' made shift
To haue laught as heartily in my mourners hood,
As in this Suite, if it had pleas'd my father
To haue beene buried, with the Trumpeters:

Pic. The *Heralds of Armes*, you meane. P. Iv. I meane,
All noyse, that is superfluous! Pic. All that idle pompe,
And vanity of a Tombe-stone, your wise father
Did, by his will, preuent. Your worship had—

P. Iv. A louing and obedient father of him,
I know it: a right, kinde-natur'd man,
To dye so opportunely. Pic. And to settle
All things so well, compounded for your ward ship

The weeke afore, and left your state entyre
Without any charge vpon't. P. Iv. I must needes say,
I lost an *Officer* of him, a good *Bayliffe*,
And I shall want him; but all peace be with him,
I will not with him aliue, againe; not I,
For all my Fortune; giue your worship ioy
O' your new place, your *Emissary-ship*,
I' the *Newes Office*. PIC. Know you, why I bought it S?

P. Iv. Not I. PIC. To worke for you, and carry a myne
Against the Master of it, Master *Cymball*;
Who hath a plot vpon a Gentlewoman,
Was once design'd for you, Sir. P. Iv. Me? PIC. Your father,
Old Master *Peni-boy*, of happy memory,
And wisdom too, as any i' the *County*,
Carefull to finde out a fit match for you,
In his owne life time (but hee was preuented)
Left it in writing in a *Schedule* here,
To be annexed to his *Will*; that you,
His onely Sonne, vpon his charge, and blessing,
Should take due notice of a Gentlewoman,
Soiourning with your vncl, *Richer Peni-boy*.

P. Iv. A *Cornish* Gentlewoman, I doe know her,
Mistresse, *Pecunia doe-all*. PIC. A great *Lady*,
Indeede shee is, and not of mortall race,
Infanta of the *Mines*; her Graces Grandfather,
Was *Duke*, and Cousin to the *King of Ophyr*,
The *Subterranean*, let that passe. Her name is,
Or rather, her three names are (for such shee is)

Aurelia Clara Pecunia, A great *Princesse*,
Of mighty power, though shee liue in priuate
With a contracted family! Her *Secretary*—

P. CA. Who is her Gentleman-vsher too. PIC. One *Broker*,
And then two Gentlewomen; Mistresse *Statute*,
And Mistresse *Band*, with *Waxe* the Chambermaide,
And Mother *Mortgage*, the old Nurse, two *Groomes*,
Pawne, and his fellow; you haue not many to bribe, Sir,
The worke is feizible, and th'approches easie,
By your owne kindred. Now, Sir, *Cymball* thinkes,
The Master here, and gouernor o' the *Staple*,
By his fine arts, and pompe of his great place
To draw her! He concludes, shee is a woman!
And that so soone as sh' heares of the *New Office*,
Shee'll come to visit it, as they all haue longings
After new sights, and motions! But your bounty,
Person, and brauery must atchieue her. P. CA. Shee is
The talke o' the time! th'aduenture o' the age!

PIC. You cannot put your selfe vpon an action

EXPECTATION. *How, Gossip?*

TATLE. *He had drest a Rogue lade i^t the morning, that had the Staggers, and had got such a spice of hem himselfe, by noone, as they would not away all the Play time, doe what hec could, for his heart.*

MIRTH. *'Twas his part, Gossip, he was to be drunke, by his part.*

TATLE. *Say you so, I vnderstood not so much.*

EXPECTA. *Would wee had such an other part, and such a man in this play, I feare 'twill be an excellent dull thing.*

CENSURE. *Expect, intend it.*



ACT. II. SCENE. I.

PENI-BOY. Sen. PECVNIA. MORTGAGE.
STATUTE. BAND. BROKER.



Our Grace is sad me thinks, and melancholy!
You doe not looke vpon me with that face,
As you were wont, my Goddesse, bright Pecunia:
Although your Grace be falne, of two iⁿ the hundred,
In vulgar estimation; yet am I,
You Graces seruant still: and teach this body,
To bend, and these my aged knees to buckle,
In adoration, and iust worship of you.
Indeed, I doe confesse, I haue no shape
To make a minion of, but I'm your Martyr,
Your Graces Martyr. I can heare the Rogues,
As I doe walke the streetes, whisper, and point,
There goes old Peni-boy, the slaue of money,
Rich Peni-boy, Lady Pecunia's drudge,
A fordid Rascall, one that neuer made
Good meale in his sleep, but sells the acates are sent him,
Fish, Fowle, and venison, and preserues himselfe,
Like an old hoary Rat, with mouldy pye-crust.

This I doe heare, reioycing, I can suffer
This, and much more, for your good *Graces* sake.

PEC. Why do you so my Guardian? I not bid you,
Cannot my *Grace* be gotten, and held too,
Without your selfe-tormentings, and your watches,
Your macerating of your body thus
With cares, and scantings of your dyet, and rest?

P. SE. O, no, your seruices, my *Princely Lady*,
Cannot with too much zeale of *rites* be done,
They are so sacred. PEC. But my Reputation.
May suffer, and the worship of my family,
When by so seruile meanes they both are fought.

P. SE. You are a noble, young, free, gracious *Lady*,
And would be euey bodie's, in your bounty,
But you must not be so. They are a few
That know your merit, *Lady*, and can valew't.
Your selfe scarce vnderstand your proper powers.
They are *all-mighty*, and that wee your seruants,
That haue the honour here to stand so neere you,
Know; and can vse too. All this *Nether-world*
Is yours, you command it, and doe sway it,
The honour of it, and the honesty,
The reputation, I, and the religion,
(I was about to say, and had not err'd)
Is *Queene Pecunia's*. For that stile is yours,
If mortals knew your *Grace*, or their owne good.

MOR. Please your *Grace* to retire. BAN. I feare your *Grace*
Hath ta'ne too much of the sharpe ayre. PEC. O no!
I could endure to take a great deale more
(And with my constitution, were it left)
Vnto my choice, what thinke you of it, *Statute*?

STA. A little now and then does well, and keepes
Your *Grace* in your complexion. BAN. And true temper.

MOR. But too much *Madame*, may encrease cold rheumes,
Nourish catarrhes, greene sicknesses, and agues,
And put you in consumption. P. SE. Best to take
Aduice of your graue women, Noble *Madame*,
They know the state o' your body, and ha' studied
Your *Graces* health. BAN. And honour. Here'll be visitants,
Or Suitors by and by; and 'tis not fit

They find you here. STA. 'Twill make your *Grace* too cheape
To giue them audience presently. MOR. Leauē your *Secretary*,
To answer them. PEC. Waite you here, *Broker*. BRO. I shal *Madame*.
And doe your *Graces* trusts with diligence.

ACT.

Of more importance. P. CA. All the world are suiters to her.

PIC. All sorts of men, and all professions!

P. CA. You shall haue stall-fed *Doctors*, cram'd *Diuines*
Make loue to her, and with those studied
And perfum'd flatteries, as no rome can stinke
More elegant, then where they are. PIC. Well chanted
Old *Canter* thou singst true. P. CA. And (by your leaue)

Good *Masters* worship, some of your veluet coate
Make corpulent curt'sies to her, till they cracke for't.

PIC. There's *Doctor Almanack* wooes her, one of the leerers,
A fine Physitian. P. CA. Your Sea captaine, *Shun field*,
Giues out hee'll goe vpon the *Cannon* for her.

PIC. Though his lowd mouthing get him little credit,

P. CA. Young Master *Pyed-mantle*, the fine *Herrald*
Professes to deriue her through all ages,
From all the *Kings*, and *Queenes*, that euer were.

PIC. And Master *Madrigall*, the crowned *Poet*
Of these our times, doth offer at her praises
As faire as any, when it shall please *Apollo*,
That wit and rime may meete both in one subiect.

P. CA. And you to beare her from all these, it will be—

PIC. A work of fame. P. CA. Of honor. PIC. Celebration.

P. CA. Worthy your name. PIC. The *Pcni* boyes to liue in't,

P. CA. It is an action you were built for, Sir,

PIC. And none but you can doe it. P. IV. I'll vndertake it,

P. CA. And carry it. P. IV. Feare me not, for since I came
Of mature age, I haue had a certaine itch
In my right eye, this corner, here, doe you see?
To doe some worke, and worthy of a *Chronicle*.

The first Intermeane after the first *Ad*.

MIRTH. How now Gossip! how doe's the Play please you?

CENSURE. Very scurnily, me thinks, and sufficiently naught.

EXPECTATION. As a body would wish: here's nothing but a young
Prodigall, come of age, who makes much of the Barber, buyes him a
place in a new Office, i'the ayre, I know not where, and his man o' Law to
follow him, with the Begger to boote, and they two helpe him to a wife.

MIRTH. I, shee is a proper piece! that such creatures can broke for.

TATLE. I cannot abide that nasty fellow, the Begger, if hee had beene
a Court-Begger in good clothes; a Begger in veluet, as they say, I could
haue endur'd him.

MIRTH. Or a begging scholler in blacke, or one of these beggerly
Poets, gossip, that would hang vpon a young heyre like a horseleech.

EXPEC. *Or a thred-bare Doctor of Physicke, a poore Quackesaluer.*

CENSVRE. *Or a Sea-captaine, halfe steru'd.*

MIRTH. *I, these were tolerable Beggars, Beggars of fashion! you shall see some such anon!*

TATLE. *I would faine see the Foole, gossip, the Foole is the finest man i' the company, they say, and has all the wit: Hee is the very Iustice o' Peace o' the Play, and can cemmit whom hee will, and what hee will, errour, absurdity, as the toy takes him, and no man say, blacke is his eye, but laugh at him.*

MIRTH. *But they ha' no Foole i' this Play, I am afraid, gossip.*

TATLE. *It's a wise Play, then.*

EXPECTATION. *They are all fooles, the rather, in that.*

CENSVRE. *Like enough.*

TATLE. *My husband, (Timothy Tatle, God rest his poore soule) was wont to say, there was no Play without a Foole, and a Diuell in't; he was for the Diuell still, God blesse him. The Diuell for his money, would hee say, I would faine see the Diuell. And why would you so faine see the Diuell? would I say. Because hee has hornes, wife, and may be a cuckold, as well as a Diuell, hee would answer: You are e'en such another, husband, quoth I. Was the Diuell euer married? where doe you read, the Diuell was euer so honorable to commit Matrimony; The Play will tell vs, that, sayes hee, wee'll goe see't to morrow, the Diuell is an Asse. Hee is an errant learn'd man, that made it, and can write, they say, and I am foully deceiu'd, but hee can read too.*

MIRTH. *I remember it gossip, I went with you, by the same token, Mrs. Trouble Truth diswaded vs, and told vs, hee was a prophane Poet, and all his Playes had Diuels in them. That he kept schole vpo' the Stage, could coniure there, aboue the Schole of Westminster, and Doctor Lamb too: not a Play he made, but had a Diuell in it. And that he would learne vs all to make our husbands Cuckolds at Playes: by another token, that a young married wife i' the company, said, shee could finde in her heart to steale thither, and see a little o' the vanity through her masque, and come practice at home.*

TATLE. *O, it was, Mistresse—*

MIRTH. *Nay, Gossip, I name nobody. It may be 'twas my selfe.*

EXPECTATION. *But was the Diuell a proper man, Gossip?*

MIRTH. *As fine a gentleman, of his inches, as euer I saw trusted to the Stage, or any where else: and lou'd the common wealth, as well as ere a Patriot of 'hem all: hee would carry away the Vice on his backe, quicke to Hell, in euery Play where he came, and reforme abuses.*

EXPECTATION. *There was the Diuell of Edmonton, no such man, I warrant you.*

CENSVRE. *The Coniurer coosen'd him with a candles end, hee was an Asse.*

MIRTH. *But there was one Smug, a Smith, would haue made a horse laugh, and broke his halter, as they say.*

TATLE. *O, but the poore man had got a sbrewd mischance, one day.*

EXPEC-

ACT. II. SCENE. II.

PYED-MANTLE. BROKER.

PENI-BOY. SEN.

WHat luck's this? I am come an inch too late,
Doe you heare Sir? Is your worship o'the family
Vnto the *Lady Pecunia*? BRO. I serue her Grace, Sir,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the *Infanta*.

PYE. Has she all those *Titles*, and her Grace besides,
I must correct that ignorance and ouer-sight,
Before I doe present. Sir, I haue drawne
A *Pedigree* for her Grace, though yet a Nouice
In that so noble study. BRO. A *Herald at Armes*?

PYE. No Sir, a *Pursuant*, my name is *Pyed-mantle*.

BRO. Good Master *Pyed-mantle*. PYE. I haue deduc'd her.

BRO. From all the *Spanish Mines* in the *West-Indies*,
I hope: for she comes that way by her mother,
But, by her Grand-mother, she's *Dutches of Mines*.

PYE. From mans creation I haue brought her. BRO. No further?
Before S^r, long before, you haue done nothing else,
Your *Mines* were before *Adam*, search your *Office*,
Rowle *five* and *twenty*, you will finde it so,
I see you are but a Nouice, Master *Pyed-mantle*.
If you had not told mee so. PYE. Sir, an *apprentise*

In *armoiry*. I haue read the *Elements*,
And *Accidence*, and all the leading bookes,
And I haue, now, vpon me a great ambition,
How to be brought to her Grace, to kisse her hands.

BRO. Why, if you haue acquaintance with *Mistresse Statute*,
Or *Mistresse Band*, my *Ladies Gentlewomen*,
They can induce you. One is a *Iudges Daughter*,
But somewhat stately; th'other *Mistresse Band*,
Her father's but a *Scriuener*, but shee can
Almost as much with my *Lady*, as the other,
Especially, if *Rose Waxe* the *Chambermaid*
Be willing. Doe you not know her, Sir, neither?

PYE. No in troth Sir. BRO. She's a good plyant wench,
And easie to be wrought, Sir, but the Nurse
Old mother *Mortgage*, if you haue a *Tenement*,
Or such a morsell? though shee haue no teeth,

She

Shee loues a sweet meat, any thing that melts
In her warme gummies, she could command it for you
On such a trifle, a toy. Sir, you may see,
How for your loue, and this so pure complexion,
(A perfect *Sanguine*) I ha' ventur'd thus,
The straining of a ward, opening a doore
Into the secrets of our family:

PYE. I pray you let mee know, Sir, vnto whom
I am so much beholden; but your name.

BRO. My name is *Broker*, I am *Secretary*,
And *Vsher*, to her *Grace*. PYE. Good Master *Broker*!

BRO. Good Mr. *Pyed-mantle*. PYE. Why? you could do me,
If you would, now, this fauour of your selfe.

BRO. Truly, I thinke I could: but if I would,
I hardly should, without, or *Mistresse Band*,
Or *Mistresse Statute*, please to appeare in it.
Or the good Nurse I told you of, *Mistresse Mortgage*.
We know our places here, wee mingle not
One in anothers sphere, but all moue orderly,
In our owne orbes; yet wee are all *Concentricks*.

PYE. Well, Sir, I'll waite a better season. BRO. Doe,
And study the right meanes, get *Mistresse Band*
To vrge on your behalfe, or little *Waxe*.

PYE. I haue a hope, Sir, that I may, by chance,
Light on her *Grace*, as she's taking the ayre:

BRO. That ayre of hope, has blasted many an ayrie
Of *Castrills* like your selfe: Good Master *Pyed-mantle*,

P. SE. Well said, Master *Secretary*, I stood behinde
And heard thee all. I honor thy dispatches.
If they be rude, vntained it our method
And haue not studied the rule, dismisse hem quickly,
Where's *Lickfinger* my Cooke? that vnctuous rascall?
Hee'll neuer keepe his houre, that vessell of kitchin stuffe!

*Broker
makes a
mouth at
him.
He ieres
him againe.
Old Peny-
boy leaps*

ACT.

ACT II. SCENE II.

BROKER. PENY-BOY. SE.

LICK-FINGER.

HEere hee is come, Sir. P. SE. Pox vpon him kidney,
 Alwaies too late! LIC. To wish 'hem you, I confesse,
 That ha'them already. P. SE. What? LIC. The pox! P. SE. The
 The plague, and all diseases light on him, (piles,
 Knowes not to keepe his word. I'd keepe my word sure!
 I hate that man that will not keepe his word,
 When did I breake my word? LIC. Or I, till now?
 And 'tis but halfe an houre. P. SE. Halfe a yeere:
 To mee that stands vpon a minute of time.
 I am a iust man, I loue still to be iust.

LIC. Why? you thinke I can runne like light-foot *Ralph*,
 Or keep a wheele-barrow, with a sayle in towne here,
 To whirle me to you: I haue lost two stone
 Off suet i'the seruice posting hither,
 You might haue followed me like a watering pot,
 And seene the knots I made along the street;
 My face dropt like the skimmer in a fritter panne,
 And my whole body, is yet (to say the truth)
 A roasted pound of butter, with grated bread in 't!

P. SE. Belieue you, he that list. You stay'd of purpose,
 To haue my venison stinke, and my fowle mortify'd,
 That you might ha' 'hem---LIC. A shilling or two cheaper,
 That's your iealousie. P. SE. Perhaps it is.
 Will you goe in, and view, and value all?
 Yonder is venison sent mee! fowle! and fish!
 In such abundance! I am sicke to see it!
 I wonder what they meane! I ha' told 'hem of it!
 To burthen a weake stomacke! and prouoke
 A dying appetite! thrust a sinne vpon me
 Ine'r was guilty of! nothing but gluttony!
 Grosse gluttony! that will vndoe this Land!

LIC. And bating two i'the hundred. P. SE. I, that same's
 A crying sinne, a fearefull damn'd deuice,
 Eats vp the poore, deuoures 'hem---LIC. Sir, take heed
 What you giue out. P. SE. Against your graue great *Solons*?
Numa Pompilius, they that made that Law?

D

To

*He sweepes
 his face.*

To take away the poore's inheritance?

It was their portion: I will stand to't.

And they haue rob'd 'hem of it, plainly rob'd 'hem,

I still am a iust man, I tell the truth.

When moneies went at Ten i'the hundred, I,

And such as I, the seruants of *Pecunia*,

Could spare the poore *two* out of *ten*, and did it,

How say you, *Broker*? (LIC. Ask your *Eccho*) BRO. You did it.

P. SE. I am for Iustice, when did I leaue Iustice?

We knew 'twas theirs, they had right and *Title* to't.

Now---LIC. You can spare 'hem nothing. P. SE. Very little,

LIC. As good as nothing. P. SE. They haue bound our hands
With their wise solemne act, shortned our armes.

LIC. Beware those worshipfull eares, Sir, be not shortned,

And you play Crop i'the fleete, if you vse this licence.

P. SE. What licence, Knaue? Informer? LIC. I am *Lickfinger*,

Your Cooke. P. SE. A saucy *Jaake* you are, that's once;

VVhat said I, *Broker*? BRO. Nothing that I heard, Sir.

LIC. I know his gift, hee can be deafe when he list.

P. SE. Ha' you provided me my bushell of egges?

I did bespeake? I doe not care how stale,

Or stincking that they be; let 'hem be rotten:

For ammunition here to pelt the boyes,

That breake my windowes? LIC. Yes Sir, I ha' spar'd 'hem

Out of the custard politique for you, the Maiors.

P. SE. 'Tis well, goe in, take hence all that excesse,

Make what you can of it, your best: and when

I haue friends, that I inuite at home, prouide mee

Such, such, and such a dish, as I bespeake;

One at a time, no superfluitie.

Or if you haue it not, returne mee money;

You know my waies. LIC. They are a little crooked.

P. SE. How knaue? LIC. Because you do indent. P. SE. 'Tis

I do indent you shall returne me money. (true, Sir,

LIC. Rather then meat, I know it: you are iust still.

P. SE. I loue it still. And therefore if you spend

The red-Deere pyes i' your house, or sell 'hem forth, Sir,

Cast so, that I may haue their coffins all,

Return'd here, and pil'd vp: I would be thought

To keepe some kind of house. LIC. By the mouldie signes?

P. SE. And then remember meat for my two dogs:

Fat flaps of mutton; kidneyes; rumps of veale;

Good plentious scraps; my maid shall eat the reliques.

LIC. VVhen you & your dogs haue din'd. A sweet reuerfion.

P. SE. VVho's here? my *Courtier*? and my little *Doctor*?

My *Master-Master*? and what *Plouer's* that

They haue brought to pull? BRO. I know not, some green *Plouer*.

I'le

I'll find him out. P. SE. Doe, for I know the rest,
They are the *leerers*, mocking, flouting *lackes*.

ACT. II. SCENE. IV.

FITTON. PENI-BOY. SE. ALMANACH.
SHVNFIELD. MADRIGAL. LICK-
FINGER. BROKER.

How now old *Money-Bawd*? w'are come---P. IV. To *ieere* me,
As you were wont, I know you. ALM. No, to giue thee
Some good security, and see *Pecunia*.

P. SE. What is't? FIT. Our selues.

ALM. Wee'l be one bound for another.

FIT. This noble *Doctōr* here. ALM. This worthy *Courtier*.

FIT. This *Man o' war*, he was our *Muste-Master*.

ALM. But a *Sea-Captaine* now, braue *Captaine Shun-field*.

SHVN. You snuffe the ayre now, as the scent displeas'd you?

FIT. Thou needst not feare him man, his credit is sound,

ALM. And season'd too, since he tooke salt at Sea.

P. SE. I doe not loue pick'd security,
Would I had one good *Fresh-man* in for all;
For truth is, you three stinke. SHV. You are a Rogue,

P. SE. I thinke I am, but I will lend no money
On that security, *Captaine*. ALM. Here's a Gentleman,
A *Fresh-man* i' the world, one Master *Madrigall*.

FIT. Of an vntainted credit; what say you to him?

SHV. Hee's gone me thinkes, where is he? *Madrigall*?

P. SE. H' has an odde singing name, is he an Heyre?

FIT. An Heyre to a faire fortune, ALM. And full hopes:
A dainty *Scholler*, and a pretty *Poēt*!

P. SE. Y'au'e said enough. I ha' no money, Gentlemen,
An' he goe to't in ryme once, not a penny.

SHV. Why, hee's of yeares, though he haue little beard.

P. SE. His beard has time to grow. I haue no money:
Let him still dable in *Poetry*. No *Pecunia*

Is to be seene. ALM. Come, thou lou'st to be costie
Still i' thy curt'sie; but I haue a pill,

A golden pill to purge away this melancholly.
SHV. Tis nothing but his keeping o' the house here,

With his two drowfie doggs. FIT. A drench of sacke
At a good tauerne, and a fine fresh pullet,

He holds vp
his nose.

Madrigall
steps aside
with Bro-
ker.

He snuffes
againe.

Would cure him. LIC. Nothing but a yong Haire in white.
I know his diet better then the *Doctor*. (broth,

SHV. What *Lick-finger*? mine old host of *Ram-Alley*?
You ha' some mercat here. ALM. Some dosser of Fish
Or Fowle to fetch of. FIT. An odde bargaine of Venison,
To driue. P. SE. Will you goe in, knaue? LIC. I must needs,
You see who driues me, gentlemen. ALM. Not the *diucll*.

FIT. Hee may be in time, hee is his *Agent*, now.

P. SE. You are all cogging *lacks*, a Couy o' wits,
The leerers, that still call together at meales;
Or rather an Airy, for you are birds of prey:
And flie at all, nothing's too bigge or high for you.
And are so truely fear'd, but not belou'd

One of another: as no one dares breake
Company from the rest, lest they should fall,
Vpon him absent. ALM. O! the onely *Oracle*

That euer peept, or spake out of a dublet.

SHV. How the rogue stinks, worse then a Fishmonger sleeues!

FIT. Or Curriers hands! SHV. And such a perboil'd visage!

FIT. His face lookes like a Diers apron, iust!

ALM. A sodden head, and his whole braine a possit curd!

P. SE. I, now you ieere, ieere on; I haue no money.

ALM. I wonder what religion hee's of!

FIT. No certaine *species* sure, A kinde of mule!
That's halfe an *Ethnicke*, halfe a *Christian*!

P. SE. I haue no monie, gentlemen. SHV. This stocke.

He has no sence of any vertue, honour,

Gentrie or *merit*. P. SE. You say very right,

My *meritorious* *Captaine*, (as I take it!)

Merit will keepe no house, nor pay no house rent.

Will *Mistresse Merit* goe to mercat, thinke you?

Set on the pot, or feed the family?

Will *Gentry* cleare with the Butcher? or the Baker?

Fetch in a Pheasant, or a brace of Partridges,

From good-wife *Poulter*, for my *Ladies* supper. (tho',

FIT. See! this pure rogue! P. SE. This rogue has money

My worshipfull braue *Courtier* has no money.

No, nor my valiant *Captaine*. SHV. Hang you rascall.

P. SE. Nor you, my learned *Doctor*. I lou'd you

Whil you did hold your practice, and kill tripe wiues.

And kept you to your vrinall; but since your thombes

Haue greas'd the *Ephemerides*, casting figures,

And turning ouer for your Candle-rents,

And your twelue houses in the *Zodiacke*:

With your *Almutens*, *Alma cantaras*,

Troth you shall cant alone for *Peny-boy*.

SHV. I told you what we should find him, a meere Bawd.

FIT.

Peny-boy
thrists him
in.

FIT. A rogue, a cheater. P. Se. What you please, gentlemen,
I am of that humble nature and condition,
Neuer to minde your worships, or take notice
Of what you throw away, thus. I keepe house here
Like a lame Cobler, neuer out of doores,
With my two dogs, my friends; and (as you say)
Drive a quicke pretty trade, still. I get money:
And as for Titles, be they *Rogue*, or *Rascall*,
Or what your worships fancy, let 'hem passe
As transitory things; they're mine to day,
And yours to morrow. ALM. Hang thee dog. SHV. Thou curre.

P. Se. You see how I doe blush, and am asham'd
Of these large attributes? yet you haue no money.

ALM. Well wolfe, *Hyena*, you old pockie rascall,
You will ha' the *Hernia* fall downe againe
Into your *Scrotum*, and I shall be sent for.

I will remember then, that; and your *Fistula*
In ano, I cur'd you of. P. Se. Thanke your dog-leech craft.
They were 'holesome piles, afore you meddl'd with 'hem.

ALM. What an vngratefull wretch is this? SHV. Hee minds
A curtesie no more, then *London-bridge*,
What Arch was mended last. FIT. Hee neuer thinkes.
More then a logge, of any grace at Court,
A man may doe him: or that such a *Lord*
Reach't him his hand. P. Se. O yes! if grace would strike
The brewers Tally, or my good *Lords* hand,
Would quit the scores. But Sir, they will not doe it.
Here's a piece, my good *Lord* piece, doth all.

Goes to the Butchers, fetches in a muton,
Then to the Bakers, brings in bread, makes fires,
Gets wine, and does more reall Curtesies,
Then all my *Lords*, I know: My sweet *Lord* peece!
You are my *Lord*, the rest are cogging *Iacks*,
Vnder the *Rose*. SHV. Rogue, I could beat you now,

P. Se. True *Captaine*, if you durst beat any other.
I should belieue you, but indeed you are hungry;
You are not angry *Captaine*, if I know you
Aright; good *Captaine*. No, *Pecunia*,
Is to be seene, though *Mistresse Band* would speake,
Or little *Blusket-Waxe*, be ne'r so easie,
I'll stop mine eares with her, against the *Syrens*,
Court, and *Philosophy*. God be wi' you, Gentlemen,
Prouide you better names. *Pecunia* is for you.

FIT. What a damn'd *Harpy* it is? where's *Madrigall*?
Is he sneek'd hence. SHV. Here he comes with *Broker*,
Pecunia's Secretary. ALM. He may doe some good
With him perhaps. Where ha' you beene *Madrigall*?

He shewes a
piece.

Madrigall
returnes.

MAD. Aboue with my *Ladies* women, reading verses.

FIT. That was a fauour. Good morrow, Master *Secretary*.

SHV. Good morrow, Master *Ysher*. ALM. Sir, by both
Your worshipfull *Titles*, and your name Mas *Broker*.

Good morrow. MAD. I did aske him if hee were

Amphibion Broker. SHV. Why? ALM. A creature of two natures,

Because hee has two *Offices*. BRO. You may ieere,

You ha' the wits, young Gentlemen. But your hope

Of *Helicon*, will neuer carry it, heere,

With our fat family; we ha' the dullest,

Most unboar'd Eares for verse amongst our females.

I grieu'd you read so long, Sir, old Nurse *Mortgage*,

Shee snoar'd i the Chaire, and *Statute* (if you mark'd her)

Fell fast a sleepe, and Mistresse *Band*, shee nodded,

But not with any consent to what you read.

They must haue somwhat else to chinke, then rymes.

If you could make an *Epitaph* on your Land,

(Imagine it on departure) such a *Poem*

Would wake them, and bring *waxe* to her true temper.

MAD. I faith Sir, and I will try. BRO. 'Tis but earth,

Fit to make bricke and tyles of. SHV. Pocks vpon't

'Tis but for pots, or pipkins at the best.

If it would keepe vs in good tabacco pipes,

BRO. 'Twere worth keeping. FIT. Or in *porc'lane* dishes

There were some hope. ALM. But this is a hungry soile,

And must be helpt. FIT. Who would hold any Land

To haue the trouble to marle it. SHV. Not a gentleman.

BRO. Let clownes and hyndes affect it, that loue ploughes,

And carts, and harrowes, and are busie still,

In vexing the dull element. ALM. Our sweete *Songster*

Shall rarifie't into ayre. FIT. And you Mas. *Broker*

Shall haue a feeling. BRO. So it supple, Sir,

The nerues. MAD. O! it shall be palpable,

Make thee runne thorow a hoope, or a thombe-ring,

The nose of a tabacco pipe, and draw

Thy ductile bones out, like a knitting needle,

To serue my subtill turnes. BRO. I shall obey, Sir,

And run a thred, like an houre-glasse. P. SE. Where is *Broker*?

Are not these flies gone yet? pray quit my house,

I'll smoake you out else. FIT. O! the Prodigall!

Will you be at so much charge with vs, and losse?

MAD. I haue heard you ha' offered Sir, to lock vp smoake,

And cauke your windores, spar up all your doores,

Thinking to keepe it a close prisoner wi' you,

And wept, when it went out, Sir, at your chimney.

FIT. And yet his eyes were dryer then a pummise.

SHV. A wretched rascall, that will binde about

The

The nose of his bellows, lest the wind get out
When hee's abroad. ALM. Sweepes downe no cobwebs here,
But sells 'hem for cut-fingers. And the spiders,
As creatures rear'd of dust, and cost him nothing,
To fat old *Ladies* monkeyes. FIT. Hee has offer d
To gather vp spilt water, and preserue
Each haire falls from him to stop balls with all.

SHV. A slaue, and an Idolater to *Pecunia*!

P.SE. You all haue happy memories, Gentlemen,
In rocking my poore cradle. I remember too,
When you had lands, and credit, worship, friends,
I, and could giue security: now, you haue none,
Or will haue none right shortly. This can time,
And the vicissitude of things. I haue
All these. and money too, and doe possesse 'hem,
And am right heartily glad of all our memories,
And both the changes. FIT. Let vs leaue the viper.

P.SE. Hee's glad he is rid of his torture, and so soone.
Broker, come hither, vp, and tell your *Lady*,
Shee must be readie presently, and *Statute*,
Band, *Mortgage*, *VVax*. My prodigall young kinsman
Will streight be here to see her; 'top of our house,
The flourishing, and flanting *Peny-boy*.
Wee were but three of vs in all the world,
My brother *Francis*, whom they call'd *Franck Penny-boy*,
Father to this: hee's dead. This *Peny-boy*,
Is now the heire! I, Richer *Peny-boy*,
Not *Richard*, but old *Harry Penny-boy*,
And (to make rime) close, wary *Peny-boy*
I shall haue all at last, my hopes doe tell me:
Goe, see all ready; and where my dogs haue salted,
Remoue it with a broome, and sweeten all
VVith a slice of iuniper, not too much, but sparing,
VVe may be faultie our selues else, and turne prodigall,
In entertaining of the *Prodigall*.
Here hee is! and with him---what! a *Clapper Dudgeon*!
That's a good signe; to haue the begger follow him,
So neere at his first entry into fortune.

ACT.

ACT. II. SCENE. V.

PENY-BOY. IV. PENI-BOY. SEN. PICLOCK.
CANTER.) BROKER. PECVNIA. STATVTE.
BAND. WAX. MORTGAGE. *bid in the study.*

How now old Vncle? I am come to see thee.
And the braue *Lady*, here, the daughter of *Ophir*,
They say thou keepst. P. SE. Sweet Nephew, if she were
The daughter o' the *Sunne*, thee's at your seruice,
And so am I, and the whole family,
Worshipfull Nephew. P. IV. Sai'st thou so, deare Vncle?
Welcome my friends then: Here is, *Domine Picklocke*:
My *man o' Law*, follicits all my causes.
Followes my businesse, makes, and compounds my quarrells,
Betweene my tenants and mee, sowes all my strifes,
And reapes them too, troubles the country for mee,
And vexes any neighbour, that I please.

P. SE. But with commission? P. IV. Vnder my hand & seale.

P. SE. A worshipfull place! PIC. I thanke his worship for it.

P. SE. But what is this old Gentleman? P. CA. A Rogue,
A very *Canter*, I Sir, one that *maunds*

Vpon the *Pad*, wee should be brothers though:

For you are neere as wretched as my selfe,

You dare not vse your money, and I haue none.

P. SE. Not vse my money, cogging *lacke*, who vses it

At better rates? lets it for more i the hundred,

Then I doe, Sirrah? P. IV. Be not angry vncle.

P. SE. What? to disgrace me, with my *Queene*? as if

I did not know her valew. P. CA. Sir, I meant

You durst not to enioy it. P. SE. Hold your peace,

You are a *lacke*. P. SE. Vncle, he shall be a *John*,

And, you goe to that, as good a man as you are.

An' I can make him so, a better man,

Perhaps I will too. Come, let vs goe. P. SE. Nay, kinsman,

My worshipfull kinsman, and the top of our house;

Doe not your penitent vncle that affront,

For a rash word, to leaue his ioyfull threshold,

Before you see the *Lady* that you long for.

The *Venus* of the time, and state, *Pecunia*!

I doe perceiue, your bounty loues the man,

For

Young Pe-
ny-boy is
angry.

For some concealed vertue, that he hides
Vnder those rags. P. CA. I owe my happinesse to him,
The waiting on his worship, since I brought him
The happy *Newes*, welcome to all young heires.

P. IV. Thou didst indeed, for which I thanke thee yet,
Your *Fortunate Princesse*, Vncle, is long a comming.

P. CA. She is not rigg'd, Sir, setting forth some *Lady*,
Will cost as much as furnishing a Fleete,
Here she's come at last, and like a Galley
Guilt i'the prow. P. IV. Is this *Pecunia*?

P. SE. Vouchsafe my toward kinsman, gracious *Madame*,
The fauour of your hand. P. EC. Nay, of my lips, Sir,
To him. P. IV. She kisses like a mortall creature,
Almighty Madame, I haue long'd to see you.

P. EC. And I haue my desire, Sir, to behold
That youth, and shape, which in my dreames and wakes,
I haue so oft contemplated, and felt
Warne in my veynes, and natiue as my blood.
When I was told of your arriual here,
I felt my heart beat, as it would leape out,
In speach; and all my face it was a flame,
But how it came to passe I doe not know.

P. IV. O! beauty loues to be more proud then nature,
That made you blush. I cannot satisfie
My curious eyes, by which alone I am happy,
In my beholding you. P. CA. They passe the complement
Prettily well. P. IC. I, he does kisse her, I like him.

P. IV. My passion was cleare contrary, and doubtfull,
I shooke for feare, and yet I dane'd for ioy,
I had such motions as the Sunne-beames make
Against a wall, or playing on a water,
Or trembling vapour of a boyling pot----

P. SE. That's not so good; it should ha'bin a *Crucible*,
With molten mettall, she had vnderstood it.

P. IV. I cannot talke, but I can loue you, *Madame*.
Are these your Gentlewomen? I loue them too.
And which is mistresse *Statute*? Mistresse *Band*?
They all kisse close, the last stucke to my lips.

BRO. It was my *Ladies* Chamber-maid, soft-waxe.

P. IV. Soft lips she has, I am sure on't. Mother *Mortgage*,
I'll owe a kisse, till she be yonger, *Statute*,
Sweet Mistresse *Band*, and honey, little *Waxe*,
We must be better acquainted. STA. We are but seruants, Sir.

BAND. But whom her *Grace* is so content to grace,
We shall obserue. WAX. And with all fit respect.

MOR. In our poore places. WAX. Being her *Graces* shadowes.

P. IV. A fine well-spoken family. What's thy name?

E

BRO.

The study is
open'd where
she sit in
state.
Shee kisseth
him.

He kisseth
her.

He doubles
the comple-
ment to them
all.

BRO. *Broker*. P. IV. Me thinks my vncle should not need thee,
Who is a crafty Knaue, enough, belecue it.

Art thou her *Graces* Steward? BRO. No, her Vsher, Sir.

P. IV. What, o'the Hall? thou hast a sweeping face,
Thy beard is like a broome. BRO. No barren chin, Sir,
I am no *Eunuch*, though a Gentleman-Vsher.

P. IV. Thou shalt goe with vs. Vncle, I must haue
My *Princesse* forth to day. P. SE. Whither you please, Sir,
You shall command her. PEC. I will doe all grace
To my new seruant. P. SE. Thanks vnto your bounty;
He is my Nephew, and my Chiefe, the Point,
Tip, Top, and Tuft of all our family!

Old Peny-
boy thanks
her, but
makes his
condition.

But, Sir, condition'd alwaies, you returne
Statute, and *Band* home, with my sweet, soft *Waxe*,
And my good Nurse, here, *Mortgage*. P. IV. O! what else?

P. SE. By *Broker*. P. IV. Do not feare. P. SE. She shall go wi'
Whither you please, Sir, any where. P. CA. I see (you,
A *Money-Bawd*, is lightly a *Flesh-Bawd*, too.

PIC. Are you aduis'd? Now o'my faith, this *Canter*
Would make a good graue *Burgesse* in some Barne. (Sir.

P. IV. Come, thou shalt go with vs, vncle. P. CA. By no means,

P. IV. We'll haue both Sack, and Fiddlers. P. SE. I'll not draw
That charge vpon your worship. P. CA. He speakes modestly,
And like an Vncle, P. SE. But *Mas Broker*, here,
He shall attend you, Nephew; her *Graces* Vsher,
And what you fancy to bestow on him,
Be not too lauish, vse a temperate hounty,
I'll take it to my selfe. P. IV. I will be princely,
While I possesse my *Princesse*, my *Pecunia*. (lodging.

P. SE. Where is't you eat? P. IV. Hard by, at *Picklocks*
Old *Lickfinger's* the Cooke, here in *Ram-Alley*.

P. SE. He has good cheare; perhaps I'll come and see you.

P. CAN. O, fie! an Alley, and a Cooks-shop, grosse,
'T will fauour, Sir, most rankly of 'hem both.

Let your meat rather follow you, to a tauerne.

PIC. A tauern's as vnfit too, for a *Princesse*.

P. CA. No, I haue knowne a *Princesse*, and a great one;
Come forth of a tauerne. PIC. Not goe in, Sir, though.

P. CA. She must goe in, if she came forth: the blessed
Pokahontas (as the *Historian* calls her

And great Kings daughters of *Virginia*)

Hath bin in womb of a tauerne; and besides,

Your nasty Vncle will spoyle all your mirth,

And be as noysome. PIC. That's true. P. CA. No faith,

Dine in *Apollo* with *Pecunia*,

At braue *Duke Wadloos*, haue your friends about you,

And make a day on't. P. IV. Content ifaith:

Our

The Canter
takes him a-
side, and per-
swades him,

Our meat shall be brought thither. *Simon* the King,
Will bid vs welcome. *PIC.* Patron, I haue a suite.

P. IV. What's that? *PIC.* That you will carry the *Infanta*,
To see the *Staple*, her *Grace* will be a grace,
To all the members of it. *P. IV.* I will doe it:
And haue her *Armes* set vp there, with her *Titles*,
Aurelia Clara Pecunia, the *Infanta*.

And in *Apollo*. Come (sweete *Princesse*) goe.

P. SE. *Broker*, be careful of your charge. *BRO.* I warrant you.

The second Intermeane after the second Act.

CENSURE. *Why, this is duller and duller! intolerable! scurny! neither
Diuel nor Foole in this Play! pray God, some on vs be not a witch,
Gossip, to forespeake the matter thus.*

MIRTH. *I feare we are all such, and we were old enough: But we are
not all old enough to make one witch. How like you the Vice i' the Play.*

EXPECTATION. *Which is he?*

MIR. *Three or foure: old Couetousnesse, the sordid Peny-boy, the
Money-bawd, who is a flesh-bawd too, they say.*

TATLE. *But here is neuer a Fiend to carry him away. Besides, he
has neuer a wooden dagger! I'd not giue a rush for a Vice, that has not a
wooden dagger to snap at euery body he meetes.*

MIRTH. *That was the old way, Gossip, when Iniquity came in like
Hokos Pokos, in a luglers ierkin, with false skirts, like the Knaue of
Clubs! but now they are attir'd like men and women o' the time, the
Vices, male and female! Prodigality like a young heyre, and his Mi-
stresse Money (whose fauours he scatters like counters) prank't up like a
prime Lady, the Infanta of the Mines.*

CEN. *I, therein they abuse an honorable Princesse, it is thought.*

MIRTH. *By whom is it so thought? or where lies the abuse?*

CEN. *Plaine in the stiling her Infanta, and giuing her three names.*

MIRTH. *Take heed, it lie not in the vice of your interpretation: what
haue Aurelia, Clara, Pecunia to do with any person? do they any more,
but expresse the property of Money, which is the daughter of earth, and
drawne out of the Mines? Is there nothing to be call'd Infanta, but what is
subiect to exception? Why not the Infanta of the Beggars? or Infanta o' the
Gipsies? as well as King of Beggars, and King of Gipsies?*

CEN. *Well, and there were no wiser then I, I would sow him in a sack,
and send him by sea to his Princesse.*

MIRT. *Faith, and hee heard you Censure, he would goe neere to sticke
the Asses eares to your high dressing, and perhaps to all ours for harkening
to you.*

TATLE. By'r Lady but he should not to mine, I would harken, and harken, and censure, if I saw cause, for th'other Princeſſe ſake Pokahontas, ſurnam'd the bleſſed, whom hee has abus'd indeed (and I doe censure him, and will censure him) to ſay ſhe came forth of a Tauerne, was ſaid like a paltry Poet.

MIRTH. That's but one Goſſips opinion, and my Goſſip Tatle's too! but what ſaies Expectation, here, ſhe ſits ſullen and ſilent.

EXP. Troth I expect their Office, their great Office! the Staple, what it will be! they haue talk't on't, but wee ſee't not open yet; would Butter would come in, and ſpread it-ſelfe a little to vs.

MIRTH. Or the butter-box, Buz, the Emiſſary.

TATLE. When it is churn'd, and diſh't, we ſhall heare of it.

EXP. If it be freſh and ſweet butter; but ſay it be ſower and wheyiſh.

MIR. Then it is worth nothing, meere pot-butter, fit to be ſpent in ſuppositories, or greaſing coach-wheeles, ſtale ſtinking butter, and ſuch I feare it is, by the being barrell'd up ſo long.

EXPECTATION. Orranke Iriſh butter.

CEN. Haue patience Goſſips, ſay that contrary to our expectations it proue right, ſeaſonable, ſalt butter.

MIR. Or to the time of yeer, in Lent, delicate Almond butter! I haue a ſweet tooth yet, and I will hope the beſt; and ſit downe as quiet, and calme as butter; looke as ſmooth, and ſoft as butter; be merry, and melt like butter; laugh and be fat like butter: ſo butter anſwer my expectation, and be not mad butter; If it be: It ſhall both Iuly and December ſee. I ſay no more, But---- Dixi.

TO THE READERS.

IN this following *Act*, the Office is open'd, and ſhew'n to the *Prodigall*, and his *Princeſſe Pecunia*; wherein the *allegory*, and purpoſe of the *Author* hath hitherto beene wholly miſtaken, and ſo ſiniſter an interpretation beene made, as if the ſoules of moſt of the *Spectators* had liu'd in the eyes and eares of theſe ridiculous Goſſips that tattle betweene the *Acts*. But hee prayes you thus to mend it. To conſider the *Newes* here vented, to be none of his *Newes*, or any reaſonable mans; but *Newes* made like the times *Newes*, (a weekly cheat to draw mony) and could not be fitter reprehended, then in raiſing this ridiculous Office of the *Staple*, wherein the age may ſee her owne folly, or hunger and thirſt after publiſh'd pamphlets of *Newes*, ſet out euery Saturday, but made all at home, & no ſyllable of truth in them: then which there cannot be a greater diſeaſe in nature, or a fouler ſcorne put vpon the times. And ſo apprehending it, you ſhall doe the *Author*, and your owne iudgement a courteſie, and perceiue the tricke of alluring money to the Office, and there coo'zing the people. If you haue the truth, reſt quiet, and conſider that

Ficta, voluptatis cauſa, ſint proxima veris.

ACT.



ACT. III. SCENE. I.

FITTON. CYMBAL, to them PICKLOCKE.
REGISTER. CLERKE. THO: BARBER.



Ou hunt vpon a wrong scent still, and thinke
The ayre of things will carry 'hem, but it must
Be reason and proportion, not fine sounds,
My cousin *Cymball*, must get you this *Lady*.
You haue entertain'd a petty-fogger here,
Picklocke, with trust of an *Emissaries* place,

And he is, all, for the young *Prodigall*,
You see he has left vs. — Cym. Come, you doe not know him,
That speake thus of him. He will haue a tricke,
To open vs a gap, by a trap-doore,
When they least dreame on't. Here he comes. What newes?

PICK. Where is my brother *Buz*? my brother *Ambler*?
The *Register*, *Examiner*, and the *Clerkes*?
Appeare, and let vs muster all in pompe,
For here will be the rich *Infanta*, presently,
To make her visit. *Peny-boy* the heyre,
My Patron, has got leaue for her to play
With all her traine, of the old churle, her *Guardian*.
Now is your time to make all court vnto her;
That she may first but know, then loue the place,
And shew it by her frequent visits here:
And afterwards, get her to sojourne with you.
She will be weary of the *Prodigall*, quickly.

Cym. Excellent newes! Fit. And counsell of an *Oracle*!

Cym. How say you cousin *Fitton*? Fit. brother *Picklocke*,
I shall adore thee, for this parcell of tidings,
It will cry vp the credit of our *Office*,
Eternally, and make our *Staple* immortall!

PICK. Looke your addresses, then, be faire and fit,

Fitton puts
on the office
cloake, and
Cymbal the
gowne.

Fitton is
brought a-
bout.

And entertaine her, and her creatures, too;
With all the *migniardise*, and quaint *Caresse*s,
You can put on 'hem. FIT. Thou seem'st, by thy language,
No lesse a *Courtier*, then a *man o' Law*.
I must embrace thee. PIC. Tut, I am *Vertumnus*,
On euery change, or chance, vpon occasion;
A true *Chamelion*, I can colour for't.
I moue vpon my axell, like a turne-pike.
Fit my face to the parties, and become
Streight, one of them. CYM. Sirs, vp, into your Desks,
And spread the rolls vpon the Table, so.
Is the *Examiner* set? REG. Yes, Sir. CYM. *Ambler*, and *Buz*,
Are both abroad, now. PIC. Wee'll sustaine their parts.
No matter, let them ply the affayres without,
Let vs alone within, I like that well.
On with the cloake, and you with the *Staple* gowne,
And keep your state, stoupe only to the *Infanta*;
We'll haue a flight at *Mortgage*, *Statute*, *Band*,
And hard, but we'll bring *Wax* vnto the retriue:
Each know his feuerall prouince, and discharge it.
FIT. I do admire this nimble ingine, *Picklock*. CYM. Cuz,
What did I say? FIT. You haue rectified my errour!

ACT. III. SCENE. II.

PENI-BOY. IV. P. CANTER. PECVNIA. STA-
TYTE. BAND. MORTGAGE. WAX.
BROKER. CVSTOMERS.

Hee tells Pe-
cunia of
Thom.

BY your leaue, Gentlemen, what newes? good, good still?
I your new Office? *Princesse*, here's the *Staple*!
This is the *Gouernor*, kisse him, noble *Princesse*,
For my sake. *Thom*, how is it honest *Thom*?
How does thy place, and thou? my Creature, *Princesse*?
This is my Creature, giue him your hand to kisse,
He was my Barber, now he writes *Clericus*!
I bought this place for him, and gaue it him.

P. CA. He should haue spoke of that, Sir, and not you:
Two doe not doe one Office well. P. IV. 'Tis true,
But I am loth to lose my curtesies.

P. CA. So are all they, that doe them, to vaine ends;

And

And yet you do lose, when you pay you selues.

P. Iv. No more o' your sentences, *Canter*, they are stale,
We come for *newes*, remember where you are.

I pray thee let my *Princesse* heare some *newes*,
Good Master *Cymbal*. Cym. What *newes* would she heare?
Or of what kind, Sir? P. Iv. Any, any kind.

So it be *newes*, the newest that thou hast,
Some *newes* of *State*, for a *Princesse*. Cym. Read from *Rome*, there.

Tho. They write, the *King* of *Spaine* is chosen *Pope*. P. Iv. How?

Tho. And *Emperor* too, the thirtieth of *February*.

P. Iv. Is the *Emperor* dead? Cym. No, but he has resign'd,
And trailes a pike now, vnder *Tilly*. Fit. For pennance.

P. Iv. These will beget strange turnes in *Christendome*!

Tho. And *Spinola* is made *Generall* of the *Iesuits*.

P. Iv. Stranger! Fit, Sir, all are alike true, and certaine.

Cym. All the pretence to the fifth *Monarchy*,
Was held but vaine, vntill the *ecclesiastique*,

And *secular* powers, were vnited, thus,

Both in one person. Fit. 'T has bin long the ayme

Of the house of *Austria*. Cym. See but *Maximilian*.

His letters to the *Baron* of *Bouttersheim*,

Or *Scheiter-buysen*. Fit. No, of *Liechtenstein*,

Lord Paul, I thinke. P. Iv. I haue heard of some such thing.

Don Spinola made *Generall* of the *Iesuits*!

A Priest! Cym. O, no, he is dispenc'd with all,

And the whole *society*, who doe now appeare

The onely *Engineers* of *Christendome*.

P. Iv. They haue bin thought so long, and rightly too.

Fit. Witnesse the *Engine*, that they haue presented him,
To winde himselfe with, vp, into the *Moone*:

And thence make all his discoueries! Cym. Read on.

Tho. And *Vittellesco*, he that was last *Generall*,

Being now turn'd *Cooke* to the *society*,

Has drest his excellence, such a dish of egges----

P. Iv. What potch'd? Tho. No, powder'd.

Cym. All the yolke is wilde fire,

As he shall need beleaguer no more townes,

But throw his *Egge* in. Fit. It shall cleare consume,

Palace, and place; demolish and beare downe,

All strengths before it! Cym. Neuer be extinguish'd!

Till all become one ruine! Fi. And from *Florence*,

Tho. They write was found in *Galileos* study,

A burning *Glasse* (which they haue sent him too)

To fire any *Fleet* that's out at *Sea*----

Cym. By *Mooneshine*, is't not so? Tho. Yes, Sir, i'the water.

P. Iv. His strengths will be vnresistable, if this hold!

Ha' you no *Newes* against him, on the contrary?

CLA.

Newes from Rome.

Newes of the Emperor, and Tilly.

Newes of Spinola. The fifth Monarchy, uniting the Ecclesiastike and Secular power.

A plot of the house of Austria.

More of Spinola.

His Egges.

Galilæo's study.

The burning glasse, by Moon-shine.

The Holan-
ders Eele.

Peny-boy
will haue
him change
sides:

though hee
pay for it.

Spinola's
new project:
an army in
cork-shoes.

Extraction
of farts

The perpetu-
all Motion.

CLA. Yes, Sit, they write here, one *Cornelius-Son*,
Hath made the *Hollanders* an inuisible *Eele*,
To swimme the hauen at *Dunkirke*, and sinke all
The shipping there. P. Iv. Why ha' not you this, *Thom*?

CYM. Because he keeps the *Pontificiall* side.

P. Iv. How, change sides, *Thom*. 'Twas neuer in my thought
To put thee vp against our selues. Come downe,
Quickly. CYM. Why, Sir? P. Iv. I venter'd not my mony
Vpon those termes: If he may change; why so.
I'll ha him keepe his owne side, sure. FIT, Why, let him,
'Tis but writing so much ouer againe.

P. Iv. For that I'll beare the charge: There's two Pieces, (Sir.

FIT. Come, do not stick with the gentleman. CYM. I'll take none
And yet he shall ha' the place. P. Iv. They shall be ten, then,
Vp, *Thom*: and th' *Office* shall take 'hem. Keep your side, *Thom*.
Know your owne side, doe not forsake your side, *Thom*.

CYM. Read. THO. They write here one *Cornelius-Son*,
Hath made the *Hollanders* an inuisible *Eele*,
To swimme the Hauen at *Dunkirke*, and sinke all you Sit.
The shipping there. P. Iv. But how is't done? CYM. I'll shew
It is an *Automa*, runnes vnder water,
With a snug nose, and has a nimble taile
Made like an *auger*, with which taile she wrigles
Betwixt the coasts of a Ship, and sinke it streight. (you,

P. Iv. Whence ha' you this *newes*. FIT. From a right hand I assure
The *Eele*-boats here, that lye before *Queen-Hyth*,
Came out of *Holland*. P. Iv. A most braue deuice,
To murder their flat bottomes. FIT. I doe grant you:
But what if *Spinola* haue a new *Project*:
To bring an army ouer in corke-shoes,
And land them, here, at *Harwich*? all his horse
Are shod with corke, and fourescore pieces of ordinance,
Mounted vpon cork-carriages, with bladders,
In stead of wheelles to runne the passage ouer
At a spring-tide. P. Iv. Is't true? FIT. As true as the rest.

P. Iv. He'll neuer leaue his engines: I would heare now
Some curious *newes*. CYM. As what? P. Iv. *Magick*, or *Alchemy*
Or flying i'the ayre, I care not what.

CLA. They write from *Libitzig* (reuerence to your eares)
The Art of drawing farts out of dead bodies,
Is by the *Brotherhood* of the *Rosie Crosse*,
Produc'd vnto perfection, in so sweet
And rich a *tincture*---FIT. As there is no *Princesse*,
But may perfume her chamber with th' *extraction*.

P. Iv. There's for you, *Princesse*. P. CA. What, a fart for her?

P. Iv. I meane the *spirit*. P. CA. Beware how she resents it.

P. Iv. And what hast thou, *Thom*? THO. The perpetuall Motion,

Is

Is here found out by an Alewife in Saint Katherines,
At the signe o' the dancing Beares: P.IV. What, from her tap?
I'll goe see that, or else I'll send old Canter.
He can make that discouery. P. CA. Yes, in Ale.

P. IV. Let me haue all this *Newes*, made vp, and seal'd.

REG. The people presse vpon vs, please you, Sir,
Withdraw with your faire *Princesse*. There's a roome
Within, Sir, to retyre too. P. IV. No, good Register,
We'll stand it out here, and obserue your *Office*;
What *Newes* it issues. REG. 'Tis the house of *fame*, Sir,

The Regi-
ster offers
him a roome.

The Office
call'd the
house of
fame.

Where both the curious, and the negligent;
The scrupulous, and carelesse; wilde, and stay'd;
The idle, and laborious; all doe meet,
To tast the *Cornucopia* of her rumors,
Which she, the mother of sport, pleaseth to scatter
Among the vulgar: Baites, Sir, for the people!
And they will bite like fishes. P. IV. Let's see't.

DOP. Ha' you in your prophane Shop, any *Newes*
O' the *Saints* at *Amsterdam*? REG. Yes, how much would you?

I. Cust.
A she
baptist.

DOP. Six peny worth. REG. Lay your mony down, read, *Thomas*.

THO. The *Saints* do write, they expect a Prophet, shortly,
The Prophet *Baal*, to be sent ouer to them,
To calculate a *time*, and halfe a *time*,
And the whole *time*, according to *Naömetry*.

Prophet Ba-
al expected
in Holland.

P. IV. What's that? THO. The measuring o' the *Temple*: a *Cabal*
Found out but lately, and set out by *Archie*,
Or some such head, of whose long coat they haue heard,
And being black, desire it. DOP. Peace be with them!

Archie
mourn'd
then.

REG. So there had need, for they are still by the eares
One with another. DOP. It is their zeale. REG. Most likely.

DOP. Haue you no other of that *species*? REG. Yes,
But dearer, it will cost you a shilling. DOP. Verily,
There is a nine-pence, I will fied no more.

REG. Not, to the good o' the *Saints*? DOP. I am not sure,
That, man is good. REG. Read, from *Constantinople*,
Nine penny'orth. THO. They giue out here, the *grand Signior*
Is certainly turn'd *Christian*, and to cleare
The controuersie 'twixt the *Pope* and him,
Which is the *Antichrist*; he meanes to visit
The *Church* at *Amsterdam*, this very Sommer,
And quit all marks o' the beast. DOP. Now ioyfull tydings!

The great
Turk turn'd
Christian.

Who brought in this? Which *Emissary*? REG. Buz.
Your countrey-man. DOP. Now, blessed be the man,
And his whole *Family*, with the *Nation*.

REG. Yes, for *Amböyna*, and the Iustice there!
This is a *Doper*, a she *Anabaptist*!
Seale and deliuer her her *newes*, dispatch.

bnA F C. 2.

2. Cust.

A Colony
of Cookes
sent over to
convert the
Canniballs.

3. Cust.

By Colonel
Lickfinger.

C. 2. Ha'you any *newes* from the *Indies*? any mira c
Done in *Iapan*, by the *Iesuites*? or in *China*?

CLA. No, but we heare of a *Colony* of cookes

To be set a shore o' the coast of *America*,

For the conuersion of the *Caniballs*,

And making them good, eating *Christians*.

Here comes the *Colonell* that vndertakes it.

C. 2. Who? captaine *Lickfinger*? LIC. *Newes, newes* my boyes!

I am to furnish a great feast to day,

And I would haue what *newes* the *Office* affords.

CLA. We were venting some of you, of your *new project*,

REG. Afore 'twas paid for, you were somewhat too hasty.

P. IV. What *Lickfinger*! wilt thou conuert the *Caniballs*,

With spit and pan Diuinity? LIC. Sir, for that

I will not vrge, but for the fire and zeale

To the true cause; thus I haue vndertaken:

With two Lay-brethren, to my selfe, no more,

One o' the broach, th' other o' the boyler,

In one fixe months, and by plaine cookery,

No magick to't, but old *Iaphets* physicke,

The father of the *Europaan* Arts,

To make such sauces for the *Sauages*,

And cookes their meats, with those inticing steemes,

As it would make our *Caniball-Christians*,

Forbeare the mutuall eating one another,

Which they doe doe, more cunningly, then the wilde

Anthropophagi; that snatch onely strangers,

Like my old Patrons dogs, there. P. IV. O, my Vncles!

Is dinner ready, *Lickfinger*? LIC. When you please, Sir.

I was bespeaking but a parcell of *newes*,

To strew out the long meale withall, but 't seemes

You are furnish'd here already. P. IV. O, not halfe!

LIC. What *Court-newes* is there? any *Proclamations*,

Or *Edicts* to come forth. THO. Yes, there is one.

That the *Kings Barber* has got, for aid of our trade:

Whereof there is a manifest decay.

A *Precept* for the wearing of long haire,

To runne to feed, to sow bald pates withall,

And the preseruing fruitfull heads, and chins,

To help a mistery, almost antiquated.

Such as are bald and barren beyond hope,

Are to be separated, and set by

For *Vshers*, to old *Countesses*. LIC. And *Coachmen*.

To mount their boxes, reuerently, and driue,

Like *Lapwings*, with a shell vpo' their heads.

Thorow the streets. Ha' you no *Newes* o' the *Stage*?

They'll aske me about *new Playes*, at dinner time.

And

To let long
haire runne
to seed, to sow
bald pates.

And I should be as dumbe as a fish. THO. O! yes.
There is a *Legacy* left to the *Kings Players*,
Both for their various shifting of their *Scene*,
And dext'rous change o'their persons to all shapes,
And all disguises: by the right reuerend
Archbishop of Spalato. LIC. He is dead,
That plai'd him! THO. Then, h'has lost his share o' the *Legacy*.

Spalato's
Legacy to
the Players.

LIC. What newes of *Gundomar*? THO. A second *Fistula*,
Or an *excoriation* (at the least)

Gundo-
mar's use of
the game at
Chesse, or
Play so cal-
led.

For putting the poore *English-play*, was writ of him,
To such a sordid vse, as (is said) he did,
Of cleansing his *posterior's*. LIC. Iustice! Iustice!

THO. Since when, he liues condemn'd to his share, at *Bruxels*.
And there sits filing certaine politique hinges,
To hang the *States* on, h'has heau'd off the hookes. (nothing,

LIC. What must you haue for these? P. IV. Thou shalt pay
But reckon 'hem in i'the bill. There's twenty pieces,

Hee giues
20. pieces,
to the Of-
fice.
Doubles it.

Her *Grace* bestowes vpon the *Office*, *Thom*,
Write thou that downe for *Newes*. REG. We may well do't,
We haue not many such. P. IV. There's twenty more,
If you say so; my *Princesse* is a *Princesse*!
And put that too, vnder the *Office Scale*.

CYM. If it will please your *Grace* to sojourne here,
And take my rooffe for couert, you shall know
The rites belonging to your blood, and birth,
Which few can apprehend: these sordid seruants,
Which rather are your keepers, then attendants,
Should not come neere your presence. I would haue
You waited on by *Ladies*, and your traine
Borne vp by persons of quality, and honour,
Your meat should be seru'd in with curious dances,
And set vpon the boord, with virgin hands,
Tun'd to their voices; not a dish remou'd,
But to the *Musicke*, nor a drop of wine,
Mixt, with his water, without *Harmony*,

Cymbal
takes Pecunia
aside,
courts and
wooos her, to
the Office.

PEC. You are a *Courtier*, Sir, or somewhat more;
That haue this tempting language! CYM. I'm your seruant,
Excellent *Princesse*, and would ha' you appeare
That, which you are. Come forth *State*, and wonder,
Of these our times, dazle the vulgar eyes.
And strike the people blind with admiration.

P. CAN. Why, that's the end of wealth! thrust riches outward,
And remaine beggers within: contemplate nothing
But the vile sordid things of time, place, money,
And let the noble, and the precious goe,
Vertue and honesty; hang 'hem; poore thinne membranes
Of honour; who respects them? O, the *Fates*!

Fitton hath
beene cour-
ting the mar-
ring-women,
this while,
and is teered
by them.

How hath all iust, true reputation fall'n,
Since money, this base money 'gan to haue any!

BAN. Pitty, the Gentleman is not immortall.

WAX. As he giues out, the place is, by description.

FIT. A very *Paradise*, if you saw all, *Lady*.

WAX. I am the *Chamber-maid*, Sir, you mistake,
My *Lady* may see all.

FIT. Sweet *Mistresse Statute*, gentle *Mistresse Band*,
And Mother *Mortgage*, doe but get her *Grace*
To sojourne here.—PIC. I thanke you gentle *Waxe*,

MOR. If it were a *Chattell*, I would try my credit.

PIC. So it is, for *terme of life*, we count it so.

STA. She meanes, *Inheritance* to him, and his *heyres*:
Or that he could assure a *State*, of *yeeres*:

I'll be his *Statute-Staple*, *Statute-Merchant*,

Or what he please. PIC. He can expect no more.

BAN. His cousin Alderman *Security*,
That he did talke of so, e'en now—STA. Who, is
The very broch o'the bench, gem o'the City.

BAN. He and his Deputy, but assure his life
For one *seuen yeeres*. STA. And see what we'll doe for him,
Vpon his *scarlet* motion. BAN. And old *Chaine*,
That drawes the city-eares. WAX. When he sayes nothing,
But twirles it thus. STA. A mouing *Oratory*!

BAN. Dumb *Rethoricke*, and silent *eloquence*!
As the fine *Poet* saies! FIT. Come, they all scorne vs,
Doe you not see't? the *family* of scorne!

BRO. Doe not believe him! gentle Master *Picklocke*,
They vnderstood you not: the *Gentlewomen*,
They thought you would ha' my *Lady* sojourne, with you,
And you desire but now and then, a visit?

PIC. Yes, if she pleas'd, Sir, it would much aduance
Vnto the *Office*, her continuall residence!

(I speake but as a member) BRO. 'Tis inough.

I apprehend you. And it shall goe hard,
But I'll so worke, as some body shall worke her!

PIC. 'pray you change with our Master, but a word about it.

P. IV. Well, *Lickfinger*, see that our meat be ready,
Thou hast *News* inough. LIC. Something of *Bethlem Gabor*,
And then I'm gone. THO. We heare he has deuise'd

A *Drumme*, to fill all *Christendome* with the sound:

But that he cannot drawe his forces neere it,
To march yet, for the violence of the noise.

And therefore he is faine by a designe,
To carry 'hem in the ayre, and at some distance,
Till he be married, then they shall appeare.

LIC. Or neuer; well, God b'wi'you (stay, who's here?)

Bethlem
Gabors
Drum.

A little of the *Duke of Bauier*, and then—

CLA. H' has taken a gray habit, and is turn'd
The Churches *Millar*, grinds the catholique grist
With euery wind: and *Tilly* takes the toll.

Cvs. 4. Ha'you any *newes* o' the *Pageants* to send downe?
Into the feuerall *Counties*. All the countrey
Expected from the city most braue speeches,
Now, at the Coronation. LIC. It expected
More then it vnderstood: for, they stand mute,
Poore innocent dumb things; they are but wood.
As is the bench and blocks, they were wrought on, yet
If *May-day* come, and the *Sunne* shine, perhaps,
They'll sing like *Memmons* Statue, and be vocall.

Cvs. 5. Ha'you any *Forest-newes*? THO. None very wild, Sir,
Some tame there is, out o' the *Forrest* of fooles,
A new *Parke* is a making there, to feuer
Cuckolds of *Antler*, from the Rascalls. Such,
Whose wiues are dead, and haue since cast their heads,
Shall remaine *Cuckolds-pollard*. LIC. I'll ha' that *newes*.

Cvs. 1. And I. 2. And I. 3. And I. 4. And I. 5. And I.

CYM. Sir, I desire to be excus'd; and, *Madame*:

I cannot leaue my *Office*, the first day.

My Cousin *Fitton* here, shall wait vpon you.

And *Emissary Picklocke*. P. Iv. And *Thom*: *Clericus*?

CYM. I cannot spare him yet, but he shall follow you,
When they haue ordered the *Rolls*. Shut vp th' *Office*,
When you ha' done, till two a clocke.

The Duke
of Bauier.

4. Cust.
The Page-
ants.

5. Cust.
The new
Parke in
the Forrest
of Fooles.

Peny-boy
would inuite
the Master
of the Office

ACT. III. SCENE. III.

SHVNFIELD. ALMANACK. MADRI- GAL. CLERKES.

BY your leaue, *Clerkes*,

Where shall we dine to day? doe you know? the *leerers*.

ALM. Where's my fellow *Fitton*? THO. New gone forth.

SHV. Cannot your *Office* tell vs, what braue fellowes
Doe eat together to day, in towne, and where?

THO. Yes, there's a Gentleman, the braue heire, yong *Peny-boy*.
Dines in *Apollo*. MAD. Come, let's thither then,

I ha' supt in *Apollo*! ALM. With the *Muses*? MAD. No,

But with two Gentlewomen, call'd, the *Graces*. (Sir.

ALM. They' were euer three in *Poetry*. MAD. This was truth,

THO. Sir, Master *Fitton's* there too! SHV. All the better!

ALM. We may haue a iecere, perhaps. SHV. Yes, you'll drink,
(If there be any good meat) as much good wine now, (Doct^r.
As would lay vp a *Dutch Ambassador*.

THO. If he dine there, he's sure to haue good meat,
For, *Lickfinger* prouides the dinner. ALM. Who?

The glory o'the *Kitchin*? that holds *Cookery*,
A trade from *Adam*? quotes his *broths*, and *sallads*?
And sweares he's not dead yet; but translated
In some *immortall crust*, the *past* of *Almonds*?

MAD. The same. He holds no man can be a *Poet*,
That is not a good *Cooke*, to know the palats,
And seuerall *tastes* o'the time. He drawes all *Arts*
Out of the *Kitchin*, but the *Art* of *Poetry*,
which he concludes the same with *Cookery*.

SHV. Tut, he maintaines more *heresies* then that.
He'll draw the *Magisterium* from a mine'd-pye,
And preferre *Iellies*, to your *Iulips*, *Doct^r.*

ALM. I was at an *Olla Podrida* of his making,
Was a braue piece of *cookery*! at a funerall!
But opening the pot-lid, he made vs laugh,
who had wept all day! and sent vs such a tickling
Into our nostrills, as the funerall feast
Had bin a wedding-dinner. SHV. Gi' him allowance,
And that but moderate, he will make a *Syren*
Sing i'the *Kettle*, send in an *Arion*,
In a braue broth, and of a watry greene,
Iust the Sea-colour, mounted on the backe
Of a growne *Cunger*, but, in such a posture,
As all the world would take him for a *Dolphin*.

MAD. Hee's a rare fellow, without question! but
He holds some *Paradoxes*. ALM. I, and *Pseudodoxes*.
Mary, for most, he's *Orthodox* i'the *Kitchin*.

MAD. And knowes the *Clergies* tast! ALM. I, and the *Layties*!

SHV. You thinke not o' your time, we'll come too late,
If we go not presently. MAD. Away then. SHV. Sirs,
You must get o' this *newes*, to store your *Office*,
Who dines and sups i' the towne? where, and with whom?
'Twill be beneficiall: when you are stor'd;
And as we like our fare, we shall reward you.

CLA. A hungry trade, 'twill be. THO. Much like *D. Humphries*,
But, now and then, as th'holesome prouerb saies,
'Twill *obsonare famem ambulando*.

CLA. Shut vp the *Office*: gentle brother *Thomas*.

THO. Brother, *Nathaniel*, I ha'the wine for you.
I hope to see vs, one day, *Emissaries*.

CLA. Why not? S'lid, I despaire not to be *Master*!

ACT.

ACT. III. SCENE. IV.

PENI-BOY. SE. BROKER. CYMBAL.

HOW now? I thinke I was borne vnder *Hercules starre*!
 Nothing but trouble and tumult to oppresse me?
 Why come you backe? where is your charge? BRO. I ha' brought
 A Gentleman to speake with you? P. SE. To speake with me?
 You know 'tis death for me to speake with any man.
 What is he? set me a chaire. BRO. He's the *Master*
 Of the great *Office*. P. SE. What? BRO. The *Staple of Newes*,
 A mighty thing, they talke *Six thousand* a yeere.

P. SE. Well bring your *sixe* in. Where ha' you left *Pecunia*?

BRO. Sir, in *Apollo*, they are scarce set. P. SE. Bring *sixe*.

BRO. Here is the Gentleman. P. SE. He must pardon me,
 I cannot rise; a diseas'd man. CYM. By no meanes, Sir,
 Respect your health, and ease. P. SE. It is no pride in me!
 But paine, paine; what's your errand, Sir, to me?
 Broker, returne to your charge, be *Argus-eyed*,
 Awake, to the affaire you haue in hand,
 Serue in *Apollo*, but take heed of *Bacchus*.
 Goe on, Sir. CYM. I am come to speake with you.

P. SE. 'Tis paine for me to speake, a very death,
 But I will heare you! CYM. Sir, you haue a *Lady*,
 That soiournes with you. P. SE. Ha? I am somewhat short
 In my sense too—CYM. *Pecunia*. P. SE. O' that side,
 Very imperfect, on—CYM. Whom I would draw
 Oftner to a poore *Office*, I am *Master* of—

P. SE. My hearing is very dead, you must speake quicker.

CYM. Or, if it please you, Sir, to let her soiourne
 In part with me; I haue a *moyety*
 We will diuide, halfe of the profits. P. SE. Ha?
 I heare you better now, how come they in?
 Is it a certaine *businesse*, or a casuall?
 For I am loth to seeke out doubtfull courses,
 Runne any hazardous paths, I loue streight waies,
 A iust, and vpright man! now all trade totters.
 The trade of money, is fall'n, two i'the *hundred*.
 That was a certaine trade, while th' age was thrifty,
 And men good husbands, look'd vnto their stockes,
 Had their mindes bounded; now the publike Riot
 Prostitutes all, scatters away in coaches,
 In foot-mens coates, and waiting womens gownes,
 They must haue veluet hanches (with a pox)

Now

He is started
 with Bro-
 ker's com-
 ming back.

Hee sends
 Broker
 backe

He pretends
 infirmity.

Hee talke
vehemently
and aloud.

Is mon'd
more and
more.

The fash
Broker
backe

He pretends
ignorance.

He is angry.

Bids him
get out of
his house.

Cymbal
railes at
him.
Hee ceres
him.

Now taken vp, and yet not pay the vse;
Bate of the vse? I am mad with this times manners.

CYM. You said e'en now, it was death for you to speake.

P. SE. I; but an anger, a iust anger, (as this is)

Puts life in man. Who can endure to see

The fury of mens gullets, and their groines?

What fires, what cookes, what kitckins might be spar'd?

What Stewes, Ponds, Parks, Coupes, Garners, Magazines?

What veluets, tissues, scarfes, embroyderies?

And laces they might lacke? They couet things—

Superfluous still; when it were much more honour

They could want necessary! What need hath Nature

Of siluer dishes? or gold chamber-pots?

Of perfum'd napkins? or a numerous family,

To see her eate? Poore, and wise she, requires

Meate onely; Hunger is not ambitious:

Say, that you were the *Emperour* of pleasures,

The great *Dictator* of fashions, for all *Europe*,

And had the pompe of all the *Courts*; and *Kingdomes*,

Laid forth vnto the shew? to make your selfe

Gaz'd, and admir'd at? You must goe to bed,

And take your naturall rest: then, all this vanisheth.

Your brauery was but shoven; 'twas not posselt:

While it did boast it selfe, it was then perishing. (cesse

CYM. This man has healthfull lungs. P. SE. All that ex-
Appear'd as little yours, as the *Spectators*.

It scarce fills vp the expectation

Of a few houres, that entertaines mens liues.

CYM. He has the *monopoly* of sole-speaking.

Why, good Sir? you talke all. P. SE. Why should I not?

Is it not vnder mine owne roofe? my feeling? (not

CYM. But I came hete to talk with you. P. S. Why, an' I will
Talke with you, Sir? you are answer'd, who sent for you?

CYM. Nobody sent for me—P. SE. But you came, why then
Goe, as you came, heres no man holds you, There,

There lies your way, you see the doore. CYM. This's strange!

P. Se. 'Tis my ciuility, when I doe not rellish

The party, or his businesse. Pray you be gone, Sir.

I'll ha' no venter in your *Ship*, the *Office*

Your *Barke* of *Six*, if 'twere *sixteene*, good, Sir,

CYM. You are a rogue. P. SE. I thinke I am Sir, truly.

CYM. A Rascall, and a *money-bawd*. P. SE. My surnames:

CYM. A wretched Rascall! P. S. You will ouerflow—

And spill all. CYM. Caterpillar, moath,

Horse-leach, and dung-worme—P. SE. Still you lose your labor.

I am a broken vessell, all runnes out:

A shrunke old *Dryfat*. Fare you well, good *Sixe*.

The

The third Intermeane after the third Act.

CENSURE. A notable tough Rascall! this old Penny-boy! right City-bred!

MIRTH. In Siluer-streete, the Region of money, a good seat for a Usurer.

TATLE. He has rich ingredients in him, I warrant you, if they were extracted, a true receipt to make an Alderman, and he were well wrought upon, according to Art.

EXP. I would faine see an Alderman in chimia! that is a treatise of Aldermanity truely written.

CEN. To shew how much it differs from Vrbanity.

MIRTH. I, or humanity. Either would appeare in this Penny boy, and hee were rightly distill'd. But how like you the newes? you are gone from that.

CEN. O, they are monstrous! scuruy! and stale! and-too exotick! ill cook'd! and ill dish'd!

EXP. They were as good, yet, as butter could make them!

TAT. In a word, they were beastly buttered! he shall neuer come o' my bread more, nor my in mouth, if I can helpe it. I haue had better newes from the bake-house, by ten thousand parts, in a morning: or the conduits in Westminster! all the newes of Tuttle-street, and both the Alm'ries! the two Sanctuaries! long, and round Wool-staple! with Kings-street, and Chanon-row to boot!

MIRTH. I, my Gossip Tatle knew what fine slips grew in Gardiners-lane; who kist the Butchers wife with the Cowes-breath; what matches were made in the bowling-Alley, and what bettes wonne and lost; how much griefe went to the Mill and what besides: who coniur'd in Tuttle-fields, and how many? when they neuer came there. And which Boy rode upon Doctor Lambe, in the likenesse of a roaring Lyon, that runne away with him in his teeth, and ha's not deuour'd him yet.

TAT. Why, I had it from my maid Ioane Heare-say: and shee had it from a limbe o'the schoole, shee saies, a little limbe of nine yeere old; who told her, the Master left out his coniuring booke one day, and hee found it, and so the Fable came about. But whether it were true, or no, we Gossips are bound to beleue it, and be once out, and a foot: how should wee entertaine the time else, or finde our selues in fashionable discourse, for all companies, if we do not credit all, and make more of it, in the reporting?

CEN. For my part, I beleue it: and there were no wiser then I, I would haue ne'er a cunning Schoole-Master in England. I meane a Cunning-Man, a Schoole-Master; that is a Coniurour, or a Poet, or that had any acquaintance with a Poet. They make all their schollers Play-boyes! Is't not a fine sight, to see all our children made Enter-luders? Doe wee pay our money for this? wee send them to learne their

Grammar, and their Terence, and they learne their play-books? well, they talke, we shall haue no more Parliaments (God blesse vs) but an mee haue, I hope, Zeale-of-the-land Buzy, and my Gossip, Rabby Trouble-truth will start vp, and see we shall haue painfull good Ministers to keepe Schoole, and Catechise our youth, and not teach 'hem to speake Playes, and Act Fables of false newes, in this manner, to the super-uexation of Towne and Countrey, with a wanian.



ACT. IIII. SCENE. I.

PENY-BOY. IV. FITTON. SHVNFIELD.
ALMANACK. MADRIGAL. CAN-
TER. PICKLOCKE.



Come, Gentlemen, let's breath from *healts* a while.
This *Lickfinger* has made vs a good dinner,
For our *Pecunia*: what shal's doe with our selues,
While the women water? and the *Fidlers* eat?

FIT. Let's ieere a little. P. Iv. Ieere? what's that? SHV. Ex-

ALM. We first begin with our selues, & then at you, (peet, S^r.)

SHV. A game we vse. MAD. We ieere all kind of persons

We meete withall, of any rancke or quality,

And if we cannot ieere them, we ieere our selues.

P. CA. A pretty sweete society! and a gratefull!

PIC. 'Pray let's see some. SHV. Haue at you, then *Lawyer*.

They say, there was one of your coate in *Bet'lem*, lately,

ALM. I wonder all his *Clients* were not there.

MAD. They were the madder sort. PIC. Except, Sir, one
Like you, and he made verses. FIT. *Madrigall*,

A ieere. MAD. I know. SHV. But what did you doe, *Lawyer*?
When you made loue to *Mistresse Band*, at dinner.

MAD. Why? of an *Aduocate*, he grew the *Clyent*. (nature

P. Iv. Well play'd, my *Poet*. MAD. And shew'd the *Law* of
Was there aboue the *Common-Law*. SHV. Quit, quit,

P. Iv.

P. Iv. Call you this ieering? I can play at this,
'Tis like a *Ball* at *Tennis*. FIT. Very like,
But we were not well in. ALM. 'Tis indeed, Sir.
When we doe speake at volley, all the ill
We can one of another. SHV. As this morning,
(I would you had heard vs) of the Rogue your *Vnle*.

ALM. That *Mony-bawd*. MAD. We call'd him a *Coat-card*
O'the last order. P. Iv. What's that? a *Knaue*?

MAD. Some readings haue it so, *my manuscript*
Doth speake it, *varlet*. P. CA. And your selfe a *Feole*
O'the first ranke, and one shall haue the leading
O'the right-hand file, vnder this braue Commander.

P. Iv. What saist thou, *Canter*? P. CA. Sir, I say this is
A very wholesome exercise, and comely.
Like Lepers, shewing one another their scabs.
Or flies feeding on vlcers. P. Iv. What *Newes* Gentlemen?
Ha' you any newes for after dinner? me thinks
We should not spend our time vnprofitably.

P. CA. They neuer lie, Sir, betweene meales, 'gainst supper
You may haue a *Bale* or two brought in. FIT. This *Canter*,
Is an old enuious *Knaue*! ALM. A very *Rascall*!

FIT. I ha' mark'd him all this meale, he has done nothing
But mocke, with scuruy faces, all wee said.

ALM. A supercilious Rogue! he lookes as if
He were the *Patrico*—MAD. Or *Arch-priest* o' *Canter*s,

SHV. Hee's some *primate metropolitan* *Rascall*,
Our shot-clog makes so much of him. ALM. The *Law*,
And he does gouerne him P. Iv. What say you, Gentlemen?

FIT. We say, we wonder not, your man o' *Law*,
Should be so gracious wi' you; but how it comes,
This Rogue, this *Canter*! P. Iv. O, good words. FIT. A fellow
That speakes no language—ALM. But what gingling *Gipsies*,
And *Pedlers* trade in—FIT. And no honest *Christian*

Can vnderstand—P. CA. Why? by that argument,
You all are *Canter*s, you, and you, and you,
All the whole world are *Canter*s, I will proue it
In your *professions*. P. Iv. I would faine heare this,
But stay, my *Princesse* comes, prouide the while,
I'll call for't anone. How fares your *Grace*?

He speaks
to all the
Icerers.

G 2

ACT.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. II.

LICKFINGER. PECVNIA. STATVTE.
BAND. VVAXE. §to them.

Lickfinger
is challeng'd
by Madrigal
of an argu-
ment.

I hope the fare was good. PEC. Yes, *Lickfinger*,
And we shall thanke you for't and reward you.

MAD. Nay, I'll not lose my argument, *Lickfinger*;
Before these Gentlemen, I affirme,
The perfect, and true straine of poetry,
Is rather to be giuen the quicke Celler,
Then the fat *Kitchin*. LIC. *Heretique*, I see
Thou art for the vaine Oracle of the Bottle.
The hogshead, *Trismegistus*, is thy *Pegasus*.
Thence flowes thy *Muses* spring, from that hard hoofe:
Seduced Poet, I doe say to thee,
A Boyler, Range, and Dresser were the *Fountaines*,
Of all the knowledge in the *vniverse*.
And they 'are the *Kitchens*, where the *Master-Cooke*—
(Thou dost not know the man, nor canst thou know him,
Till thou hast seru'd some yeeres in that deepe schoole,
That's both the *Nurse* and *Mother* of the *Arts*,
And hear'st him read, interpret, and demonstrate!)
A *Master-Cooke*! Why, he's the *man o' men*,
For a *Professor*! he designs, he drawes,
He paints, he carues, he builds, he fortifies,
Makes *Citadels* of curious fowle and fish,
Some he *dri-dishes*, some *motes* round with *broths*.
Mounts *marrowbones*, cuts *fifty angled custards*,
Reares *bulwark pies*, and for his *outerworkes*.
He raiseth *Ramparts* of immortall *crust*;
And teacheth all the *Tacticks*, at one dinner:
What *Rankes*, what *Files*, to put his dishes in;
The whole *Art Military*. Then he knowes,
The influence of the *Starres* vpon his meats,
And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,
And so to fit his relishes, and sauces,
He has *Nature* in a pot, 'boue all the *Chymists*,
Or airy brethren of the *Rosie-crosse*.
He is an *Architect*, an *Inginer*,
A *Souldiour*, a *Physician*, a *Philosopher*,
A generall *Mathematician*. MAD. It is granted.

LIC.

LIC. And that you may not doubt him, for a *Poet*—

ALM. This *fury* shewes, if there were nothing else!
And 'tis diuine! I shall for euer hereafter,
Admire the wisdom of a *Cooke*? BAN. And we, Sir!

P. IV. O, how my *Princesse* drawes me, with her lookes,
And hailes me in, as eddies draw in boats,
Or strong *Charybdis* ships, that faile too neere
The shelues of *Loue*! The tydes of your two eyes!

Wind of your breath, are such as sicke in all,
That doe approach you! PEC. Who hath chang'd my seruant?

P. IV. Your selfe, who drinke my blood vp with your beames,
As doth the *Sunne*, the *Sea*! *Pecunia* shines
More in the world then he: and makes it *Spring*

Where e'r she fauours! 'please her but to show
Her melting wrests, or bare her yuorie hands,
She catches still! her smiles they are *Loue's* fetters!
Her brests his apples! her tears *Stawberries*!

Where *Cupid* (were he present now) would cry
Fare well my mothers milke, here's sweeter *Nectar*!

Helpe me to praise *Pecunia*, Gentlemen:

She's your *Princesse*, lend your wits, FIT. A *Lady*,
The *Graces* taught to moue! ALM. The *Houres* did nurse!

FIT. Whose lips are the instructions of all *Louers*!

ALM. Her eyes their lights, and riuals to the *Starres*!

FIT. A voyce, as if that *Harmony* still spake!

ALM. And polish'd skinne, whiter then *Venus* foote!

FIT. Young *Hebes* necke, or *Iunoe's* armes! ALM. A haire,
Large as the *Mornings*, and her breath as sweete,
As meddowes after raine, and but new mowne!

FIT. *Lada* might yeeld vnto her, for a face!

ALM. *Hermione* for brests! FIT. *Flora*, for cheekes!

ALM. And *Helen* for a mouth! P. IV. Kisse, kisse 'hem, *Princesse*.

FIT. The pearle doth striue in whiteneffe, with her necke,

ALM. But loseth by it: here the *Snow* thawes *Snow*,
One frost resolues another! FIT. O, she has
A front too slippery to be look't vpon!

ALM. And glances that beguile the seers eyes!

P. IV. Kisse, kisse againe, what saies my *man o' warre*?

SHV. I say, she's more, then *Fame* can promise of her.

A *Theame*, that's ouercome with her owne matter!

Praise is stricke blind, and deafe, and dumbe with her!

Shee doth astonish *Commendation*!

P. IV. Well pumpt i' faith old *Sailor*: kisse him too:
Though he be a slugge. What saies my *Poet-sucker*!

He's chewing his *Muses* cudde, I doe see by him.

MAD. I haue almost done, I want but e'ne to finish.

FIT. That's the 'ill luck of all his workes still. P. IV. What?

Peny-boy
is courting
his Prin-
cesse all
the while.

They all be-
ginne the
encomium of
Pecunia.

She kisseth
them.

Again.

She kisseth
Captaine
Shunfield.

FIT. To beginne many works, but finish none;

P. IV. How does he do his Mistresse work? FIT. Imperfect.

ALM. I cannot thinke he finisheth that. P. IV. Let's heare.

MAD. It is a *Madrigall*, I affect that kind
Of *Poem*, much. P. IV. And thence you ha' the name.

FIT. It is his *Rose*. He can make nothing else

MAD. I made it to the *tune* the *Fidlers* play'd,
That we all lik'd so well. P. IV. Good, read it, read it.

MAD. The *Sunne* is father of all mettalls, you know,
Siluer, and gold. P. IV. I, leaue your *Prologues*, say!

SONG.

MADRIGAL. As bright as is the *Sunne* her *Sire*,
Or *Earth* her mother, in her best atyre,
Or *Mint*, the *Mid-wife*, with her fire,
Comes forth her Grace! } P. IV. That *Mint* the
The splendour of the wealthiest *Mines*! } Midwife does well.
The stamp, and strength of all imperiall lines,
Both maiesty and beauty shines, } FIT. That's fairely
In her sweet face! } said of *Money*.

Looke how a *Torch*, of *Taper* light,
Or of that *Torches* flame, a *Beacon* bright; [P. IV. Good!

MAD. Now there, I want a line to finish, Sir.

P. IV. Or of that *Beacons* fire, *Moone*-light:

MAD. So takes she place! } [FIT. 'Tis good.

And then I haue a *Saraband*—

She makes good cheare, she keepes full boards,

She holds a *Faire* of *Knights*, and *Lords*,

A *Mercat* of all *Offices*,

And *Shops* of honour, more or lesse.

According to *Pecunia's* Grace,

The *Bride* hath beauty, blood, and place,

The *Bridegrome* vertue, valour, wit,

And wisdome, as he stands for it.

PIC. Call in the *Fidlers*. *Nicke*, the boy shall sing it,

Sweet *Princess*, kisse him, kisse 'hem all, deare *Madame*,

And at the close, vouchsafe to call them *Cousins*.

PIC. Sweet *Cousin* *Madrigall*, and *Cousin* *Fitton*,

My *Cousin* *Shunfield*, and my learned *Cousin*.

P. CA. *Al-manack*, though they call him *Almanack*.

P. IV. Why, here's the *Prodigall* prostitutes his *Mistresse*!

P. IV. And *Picklocke*, he must be a kinsman too.

My *maso' Law* will teach vs all to winne,

And keepe our owne. Old *Founder*. P. CA. Nothing, I Sir?

I am a wretch, a begger. She the fortunate.

He vrgeeth
her to kisse
them all.

Can

Can want no kindred, wee, the *poore* know none.

FIT. Nor none shall know, by my consent. ALM. Nor mine,

P.IV. Sing, boy, stand here. P.CA. Look, look, how all their
Dance i'th' heads (obserue) scatter'd with lust! (eyes

*The boy
sings the
song.*

At sight o' their braue *Idoll*! how they are tickl'd,

With a light ayre! the bawdy *Saraband*!

They are a kinde of dancing engines all!

And set, by nature, thus, to runne alone

To euery sound! All things within, withou them,

Moue, but their braine, and that stands still! mere monsters

Here, in a chamber, of most subtile feet!

And make their legs in tune, passing the streetes!

These are the gallant spirits o' the age!

The miracles o' the time! that can cry vp

And downe mens wits! and set what rate on things

Their half-brain'd fancies please! Now pox vpon hem.

See how solicitously he learns the Iigge,

As if it were a mystery of his faith!

SHV. A dainty dirty! FIT. O, hee's a dainty Poet!

When he sets to't! P.IV. And a dainty Scholler!

ALM. No, no great scholler, he writes like a Gentleman.

SHV. Pox o' your Scholler. P.CA. Pox o' your distinction!

As if a Scholler were no Gentleman.

With these, to write like a Gentleman, will in time

Become, all one, as to write like an *Asse*,

These Gentlemen? these Rascalls! I am sicke

Of indignation at hem. P.IV. How doe you lik't, Sir?

FIT. 'Tis excellent! ALM. 'Twas excellently sung!

FIT. A dainty Ayre! P.IV. What saies my Lickfinger?

LIC. I am telling Mistresse Band, and Mistresse Statute,

What a braue Gentleman you are, and *Waxe*, here!

How much 'twere better, that my Ladies Grace,

Would here take vp Sir, and keepe house with you.

P.IV. What say they? STA. We could consent, S', willingly.

BAND. I, if we knew her Grace had the least liking.

WAX. We must obey her Graces will, and pleasure.

P.IV. I thanke you, Gentlewomen, ply hem, Lickfinger.

Giue mother Mortgage, there—LIC. Her doze of Sacke.

I haue it for her, and her distance of Hum.

PEC. Indeepe therein, I must confesse, deare Cousin,

I am a most vnfortunate Princeesse. ALM. And

You still will be so, when your Grace may helpe it.

MAD. Who'd lie in a roome, with a close-stoole, and garlick?

And kennell with his dogges? that had a Prince

Like this young *Peny-boy*, to sojourne with?

SHV. He'll let you ha' your liberty—ALM. Goe forth,

Whither you please, and to what company—

*They are all
struck with
admiration.*

*The Gallants
are all about
Pecunia.*

MAD.

MAD. Scatter your selfe amongst vs—P.Iv. Hope of *Pernassus*!
 Thy *Iuy* shall not wither, nor thy *Bayes*,
 Thou shalt be had into her *Graces* Cellar,
 And there know *Sacke*, and *Claret*, all *December*,
 Thy veine is rich, and we must cherish it.
Poets and *Bees* swarme now *adaies*, but yet
 There are not those good *Tauernes*, for the one sort,
 As there are *Flowrie* fields to feed the other.
 Though *Bees* be pleas'd with dew, aske little *waxe*
 That brings the honey to her *Ladies* hiue:
 The *Poet* must haue wine. And he shall haue it.

ACT.III. SCENE.II.

PENI-BOY. SE. PENY-BOY. IV.
 LICKFINGER. &c.

Broker? what *Broker*? P.Iv. Who's that? my Vncle!

P.SE. I am abus'd, where is my *Knaue*? my *Broker*?

LIC. Your *Broker* is laid out vpon a bench, yonder,
Sacke hath seiz'd on him, in the shape of sleepe.

PIC. Hee hath beene dead to vs almost this houre.

P.SE. This houre? P.CA. Why sigh you S? 'cause he's at rest?

P.SE. It breeds my vnrest. LIC. Will you take a cup

And try if you can sleepe? P.SE. No, cogging *lacke*,

Thou and thy cups too, perish. SHV. O, the *Sacke*!

MAD. The *sacke*, the *sacke*! P.CA. A *Madrigall* on *Sacke*!

PIC. Or rather an *Elegy*, for the *Sacke* is gone.

PEC. VVhy doe you this, Sir? spill the wine, and raue?

For *Brokers* sleeping? P.SE. VVhat through sleepe, and *Sacke*,
 My trust is wrong'd: but I am still awake,

To waite vpon your *Grace*, please you to quit

This strange lewd company, they are not for you.

PEC. No *Guardian*, I doe like them very well.

P.SE. Your *Graces* pleasure be obseru'd, but you
Statute, and *Band*, and *Waxe*, will goe with me.

SAT. Truly we will not. BAN. VVe will stay, and wait here
 Vpon her *Grace*, and this your *Noble Kinsman*.

P.SE. Noble? how noble! who hath made him noble?

P.Iv. VVhy, my most noble money hath, or shall,
 My *Princesse*, here. She that had you but kept,
 And treated kindly, would haue made you *noble*,
 And wise, too: nay, perhaps haue done that for you,
 An *Act* of *Parliament* could not, made you *honest*.

He strikes
 the *Sacke*
 out of his
 hand.

Hee would
 haue *Pecu-
 nia* home.
 But shee
 refuseth.
 And her
Traine.

The

The truth is, Vncle, that her *Grace* dislikes
Her entertainment: specially her lodging.

PEC. Nay, say her iaile. Neuer *unfortunate Princeesse*,
Was vs'd so by a Iaylor. Aske my women,
Band, you can tell, and *Statute*, how he has vs'd me,
Kept me close prisoner, vnder twenty bolts—

STA. And forty padlocks—BAN. All malicious ingines
A wicked *Smith* could forge out of his yron:
As locks, and keyes, shacles, and manacles,
To torture a great *Lady*. STA. H'has abus'd
Your *Graces* body. PEC. No, he would ha' done,
That lay not in his power: he had the vse
Of our bodies, *Band*, and *Waxe*, and sometimes *Statutes*:
But once he would ha' smother'd me in a chest,
And strangl'd me in leather, but that you
Came to my rescue, then, and gaue mee ayre.

STA. For which he cramb'd vs vp in a close boxe,
All three together, where we saw no *Sunne*
In one *six moneths*. WAX. A cruell man he is!

BAN. H'has left my fellow *Waxe* out, i'the cold,

STA. Till she was stiffe, as any frost, and crumbl'd
Away to dust, and almost lost her forme.

WAX. Much adoe to recouer me. P. SE. Women Ieerers!
Haue you learn'd too, the subtill facultie?
Come, I'll shew you the way home, if drinke,
Or, too full diet haue disguis'd you. BAN. Troth,
We haue not any mind, Sir, of returne—

STA. To be bound back to backe.—BAN. And haue our legs
Turn'd in, or writh'd about—WAX. Or else display'd—

STA. Be lodg'd with dust and fleas, as we were wont—

BAN. And dyeted with dogs dung. P. SE. Why? you whores,
My bawds, my instruments, what should I call you,
Man may thinke base inough for you? P. IV. Heare you, vncle.
I must not heare this of my *Princeesse* seruants,

And in *Apollo*, in *Pecunia's* roome,
Goe, get you downe the staires: Home, to your Kennell,
As swiftly as you can. Consult your dogges,
The *Lares* of your family; or belecue it,
The fury of a foote-man, and a drawer
Hangs ouer you. SHV. Cudgell, and pot doe threaten
A kinde of vengeance. MAD. Barbers are at hand.

ALM. Washing and shauing will ensue. FIR. The Pumpe
Is not farre off; If't were, the sinke is neere:
Or a good Iordan. MAD. You haue now no money,

SHV. But are a Rascall. P. SE. I am cheated, robb'd
Icer'd by confederacy. FIT. No, you are kick'd
'And vsed kindly, as you should be. SHV. Spurn'd,

They all
threaten,

And spurne
him.

Kicke him,
out.
Hee ex-
claimes.

One of his
Dogges.

From all commerce of men, who are a curre.
ALM. A stinking dogge, in a dublet, with foule linnen.
MAD. A snarling Rascall, hence. SHV. Out. P. SE. Wel, re-
I am coozen'd by my Cousin, and his whore! (member,
Bane o'these meetings in *Apollo*! LIC. Goe, Sir,
You will be tost like *Block*, in a blanket else.
P. IV. Downe with him, *Lickfinger*. P. SE. Saucy *Iacke* away,
Pecunia is a whore. P. IV. Play him downe, *Fidlers*,
And drown his noise. Who's this? FIT. O Master *Pyed-mantle*!

ACT. III. SCENE. IV.

PYED-MANTLE. (to them.)

Pyed-man-
tle brings
the Lady
Pecunia her
pedigree.

BY your leaue, Gentlemen. FIT. Her *Graces Herald*,
ALM. No *Herald* yet, a *Heraldet*. P. IV. What's that?
P. CA. A *Canter*. P. IV. O, thou said'st thou'dst sproue vs all
P. CA. Sir, here is one will proue himsefse so, streight, (so!
So shall the rest, in time. PEC. My *Pedigree*?
I tell you, friend, he must be a good *Scholler*,
Can my *discent*. I am of *Princely* race,
And as good blood, as any is i'the mines,
Runnes through my veines. I am, euery limb, a *Princesse*!
Dutchesse o' *mynes*, was my great Grandmother.
And by the Fathers side, I come from *Sol*.
My Grand-father was *Duke of Or*, and match'd
In the blood-royall of *Ophyr*. P. YE. Here's his *Coat*.
PEC. I know it, if I heare the *Blazon*. P. YE. He beares
In a field *Azure*, a *Sunne* proper, beamy,
Twelue of the *second*. P. CA. How farr's this from *canting*?
P. IV. Her *Grace* doth vnderstand ti. P. CA. She can *cant*, Sr.
PEC. What be these? *Besants*? P. YE. Yes, an't please your *Grace*.
PEC. That is our *Coat* too, as we come from *Or*.
What *line*'s this? P. YE. The rich *mynes* of *Potosi*.
The *Spanish mynes* i'the *West-Indies*. PEC. This?
P. YE. The *mynes* o' *Hungary*, this of *Barbary*.
PEC. But this, this little branch. PEC. The *Welsh-myne* that.
PEC. I ha' *Welsh-blood* in me too, blaze, Sir, that *Coat*.
P. YE. She beares (an't please you) *Argent*, three *leekes* vert
In *Canton Or*, and *tassel'd* of the first.
P. CA. Is not this *canting*? doe you vnderstand him?
P. IV. Not I, but it sounds well, and the whole thing
Is rarely painted, I will haue such a *scrowle*,

What

What ere it cost me. P.E.C. VVell, at better leasure,
We'll take a view of it, and so reward you.

P.IV. Kisse him, sweet *Princesse*, and stile him a *Cousin*.

P.E.C. I will, if you will haue it. *Cousin Pyed-mantle*.

P.IV. I loue all men of vertue, from my *Princesse*,
Vnto my *begger*, here, old *Canter*, on,
Or to thy prooue, whom proue you the next *Canter*?

P.CA. The *Doctor* here, I will proceed with the *learned*.

VVhen he discourseth of *dissection*,
Or any point of *Anatomy*: that hee tells you,
Of *Vena caua*, and of *vena porta*,
The *Meseraicks*, and the *Mesenterium*.

VVhat does hee else but *cant*? Or if he runne
To his *Iudiciall Astrologie*,

And trowle the *Trine*, the *Quartile* and the *Sextile*,
Platicke aspect, and *Partile*, with his *Hyleg*
Or *Alchochoden*, *Cuspes*, and *Horroscope*.

Does not he *cant*? VVho here does vnderstand him? (Master

ALM. This is no *Canter*, tho! P.CA. Or when my *Master*-
Talkes of his *Tacticks*, and his *Rankes*, and *Files*;
His *Bringers* vp, his *Leaders* on, and cries,
Faces about to the right hand, the *left*,

Now, as you were: then tells you of *Redoubts*,
Of *Cats*, and *Cortines*. Doth not he *cant*? P.IV. Yes, 'faith.

P.CA. My *Eg-chind Laureat*, here, when he comes forth
With *Dimeters*, and *Trimeters*, *Tetrameters*,
Pentameters, *Hexameters*, *Catalecticks*,
His *Hyper*, and his *Brachy-Catalecticks*,
His *Pyrrhicks*, *Epitrites*, and *Choriambicks*.

What is all this, but *canting*? MAD. A rare fellow!

SHV. Some begging *Scholler*! FIT. A decay'd *Doctor* at least!

P.IV. Nay, I doe cherish vertue, though in rags.

P.CA. And you, *Mas Courtier*. P.IV. Now he treats of you,
Stand forth to him, faire. P.CA. With all your *fly-blowne proiects*,

And looks out of the *politicks*, your *shut-faces*,
And referu'd *Questions*, and *Answers* that you game with, As

Is't a *Cleare businesse*? will it *mannage well*?

My name must not be vs'd else. Here, 'twill dash.

Your *businesse* has receiv'd a taint, giue off,

I may not prostitute my selfe. Tut, tut,

That little dust I can blow off, at pleasure.

Here's no such mountaine, yet, i'the whole worke!

But a light purse may leuell. I will tyde

This affayre for you; giue it freight, and passage.

And such *mynt-phrases*, as 'tis the worst of *canting*,

By how much it affects the sense, it has not. (him?

FIT. This is some other then he seemes! P.IV. How like you

She kisseth.

Canter-
Colledge,
begun to be
erected.

That's Ma-
drigall.

Here his fa-
ther disco-
uers him-
selfe.

FIT. This cannot be a *Canter*! P.IV. But he is, Sir,
And shall be still, and so shall you be too:
We'll all be *Canter*s. Now, I thinke of it,
A noble *Whimsie*'s come into my braine!
I'll build a *Colledge*, I, and my *Pecunia*,
And call it *Canter*s *Colledge*, founds it well?

ALM. Excellent! P.IV. And here stands my *Father Rector*,
And you *Professors*, you shall all *professe*
Something, and liue there, with her *Grace* and me,
Your *Founders*: I'll endow't with lands, and meanes,
And *Lickfinger* shall be my *Master-Cooke*.
What? is he gone? P.CA. And a *Professor*. P.IV. Yes.

P.CA. And read *Apicius de reculinaria*
To your braue *Doxia*, and you! P.IV. You, *Cousin Fitton*,
Shall (as a *Courtier*) read the *politicks*;
Doctor Al-manack, hee shall read *Astrology*,
Shunfield shall read the *Military Arts*.

P.CA. As caruing, and assaulting the cold custard.

P.IV. And *Horace* here, the *Art of Poetry*.
His *Lyricks*, and his *Madrigalls*, fine Songs,
Which we will haue at dinner, steeped in claret,
And against supper, sowe't in sacke. MAD. In troth
A diuine *Whimsie*! SHV. And a worthy worke,
Fit for a *Chronicle*! P.IV. Is't not? SHV. To all ages.

P.IV. And *Pyed-mantle*, shall giue vs all our *Armes*,
But *Picklocke*, what wouldst thou be? Thou canst *cant* too.

PIC. In all the languages in *Westminster-Hall*,
Pleas, *Bench*, or *Chancery*. *Fee-Farme*, *Fee-Tayle*,
Tennant in dower, *At will*, *For Terme of life*,
By *Copy of Court Roll*, *Knights seruice*, *Homage*,
Fealty, *Escuage*, *Soccage*, or *Frank almoigne*,
Grand Sergeanty, or *Burgage*. P.IV. Thou appear'st
Well enough a *Canter*. Thou shalt read

All *Littletons tenures* to me, and indeed
All my *Conueyances*. PIC. And make 'hem too, Sir?
Keepe all your *Courts*, be *Steward* o'your lands,
Let all your *Leases*, keepe your *Euidences*,
But first, I must procure, and passe your *mort-maine*.
You must haue licence from aboue, Sir. P.IV. Feare not,
Pecunia's friends shall doe it. P.CA. But I shall stop it.

Your worships louing, and obedient father,
Your painefull *Steward*, and lost *Officer*!
Who haue done this, to try how you would vse
Pecunia, when you had her: which since I see,
I will take home the *Lady*, to my charge,
And these her *seruants*, and leaue you my *Cloak*,
To trauell in to *Beggars Bush*! A Seate,

Is

Is built already, furnish'd too, worth twentie
Of your imagin'd structures, *Canter's Colledge*.

FIT. 'Tis his Father! MAD. Hee's aliue, me thinks.

ALM. I knew he was no Rogue! P. CA. Thou, *Prodigall*,
Was I so carefull for thee, to procure,
And plot wi' my *learn'd Counsell*, Master *Picklacke*,
This noble match for thee, and dost thou prostitute,
Scatter thy *Mistresse* fauours, throw away
Her bounties, as they were red-burning coales,
Too hot for thee to handle, on such rascalls?
Who are the scumme, and excrements of men?
If thou had'st sought out good, and vertuous persons
Of these professions: I had lou'd thee, and them.
For these shall neuer haue that plea 'gainst me,
Or colour of aduantage, that I hate
Their callings, but their manners, and their vices.
A worthy *Courtier*, is the ornament
Of a *Kings Palace*, his great *Masters* honour.
This is a moth, a rascall, a Court-rat,
That gnawes the common-wealth with broking suits,
And eating grieuances! So, a true *Souldier*,
He is his *Countrys strength*, his *Soueraignes safety*,
And to secure his peace, he makes himselfe.
The *heyre* of danger, nay the *subiect* of it,
And runnes those vertuous hazards, that this Scarre-crow
Cannot endure to heare of. SHV. You are pleasant, Sir.

P. CA. With you I dare be! Here is *Pyed-mantle*,
'Cause he's an *Asse*, doe not I loue a *Herald*?
Who is the pure *preseruer of descents*,
The keeper faire of all *Nobility*,
Without which all would runne into confusion?
Were he a *learned Herald*, I would tell him
He can giue *Armes*, and *markes*, he cannot honour,
No more then *money* can make *Noble*: It may
Giue place, and ranke, but it can giue no *Vertue*.
And he would thanke me, for this truth. This dog-Leach,
You stile him *Doctor*, 'cause he can compile
An *Almanack*; perhaps erect a *Scheme*
For my great *Madams* monkey: when 't has ta'ne
A glister, and bewrai'd the *Ephemerides*.
Doe I despise a learn'd *Physician*?
In calling him a *Quack-Saluer*? or blast
The *ener-living ghirlond*, alwaies greene
Of a good *Poet*? when I say his *wreath*
Is piec'd and patch'd of dirty witherd flowers?
Away, I am impatient of these vlcers,
(That I not call you worse) There is no sore,

Hee points
him to his
patch'd
cloake
abrowne
off.

Or Plague but you to infect the times. I abhorre
Your very scent. Come, *Lady*, since my *Prodigall*
Knew not to entertaine you to your worth,
I'll see if I haue learn'd, how to receiue you,
With more respect to you, and your faire traine here.
Farewell my *Begger in velvet*, for to day,
To morrow you may put on that graue Robe,
And enter your great worke of *Canter's Colledge*,
Your worke and worthy of a *Chronicle*,

The fourth Intermeane after the fourth Act.

TATLE. *Why? This was the worst of all! the Catastrophe!*

CEN. *The matter began to be good, but now: and he has spoyl'd it all, with his Begger there!*

MIRT. *A beggerly Iacke it is, I warrant him, and a kin to the Poet.*

TAT. *Like enough, for hee had the chiefeſt part in his play, if you marke it.*

EXP. *Absurdity on him, for a huge ouergrowne Play-maker! why should he make him liue againe, when they, and we all thought him dead? If he had left him to his ragges, there had beene an end of him.*

TAT. *I, but ſet a beggar on horſe-backe, hee'll neuer linne till hee be a gallop.*

CEN. *The young heyre grew a fine Gentleman, in this laſt Act!*

EXP. *So he did, Goſſip: and kept the beſt company.*

CEN. *And feaſted 'hem, and his Miſtreſſe!*

TAT. *And ſhew'd her to 'hem all! was not iealous!*

MIRTH. *But very communicatiue, and liberall, and beganne to be magnificent, if the churle his father would haue let him alone.*

CEN. *It was ſpitefully done o' the Poet, to make the Chuffe take him off in his height, when he was going to doe all his braue decdes!*

EXP. *To found an Academy!*

TAT. *Erect a Colledge!*

EXP. *Plant his Profeſſors, and water his Lectures.*

MIRTH. *With wine, goſſips, as he meant to doe, and then to defraud his purpoſes?*

EXP. *Kill the hopes of ſo many towardly young ſpirits?*

TAT. *As the Doctors?*

CEN. *And the Courtiers! I proteſt, I was in loue with Maſter Fitton. He did weare all he had, from the hat-band, to the ſhooe-tye, ſo politically, and would ſtoop, and leere?*

MIRTH. *And lie ſo, in waite for a piece of wit, like a Mouſe-trap?*

EXP.

EXP. Indeed Gossip, so would the little Doctor, all his behaviour was meere glister! O' my conscience, hee would make any parties phyicke i' the world worke, with his discourse.

MIR. I wonder they would suffer it, a foolish old fornicating Father, to ransish away his sonnes Mistresse.

CEN. And all her women, at once, as hee did!

TAT. I would ha' flyen in his gypsies face i' faith.

MIRTH. It was a plaine piece of politicall incest, and worthy to be brought afore the high Commission of wit. Suppose we were to censure him, you are the youngest voyce, Gossip Tattle, beginne.

TATLE. Mary, I would ha' the old conicatcher coozen'd of all he has, i' the young heyres defence, by his learn'd Counsell, Mr Picklocke!

CENSURE. I would rather the Courtier had found out some trick to begge him, from his estate!

EXP. Or the Captaine had courage enough to beat him.

CEN. Or the fine Madrigall-man, in rime, to haue runne him out o' the Countrey, like an Irish rat.

TAT. No, I would haue Master Pyed-mantle, her Graces Herald, to pluck downe his hatchments, reuerse his coat-armour, and nullifie him for no Gentleman.

EXP. Nay, then let Master Doctor dissect him, haue him open'd, and his stripes translated to Lickfinger, to make a probation dish of.

CEN. TAT. Agreed! Agreed!

MIRTH. Faith I would haue him flat disinherited, by a decree of Court, bound to make restitution of the Lady Pecunia, and the vse of her body to his sonne.

EXP. And her traine, to the Gentlemen.

CEN. And both the Poet, and himselfe, to aske them all forginenesse!

TAT. And vs too.

CEN. In two large sheetes of paper—

EXP. Or to stand in a skin of parchment, (which the Court please)

CEN. And those fill'd with newes!

MIRTH. And dedicated to the sustaining of the Staple!

EXP. which their Poet hath let fall, most abruptly?

MIRTH. Banckruptly, indeede!

CEN. You say wittily, Gossip, and therefore let a protest goe out against him.

MIR. A mourniuall of protests; or a gleeke at least!

EXP. In all our names:

CEN. For a decay'd wit—

EXP. Broken—

TAT. Non-soluent—

CENSURE. And, for euer, forget—

MIRTH. To scorne, of Mirth?

CEN. Censure!

EXP. Expectation!

TAT. Subsign'd. Tattle, Stay, they come againe.

ACT.



ACT. V. SCENE. I.

PENY-BOY. IV. *to him* THO. BARBER.
after, PICKLOCKE.

*Hee comes
 out in the
 patchd cloak
 his father
 left him.*



Ay, they are fit, as they had been made for me,
 And I am now a thing, worth looking at!
 The same, I said I would be in the morning.
 No Rogue, at a Comittee of the Canters,
 Did euer there become his Parents Robes
 Better, then I do these: great foole! and begger!

Why doe not all that are of those societies,
 Come forth, and gratulate mee one of theirs?
 Me thinkes, I should be, on euery side, saluted,
Dauphin of beggers! Prince of Prodigalls!
 That haue so fall'n vnder the eares, and eyes,
 And tongues of all, the fable o'the time,
 Matter of scorne, and marke of reprehension!
 I now begin to see my vanity,
 Shine in this Glasse, reflected by the foile!
 Where is my Fashioner? my Feather-man?
 My Linnener? Perfumer? Barber? all?
 That tayle of Riot, follow'd me this morning?
 Not one! but a darke solitude about mee,
 Worthy my cloake, and patches; as I had
 The epidemicall disease vpon mee:
 And I'll sit downe with it. THO. My Master! Maker!
 How doe you? Why doe you sit thus o'the ground, Sir?
 Heare you the newes? P. IV. No, nor I care to heare none.
 Would I could here sit still, and slip away
 The other one and twenty, to haue this
 Forgotten, and the day rac'd out, expung'd,
 In euery Ephemerides, or Almanack.
 Or if it must be in, that Time and Nature
 Haue decree'd; still, let it be a day
 Of tickling Prodigalls, about the gills;
 Deluding gaping heires, loosing their loues,
 And their discretions; falling from the fauours
 Of their best friends, and parents; their owne hopes;

And

And entring the society of *Canter*s.

THO. A dolefull day it is, and dismall times
Are come vpon vs: I am cleare vndone. (P. Iv. Ha!

P. Iv. How, *Thom*? THO. Why? broke! broke! wretchedly broke!

THO. Our *Staple* is all to pieces, quite dissolu'd! P. Iv. Ha!

THO. Shiuer'd, as in an earth-quake! heard you not
The cracke and ruines? we are all blowne vp!

Soone as they heard th' *Infanta* was got from them,

Whom they had so deuoured i'their hopes,

To be their *Patronesse*, and sojourne with 'hem;

Our *Emissaries*, *Register*, *Examiner*,

Flew into vapor: our graue *Gouernour*

Into a subt'ler ayre; and is return'd

(As we doe heare) grand-*Captaine* of the *leerers*.

I, and my fellow melted into butter,

And spoyl'd our Inke, and so the *Office* vanish'd.

The last *hum* that it made, was, that your Father,

And *Picklocke* are fall'n out, the *man o' Law*.

P. Iv. How? this awakes me from my lethargy.

THO. And a great suite, is like to be betweene 'hem,

Picklocke denies the *Feoffment*, and the *Trust*,

(Your Father saies) he made of the whole estate,

Vnto him, as respecting his mortalitie,

When he first laid this late deuice, to try you.

P. Iv. Has *Picklock* then a *trust*? THO. I cannot tell,

Here comes the *worshipfull*—P. Ic. What? my veluet-*heyre*,

Turn'd begger in minde, as robes? P. Iv. You see what case,

Your, and my Fathers plots haue brought me to.

P. Ic. Your Fathers, you may say, indeed, not mine.

Hee's a hard hearted Gentleman! I am forie

To see his rigid resolution!

That any man should so put off affection,

And humane nature, to destroy his owne!

And triumph in a victory so cruell!

He's fall'n out with mee, for being yours,

And calls me Knaue, and Traytors to his *Trust*,

Saies he will haue me throwne ouer the *Barre*—

P. Iv. Ha'you deseru'd it? P. Ic. O, good heauen knowes

My conscience, and the silly latitude of it!

A narrow minded man! my thoughts doe dwell

All in a *Lane*, or line indeed; No turning,

Nor scarce obliquitie in them. I still looke

Right forward to th' intent, and scope of that

Which he would go from now. P. Iv. Had you a *Trust*, then?

P. Ic. Sir, I had somewhat, will keepe you still *Lord*

Of all the estate, (if I be honest) as

I hope I shall. My tender scrupulous brest

I

Will

Hee starts
up at this.

Picklocke
enters.

Will not permit me see the *heyre* defrauded,
And like an *Alyen*, thrust out of the blood,
The *Lawes* forbid that I should giue consent,
To such a ciuill slaughter of a Sonne.

P. Iv. Where is the deed? hast thou it with thee? PIC. No,
It is a thing of greater consequence,
Then to be borne about in a blacke boxe,
Like a *Low-countrey* worlosse, or *Welsh-briefe*.
It is at *Lickfingers*, vnder locke and key.

P. Iv. O, fetch it hither. PIC. I haue bid him bring it,
That you might see it. P. Iv. Knowes he what brings?

PIC. No more then a Gardiners *Asse*, what roots he carries,

P. Iv. I was a sending my Father, like an *Asse*,
A penitent Epistle, but I am glad

I did not, now. PIC. Hang him, an austere grape,
That has no iuice, but what is veriuice in him.

P. Iv. I'll shew you my letter! PIC. Shew me a defiance!
If I can now commit Father, and Sonne,

And make my profits out of both. Commence
A suite with the *old man*, for his whole state,

And goe to *Law* with the Sonnes credit, vndoe
Both, both with their owne money, it were a piece

Worthy my night-cap, and the Gowne I weare,
A *Picklockes* name in *Law*. Where are you Sir?

What doe you doe so long? P. Iv. I cannot find
Where I haue laid it, but I haue laid it safe.

PIC. No matter, Sir, trust you vnto my *Trust*,
'Tis that that shall secure you, an absolute deed!

And I confesse, it was in *Trust*, for you,
Lest any thing might haue hapned mortall to him:

But there must be a gratitude thought on,
And aid, Sir, for the charges of the suite,

Which will be great, 'gainst such a mighty man,
As is our Father, and a man possesse

Of so much *Land*, *Pecunia* and her friends.
I am not able to wage *Law* with him,

Yet must maintaine the thing, as mine owne right,
Still for your good, and therefore must be bold

To vse your credit for monies. P. Iv. What thou wilt,
So wee be safe, and the *Trust* beare it. PIC. Feare not,

'Tis hee must pay arrerages in the end.
Wee'l milke him, and *Pecunia*, draw their creame downe,

Before he get the deed into his hands.
My name is *Picklocke*, but hee'll finde me a *Padlocke*.

Peny-boy
runnes out
to fetch his
letter.

ACT.

ACT. V. SCENE. II.

PENY-BOY. CAN. PENY-BOY. IV.

PICKLOCK. THO. BARBAR.

HOW now? conferring wi' your learned Counsell,
Vpo' the Cheat? Are you o' the plot to coozen mee?

P. IV. What plot? P. SE. Your Counsell knowes there, Mr Picklock,
Will you restore the Trust yet? PIC. Sir, take patience.

And memory vnto you, and bethinke you,
What Trust? where dost appeare? I haue your Deed,
Doth your Deed specifie any Trust? Is't not

A perfect Act? and absolute in Law?

Seal'd and deliuer'd before witnesses?

The day and date, emergent. P. CA. But what conference?

What othes, and vowes preceded? PIC. I will tell you, Sir,

Since I am vrg'd of those, as I remember,

You told me you had got a growen estate,

By griping meanes, sinisterly. (P. CA. How!) PIC. And were

Eu'n weary of it; if the parties liued,

From whom you had wrested it — (P. CA. Ha!) PIC. You could

To part with all, for satisfaction: (be glad,

But since they had yeelded to humanity,

And that iust heauen had sent you, for a punishment

(You did acknowledge it) this riotous heyre,

That would bring all to beggery in the end,

And daily sow'd consumption, where he went —

P. CA. You old coozen both, then? your Confederate, too?

PIC. After a long, mature deliberation,

You could not thinke, where, better, how to place it —

P. CA. Then on you, Rascall? PIC. What you please i' your

But with your reason, you will come about (passion,

And thinke a faithfull, and a frugall friend

To be preferr'd. P. CA. Before a Sonne? PIC. A Prodigall,

A tubbe without a bottome, as you term'd him;

For which, I might returne you a vow, or two,

And seale it with an oath of thankfulness,

I not repent it, neither haue I cause, Yet — (dence

P. CA. Fore-head of Steele, and mouth of brasse! hath impu-

Polish'd so grosse a lie, and dar'st thou vent it?

Engine, compos'd of all mixt mettalls! hence,

I will not change a syllab, with thee, more,

Till I may meet thee, at a Barre in Court,

His Son en-
treates him.

Before thy Iudges. PIC. Thither it must come,
Before I part with it, to you, or you, Sir. (though.

P. CA. I will not heare thee. P. IV. Sir, your care to mee,
Not that I see through his perplexed plots,
And hidden ends, nor that my parts depend
Vpon the vnwinding this so knotted skeane,
Doe I beseech your patience. Vnto mee
He hath confest the *trust*. PIC. How? I confesse it?

P. IV. I thou, false man. P. SE. Stand vp to him, & confront him.

PIC. Where? when? to whom? P. IV. To me, euen now, and
Canst thou deny it? PIC. Can I eate, or drinke? (here,
Sleepe, wake, or dreame? arise, sit, goe, or stand?
Doe any thing that's naturall? P. IV. Yes, lye:
It seemes thou canst, and periure: that is naturall!

PIC. O me! what times are these! of frontlesse carriage!
An Egge o'the same nest! the Fathers Bird!
It runs in a blood, I see! P. IV. I'll stop your mouth.

PIC. With what? P. IV. With *truth*. PIC. With noise, I must
Where is your witnes? you can produce witnes? (haue witnes.

P. IV. As if my testimony were not *twenty*,
Balanc'd with thine? PIC. So say all *Prodigalls*,
Sicke of selfe-loue, but that's not *Law*, young *Scatter-good*.
I liue by *Law*. P. IV. Why? if thou hast a conscience,
That is a thousand witnesses. PIC. No, *Court*,
Grants out a *Writ of Summons*, for the Conscience,
That I know, nor *Sub-pana*, nor *Attachment*.

I must haue witness, and of your producing,
Ere this can come to hearing, and it must
Be heard on oath, and witness. P. IV. Come forth, *Thom*,
Speake what thou heard'st, the truth, and the whole truth,
And nothing but the truth. What said this varlet?

PIC. A rat behind the hangings! THO. Sir, he said
It was a *Trust*! an *Act*, the which your Father
Had will to alter: but his tender brest
Would not permit to see the *heyre* defrauded,
And like an *alyen*, thrust out of the blood.
The *Lawes* forbid that he should giue consent
To such a ciuill slaughter of a Sonne—

P. IV. And talk'd of a gratuitie to be giuen,
And ayd vnto the charges of the suite;
Which he was to maintaine, in his owne name,
But for my vse, he said. P. CA. It is enough.

THO. And he would milke *Pecunia*, and draw downe
Her creame, before you got the *Trust*, againe.

P. CA. Your eares are in my pocket, Knaue, goe shake 'hem,
The little while you haue them. PIC. You doe trust
To your great purse. P. CA. I ha' you in a *purse-net*,

Good

Hee produ-
ceth Thom.

Good Master *Picklocke*, wi' your worming braine,
And wrigling ingine-head of maintenance,
Which I shall see you hole with, very shortly.
A fine round head, when those two lugs are off,
To trundle through a *Pillory*. You are sure (more!
You heard him speake this? P.IV. I, and more. THO. Much

PIC. I'll proue yours *maintenance*, and *combination*,
And sue you all. P.CA. Doe, doe, my gowned *Vulture*,
Crop in Reuersion: I shall see you coyted
Ouer the *Barre*, as Barge-men doe their billets.

PIC. This'tis, when men repent of their good deeds,
And would ha'hem in againe—They are almost mad!
But I forgiue their *Lucida Interualla*.

O, *Lickfinger*? come hither. Where's my writing?

Pick-lock
spies Lick-
finger, and
asks him a-
side for the
writing.

ACT.V. SCENE.III.

LICKFINGER. (to them.

I sent it you, together with your keyes,

PIC. How? LIC. By the *Porter*, that came for it, from you,
And by the token, you had giu'n me the keyes,
And bad me bring it. PIC. And why did you not?

LIC. Why did you send a counter-mand? PIC. Who, I?

LIC. You, or some other you, you put in trust.

PIC. In trust? LIC. Your *Trust's* another selfe, you know,
And without *Trust*, and your *Trust*, how should he
Take notice of your keyes, or of my charge.

PIC. Know you the man? LIC. I know he was a *Porter*,
And a seal'd *Porter* for he bore the badge
On brest, I am sure. PIC. I am lost! a plot! I sent it!

LIC. Why! and I sent it by the man you sent
Whom else, I had not trusted. PIC. Plague o' your trust.
I am *trust's* d vp among you. P.IV. Or you may be.

PIC. In mine owne halter, I haue made the *Noose*.

P.IV. What was it, *Lickfinger*? LIC. A *writing*, Sir,
He sent for't by a token, I was bringing it:
But that he sent a *Porter*, and hee seem'd
A man of decent carriage. P.CA. 'Twas good fortune!
To cheat the *Cheater*, was no *cheat*, but iustice,
Put off your ragges, and be your selfe againe,
This *Act* of piety, and good affection,
Hath partly reconcil'd me to you. P.IV. Sir.

I 3

P.CA.

Picklocke
goes out.

Young Pe-
ny-boy dis-
couers it,
to his Father
to be his plot
of sending
for it by the
Porter, and
that hee is
in possession
of the Deed.

Elder Peny-
boy startles
at the newes.

P.C. No vowes, no promises : too much protestation
Makes that suspected oft, we would perswade. (should we?)
LIC. Heare you the *Newes*? P. IV. The *Office* is downe, how
LIC. But of your *uncle*? P. IV. No. LIC. He's runne mad, Sir.
P. CA. How, *Lickfinger*? LIC. Stark staring mad, your brother,
H'has almost kill'd his maid. P. CA. Now, heauen forbid.
LIC. But that she's Cat-liu'd, and Squirrill-limb'd,
With throwing bed-staues at her : h'has set wide
His outer doores, and now keepes open house,
For all the passers by to see his iustice :
First, he has apprehended his two dogges,
As being o'the plot to coozen him :
And there hee sits like an old *worme of the peace*,
Wrap'd vp in furies at a square table; screwing,
Examining, and committing the poore cures,
To two old cases of close stooles, as prisons ;
The one of which, he calls his *Lollard's* tower,
Th'other his *Blocke*-house, 'cause his two dogs names
Are *Blocke*, and *Lollard*. P. IV. This would be braue matter
Vnto the leerers. P. CA. I, If so the subiect
Were not so wretched. LIC. Sure, I met them all,
I thinke, vpon that quest. P. CA. Faith, like enough :
The vicious still are swift to shew their natures.
I'll thither too, but with another ayme,
If all succeed well, and my *simples* take.

ACT. V. SCENE. III.

PENI. BOY. SEN. PORTER.

VV Here are the prisoners? POR. They are forth-comming, S;
Or comming forth at least. P. SE. The Rogue is drunke,
Since I committed them to his charge. Come hither,
Neere me, yet neerer; breath vpon me. Wine!
Wine, o'my worship! sacke! Canary sacke!
Could not your *Badge* ha' bin drunke with fulsome Ale?
Or Beere? the *Porters* element? but sacke!
POR. I am not drunke, we had, Sir, but one pynt,
An honest carrier, and my selfe. P. SE. Who paid for't?
POR. Sir, I did giue it him. P. SE. What? and spend sixpence!
A *Frocke* spend sixpence! sixpence! POR. Once in a yeere, Sir,
P. SE. In feuen yeers, varlet! Know'st thou what thou hast done?
What a consumption thou hast made of a *State*?

It

He is seene
sitting at his
Table with
papers be-
fore him.

Hee smells
him.

It might please heaven, (a lusty Knaue and young)
 To let thee liue some *seuenty* yeeres longer.
 Till thou art *fourescore*, and *ten*; perhaps, a *hundred*.
 Say *seuenty* yeeres; how many times *seuen* in *seuenty*?
 Why, *seuen* times *ten*, is *ten* times *seuen*, marke me,
 I will demonstrate to thee on my fingers,
Six-pence in *seuen* yeere (vse vpon vse)
 Growes in that first *seuen* yeere, to be a *twelue-pence*.
 That, in the next, *two-shillings*; the third *foure-shillings*;
 The fourth *seuen* yeere, *eight-shillings*; the fifth, *sixteen*:
 The sixth, *two and thirty*; the seventh, *three-pound foure*,
 The eighth, *sixe pound*, and *eyght*; the ninth, *twelue pound sixteen*;
 And the tenth *seuen*, *fiue* and *twenty pound*,
Twelue Shillings. This thou art fall'n from, by thy riot!
 Should'st thou liue *seuenty* yeeres, by spending *six-pence*,
 Once i'the *seuen*: but in a day to wast it!
 There is a *Summe* that *number* cannot reach!
 Out o' my house, thou pest o' prodigality!
 Seed o' consumption! hence, a wicked keeper
 Is oft worse then the prisoners. There's thy penny,
 Foure tokens for thee. Out, away. My dogges,
 May yet be innocent, and honest. If not,
 I haue an entrapping *question*, or two more,
 To put vnto 'hem, a *croffe Interrogatory*,
 And I shall catch 'hem; *Lollard*? Peace,
 What whispring was that you had with *Mortgage*,
 When you last lick'd her feet? The truth now. *Ha*?
 Did you smell shee was going? Put downe that. *And not*,
 Not to returne? You are silent. good. And, when
 Leap'd you on *Statute*? *As she went forth*? *Consent*.
 There was *Consent*, as shee was going forth.
 'Twould haue beene fitter at her comming home,
 But you knew *that she would not*? To your Tower,
 You are cunning, are you? I will meet your craft.
Blocke, shew your face, leaue your caresses, tell me,
 And tell me truly, what affronts do you know
 Were done *Pecunia*? that she left my house?
 None, say you so? *not that you know*? or will know?
 I feare me, I shall find you an obstinate *Curre*.
 Why, did your fellow *Lollard* cry this morning?
 'Cause *Broker* kickt him? why did *Broker* kicke him?
 Because he pist against my Ladies Gowne?
 Why, that was no affront? no? no distast?
 You knew o' none. Yo'are a dissembling *Tyke*,
 To your hole, againe, your *Blocke-house*. *Lollard*, arise,
 Where did you lift your legge vp, last? 'gainst what?
 Are you struck *Dummerer* now? and whine for mercy?
 I 4 Whose

Blocke is
 (in the
 second time)

He is
 named

Lollard is
 the first of
 the house

Enter the
 Lecter

Hee calls
 forth Lol-
 lard, and
 examines
 him.

He commits
 him againe.

Calls forth
 Blocke, and
 examines
 him.

Commits
 him.

Lollard is
 call'd againe.

Blocke is
sumon'd the
second time.

Hee is re-
manded-

Lollard has
the liberty of
the house.

Enter the
Ieerers.

Whose Kirtle was't, you gnaw'd too? Mistresse Bands?
And Waxe's stockings? who did? Blocke bescumber
Statutes white suite? wi' the parchment lace there?
And Brokers Sattin dublet? all will out.
They had offence, offence enough to quit mee.
Appeare Blocke, fough, 'tis manifest. He shewes it,
Should he for-sweare't, make all the Affadavits,
Against it, that he could afore the Bench,
And twenty Iuries; hee would be conuinc'd.
He beares an ayre about him, doth confesse it!
To prison againe, close prison. Not you Lollard,
You may enjoy the liberty o'the house,
And yet there is a quirke come in my head,
For which I must commit you too, and close,
Doe not repine, it will be better for you.

ACT. V. SCENE. II.

CYMBAL. FITTON. SHUNFIELD. ALMA-
NACH. MADRIGAL. PENY-BOY. SEN.
LICKFINGER.

THIS is enough to make the dogs mad too,
Let's in vpon him. P.S.E. How now? what's the matter?
Come you to force the prisoners? make a rescue?

FIT. We come to baile your dogs. P.S.E. They are not baile-
They stand committed without baile, or mainprise, (able,
Your baile cannot be taken. SHV. Then the truth is,

We come to vex you. ALM. Ieere you. MAD. Bate you rather.

CYM. A bated vferer will be good flesh.

FIT. And tender, we are told. P.S.E. Who is the Butcher,
Amongst you, that is come to cut my throat?

SHV. You would dye a calues death faine: but 'tis an Oxes,
Is meant you. FIT. To be fairely knock'd o'the head.

SHV. With a good Ieere or two. P.S.E. And from your iaw-
Don Assinigo? CYM. Shunfield, a Ieere, you haue it. (bone,

SHV. I doe confesse a washing blow? but Snarle,
You that might play the third dogge, for your teeth,
You ha' no money now? FIT. No, nor no Mortgage.

ALM. Nor Band. MAD. Nor Statute. CYM. No, nor blusket Wax.

P.S.E. Nor you no Office, as I take it. SHV. Cymbal,
A mighty Ieere. FIT. Pox o'these true ieasts, I say.

MAD.

MAD. He will turne the better ierer. ALM. Let's vpon him,
And if we cannot iere him downe in wit, (o' warre.

MAD. Let's do't in noyse. SHV. Content. MAD. Charge, man

ALM. Lay him, *aboard*. SHV. We'll gi' him a broad side, first.

FIT. Wher's your *venison*, now? CYM. Your red-Deer-pyes?

SHV. Wi' your bak'd *Turkies*? ALM. and your *Partridges*?

MAD. Your *Pheasants*, & fat *Swans*? P. SE. Like you, turn'd *Geese*.

MAD. But such as will not keepe your *Capitol*? (in?

SHV. You were wont to ha' your *Breams*---ALM. And *Trouts* sent

CYM. Fat *Carps*, and *Salmons*? FIT. I, and now, and then,

An *Embleme*, o' your selfe, an o're-growne *Pyke*?

P. SE. You are a *lack*, Sir. FIT. You ha' made a shift
To swallow twenty such poore *lacks* ere now.

ALM. If he should come to feed vpon poore-*John*?

MAD. Or turne pure *lack-a-Lent* after all this?

FIT. Tut, he'll liue like a *Graf-hopper*---MAD. On dew.

SHV. Or like a *Beare*, with licking his owne clawes.

CYM. I, If his dogs were away. ALM. He'll eat them, first,
While they are fat. FIT, Faith, and when they are gone,

Here's nothing to be seene beyond. CYM. Except
His kindred, *Spiders*, natiues o' the soyle.

ALM. Dust, he will ha' enough here, to breed fleas.

MAD. But, by that time, he'll ha' no blood to reare hem.

SHV. He will be as thin as a lanterne, we shall see thorow him,

ALM. And his gut colon, tell his *Intestina*--- (his ayd.

P. SE. Rogues, *Rascalls* (*baw waw) FIT. He calls his dogs to

ALM. O! they but rise at mention of his tripes.

CYM. Let them alone, they doe it not for him.

MAD. They barke, *se defendendo*. SHV. Or for custome,
As commonly currres doe, one for another.

LIC. Arme, arme you, *Gentlemen Ieerers*, th' old *Canter*
Is comming in vpon you, with his forces,

The Gentleman, that was the *Canter*. SHV. Hence.

FIT. Away. CYM. What is he? ALM. stay not to ask questions.

FIT. Hee's a flame. SHV. A fornace. ALM. A consumption,

Kills where hee goes. LIC. See! the whole *Cony* is scatter'd,

Ware, ware the *Hawkes*. I loue to see him flye.

* His dogges
barke.

They all run
away.

ACT.

ACT. V. SCENE. VI.

PENY-BOY. CA. PENY-BOY. SE. PENI-BOY.
IV. PECVNIA. TRaine.

YOU see by this amazement, and distraction,
What your companions were, a poore, affrighted,
And guilty race of men, that dare to stand
No breath of truth : but conscious to themselves
Of their no-wit, or honesty, ranne routed
At euery *Pannicke* terror themselves bred.
Where else, as confident as sounding brasse,
Their tinckling *Captaine*, *Cymbal*, and the rest,
Dare put on any visor, to deride
The wretched : or with *buffon* licence, ieast
At whatsoe'r is serious, if not sacred.

P. SE. Who's this? my brother! and restor'd to life!

P. CA Yes, and sent hither to restore your wits:
If your short madnesse, be not more then anger,
Conceiued for your losse! which I returne you.
See here, your *Mortgage*, *Statute*, *Band*, and *Waxe*,
Without your *Broker*, come to abide with you:
And vindicate the *Prodigall*, from stealing
Away the *Lady*. Nay, *Pecunia* her selfe,
Is come to free him fairely, and discharge
All ties, but those of *Love*, vnto her person,
To vse her like a friend, not like a slaue,
Or like an *Idoll*. Superstition
Doth violate the Deity it worships:
No lesse then scorne doth. And beleue it, *brother*
The vse of things is all, and not the *Store*;
Surfet, and fulnesse, haue kill'd more then *famine*.
The Sparrow, with his little plumage, flies,
While the proud Peacocke, ouer-charg'd with pennes,
Is faine to sweepe the ground, with his growne traine,
And load of feathers. P. SE. Wise, and honour'd brother!
None but a *Brother*, and sent from the dead,
As you are to me, could haue altered me:
I thanke my *Destiny*, that is so gracious.
Are there no *paines*, no *Penalties* decreed

Peny-boy
Se. acknow-
ledgeth his
elder bro-
ther.

From

From whence you come, to vs that smother money,
In chests, and strangle her in bagges. P. CA. O, mighty,
Intolerable fines, and mulcts impo'sd!

(Of which I come to warne you) forfeitures
Of whole estates, if they be knowne, and taken!

P. SE. I thanke you *Brother* for the light you haue giuen mee,
I will preuent 'hem all. First free my dogges,
Left what I ha' done to them (and against *Law*)

Be a *Premuniri*, for by *Magna Charta*
They could not be committed, as close prisoners,
My learned *Counsell* tells me here, my *Cooke*.

And yet he shew'd me, the way, first. LIC. Who did? I?
I trench the liberty o' the subiects? P. CA. Peace,
Picklocke, your *Ghest*, that *Stentor*, hath infected you,
Whom I haue safe enough in a wooden collar.

P. SE. Next, I restore these seruants to their *Ladie*,
With freedome, heart of cheate, and countenance;
It is their yeere, and day of *Iubilee*.

TRA. We thanke you, Sir. P. SE. And lastly, to my *Nephew*,
I giue my house, goods, lands, all but my vices,
And those I goe to cleanse; kissing this *Lady*
Whom I doe giue him too, and ioyned their hands.

P. CA. If the Spectators will ioyned theirs, wee thanke 'hem.

P. IV. And wish they may, as I, enioy *Pecunia*.

PEC. And so *Pecunia* her selfe doth wish,
That shee may still be ayde vnto their vses,
Not slaue vnto their pleasures, or a Tyrant
Ouer their faire desires; but teach them all
The golden meane: the *Prodigall* how to liue,
The *sordid*, and the *couetous*, how to dye,
That with sound mind; this safe frugality.

Her Trainee
thanks him.

THE END.



The Epilogue.



Hus haue you seene the Makers double scope,
 To profit, and delight; wherein our hope
 Is, though the clout we doe not at waies bit,
 It will not be imputed to his wit:
 A Tree so tri'd, and bent, as 't will not start.
 Nor doth he often cracke a string of Art,
 Though there may other accidents as strange
 Happen, the weather of your lookes may change,
 Or some high wind of mis-conceit arise,
 To cause an alteration in our Skyes;
 If so, we are sorry that haue so mis-spent
 Our Time and Tackle, yet he is confident,
 And vow's the next faire day, hee'll haue vs shoot
 The same match o're for him, if you'll come to't.

77
THE DIUELL
IS
AN ASSE:

A COMEDIE
ACTED IN THE
YEARE, 1616.

BY HIS MAIESTIES
SERVANTS.

The Author BEN: IONSON.

HOR. de ART. POET.
Ficta voluptatis Causâ, sint proxima veris.



LONDON,
Printed by I. B. for ROBERT ALLOT, and are
to be sold at the signe of the Beare, in Pauls
Church-yard. 1631.

THE DIDDLE

12

AN ASS

A COMEDIE

ACTED IN THE

YEARE 1616

BY HIS MAJESTIES

SEVANTES

The Author BEN. JONSON

London Printed

By Iohn Iamieson



TO V. DO N.

Printed by W. B. for Robert Carr, at the

to be sold at the Signe of the Swan, in Fleet

Street, London.

1616



THE PERSONS

OF THE PLAY.

S ATAN.	<i>The great duell.</i>
P VG.	<i>The lesse duell.</i>
I NIQVITY.	<i>The Vice.</i>
F ITZ-DOTTRELL.	<i>A Squire of Norfolk.</i>
M istresse F RANCES.	<i>His wife.</i>
M EERE-CRAFT.	<i>The Proiector.</i>
E VERILL.	<i>His champion.</i>
W ITTIPOL.	<i>A young Gallant.</i>
M ANLY.	<i>His friend.</i>
I NGINE.	<i>A Broaker.</i>
T RAINES.	<i>The Proiectors man.</i>
G VILT-HEAD.	<i>A Gold-smith.</i>
P LVTARCHVS.	<i>His sonne.</i>
S ir P OVLE E ITHER-SIDE.	<i>A Lawyer, and Iustice.</i>
L ady E ITHER-SIDE.	<i>His wife.</i>
L ady T AILE-BVSH.	<i>The Lady Proiectresse.</i>
P IT-FALL.	<i>Her woman.</i>
A MBLER.	<i>Her Gentleman vs her.</i>
S LEDGE.	<i>A Smith, the constable.</i>
S HACKLES.	<i>Keeper of Newgate.</i>

SERIEANTS.

The Scene, LONDON.

N₂

THE



The Prologue.



THE **D**IVELL is an **A**ſſe. That is, to day,
 The name of what you are met for, a new Play.
 Yet, **G**randee's, would you were not come to grace
 Our matter, with allowing **u**s no place.
 Though you presume **S**ATAN a subtil thing,
 And may have heard hee's worne in a thumbe-ring;
 Doe not on theſe preſumptions, force **u**s act,
 In compaſſe of a cheeſe-trencher. This tract
 Will ne'er admit our vice, becauſe of yours.
 Anone, who, worſe then you, the fault endures
 That your ſelues make? when you will thruſt and ſparne,
 And knocke **u**s o'the elbowes, and bid, turne;
 As if, when wee had ſpoke, wee muſt be gone,
 Or, till wee ſpeake, muſt all runne in, to one,
 Like the young adders, at the old ones mouth?
 Would wee could ſtand due North; or had no South,
 If that offend: or were Muſcouy glaſſe,
 That you might looke our Scenes through as they paſſe.
 We know not how to affect you. If you'll come
 To ſee new Playes, pray you affoord **u**s roome,
 And ſhew this, but the ſame face you haue done
 Your deare delight, the Diuell of Edmunton.
 Or, if, for want of roome it muſt miſ-carry,
 'Twill be but Juſtice, that your cenſure tarry,
 Till you giue ſome. And when ſixe times you ha' ſeen't,
 If this Play doe not like, the Diuell is in't.



THE DIVELL

IS

AN ASSE.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

DIVELL. PUG. INIQUITY.

H Oh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, &c.
 To earth? and, why to earth, thou foolish Spirit?
 What wold'st thou do on earth? PUG. For that, great
 As time shal work. I do but ask my mon'th. (Chiefe!
 Which every petty *pui'nee Diuell* has;
 Within that terme, the Court of *Hell* will heare
 Some thing, may gaine a longer grant, perhaps.
 SAT. For what? the laming a poore Cow, or two?
 Entring a Sow, to make her cast her farrow?
 Or crossing of a Mercat-womans Mare,
 Twixt this, and *Totnam*? these were wont to be
 Your maine archievements, *Pug*, You haue some plot, now,
 Vpon a tonning of Ale, to stale the yest,
 Or keepe the churne so, that the butter come not;
 Spight o'the housewiues cord, or her hot spit?
 Or some good Ribibe, about *Kentish Towne*,
 Or *Hogsden*, you would hang now, for a witch,
 Because shee will not let you play round *Robbin*:
 And you'll goe sowre the Citizens Creame, gainst Sunday?
 That she may be accus'd for't, and condemn'd,
 By a *Middlesex* Iury, to the satisfaction
 Of their offended friends, the *Londiners* wiues
 Whose teeth were set on edge with it? Foolish feind,
 Stay i' your place, know your owne strengths, and put not
 Beyond the spheare of your actiuity.

N 3

You |

You are too dull a Diuell to be trusted
 Forth in those parts, *Pug*, vpon any affayre
 That may concerne our name, on earth. It is not
 Euery ones worke. The state of *Hell* must care
 Whom it imployes, in point of reputation,
 Heere about *London*. You would make, I thinke
 An Agent, to be sent, for *Lancashire*,
 Proper inough; or some parts of *Northumberland*,
 So yo' had good instructions, *Pug*. *PVG.* O *Chiefe*!
 You doe not know, deare *Chiefe*, what there is in mee.
 Prove me but for a fortnight, for a weeke,
 And lend mee but a *Vice*, to carry with mee,
 To practice there-with any play-fellow,
 And, you will see, there will come more vpon't,
 Then you'll imagine, pretious *Chiefe*. *SAT.* What *Vice*?
 What kind wouldst th'haue it of? *PVG.* Why, any *Fraud*;
 Or *Couetousnesse*; or *Lady Vanity*;
 Or old *Iniquity*: I'll call him hither.

INI. What is he, calls vpon me, and would seeme to lack a *Vice*?
 Ere his words be halfe spoken, I am with him in a trice;
 Here, there, and euery where, as the Cat is with the mice:
 True *vetus Iniquitas*. Lack'st thou *Cards*, friend, or *Dice*?
 I will teach thee cheate, Child, to cog, lye, and swagger,
 And euer and anon, to be drawing forth thy dagger:
 To sweare by *Gogs-nownes*, like a lusty *Iuuentus*,
 In a cloake to thy heele, and a hat like a pent-house.
 Thy breeches of three fingers, and thy doublet all belly,
 With a *Wench* that shall feede thee, with cock-stones and gelly.

PVG. Is it not excellent, *Chiefe*? how nimble he is!

INI. Child of hell, this is nothing! I will fetch thee a leape
 From the top of *Pauls*-steeple, to the Standard in *Cheepe*:
 And lead thee a daunce, through the streets without faile,
 Like a needle of *Spaine*, with a thred at my tayle.
 We will suruay the *Suburbs*, and make forth our sallies,
 Downe *Petticoate-lane*, and vp the *Smock-allies*,
 To *Shoreditch*, *Whitechappell*, and so to *Saint Kathernes*.
 To drinke with the *Dutch* there, and take forth their patternes:
 From thence, wee will put in at *Custom-house* key there,
 And see, how the *Factors*, and *Prentizes* play there,
 False with their *Masters*; and gueld many a full packe,
 To spend it in pies, at the *Dagger*, and the *Wool-sacke*.

PVG. Braue, braue, *Iniquity*! will not this doe, *Chiefe*?

INI. Nay, boy, I wil bring thee to the *Bawds*, and the *Roysters*,
 At *Belins-gate*, feasting with claret-wine, and oysters,
 From thence shoot the *Bridge*, childe, to the *Cranes* i' the *Vintry*,
 And see, there the *gimblets*, how they make their entry!
 Or, if thou hadst rather, to the *Strand* downe to fall,

'Gainst

'Gainst the Lawyers come dabled from *Westminster-hall*
 And marke how they cling, with their clyents together,
 Like Iuie to Oake; so Velvet to Leather: (dotard,
 Ha, boy, I would shew thee. Pvg. Rare, rare! Div. Peace,
 And thou more ignorant thing, that so admir'st.
 Art thou the spirit thou seem'st? so poore? to choose
 This, for a *Vice*, t'advance the cause of *Hell*,
 Now? as *Vice* stands this present yeere? Remember,
 What number it is. *Six hundred and sixteene*.
 Had it but beene *five hundred*, though some *sixty*
 Aboue; that's *fifty* yeeres agone, and *six*,
 (When euery great man had his *Vice* stand by him,
 In his long coat, shaking his wooden dagger)
 I could consent, that, then this your graue choice
 Might haue done that, with his Lord *Chiefe*, the which
 Most of his chamber can doe now. But *Pug*,
 As the times are, who is it, will receiue you?
 What company will you goe to? or whom mix with?
 Where canst thou carry him? except to *Tauernes*?
 To mount vp on a joynt-stoole, with a *Jewes*-trumpe,
 To put downe *Cokeley*, and that must be to *Citizens*?
 Hene're will be admitted, there, where *Venor* comes.
 Hee may perchance, in taile of a *Sheriffes* dinner,
 Skip with a rime o'the Table, from *New-nothing*,
 And take his *Almaine*-leape into a custard,
 Shall make my Lad *Maioreffe*, and her sisters,
 Laugh all their hoods ouer their shoulders. But,
 This is not that will doe, they are other things
 That are receiu'd now vpon earth, for *Vices*;
 Stranger, and newer: and chang'd euery houre.
 They ride 'hem like their horses off their legges,
 And here they come to *Hell*, whole legions of 'hem,
 Euery weeke tyr'd. Wee, still strue to breed,
 And reare 'hem vp new ones; but they doe not stand,
 When they come there: they turne 'hem on our hands.
 And it is fear'd they haue a stud o'their owne
 Will put downe ours. Both our breed, and trade
 VVill suddenly decay, if we preuent not.
 Vnlesse it be a *Vice* of quality,
 Or fashion, now, they take none from vs. *Car-men*
 Are got into the yellow starch, and *Chimney-sweepers*
 To their tabacco, and strong-waters, *Hum*,
Meath, and *Obarni*. VVe must therefore ayme
 At extraordinary subtile ones, now,
 VVhen we doe send to keepe vs vp in credit.
 Not old *Iniquities*. Get you e'ne backe, Sir,
 To making of your rope of sand againe.

You

You are not for the manners, nor the times :
 They haue their *Vices*, there, most like to *Vertues* ;
 You cannot know 'hem, apart, by any difference :
 They weare the same clothes, eate the same meate,
 Sleepe i' the selfe-same beds, ride i' those coaches.
 Or very like, foure horses in a coach,
 As the best men and women. Tissue gownes,
 Garters and roses, fourescore pound a paire,
 Embroydred stockings, cut-worke smocks, and shirts,
 More certaine marks of lechery, now, and pride,
 Then ere they were of true nobility !
 But *Pug*, since you doe burne with such desire
 To doe the Common-wealth of Hell some seruice ;
 I am content, assuming of a body,
 You goe to earth, and visit men, a day.
 But you must take a body ready made, *Pug*,
 I can create you none : nor shall you forme
 Your selfe an aery one, but become subiect
 To all impression of the flesh, you take,
 So farre as humane frailty. So, this morning,
 There is a handsome Cutpurse hang'd at *Tiborne*,
 Whose spirit departed, you may enter his body :
 For clothes imploy your credit, with the Hangman,
 Or let our tribe of Brokers furnish you.
 And, looke, how farre your subtilty can worke
 Thorow those organs, with that body, spye
 Amongst mankind, (you cannot there want vices,
 And therefore the lesse need to carry 'hem wi' you)
 But as you make your soone at nights relation,
 And we shall find, it merits from the State,
 You shall haue both trust from vs, and imployment.

Pvg. Most gracious *Chiefe* ! *Div.* Onely, thus more I bind
 To serue the first man that you meete; and him (you,
 I'le shew you, now : Obserue him. Yon' is hee,
 You shall see, first, after your clothing. Follow him:
 But once engag'd, there you must stay and fixe;
 Not shift, vntill the midnights cocke doe crow.

Pvg. Any conditions to be gone. *Div.* Away, then.

*He shewes
 Fitz-dot-
 trel to him,
 comming
 forth.*

ACT.

ACT. I. SCENE. II.

FITZ-DOTTRELL.

I, they doe, now, name *Bretnor*, as before,
 They talk'd of *Gresham*, and of Doctor *Fore-man*,
Francklin, and *Fiske*, and *Sauory* (he was in too)
 But there's not one of these, that euer could
 Yet shew a man the *Diuell*, in true sort.
 They haue their christalls, I doe know, and rings,
 And virgin parchment, and their dead-mens sculls
 Their rauens wings, their lights, and *pentacles*,
 With *characters*; I ha' seene all these. But—
 Would I might see the *Diuell*. I would giue
 A hundred o' these pictures, to see him
 Once out of picture. May I proue a cuckold,
 (And that's the one maine mortall thing I feare)
 If I beginne not, now, to thinke, the Painters
 Haue onely made him. 'Slight, he would be seene,
 One time or other else. He would not let
 An ancient gentleman, of a good house,
 As most are now in *England*, the *Fitz-dottrel's*,
 Runne wilde, and call vpon him thus in vaine,
 As I ha' done this twelue mone'th. If he be not,
 At all, why, are there Coniurers? If they be not,
 Why, are there lawes against 'hem? The best artists
 Of *Cambridge*, *Oxford*, *Middlesex*, and *London*,
Essex, and *Kent*, I haue had in pay to raise him,
 These fifty weekes, and yet h'appeares not. 'Sdeath,
 I shall suspect, they, can make circles onely
 Shortly, and know but his hard names. They doe say,
 H'will meet a man (of himselfe) that has a mind to him.
 If hee would so, I haue a minde and a halfe for him:
 He should not be long absent. Pray thee, come
 I long for thee. An' I were with child by him,
 And my wife, too; I could not more. Come, yet,
 Good *Beelezebub*. Were hee a kinde diuell,
 And had humanity in him, hee would come, but
 To saue ones longing. I should vse him well,
 I sweare, and with respect (would he would try mee)
 Not, as the Coniurers doe, when they ha' rais'd him.
 Get him in bonds, and send him post, on errands.

He expresses
 a longing
 to see the
Diuell.

A thousand miles, it is preposterous, that :
 And I beleue, is the true cause he comes not.
 And hee has reason. Who would be engag'd,
 That might liue freely, as he may doe? I sweare,
 They are wrong all. The burn't child dreads the fire.
 They do not know to entertaine the *Diuell*.
 I would so welcome him, obserue his diet,
 Get him his chamber hung with arras, two of 'hem,
 I my own house; lend him my wiues wrought pillowes:
 And as I am an honest man, I thinke,
 If he had a minde to her, too; I should grant him,
 To make our friend-ship perfect. So I would not
 To euery man. If hee but heare me, now?
 And should come to mee in a braue young shape,
 And take me at my word? ha! Who is this?

ACT. I. SCENE. IIJ.

PVG. FITZ-DOTTRELL.

SIR, your good pardon, that I thus presume
 Vpon your priuacy. I am borne a Gentleman,
 A younger brother; but, in some disgrace,
 Now, with my friends: and want some little meanes,
 To keepe me vpright, while things be reconcil'd.
 Please you, to let my seruice be of vse to you, Sir.

*Hee looks
 and suruay's
 his feet: ouer
 and ouer.*

FIT. Seruice? 'fore hell, my heart was at my mouth,
 Till I had view'd his shooes well: for, those roses
 Were bigge inough to hide a clouen foote.
 No, friend, my number's full. I haue one seruant,
 Who is my all, indeed; and, from the broome
 Vnto the brush: for, iust so farre, I trust him.
 He is my Ward-robe man, my Cater, Cooke,
 Butler, and Steward; looks vnto my horse:
 And helpes to watch my wife. H'has all the places,
 That I can thinke on, from the garret downward,
 E'en to the manger, and the curry-combe.

PVG. Sir, I shall put your worship to no charge,
 More then my meate, and that but very little,
 I'll serue you for your loue. FIT. Ha? without wages?
 I'll harken o'that care, were I at leasure.
 But now, I'm busie. 'Pr'y the, friend forbear me,

An^r

And' thou hadst beene a *Diuell*, I should say
Somewhat more to thee. Thou dost hinder, now,
My meditations. Pvg. Sir, I am a *Diuell*.

FIT. How! Pvg. A true *Diuell*, Sr. FIT. Nay, now, you ly:
Vnder your fauour, friend, for, I'll not quarrell.

I look'd o' your feet, afore, you cannot coozen mee,
Your shoo's not clouen, Sir, you are whole hoof'd.

Pvg. Sir, that's a popular error, deceiues many:

But I am that, I tell you. FIT. What's your name? (deed, Sr.

Pvg. My name is *Diuell*, Sr. FIT. Sai'st thou true. Pvg. n-

FIT. 'Slid! there's some *omen* i' this! what countryman?

Pvg. Of *Derby-shire*, Sr. about the *Peake*. FIT. That Hole
Belong'd to your Ancestors? Pvg. Yes, *Diuells* arse, Sr.

FIT. I'll entertaine him for the name sake. Ha?

And turne away my tother man? and saue
Foure pound a yeere by that? there's lucke, and thrift too!
The very *Diuell* may come, heereafter, as well.

Friend, I receiue you: but (withall) I acquaint you,
Aforehand, if yo' offend mee, I must beat you.

It is a kinde of exercise, I vse.

And cannot be without. Pvg. Yes, if I doe not

Offend, you can, sure. FIT. Faith, *Diuell*, very hardly:
I'll call you by your surname, 'cause I loue it.

He viewes
his feete a-
gaine.

ACT. I. SCENE. IIII.

INGINE. WITTIPOL. MANLY.

FITZDOTTRELL. Pvg.

Yonder hee walkes, Sir, I'll goe lift him for you.

WIT. To him, good *Ingine*, raise him vp by degrees,
Gently, and hold him there too, you can doe it.

Shew your selfe now, a *Mathematicall* broker.

ING. I'll warrant you for halfe a piece. WIT. 'Tis done, Sr.

MAN. Is't possible there should be such a man?

WIT. You shall be your owne witnesse, I'll not labour
To tempt you past your faith. MAN. And is his wife
So very handsome, say you? WIT. I ha' not seene her,
Since I came home from trauell: and they say,
Shee is not alter'd. Then, before I went,
I saw her once; but so, as shee hath stuck
Still i' my view, no object hath remou'd her.

MAN. 'Tis a faire guest, Friend, beauty : and once lodg'd
Deepe in the eyes, shee hardly leaues the Inne.

How do's he keepe her? WIT. Very braue. Howeuer,
Himselfe be fordide, hee is sensuall that way.
In euery dressing, hee do's study her.

MAN. And furnish forth himselfe so from the *Brokers*?

WIT. Yes, that's a hyr'd suite, hee now has one,
To see the *Diuell* is an *Ass*, to day, in :

(This *Engine* gets three or foure pound a weeke by him)

He dares not misse a new *Play*, or a *Feast*,

What rate soeuer clothes be at; and thinkes

Himselfe still new, in other mens old. MAN. But stay,

Do's he loue meat so? WIT. Faith he do's not hate it.

But that's not it. His belly and his palate

Would be compounded with for reason. Mary,

A wit he has, of that strange credit with him,

'Gainst all mankinde; as it doth make him doe

Iust what it list: it rauishes him forth,

Whither it please, to any assembly or place,

And would conclude him ruin'd, should hee scape

One publike meeting, out of the beliefe

He has of his owne great, and Catholike strengths,

In arguing, and discourse. It takes, I see :

H'has got the cloake vpon him. FIT. A faire garment,

By my faith, *Engine* ! ING. It was neuer made, Sir,

For three score pound, I assure you : 'Twill yeeld thirty.

The plush, Sir, cost three pound, ten shillings a yard !

And then the lace, and veluet. FIT. I shall, *Engine*,

Be look'd at, pretitly, in it ! Art thou sure

The *Play* is play'd to day ? ING. O here's the bill, Sir.

I had forgot to gi't you. FIT. Ha ? the *Diuell* !

I will not lose you, Sirah ! But, *Engine*, thinke you,

The Gallant is so furious in his folly ?

So mad vpon the matter, that hee'll part

With's cloake vpo'these termes ? ING. Trust not your *Engine*,

Breake me to picesse else, as you would doe

A rotten *Crane*, or an old rusty *lacke*,

That has not one true wheele in him. Doe but talke with him.

FIT. I shall doe that, to satisfie you, *Engine*,

And my selfe too. With your leaue, Gentlemen.

Which of you is it, is so meere Idolater

To my wines beauty, and so very prodigall

Vnto my patience, that, for the short parlee ?

Of one swift houres quarter, with my wife,

He will depart with (let mee see) this cloake here

The price of folly ? Sir, are you the man ?

WIT. I am that vent'rer, Sir. FIT. Good time ! your name

Is

*Engine bath
won Fitz-
dottrel, so
say on the
cloake.*

*Hee giues
him the
Play-bill.*

*Hee turnes
so Wittipol.*

Is *Witty-pol*? WIT. The same, Sr. FIT. And 'tis told me,
Yo' haue trauell'd lately? WIT. That I haue, Sr. FIT. Truly,
Your trauels may haue alter'd your complexion;
But sure, your wit stood still. WIT. It may well be, Sir.
All heads ha'not like growth. FIT. The good mans grauity,
That left you land, your father, neuer taught you
These pleasant matches? WIT. No, nor can his mirth,
With whom I make 'hem, put me off. FIT. You are
Resolu'd then? WIT. Yes, Sr. FIT. Beauty is the *Saint*,
You'll sacrifice your selfe, into the shirt too?

WIT. So I may still cloth, and keepe warme your wisdome?

FIT. You lade me Sr! WIT. I know what you wil beare, Sr.

FIT. Well, to the point. 'Tis only, Sir, you say,
To speake vnto my wife? WIT. Only, to speake to her.

FIT. And in my presence? WIT. In your very presence.

FIT. And in my hearing? WIT. In your hearing: so,
You interrupt vs not. FIT. For the short space

You doe demand, the fourth part of an houre,
I thinke I shall, with some conuenient study,
And this good helpe to boot, bring my selfe to't.

WIT. I aske no more. FIT. Please you, walk to'ard my house,
Speake what you list; that time is yours: My right
I haue departed with. But, not beyond,
A minute, or a second, looke for. Length,
And drawing out, ma' aduance much, to these matches.
And I except all kissing. Kisses are
Silent petitions still with willing *Louers*.

WIT. *Louers*? How falls that o' your phantsie? FIT. Sir,
I doe know somewhat, I forbid all lip-worke.

WIT. I am not eager at forbidden dainties.
Who conets vnfit things, denies him selfe.

FIT. You say well, Sir, 'Twas prettily said, that same,
He do's, indeed. I'll haue no touches, therefore,
Nor takings by the armes, nor tender circles
Cast 'bout the wast, but all be done at distance.
Loue is brought vp with those soft *migniard* handlings;
His pulse lies in his palme: and I defend
All melting ioynts, and fingers, (that's my bargaine)
I doe defend 'hem; any thing like action.
But talke, Sir, what you will. Vse all the *Tropes*
And *Schemes*, that Prince *Quintilian* can afford you:
And much good do your *Rhetoriques* heart. You are welcome, Sir.
Ingine, God b'w'you. WIT. Sir, I must condition
To haue this Gentleman by, a witnesse. FIT. Well,
I am content, so he be silent. MAN. Yes, Sir. (you

FIT. Come *Diuell*, I'll make you roome, streight. But I'll shew
First, to your Mistresse, who's no common one,

Hee shrugs
himselfe vp
in the cloake.

You must conceiue, that brings this gaine to see her.
I hope thou'lt brought me good lucke. Pvg. I shall do't. Sir.

ACT. I. SCENE. V.

WITTIPOL. MANLY.

Wittipol
knocks his
friend o'the
brest.

INgine, you hope o' your halfe piece? 'Tis there, Sir.
Be gone. Friend *Manly*, who's within here? fixed?

MAN. I am directly in a fit of wonder
What'll be the issue of this conference!

WIT. For that, ne'r vex your selfe, till the cuent.
How like yo'him? MAN. I would faine see more of him.

WIT. What thinke you of this? MAN. I am past degrees of
Old *Africk*, and the new *America*, (thinking.

With all their fruite of Monsters cannot shew
So iust a prodigie. WIT. Could you haue beleeu'd,
Without your sight, a minde so sordide inward,
Should be so specious, and layd forth abroad,
To all the shew, that euer shop, or ware was?

MAN. I beleue any thing now, though I confesse
His *Vices* are the most extremities
I euer knew in nature. But, why loues hee
The *Diuell* so? WIT. O S'r! for hidden treasure,
Hee hopes to finde: and has propos'd himselfe
So infinite a Masse, as to recouer,
He cares not what he parts with, of the present,
To his men of Art, who are the race, may coyne him.
Promise gold-mountaines, and the couetous
Are still most prodigall. MAN. But ha' you faith,
That he will hold his bargaine? WIT. O deare, Sir!
He will not off on't. Feare him not. I know him.
One basenesse still accompanies another.
See! he is heere already, and his wife too.

MAN. A wondrous handsome creature, as I liue!

ACT.

ACT. I. SCENE. VI.

FITZ-DOTTRELL. Mistresse FITZ-DOTTRELL. WITTIPOL. MANLY.

COME wife, this is the Gentleman. Nay, blush not.
 Mrs. Fi. Why, what do you meane Sir? ha' you your reason?
 I do not know, that I haue lent it forth (FIT: Wife,

To any one; at least, without a pawne, wife:
 Or that I haue eat or drunke the thing, of late,
 That should corrupt it. Wherefore gentle wife,
 Obey, it is thy vertue: hold no acts
 Of disputation. Mrs. Fi. Are you not enough
 The talke, of feasts, and meeting, but you'll still
 Make argument for fresh? FIT. Why, carefull wedlocke,
 If I haue haue a longing to haue one tale more
 Goe of mee, what is that to thee, deare heart?
 Why shouldst thou enuy my delight? or crosse it?
 By being solicitous, when it not concernes thee?

Mrs. Fi. Yes, I haue share in this. The scorne will fall
 As bittterly on me, where both are laught at.

FIT. Laught at, sweet bird? is that the scruple? Come, come,
 Thou art a *Niaise*. Which of your great houses,
 (I will not meane at home, here, but abroad)
 Your families in *France*, wife, send not forth
 Something, within the seuen yeere, may be laught at?
 I doe not say seuen monerhs, nor seuen weekes,
 Nor seuen daies, nor houres: but seuen yeere wife.
 I giue 'hem time. Once, within seuen yeere,
 I thinke they may doe something may be laught at.
 In *France*, I keepe me there, still. Wherefore, wife,
 Let them that list, laugh still, rather then weepe
 For me; Heere is a cloake cost fifty pound, wife,
 Which I can sell for thirty, when I ha' seene
 All *London* in't, and *London* has seene mee.
 To day, I goe to the *Black-fryers Play-house*,
 Sit ithe view, salute all my acquaintance,
 Rise vp betweene the *Acts*, let fall my cloake,
 Publish a handsome man, and a rich suite
 (As that's a speciall end, why we goe thither,
 All that pretend, to stand for't o'the *Stage*)

A *Niaise*
 is a young
 Hawke, tane
 crying out
 of the nest.

The

The Ladies aske who's that? (For, they doe come
To see vs, *Loue*, as wee doe to see them)
Now, I shall lose all this, for the false feare
Of being laught at? Yes, wisse. Let 'hem laugh, wife,
Let me haue such another cloake to morrow.
And let 'hem laugh againe, wife, and againe,
And then grow fat with laughing, and then fatter,
All my young Gallants, let 'hem bring their friends too:
Shall I forbid 'hem? No, let heaven forbid 'hem:
Or wit, if 't haue any charge on 'hem. Come, thy eare, wife,
Is all, I'll borrow of thee. Set your watch, Sir,
Thou, onely art to heare, not speake a word, *Done*,
To ought he sayes. That I doe gi' you in precept,
No lesse then counsell, on your wiue-hood, wife,
Not though he flatter you, or make court, or *Loue*,
(As you must looke for these) or say, he raile;
What ere his arts be, wife, I will haue thee
Delude 'hem with a trick, thy obstinate silence;
I know aduantages; and I loue to hit
These pragmaticke young men, at their owne weapons.
Is your watch ready? Here my faile beares, for you:
Tack toward him, sweet *Pinnacle*, where's your watch?

*He disposes
his wife to
his place,
and sets his
watch.*

WIT. I'll set it, Sir, with yours. Mrs. FI. I must obey.

MAN. Her modesty seemes to suffer with her beauty,
And so, as if his folly were away,
It were worth pitty. FIT. Now, th'are right, beginne, Sir.
But first, let me repeat the contract, briefly.

*Hee repeats
his contract
again.*

I am, Sir, to inioy this cloake, I stand in,
Freely, and as your gift; vpon condition
You may as freely, speake here to my spouse,
Your quarter of an houre alwaies keeping
The measur'd distance of your yard, or more,
From my said Spouse: and in my sight and hearing.

This is your couenant? WIT. Yes, but you'll allow
For this time spent, now? FIT. Set 'hem so much backe.

WIT. I thinke, I shall not need it. FIT. Well, begin, Sir,
There is your bound, Sir. Not beyond that rush.

*Wittipol
begiunes.*

WIT. If you interrupt me, Sir, I shall discloake you.
The time I haue purchast, Lady, is but short;
And, therefore, if I imploy it thriftily,
I hope I stand the neerer to my pardon.
I am not here, to tell you, you are faire,
Or louely, or how well you dresse you, Lady,
I'll saue my selfe that eloquence of your glasse,
Which can speake these things better to you then I.
And 'tis a knowledge, wherein fooles may be
As wise as a Court Parliament. Nor come I,

With

With any preiudice, or doubt, that you
Should, to the notice of your owne worth, neede
Least reuelation. Shee's a simple woman,
Know's not her good: (who euer knowes her ill)
And at all caracts. That you are the wife,
To so much blasted flesh, as scarce hath soule,
In stead of sa't, to keepe it sweete; I thinke,
Will aske no witnesses, to proue. The cold
Sheetes that you lie in, with the watching candle,
That sees, how dull to any thaw of beauty,
Pieces, and quarters, halfe, and whole nights, sometimes,
The Diuell-giuen *Elfine* Squire, your husband,
Doth leaue you, quitting heere his proper circle,
For a much-worse i'the walks of *Lincolnes Inne*,
Vnder the Elmes, t'expect the feind in vaine, there
Will confesse for you. FIT. I did looke for this geere.

WIT. And what a daughter of darknesse, he do's make you,
Lock'd vp from all society, or object;
Your eye not let to looke vpon a face,
Vnder a Conjurers (or some mould for one,
Hollow, and leane like his) but, by great meanes,
As I now make; your owne too sensible sufferings,
Without the extraordinary aydes,
Of spells, or spirits, may assure you, Lady.
For my part, I protest 'gainst all such practice,
I worke by no false arts, medicines, or charmes
To be said forward and backward. FIT. No, I except:

WIT. Sir I shall ease you. FIT. Mum. WIT. Nor haue I
Vpon you, more then this: to tell you how *Loue* (ends, Lady,
Beauties good Angell, he that waits vpon her
At all occasions, and no lesse then *Fortune*,
Helps th'aduenturous, in mee makes that proffer,
Which neuer faire one was so fond, to lose;
Who could but reach a hand forth to her freedome:
On the first sight, I lou'd you: since which time,
Though I haue trauell'd, I haue beene in trauell
More for this second blessing of your eyes
Which now I haue purchas'd, then for all aymes else.
Thinke of it, Lady, be your minde as active,
As is your beauty: view your object well.
Examine both my fashion, and my yeeres
Things, that are like, are soone familiar:
And Nature ioyes, still in equality.
Let not the signe o'the husband fright you, Lady.
But ere your spring be gone, inioy it. Flowers,
Though faire, are oft but of one morning. Thinke,
All beauty doth not last vntill the *autumne*.

P

You

He offers to
discloake
him.

*Shee stands
n. n. c.*

You grow old, while I tell you this. And such,
As cannot vse the present, are not wise.
If Loue and Fortune will take care of vs,
Why should our will be wanting? This is all.
Wha doe you answer, Lady? **FIT.** Now, the sport comes.
Let him still waite, waite, waite: while the watch goes,
And the time runs. Wife! **WIT.** How! not any word?
Nay, then, I taste a tricke in't. Worthy Lady,
I cannot be so false to mine owne thoughts
Of your presumed goodnesse, to conceiue
This, as your rudenesse, which I see's impos'd.
Yet, since your cautelous *Taylor*, here stands by you,
And yo'are deni'd the liberty o' the house,
Let me take warrant, Lady, from your silence,
(Which euer is interpreted consent)
To make your answer for you: which shall be
To as good purpose, as I can imagine,
And what I thinke you'd speake. **FIT.** No, no, no, no.

*He sets Mr.
Manly, his
friend in her
place.*

WIT. I shall resume, Sr. **MAN.** Sir, what doe you meane?
WIT. One interruption more, Sir, and you goe
Into your hose and doublet, nothing saues you.
And therefore harken. This is for your wife. (friend.)

*And speaks
for her.*

MAN. You must play faire, Sr. **WIT.** Stand for mee, good
Troth, Sir, tis more then true, that you haue vttered
Of my vnequall, and so sordide match heere,
With all the circumstances of my bondage.
I haue a husband, and a two-legg'd one,
But such a moon-ling, as no wit of man
Or roses can redeeme from being an Asse.
H'is growne too much, the story of mens mouthes,
To scape his lading: should I make't my study,
And lay all wayes, yea, call mankind to helpe,
To take his burden off, why, this one act
Of his, to let his wife out to be courted,
And, at a price, proclaimes his asinine nature
So lowd, as I am weary of my title to him.
But Sir, you seeme a Gentleman of vertue,
No lesse then blood; and one that euery way
Lookes as he were of too good quality,
To intrap a credulous woman, or betray her:
Since you haue payd thus deare, Sir, for a visit,
And made such venter, on your wit, and charge
Meerely to see mee, or at most to speake to mee,
I were too stupid; or (what's worse) ingrate
Not to returne your venter. Thinke, but how,
I may with safety doe it; I shall trust
My loue and honour to you, and presume,

You'll

You'll euer husband both, against this husband;
 Who, if we chance to change his liberall eares,
 To other ensignes, and with labour make
 A new beast of him, as hee shall deserue,
 Cannot complaine, hee is vnkindly death with.
 This day hee is to goe to a new play, Sir.
 From whence no feare, no, nor authority,
 Scarcely the *Kings* command, Sir, will restraine him,
 Now you haue fitted him with a *Stage*-garment,
 For the meere names sake, were there nothing else:
 And many more such iourneyes, hee will make.
 Which, if they now, or, any time heereafter,
 Offer vs opportunity, you heare, Sir,
 Who'll be as glad, and forward to imbrace,
 Meete, and enioy it chearefully as you.
 I humbly thanke you, Lady. FIT. Keepe your ground Sir.

*Hee shifes to
 his owne
 place a-
 gaine*

WIT. Will you be lightned? FIT. Mum. WIT. And but I
 By the sad contract, thus to take my leaue of you (air,
 At this so enuious distance, I had taught
 Our lips ere this, to seale the happy mixture
 Made of our soules. But we must both, now, yeeld
 To the necessity. Doe not thinke yet, Lady,
 But I can kisse, and touch, and laugh, and whisper,
 And doe those crowning court-ships too, for which
 Day, and the publike haue allow'd no name
 But, now, my bargaine binds me. 'T were rude iniury,
 T' importune more, or vrge a noble nature,
 To what of it's owne bounty it is prone to:
 Else, I should speake—But, Lady, I loue so well,
 As I will hope, you'll doe so to. I haue done, Sir.

FIT. Well, then, I ha' won? WIT. Sir, And I may win, too.

FIT. O yes! no doubt on't. I'll take carefull order,
 That shee shall hang forth ensignes at the window,
 To tell you when I am absent. Or I'll keepe
 Three or foure foote-men, ready still of purpose,
 To runne and fetch you, at her longings, Sir.
 I'll goe bespeake me straight a guilt caroch,
 For her and you to take the ayre in. Yes,
 Into *Hide-parke*, and thence into *Black-Fryers*,
 Visitt the painters, where you may see pictures,
 And note the properest limbs, and how to make 'hem.
 Or what doe you say vnto a middling Gossip?
 To bring you aye together, at her lodging?
 Vnder pretext of reaching o' my wife
 Some rare receit of drawing *almond* milke? ha?
 It shall be a part of my care. Good Sir, God b'w' you.
 I ha' kept the contract, and the cloake is mine.

Hee turnes
his wife a-
bout.

WIT. Why, much good do't you Sr; it may fall out,
That you ha' bought it deare, though I ha' not sold it.

FIT. A pretty riddle! Fare you well, good Sir.
Wife, your face this way, looke on me: and thinke
Yo' haue had a wicked dreame, wife, and forget it.

MAN. This is the strangest motion I ere saw.

FIT. Now, wife, sits this faire cloake the worse vpon me,
For my great sufferings, or your little patience? ha?
They laugh, you thinke? Mrs. FI. Why Sr. and you might see't.
What thought, they haue of you, may be soone collected
By the young Genlemans speache. FIT. Youug Gentleman?
Death! you are in loue with him, are you? could he not
Be nam'd the Gentleman, without the young?
Vp to your Cabbin againe. Mrs. FI. My cage, yo' were best
To call it? FIT. Yes, sing there. You'd faine be making
Blanck Manger with him at your mothers! I know you.
Goe get you vp. How now! what say you, *Diuell*?

ACT. I. SCENE. VII.

PVG. FITZDOTTREL. *ENGINE*.

Heere is one *Engine*, Sir, desires to speake with you.
FIT. I thought he brought some newes, of a broker! Well,
Let him come in, good *Diuell*: fetch him else.
O, my fine *Engine*! what's th'affaire? more cheats?

ING. No Sir, the Wit, the Braine, the great *Proiecter*,
I told you of, is newly come to towne.

FIT. Where, *Engine*? ING. I ha' brought him (H'is without)
Ere hee pull'd off his boots, Sir, but so follow'd,
For busineses: FIT. But what is a *Proiecter*?
I would conceiue. ING. Why, one Sir, that proiects
Wayes to enrich men, or to make 'hem great,
By suites, by marriages, by vndertakings:
According as hee sees they humour it.

FIT. Can hee not coniure at all? ING. I thinke he can, Sir.
(To tell you true) but, you doe know, of late,
The State hath tane such note of 'hem, and compell'd 'hem,
To enter such great bonds, they dare not practice.

FIT. 'Tis true, and I lie fallow for't, the while!

ING. O, Sir! you'll grow the richer for the rest.

FIT. I hope I shall: but *Engine*, you doe talke
Somewhat too much, o'my courses. My Cloake-customer

Could

Could tell mee strange particulars. ING. By my meanes?
 FIT. How should he haue hem else? ING. You do not know, Sr,
 What he has: and by what arts! A monei'd man, Sir,
 And is as great with your *Almanack-Men*, as you are! (here:
 FIT. That Gallant? ING. You make the other wait too long,
 And hee is extreme punctuall. FIT. Is he a gallant?
 ING. Sir, you shall see: He is in his riding suit,
 As hee comes now from Court. But heere him speake:
 Minister matter to him, and then tell mee.



ACT.II. SCENE.I.

MEER-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. INGINE.
 TRAINES. PVG.

SIr, money's a whore, a bawd, a drudge;
 Fit to runne out on errands: Let her goe.
Via pecunia! when she's runne and gone,
 And fled and dead; then will I fetch her, againe,
 With *Aqua-vita*, out of an old Hogs-head!
 While there are lees of wine, or dregs of beere,
 I'le neuer want her! Coyne her out of cobwebs,
 Dust, but I'll haue her! Raife wooll vpon egge-shells,
 Sir, and make grasse grow out o' marro-bones.
 To make her come. (Commend mee to your Mistresse,
 Say, let the thousand pound but be had ready,
 And it is done) I would but see the creature
 (Of flesh, and blood) the man, the *prince*, indeed,
 That could imploy so many millions
 As I would help him to. FIT. How, talks he millions?
 MER. (I'll giue you an account of this to morrow.)
 Yes, I will talke no lesse, and doe it too;
 If they were *Myriades*: and without the *Diuell*,

To a waiter.

To another.

To a third.

He turnes to
Fitz-dot-
trel.

He turnes to
Ingine.

By direct meanes, it shall be good in law. ING. Sir.

MER. Tell Mr. *Wood-cock*, I'll not faile to meet him

Vpon th' *Exchange* at night. Pray him to haue

The writings there, and wee'll dispatch it. Sir,

You are a Gentleman of a good presence,

A handsome man (I haue considered you)

As a fit stocke to graft honours vpon:

I haue a proiect to make you a *Duke*, now.

That you must be one, within so many moneths,

As I set downe, out of true reason of state,

You sha' not auoyd it. But you must harken, then.

ING. Harken? why Sr, do you doubt his eares? Alas!

You doe not know Master *Fitz-dottrel*.

FIT. He do's not know me indeed. I thank you, *Ingine*,

For rectifying him. MER. Good! Why, *Ingine*, then

I'll tell it you. (I see you ha' credit, here,

And, that you can keepe counsell, I'll not question.)

Hee shall but be an vndertaker with mee,

In a most feasible bus'nesse. It shall cost him

Nothing. ING. Good, Sr. MER. Except he please, but's count' (nance;

(That I will haue) t'appeare in't, to great men,

For which I'll make him one. Hee shall not draw

A string of's purse. I'll driue his pattent for him.

We'll take in Cittizens, *Commoners*, and *Aldermen*,

To beare the charge, and blow 'hem off againe,

Like so many dead flyes, when 'tis carryed.

The thing is for recouery of drown'd land,

Whereof the *Crowne's* to haue his moiety,

If it be owner; Else, the *Crowne* and Owners

To share that moyety: and the recouerers

T'enioy the tother moyety, for their charge.

ING. Thorowout *England*? MER. Yes, which will arise

To cyghteene millions, seuen the first yeere:

I haue computed all, and made my suruay

Vnto an acre. I'll beginne at the Pan,

Not, at the skirts: as some ha' done, and lost,

All that they wrought, their timber-work, their trench,

Their bankes all borne away, or else fill'd vp

By the next winter. Tut, they neuer went

The way: I'll haue it all. ING. A gallant tract

Of land it is! MER. 'Twill yeeld a pound an acre.

Wee must let cheape, euer, at first. But Sir,

This lookes too large for you, I see. Come hither,

We'll haue a lesse. Here's a plain fellow, you see him,

Has his black bag of papers, there, in Buckram,

Wi' not be sold for th' Earledome of *Pantridge*: Draw,

Gi' me out one, by chance. Proiect. 4. *Dog-skinnes*?

Twelve

Twelve thousand pound! the very worst, at first.

FIT. Pray you let's see't Sir. MER. 'Tis a toy, a trifle!

FIT. Trifle! 12. thousand pound for dogs-skins? MER. Yes, But, by my way of dressing, you must know, Sir, And med'cining the leather, to a height Of improv'd ware, like your *Borachio* Of *Spaine*, Sir. I can fetch nine thousand for't—

ING. Of the Kings glouer? MER. Yes, how heard you that?

ING. Sir, I doe know you can. MER. Within this houre: And reserve halfe my secret. Pluck another; See if thou hast a happier hand: I thought so. The very next worse to it! Bottle-ale.

Hee pluckes
out the 2.
Bottle-ale.

Yet, this is two and twenty thousand! Pr'y thee Pull out another, two or three. FIT. Good, stay, friend, By bottle-ale, two and twenty thousand pound?

MER. Yes, Sir, it's cast to penny-hal'penny-farthing, O'the back-side, there you may see it, read, I will not bate a *Harrington* o'the summe. I'll winne it i' my water, and my malt, My furnaces, and hanging o' my coppers, The tonning, and the subtilty o' my yest; And, then the earth of my bottles, which I dig, Turne vp, and steepe, and worke, and neale, my selfe, To a degree of *Porc'lane*. You will wonder, At my proportions, what I will put vp In seven yeeres! for so long time, I aske For my invention. I will saue in cork, In my mere stop'ling, 'boue three thousand pound, Within that terme: by googing of 'hem out Iust to the size of my bottles, and not slicing.

There's infinite losse i' that. What hast thou there? O'making wine of raisins: this is in hand, now,

Hee drawes
out another.
Raisines.

ING. Is not that strange, S^r, to make wine of raisins?

MER. Yes, and as true a wine, as th'wines of *France*, Or *Spaine*, or *Italy*, Looke of what grape My raisin is, that wine I'll render perfect, As of the *muscatell* grape, I'll render *muscatell*; Of the *Canary*, his; the *Claret*, his; So of all kinds: and bate you of the prices, Of wine, throughout the kingdome, halfe in halfe.

ING. But, h^o, S^r, if you raise the other commodity, Raysin? MER. Why, then I'll make it out of black-berries: And it shall doe the same. 'Tis but more art, And the charge lesse. Take out another. FIT. No, good Sir. Saue you the trouble, I'll not looke, nor heare Of any, but your first, there; the *Drown'd land*: If't will doe, as you say. MER. Sir, there's not place,

To

To gi' you demonstration of these things.
 They are a little to subtile. But, I could shew you
 Such a necessity in't, as you must be
 But what you please: against the receiu'd heresie,
 That *England* beares no Dukes. Keepe you the land, Sr,
 The greatnesse of th' estate shall throw't vpon you.
 If you like better turning it to money,
 What may not you, Sr, purchase with that wealth?
 Say, you should part with two o' your millions,
 To be the thing you would, who would not do't?
 As I protest, I will, out of my diuident,
 Lay, for some pretty principality,
 In *Italy*, from the Church: Now, you perhaps,
 Fancy the smoake of *England*, rather? But—
 Ha' you no priuate roome, Sir, to draw to,
 To enlarge our selues more vpon. FIT. O yes, *Diuell*!

MER. These, Sir, are bus'nesses, aske to be carryed
 With caution, and in cloud. FIT. I apprehend,
 They doe so, Sr. *Diuell*, which way is your Mistresse?

PVG. Aboue, Sr. in her chamber. FIT. O that's well.
 Then, this way, good, Sir. MER. I shall follow you; *Traines*,
 Gi' mee the bag, and goe you presently,
 Commend my seruice to my Lady *Tail-bush*.

Tell her I am come from Court this morning; say,
 I haue got our bus'nesse mou'd, and well: Intreat her,
 That shee giue you the four-score Angels, and see'hem
 Dispos'd of to my Councel, Sir *Poul Eytherside*.

Sometime, to day, I'll waite vpon her Ladiship,
 With the relation. ING. Sir, of what dispatch,

He is! Do you marke? MER. *Ingine*, when did you see
 My cousin *Euer-ill*? keepes he still your quarter?
 I the *Bermudas*? ING. Yes, Sir, he was writing

This morning, very hard. MER. Be not you knowne to him,
 That I am come to Towne: I haue effected
 A bus'nesse for him, but I would haue it take him,
 Before he thinks for't. ING. Is it past? MER. Not yet.

'Tis well o' the way. ING. O Sir! your worship takes
 Infinit paines. MER. I loue Friends, to be actiue:
 A sluggish nature puts off man, and kinde.

ING. And such a blessing followes it. MER. I thanke
 My fate. Pray you let's be priuate, Sir? FIT. In, here.

MER. Where none may interrupt vs. FIT. You heare, *Diuel*,
 Lock the streete doores fast, and let no one in
 (Except they be this Gentlemans followers)
 To trouble mee. Doe you marke? Yo' haue heard and scene
 Something, to day; and, by it, you may gather
 Your Mistresse is a fruite, that's worth the stealing

And

And therefore worth the watching. Be you sure, now,
Yo' haue all your eyes about you; and let in
No lace-woman; nor bawd, that brings French masques,
And cut-works. See you? Nor old croanes, with wafers,
To conuey letters. Nor no youths, disguis'd
Like country-wiues, with creame, and marrow-puddings.
Much knauery may be vented in a pudding,
Much bawdy intelligence: They're shrewd ciphers.
Nor turne the key to any neyghbours neede;
Be't but to kindle fire, or begg a little,
Put it out, rather: all out, to an ashe,
That they may see no smoake. Or water, spill it:
Knock o'the empty tubs, that by the sound,
They may be forbid entry. Say, wee are robb'd,
If any come to borrow a spoone, or so.
I wi' not haue good fortune, or gods blessing
Let in, while I am busie. P.V.G. I'll take care, Sir:
They sha' not trouble you, if they would. FIT. Well, doe so.

ACT. II. SCENE. II.

P.V.G. Mistresse FITZDOTTRELL.

I haue no singular seruice of this, now?
Nor no superlatiue Master? I shall wish
To be in hell againe, at leasure? Bring,
A Vice from thence? That had bin such a subtilty,
As to bring broad-clothes hither: or transport
Fresh oranges into Spaine. I finde it, now;
My Chiefe was i' the right. Can any feind
Boast of a better Vice, then heere by nature,
And art, th'are owners of? Hell ne'r owne mee,
But I am taken! the fine tract of it
Pulls mee along! To heare men such professors
Growne in our subtlest Sciences! My first Act, now,
Shall be, to make this Master of mine cuckold:
The primitiue worke of darknesse, I will practise!
I will deserue so well of my faire Mistresse,
By my discoueries, first; my counsells after;
And keeping counsell, after that: as who,
So euer, is one, I'll be another, sure,
I'll ha' my share. Most delicate damn'd flesh!

Q

She

*Shee sends
Diuell out.*

Shee will be! O! that I could stay time, now,
Midnight will come too fast vpon mee, I feare,
To cut my pleasure—*M^{rs}. FI.* Look at the back-doore,
One knocks, see who it is. *PVG.* Dainty *she-Diuell!*

*Diuell re-
turnes.*

M^{rs}. FI. I cannot get this venter of the cloake,
Out of my fancie; nor the Gentlemans way,
He tooke, which though 'twere strange, yet 'twas handsome,
And had a grace withall, beyond the newnesse.
Sure he will thinke mee that dull stupid creature,
Hee said, and may conclude it; if I finde not
Some thought to thanke th'attemp. He did presume,
By all the carriage of it, on my braine,
For answer; and will sweare 'tis very barren,
If it can yeeld him no returne Who is it?

PVG. Mistresse, it is, but first, let me assure
The excellence, of Mistresses, I am,
Although my Masters man, my Mistresse slaue,
The seruant of her secrets, and sweete turnes,
And know, what fitly will conduce to either.

M^{rs}. FI. What's this? I pray you come to your selfe and thinke
What your part is: to make an answer. Tell,
Who is it at the doore? *PVG.* The Gentleman, *M^{rs},*
Who was at the cloake-charge to speake with you,
This morning, who expects onely to take
Some small command'ments from you, what you please,
Worthy your forme, hee saies, and gentlest manners.

M^{rs}. FI. O! you'll anon proue his hyr'd man, I feare,
What has he giu'n you, for this message? Sir,
Bid him pnt off his hopes of straw, and leaue
To spread his nets, in view, thus. Though they take
Master *Fitz-dottrel*, I am no such foule,
Nor faire one, tell him, will be had with stalking.
And wish him to for-bearc his acting to mee,
At the Gentlemans chamber-window in *Lincolnes-Inne* there,
That opens to my gallery: else, I sweare
T'acquaint my husband with his folly, and leaue him
To the iust rage of his offended iealousie.
Or if your Masters sense be not so quicke
To right mee, tell him, I shall finde a friend
That will repaire mee. Say, I will be quiet.
In mine owne house? Pray you, in those words giue it him.

He goes out.

PVG. This is some foole turn'd! *M^{rs}. FI.* If he be the Master,
Now, of that state and wit, which I allow him;
Sure, hee will vnderstand mee: I durst not
Be more direct. For this officious fellow,
My husbands new groome, is a spie vpon me,
I finde already. Yet, if he but tell him

This

This in my words, hee cannot but conceiue
Himselfe both apprehended, and requited.

I would not haue him thinke hee met a *statue*:

Or spoke to one, not there, though I were silent. (saies he?)

How now? ha' you told him? P.V.G. Yes. M^{rs}. F.I. And what

P.V.G. Sayes he? That which my self would say to you, if I durst.

That you are proude, sweet Mistresse? and with-all,

A little ignorant, to entertaine

The good that's proffer'd; and (by your beauties leaue)

Not all so wise, as some true politique wife

Would be: who hauing match'd with such a *Nupson*

(I speake it with my Masters peace) whose face

Hath left t'accuse him, now, for't doth confesse him,

What you can make him; will yet (out of scruple,

And a spic'd conscience) defraud the poore Gentleman,

At least delay him in the thing he longs for,

And makes it his whole study, how to compasse,

Onely a title. Could but he write *Cuckold*,

He had his ends. For, looke you— M^{rs}. F.I. This can be

None but my husbands wit. P.V.G. My pretious M^{rs}.

M. F.I. It creaks his *Ingine*: The groome neuer durst

Be, else, so saucy— P.V.G. If it were not clearely,

His worshipfull ambition; and the top of it;

The very forked top too: why should hee

Keepe you, thus mur'd vp in a back-roome, Mistresse,

Allow you ne'r a casement to the streete,

Feare of engendering by the eyes, with gallants,

Forbid you paper, pen and inke, like Rats-bane.

Search your halfe pint of *muscatell*, lest a letter

Be suncke i'the pot: and hold your new-laid egge

Against the fire, lest any charme be writ there?

Will you make benefit of truth, deare Mistresse,

If I doe tell it you: I do't not often?

I am set ouer you, imploy'd, indeed,

To watch your steps, your lookes, your very breathings,

And to report them to him. Now, if you

Will be a true, right, delicate sweete Mistresse,

Why, wee will make a *Cokes* of this *Wise Master*,

We will, my Mistresse, an absolute fine *Cokes*,

And mock, to ayre, all the deepe diligences

Of such a solemne, and effectuall *Ass*,

An *Ass* to so good purpose, as wee'll vse him.

I will contriue it so, that you shall goe

To *Playes*, to *Masques*, to *Meetings*, and to *Feasts*.

For, why is all this Rigging, and fine Tackle, Mistris,

If you neat handsome vessells, of good sayle,

Put not forth euer, and anon, with your nets

Abroad into the world. It is your fishing.
 There, you shal choose your friends, your seruants, Lady,
 Your squires of honour; I'll conuey your letters,
 Fetch answers, doe you all the offices,
 That can belong to your bloud, and beauty. And,
 For the variety, at my times, although
 I am not in due *symmetrie*, the man
 Of that proportion; or in rule
 Of *physicke*, of the iust complexion;
 Or of that truth of *Picardill*, in clothes,
 To boast a soueraignty o're Ladies: yet
 I know, to do my turnes, sweet Mistresse. Come, kisse—

Mrs. FI. How now! P.V.G. Deare delicate Mist. I am your slaue,
 Your little *worme*, that loues you: your fine *Monkey*;
 Your *Dogge*, your *lacke*, your *Pug*, that longs to be (you,
 Stil'd, o' your pleasures. Mrs. FIT. Heare you all this? Sir, Pray
 Come from your standing, doe, a little, spare
 Your selfe, Sir, from your watch, t'applaud your *Squire*,
 That so well followes your instructions!

Shee thinks
 her husband
 wasches.

ACT. II. SCENE. III.

FITZ-DOTTRELL. Mistresse FITZ-DOT-
 TREL. P.V.G.

HOW now, sweet heart? what's the matter? Mrs. FI. Good!
 You are a stranger to the plot! you set not
 Your fancy *Diuell*, here, to tempt your wife,
 With all the insolent vnciuill language,
 Or action, he could vent? FIT. Did you so, *Diuell*? (him,

Mrs. FIT. Not you? you were not planted i' your hole to heare
 Vpo' the flayres? or here, behinde the hangings?
 I doe not know your qualities? he durst doe it,
 And you not giue directions? FIT. You shall see, wife,
 Whether he durst, or no: and what it was,
 I did direct. P.V.G. Sweet Mistresse, are you mad?

FIT. You most mere Rogue! you open manifest Villaine!
 You Feind apparant you! you declar'd Hel-hound! (tor.

P.V.G. Good Sr. FIT. Good Knaue, good Rascal, and good Trai-
 Now, I doe finde you parcel-*Diuell*, indeed.
 Vpo' the point of trust? I' your first charge?
 The very day o' your probation?
 To tempt your Mistresse? You doe see, good wedlocke,

How

Her hus-
 band goes
 out,
 and enters
 presently
 with a cud-
 gell vpon
 him,

How I directed him. Mrs. FIT. Why, where Sr, were you?

FIT. Nay, there is one blow more, for exercise:
I told you, I should doe it. Pvg. Would you had done, Sir.

FIT. O wife, the rarest man! yet there's another
To put you in mind o'the last. such a braue man, wife!
Within, he has his proiects, and do's vent 'hem,
The gallantest! where you *tentiginous*? ha?
Would you be acting of the *Incubus*?

Did her silks rustling moue you? Pvg. Gentle Sir.

FIT. Out of my sight. If thy name were not *Diuell*,
Thou should'st not stay a minute with me. In,
Goe, yet stay: yet goe too. I am resolu'd,
What I will doe: and you shall know't afore-hand.

Soone as the Gentleman is gone, doe you heare?

I'll helpe your lisping. Wife, such a man, wife!

He has such plots! He will make mee a *Duke*!

No lesse, by heauen! six Mares, to your coach, wife!

That's your proportion! And your coach-man bald!

Because he shall be bare, inough. Doe not you laugh,

We are looking for a place, and all, i'the map

What to be of. Haue faith, be not an Infidell.

You know, I am not easie to be gull'd.

I sweare, when I haue my *millions*, else, I'll make

Another *Dutchesse*; if you ha' not faith.

Mrs. FI. You'll ha' too much, I feare, in these false spirits,

FIT. Spirits? O, no such thing! wife! wit, mere wit!

This man defies the *Diuell*, and all his works!

He dos't by *Ingine*, and deuises, hee!

He has his winged ploughes, that goe with sailes,

Will plough you forty acres, at once! and mills,

Will spout you water, ten miles off! All *Crowland*

Is ours, wife; and the fens, from vs, in *Norfolke*,

To the vtmost bound of *Lincoln-shire*! we haue view'd it,

And measur'd it within all; by the scale!

The richest tract of land, Loue, i'the kingdome!

There will be made seuentene, or eightene *millions*;

Or more, as't may be handled! wherefore, thinke,

Sweet heart, if th'ha'st a fancy to one place,

More then another, to be *Dutchesse* of;

Now, name it: I will ha't, what ere it cost,

(If't will be had for money) either here,

Or'n *France*, or *Italy*. Mrs. FI. You ha' strange phantasies!

After a
pause.
He strikes
him againe
and againe.

Diuell goes
out.

ACT. II. SCENE. IV.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTRELL.
INGINE.

WHere are you, Sir? **FIT.** I see thou hast no talent
This way, wife. Vp to thy gallery; doe, *Chuck*,
Leaue vs to talke of it, who vnderstand it.

MER. I thinke we ha' found a place to fit you, now, Sir.
Gloc'ster. **FIT.** O, no, I'll none! **MER.** Why, Sr? **FIT.** Tis fatall.

MER. That you say right in. *Spenser*, I thinke, the younger,
Had his last honour thence. But, he was but *Earle*.

FIT. I know not that, Sir. But *Thomas of Woodstocke*,
I'm sure, was *Duke*, and he was made away,
At *Calice*; as *Duke Humphrey* was at *Bury*:
And *Richard* the third, you know what end he came too.

MER. By m'faith you are cunning i'the *Chronicle*, Sir.

FIT. No, I confesse I ha't from the *Play-bookes*,
And thinke they are more *authentique*. **ING.** That's sure, Sir.

MER. What say you (to this then) **FIT.** No, a noble house.
Pretends to that. I will doe no man wrong.

MER. Then take one proposition more, and heare it
As past exception. **FIT.** What's that? **MER.** To be
Duke of those lands, you shall recouer: take
Your title, thence, Sir, *Duke of the Drown'd lands*,
Or *Drown'd-land*. **FIT.** Ha? that last has a good sound!

I like it well. The *Duke of Drown'd-land*? **ING.** Yes;
It goes like *Groen-land*, Sir, if you marke it. **MER.** I,

And drawing thus your honour from the worke,
You make the reputation of that, greater;

And stay't the longer i' your name. **FIT.** 'Tis true.

Drown'd-lands will liue in *Drown'd-land*! **MER.** Yes, when you
Ha' no foote left; as that must be, Sir, one day.

And, though it tarry in your heyres, some *forty*,
Fifty descents, the longer liuer, at last, yet,

Must thrust 'hem out on't: if no quirk in law,
Or odde *Vice* o'their owne not do' it first.

Wee see those changes, daily: the faire lands,

That were the *Clyents*, are the *Lawyers*, now:

And those rich Mannors, there, of good man *Taylors*,
Had once more wood vpon 'hem, then the yard,

By

He whispers
him of a
place.

By which th'were measur'd out for the last purchase.
Nature hath these vicissitudes. Shee makes
No man a state of perpetuety, Sir.

FIT. Yo'are i'the right. Let's in then, and conclude.
I my sight, againe? I'll talke with you, anon.

Hee spies
Diuell.

ACT. II. SCENE. V..

PVG.

S Vre hee will geld mee, if I stay: or worse,
Pluck out my tongue, one o'the two. This Foole,
There is no trusting of him: and to quit him,
Were a contempt against my *Chiefe*, past pardon.
It was a shrewd disheartning this, at first!
Who would ha' thought a woman so well harness'd,
Or rather well-caparison'd, indeed,
That weares such petticoates, and lace to her smocks,
Broad seaming laces (as I see 'hem hang there)
And garters which are lost, if shee can shew 'hem,
Could ha' done this? *Hell!* why is shee so braue?
It cannot be to please *Duke Dottrel*, sure,
Nor the dull pictures, in her gallery,
Nor her owne deare reflection, in her glasse;
Yet that may be: I haue knowne many of 'hem,
Beginne their pleasure, but none end it, there:
(That I consider, as I goe a long with it)
They may, for want of better company,
Or that they thinke the better, spend an houre;
Two, three, or foure, discoursing with their shaddow:
But sure they haue a farther speculation,
No woman drest with so much care, and study,
Doth dresse her selfe in vaine. I'll vex this *probleme*,
A little more, before I leaue it, sure.

ACT.

ACT. IJ. SCENE. VI.

WITTIPOL. MANLY. Mistresse FITZ-
DOTTREL. PUG.

THis was a fortune, happy aboue thought,
That this should proue thy chamber; which I fear'd
Would be my greatest trouble! this must be
The very window, and that the roome. MAN. It is.
I now remember, I haue often seene there
A woman, but I neuer mark'd her much. (and then,

WIT. Where was your soule, friend? MAN. Faith, but now,
Awake vnto those obiects. WIT. You pretend so.
Let mee not liue, if I am not in loue
More with her wit, for this direction, now,
Then with her forme, though I ha' prais'd that prettily,
Since I saw her, and you, to day. Read those.

*Hee giues
him a paper,
wherein is
the copy of
a Song.*

They'll goe vnto the ayre you loue so well.
Try 'hem vnto the note, may be the musique
Will call her sooner; light, shee's here! Sing quickly.

Mrs. FIT. Either he vnderstood him not: or else,
The fellow was not faithfull in deliuey,
Of what I bad. And, I am iustly pay'd,
That might haue made my profit of his seruice,
But, by mis-taking, haue drawne on his enuy,
And done the worse defeat vpon my selfe.
How! Musique? then he may be there: and is sure.

*Manly sings,
Pug enters
perceiues it.*

PUG. O! Is it so? Is there the enter-view?
Haue I drawne to you, at last, my cunning Lady?
The *Diuell* is an *Ass*! fool'd off! and beaten!
Nay, made an instrument! and could not sent it!
Well, since yo' haue showne the malice of a woman,
No lesse then her true wit, and learning, Mistresse,
I'll try, if little *Pug* haue the malignity
To recompence it, and so saue his danger.
'Tis not the paine, but the discredite of it,
The *Diuell* should not keepe a body intire.

WIT. Away, fall backe, she comes. MAN. I'll leaue you, Sir,
The Master of my chamber. I haue businesse (faire colours,

WIT. Mrs! Mrs. FIT. You make me paint, Sr. WIT. The're
Lady, and naturall! I did receiue

Some

Some commands from you, lately, gentle *Lady*,
But so perplex'd, and wrap'd in the deliury,
As I may feare t'haue mis-interpreted:
But must make suit still, to be neere your grace.

M^{rs}. Fⁱ. Who is there with you, S^r? W^{it}. None, but my selfe.
It falls out, *Lady*, to be a deare friends lodging.
Wherein there's some conspiracy of fortune
With your poore seruants blest affections.

M^{rs}. Fⁱ. Who was it sung? W^{it}. He, *Lady*, but hee's gone,
Vpon my entreaty of him, seeing you
Approach the window. Neither need you doubt him,
If he were here. He is too much a gentleman.

M^{rs}. Fⁱ. Sir, if you iudge me by this simple action,
And by the outward habite, and complexion
Of easinesse, it hath, to your designe;
You may with Iustice, say, I am a woman:
And a strange woman. But when you shall please,
To bring but that concurrence of my fortune,
To memory, which to day your selfe did vrge:
It may beget some fauour like excuse,
Though none like reason. W^{it}. No, my tune-full Mistresse?
Then, surely, *Loue* hath none; nor *Beauty* any;
Nor *Nature* violenced, in both these:
With all whole gentle tongues you speake, at once,
I thought I had inough remou'd, already,
That scruple from your brest, and left yo' all reason;
When, through my mornings perspective I shewd you
A man so about excuse, as he is the cause,
Why any thing is to be done vpon him:
And nothing call'd an iniury, mis-plac'd.
I rather, now had hope, to shew you how *Loue*
By his accesses, growes more naturall:
And, what was done, this morning, with such force
Was but deuis'd to serue the present, then.

That since *Loue* hath the honour to approach
These sister-swelling breasts; and touch this soft,
And rosie hand; hee hath the skill to draw
Their *Nectar* forth, with kissing; and could make
More wanton salts, from this braue promontory,
Downe to this valley, then the nimble *Roe*;
Could play the hopping *Sparrow*, 'bout these nets;
And sporting *Squirell* in these crisped groues;
Bury himselfe in euery *Silke-wormes* kell,
Is here vnraucl'd; runne into the snare,
Which euery hayre is, cast into a curle,
To catch a *Cupid* flying: Bath himselfe
In milke, and roses, here, and dry him, there;

R

Warne

*This Scene
is acted at
two window's,
as out of two
contiguous
buildings.*

*He growes
more fami-
liar in his
Court-ship.*

*playes with
her paps, kis-
seth her
hands, &c.*

Warne his cold hands, to play with this smooth, round,
 And well torn'd chin, as with the *Billyard* ball;
 Rowle on these lips, the banks of loue, and there
 At once both plant, and gather kisses. *Lady*,
 Shall I, with what I haue made to day here, call
 All sense to wonder, and all faith to signe
 The mysteries reuealed in your forme?
 And will *Loue* pardon mee the blasphemy
 I vtter'd, when I said, a glasse could speake
 This beauty, or that fooles had power to iudge it?

*Doe but looke, on her eyes! They doe light—
 All that Loue's world comprizeth!
 Doe but looke on her hayre! it is bright,
 As Loue's starre, when it riseth!
 Doe but marke, her fore-head's smother,
 Then words that sooth her!
 And from her arched browes, such a grace
 Sheds it selfe through the face;
 As alone, there triumphs to the life,
 All the gaine, all the good, of the elements strife!*

*Haue you seene but a bright Lilly grow,
 Before rude hands haue touch'd it?
 Haue you mark'd but the fall of the Snow,
 Before the soyle bath smuch'd it?
 Haue you felt the wooll o' the Beuer?
 Or Swans downe, euer?
 Or, haue smelt o' the bud o' the Bryer?
 Or the Nard i' the fire?
 Or, haue tasted the bag o' the Bee?
 O, so white! O, so soft! O, so sweet is shee!*

ACT. II. SCENE. VII.

FITZ-DOTTRELL. WITTIPOL. *PVG.*

*Her bus-
 band ap-
 pears at
 her back.*

IS shee so, Sir? and, I will keepe her so.
 If I know how, or can: that wit of man
 Will doe't, I'll goe no farther. At this windo'
 She shall no more be *buz'd* at. Take your leaue on't.
 If you be sweet meates, wedlock, or sweet flesh,
 All's one: I doe not loue this *hum* about you.

A flye-blowne wife is not so proper, In :

For you, Sr, looke to heare from mee. WIT. So, I doe, Sir.

FIT. No, but in other termes. There's no man offers
This to my wife, but paies for't. WIT. That haue I, Sir.

FIT. Nay, then, I tell you, you are. WIT. What am I, Sir?

FIT. Why, that I'll thinke on, when I ha' cut your throat.

WIT. Goe, you are an Asse. FIT. I am resolu'd on't, Sir.

WIT. I thinke you are. FIT. To call you to a reckoning.

WIT. Away, you brokers blocke, you property.

FIT. S'light, if you strike me, I'll strike your Mistresse,

WIT. O! I could shoote mine eyes at him, for that, now ;

Or leaue my teeth in' him, were they cuckolds bane,

Inought to kill him. What prodigious,

Blinde, and most wicked change of fortune's this ?

I ha' no ayre of patience : all my vaines

Swell, and my sinewes start at iniquity of it.

I shall breake, breake. Pvg. This for the malice of it,

And my reuenge may passe ! But, now, my conscience

Tells mee, I haue profited the cause of Hell

But little, in the breaking-off their loues.

Which, if some other act of mine repaire not,

I shall heare ill of in my accompt. FIT. O, Bird !

Could you do this ? 'gainst me ? and at this time, now ?

When I was so imploy'd, wholly for you,

Drown'd i' my care (more, then the land, I sweare,

I haue hope to win) to make you peere-lesse ? studying,

For footemen for you, fine pac'd huishers, pages,

To serue you o'the knee ; with what Knights wife,

To beare your traine, and sit with your foure women

In councell, and receiue intelligences,

From forraigne parts, to dresse you at all pieces !

Y'haue (a'most) turn'd my good affection, to you ;

Sowr'd my sweet thoughts ; all my pure purposes :

I could now finde (i' my very heart) to make

Another, Lady Dutchesse ; and depose you.

Well, goe your waies in. Diuell, you haue redeem'd all.

I doe forgiue you. And I'll doe you good.

*Hee speakes
out of his
wines win-
dow.*

*Hee strikes
his wife.*

*The Diuell
speakes be-
low.*

*Fitz-dor-
trel enters
with his wife
as come
downe.*

R 2

ACT.

ACT. II. SCENE. VIIJ.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. INGINE.
TRAINES.

WHy ha you these excursions? where ha' you beene, Sir?
FIT. Where I ha' beene vex'd a little, with a toy!

MER. O Sir! no toyes must trouble your graue head,
Now it is growing to be great. You must
Be about all those things. FIT. Nay, nay, so I will.

MER. Now you are to'ard the Lord, you must put off
The man, Sir. ING. He saies true. MER. You must do nothing
As you ha' done it heretofore; not know,
Or salute any man. ING. That was your bed-fellow,
The other moneth. MER. The other moneth? the weeke.
Thou dost not know the priuiledges, *Ingin*,
Follow that Title; nor how swift: To day,
When he has put on his Lords face once, then—

FIT. Sir, for these things I shall doe well enough,
There is no feare of me. But then, my wife is
Such an vntoward thing! shee'll neuer learne
How to comport with it! I am out of all
Concept, on her behalfe. MER. Best haue her taught, Sir?

FIT. Where? Are there any Schooles for *Ladies*? Is there
An *Academy* for women? I doe know,
For men, there was: I learn'd in it, my selfe,
To make my legges, and doe my postures. ING. Sir.
Doe you remember the concept you had—
O'the *Spanish* gowne, at home? MER. Ha! I doe thanke thee,
With all my heart, deare *Ingin*. Sir, there is
A certaine *Lady*, here about the Towne,
An *English* widdow, who hath lately travell'd,
But shee's call'd the *Spaniard*; cause she came
Latest from thence: and keepes the *Spanish* habit.
Such a rare woman! all our women heere,
That are of spirit, and fashion flocke, vnto her,
As to their President; their *Law*; their *Canon*;
More then they euer did, to *Oracle-Foreman*.
Such rare receipts shee has, Sir, for the face;
Such oyles; such *tinctures*; such *pomatumn's*;
Such *perfumes*; *med'cines*; *quintessences*, &c.

And

Ingin
whispers
Merecraft,
Merecraft
turnes to
Fitz-dot-
trel.

And such a Mistresse of behauour ;
She knowes, from the *Dukes* daughter, to the *Doxey*,
What is their due iust: and no more! FIT. O Sir!
You please me i' this, more then mine owne greatnesse.
Where is shee? Let vs haue her. MER. By your patience,
We must vse meanes; cast how to be acquainted—

FIT. Good, S^r, about it. MER. We must think how, first. FIT. O!
I doe not loue to tarry for a thing,
When I haue a mind to't. You doe not know me.
If you doe offer it. MER. Your wife must send
Some pretty token to her, with a complement,
And pray to be receiu'd in her good graces,
All the great *Ladies* do't, FIT. She shall, she shall,
What were it best to be? MER. Some little toy,
I would not haue it any great matter, Sir:
A *Diamant* ring, of *forty* or *fifty* pound,
Would doe it handsomely: and be a gift
Fit for your wife to send, and her to take.

FIT. I'll goe, and tell my wife on't, streight. MER. Why this
Is well! The clothes we haue now: But, where's this *Lady*?
If we could get a witty boy, now, *Ingie*;

*Fitz-dot-
trel goes
out.*

That were an excellent cracke: I could instruct him,
To the true height. For any thing takes this *dottrel*.

ING. Why, Sir your best will be one o'the players!

MER. No, there's no trusting them. They'll talke on't,
And tell their *Poets*. ING. What if they doe? the iest
will brooke the Stage. But, there be some of 'hem
Are very honest Lads. There's *Dicke Robinson*

A very pretty fellow, and comes often
To a Gentlemans chamber, a friends of mine. We had
The merriest supper of it there, one night,
The Gentlemans Land-lady invited him
To a Gossips feast, Now, he Sir brought *Dick Robinson*,
Drest like a Lawyers wife, amongst 'hem all;
(I lent him cloathes) but, to see him behaue it;
And lay the law; and carue; and drinke vnto 'hem;
And then talke baudy: and send frolicks! o!

It would haue burst your buttons, or not left you
A seame. MER. They say hee's an ingenious youth!

ING. O Sir! and dresses himselfe, the best! beyond
Forty o' your very *Ladies*! did you ne'r see him?

MER. No, I do seldome see those toyes. But thinke you,
That we may haue him? ING. Sir, the young Gentleman
I tell you of, can command him. Shall I attempt it?

MER. Yes, doe it. FIT. S'light, I cannot get my wife
To part with a ring, on any termes: and yet,
The sollen *Monkey* has two. MER. It were'gainst reason,

*Enters a-
gaine.*

Traines en-
ters.

That you should vrge it; Sir, send to a Gold-smith,
Let not her lose by't. FIT. How do's she lose by't?
Is't not for her? MER. Make it your owne bounty,
It will ha' the better successe; what is a matter
Of fifty pound to you, Sr. FIT. I' haue but a hundred
Pieces, to shew here; that I would not breake—

MER. You shall ha' credit, Sir. I'll send a ticket
Vnto my Gold-smith. Heer, my man comes too,
To carry it fitly. How now, Traines? What birds?

TRA. Your Cousin *Emer-ill* met me, and has beat mee,
Because I would not tell him where you were:
I think he has dogd me to the house too. FIT. Well—
You shall goe out at the back-doore, then, Traines.
You must get *Guilt-head* hither, by some meanes:

TRA. 'Tis impossible! FIT. Tell him, we haue *venison*,
I'll g' him a piece, and send his wife a *Pheasant*.

TRA. A Forrest moues not, till that forty pound,
Yo' had of him, last, be pai'd. He keepes more stirre,
For that same petty summe, then for your bond
Of sixe; and *Statute* of eight hundred! FIT. Tell him
Wee'll hedge in that. Cry vp *Fitz-dottrell* to him,
Double his price: Make him a man of mettall.

TRA. That will not need, his bond is currant inough.

ACT.



ACT. III. SCENE. I.

GVILT-HEAD. PLVTARCHVS.



Al this is to make you a Gentleman : (you
I'll haue you learne, Sonne. Wherefore haue I plac'd
With *S^r Poul Either-side*, but to haue so much Law
To keepe your owne? Besides, he is a *Iustice*,
Here i' the Towne; and dwelling, Sonne, with him,
You shal learne that in a yeere, shall be worth twenty
Of hauing stay'd you at *Oxford*, or at *Cambridge*,
Or sending you to the *Innes of Court*, or *France*.
I am call'd for now in haste, by Master *Meere-craft*
To trust Master *Fitz-dottrel*, a good man:
I' haue inquir'd him, eightene hundred a yeere,
(His name is currant) for a diamant ring
Of forty, shall not be worth thirty (thats gain'd)
And this is to make you a Gentleman!

PLV. O, but good father you trust too much! GVI. Boy, boy,
We liue, by finding fooles out, to be trusted.
Our shop-bookes are our pastures, our corn-grounds,
We lay 'hem op'n, for them to come into:
And when wee haue 'hem there, wee driue 'hem vp
In t'one of our two Pounds, the *Compters*, streight,
And this is to make you a Gentleman!
Wee Citizens neuer trust, but wee doe coozen:
For, if our debtors pay, wee coozen them;
And if they doe not, then we coozen our selues.
But that's a hazard euery one must runne,
That hopes to make his Sonne a Gentleman!

PLV. I doe not wish to be one, truely, Father.
In a descent, or two, wee come to be
Iust'ir their state, fit to be coozend, like 'hem.
And I had rather ha' tarryed i' your trade:

For,

For, since the *Gentry* scorne the Citty so much,
 Merthinke we should in time, holding together,
 And matching in our owne tribes, as they say,
 Haue got an *Act* of *Common Councell*, for it,
 That we might coozen them out of *rerum natura*.

GVI. I, if we had an *Act* first to forbid
 The marrying of our wealthy heyres vnto 'hem :
 And daughters, with such lauish portions.
 That confounds all. PLV. And makes a *Mungril* breed, Father.
 And when they haue your money, then they laugh at you :
 Or kick you downe the stayres. I cannot abide 'hem.
 I would faine haue 'hem coozen'd, but not trusted.

ACT. III. SCENE. II.

MERE-CRAFT. GVILT-HEAD. FITZ-
 DOTTRELL. PLVTARCHVS.

O, is he come! I knew he would not faile me.
 Welcome, good *Guilt-head*, I must ha' you doe
 A noble Gentleman, a courtesie, here :
 In a mere toy (some pretty Ring, or Jewell)
 Of fifty, or threescore pound (Make it a hundred,
 And hedge in the last forty, that I owe you,
 And your owne price for the Ring) He's a good man, S^r,
 And you may hap' see him a great one! Hee,
 Is likely to bestow hundreds, and thousands,
 Wi' you; if you can humour him. A great prince
 He will be shortly. What doe you say? GVI. In truth, Sir
 I cannot. 'T has beene a long vacation with vs,

FIT. Of what, I pray thee? of wit? or honesty? (head.
 Those are your Citizens long vacations.

PLV. Good Father do not trust 'hem. MER. Nay, *Thom. Guilt-*
 Hee will not buy a courtesie and begge it :
 Hee'll rather pay, then pray. If you doe for him,
 You must doe cheerefully. His credit, Sir,
 Is not yet prostitute! Who's this? thy sonne?
 A pretty youth, what's his name? PLV. *Plutarchus*, Sir.

MER. *Plutarchus*! How came that about? GVI. That yeere S^r,
 That I begot him, I bought *Plutarch's* liues,
 And fell f' in loue with the booke, as I call'd my sonne
 By 'his name; In hope he should be like him :

And

And write the liues of our great men! MER. I'the City?
And you do breed him, there? GVI. His minde, Sir, lies
Much to that way. MER. Why, then, he is i'the right way.

GVI. But, now, I had rather get him a good wife,
And plant him i'the countrey; there to vse
The blessing I shall leaue him: MER. Out vpon't!
And lose the laudable meanes, thou hast at home, heere,
T'aduance, and make him a young *Alderman*?
Buy him a Captaines place, for shame; and let him
Into the world, early, and with his plume,
And Scarfes, march through *Cheapside*, or along *Cornehill*,
And by the vertue' of those, draw downe a wife
There from a windo', worth ten thousand pound!
Get him the posture booke, and's leaden men,
To set vpon a table, 'gainst his Mistresse
Chance to come by, that hee may draw her in,
And shew her *Finsbury* battells. GVI. I haue plac'd him
With Iustice *Eytherside*, to get so much law—

MER. As thou hast conscience. Come, come, thou dost wrong
Pretty *Plutarchus*, who had not his name,
For nothing: but was borne to traine the youth
Of *London*, in the military truth—
That way his *Genius* lies. My Cousin *Euerill*!

ACT. III. SCENE. IIJ.

EVER-ILL. PLVTARCHVS. GVILT-HEAD.
MERE-CRAFT. FITZDOTTRELL.

O, are you heere, Sir? 'pray you let vs whisper.
PLV. Father, deare Father, trust him if you loue mee.
GVI. Why, I doe meane it, boy; but, what I doe,
Must not come easily from mee: Wee must deale
With *Courtiers*, boy, as *Courtiers* deale with vs.
If I haue a *Businesse* there, with any of them,
Why, I must wait, I'am sure on't, Son: and though
My *Lord* dispatch me, yet his worshipfull man—
Will keepe me for his sport, a moneth, or two,
To shew mee with my fellow *Cittizens*.
I must make his traine long, and full, one quarter;
And helpe the spectacle of his greatnesse. There,
Nothing is done at once, but iniuries, boy:

S

And

And they come head-long ! all their good turnes moue not,
Or very slowly PLV. Yet sweet father, trust him.

GVI. VVell, I will thinke. EV. Come, you must do't, Sir.
I am vndone else, and your *Lady Tayle-bush*
Has sent for mee to dinner, and my cloaths
Are all at pawne. I had sent out this morning,
Before I heard you were come to towne, some twenty
Of my epistles, and no one returne—

Mere-craft
tells him of
his faults.

MER. VVhy, I ha' told you o'this. This comes of wearing
Scarlet, gold lace, and cut-works ! your fine gartring !
VVith your blowne roses, Cousin ! and your eating
Pheasant, and *Godwit*, here in *London* ! haunting
The *Globes*, and *Mermaides* ! wedging in with *Lords*,
Still at the table ! and affecting lechery,
In velvet ! where could you ha' contented your selfe
VVith cheese, salt-butter, and a pickled hering,
I'the Low-countries ; there worne cloth, and fustian !
Beene satisfied with a leape o' your Host's daughter,
Ingarrison, a wench of a stoter ! or,
Your *Sutlers* wife, i'the leaguer, of two blanks !
You neuer, then, had runne vpon this flat,
To write your letters missiue, and send out
Your priuy seales, that thus haue frightened off
All your acquaintance ; that they shun you at distance,
VVorse, then you do the Bailies ! EV. Pox vpon you.
I come not to you for counsell, I lacke money.

Hee repines,

MER. You doe not thinke, what you owe me already ? EV. I ?
They owe you, that meane to pay you. I'll besworne,
I neuer meant it. Come, you will proiect,
I shall vndoe your practice, for this moneth else :
You know mee. MER. I, yo' are a right sweet nature !

and threa-
tens him.

EV. Well, that's all one ! MER. You'll leaue this Empire, one day ?
You will not euer haue this tribute payd,
Your scepter o'the sword ? EV. Tye vp your wit,
Doe, and prouoke me not— MER. Will you, Sir, helpe,
To what I shall prouoke another for you ?

EV. I cannot tell ; try me : I thinke I am not
So vtterly, of an ore vn-to-be-melted,
But I can doe my selfe good, on occasions.

They ioyne.

MER. Strike in then, for your part. Mr. *Fitz-dottrel*
If I transgresse in point of manners, afford mee
Your best construction ; I must beg my freedome
From your affayres, this day. FIT. How, Sr. MER. It is
In succour of this Gentlemans occasions,
My kins-man— FIT. You'll not do me that affront, Sr.

Mere-craft
retends bu-
sinesse.

MER. I am sory you should so interpret it,
But, Sir, it stands vpon his being inuested

In a new office, hee has stood for, long :
Master of the *Dependances* ! A place
 Of my proiection too, Sir, and hath met
 Much opposition ; but the State, now, see's
 That great necessity of it, as after all
 Their writing, and their speaking, against *Duell's*,
 They haue erected it. His booke is drawne—
 For, since, there will be differences, daily,
 'Twixt Gentlemen; and that the roaring manner
 Is growne offensive; that those few, we call
 The ciuill men o'the sword, abhorre the vapours ;
 They shall refer now, hither, for their *proceffe* ;
 And such as trespasse 'gainst the rule of *Court*,
 Are to be fin'd— FIT. In troth, a pretty place !

MER. A kinde of arbitrary *Court* 'twill be, Sir.

FIT. I shall haue matter for it, I belecue,
 Ere it be long : I had a distast. MER. But now, Sir,
 My learned counsell, they must haue a feeling,
 They'll part, Sir, with no bookes, without the hand-gout
 Be oyld, and I must furnish. If't be money,
 To me freight. I am Mine, *Mint* and *Exchequer*,
 To supply all. What is't? a hundred pound?

EVE. No, th' *Harpey*, now, stands on a hundred pieces.

MER. Why, he must haue 'hem, if he will. To morrow, Sir,
 Will equally serue your occasion's,—
 And therefore, let me obtaine, that you will yeeld
 To timing a poore Gentlemans distresses,
 In termes of hazard.— FIT. By no meanes! MER. I must
 Get him this money, and will.— FIT. Sir, I protest,
 I'd rather stand engag'd for it my selfe:
 Then you should leaue mee. MER. O good Sr. do you thinke
 So courselly of our manners, that we would,
 For any need of ours, be prest to take it:
 Though you be pleas'd to offer it. FIT. Why, by heauen,
 I meane it! MER. I can neuer belecue lesse.

But wee, Sir, must preserue our dignity,
 As you doe publish yours. By your faire leaue, Sir.

FIT. As I am a Gentleman, if you doe offer
 To leaue mee now, or if you doe refuse mee,
 I will not thinke you loue mee. MER. Sir, I honour you.
 And with iust reason, for these noble notes,
 Of the nobility, you pretend too! But, Sir—
 I would know, why? a moriue (he a stranger)
 You should doe this? (EVE. You'll mar all with your finenesse)

FIT. Why, that's all one, if'twere, Sir, but my fancy.
 But I haue a *Businesse*, that perhaps I'd haue
 Brought to his office. MER. O, Sir! I haue done, then;

Mere-craft
 describes the
 office of
 Depen-
 dancy.

Hee offers to
 be gone.

If hee can be made profitable, to you.

FIT. Yes, and it shall be one of my ambitions
To haue it the first *Businesse*? May I not?

EVE. So you doe meane to make't, a perfect *Businesse*.

FIT. Nay, I'll doe that, assure you: shew me once.

MER. S^r, it concernes, the first be a perfect *Businesse*,
For his owne honour! EVE. I, and th^r reputation

Too, of my place. FIT. Why, why doe I take this course, else?
I am not altogether, an *Ass*, good Gentlemen,
Wherefore should I consult you? doe you thinke?
To make a song on't? How's your manner? tell vs.

MER. Doe, satisfie him: giue him the whole course.

EVE. First, by request, or otherwise, you offer
Your *Businesse* to the Court: wherein you craue:
The iudgement of the *Master* and the *Assistants*.

FIT. Well, that's done, now, what doe you vpon it?

EVE. We streight S^r, haue recourse to the spring-head;
Visit the ground; and, so disclose the nature:
If it will carry, or no. If wee doe finde,
By our proportions it is like to proue
A fullen, and blacke *Bus'nesse* That it be
Incorrigible; and out of, treaty; then,
We file it, a *Dependance*! FIT. So 'tis fil'd.
What followes? I doe loue the order of these things.

EVE. We then aduise the party, if he be
A man of meanes, and hauings, that forth-with,
He settle his estate: if not, at least
That he pretend it. For, by that, the world
Takes notice, that it now is a *Dependance*.
And this we call, Sir, *Publication*.

FIT. Very sufficient! After *Publication*, now?

EVE. Then we grant out our *Processe*, which is diuers;
Eyther by *Chartell*, Sir, or *ore-tenus*,
Wherein the *Challenger*, and *Challengee*
Or (with your *Spaniard*) your *Prouocador*,
And *Prouocado*, haue their seuerall courses—

FIT. I haue enough on't! for an hundred pieces?
Yes, for two hundred, vnder-write me, doe.
Your man will take my bond? MER. That he will, sure,
But, these same *Citizens*, they are such sharks!
There's an old debt of forty, I ga' my word
For one is runne away, to the *Bermudas*,
And he will hooke in that, or he wi' not doe.

FIT. Why, let him. That and the ring, and a hundred pieces,
Will all but make two hundred? MER. No, no more, Sir.
What ready *Arithmetique* you haue? doe you heare?
A pretty mornings worke for you, this? Do it,

You

He whis-
pers Fitz-
dottrell a-
side.

And then
Guilt-head

You shall ha' twenty pound on't. GVI. Twenty pieces?

(PLV. Good Father, do't) MER. You will hooke still? well, Shew vs your ring. You could not ha' done this, now With gentlenesse, at first, wee might ha' thank'd you? But groane, and ha' you courtesies come from you Like a hard stoole, and stinke? A man may draw Your teeth out easier, then your money? Come, Were little *Guilt-head* heere, no better a nature, I should ne'r loue him, that could pull his lips off, now! Was not thy mother a Gentlewoman? PLV. Yes, Sir.

Hee pulls
Plurarchus
by the lips.

MER. And went to the Court at *Christmas*, and *S^t. Georges-tide*? And lent the Lords-men, chaines? PLV. Of gold, and pearle, S^r.

MER. I knew, thou must take, after some body! Thou could'st not be else. This was no shop-looke! I'll ha' thee Captaine *Guilt-head*, and march vp, And take in *Pimlico*, and kill the bush, At euery tauerne! Thou shalt haue a wife, If smocks will mount, boy. How now? you ha' there now Some *Bristo-stone*, or *Cornish* counterfeit You'd put vpon vs. GVI. No, Sir, I assure you: Looke on his luster! hee will speake himselse! I'le gi' you leaue to put him i' the Mill, H'is no great, large stone, but a true *Paragon*, H'has all his corners, view him well. MER. H'is yellow.

Hee turnes to
old *Guilt-head*.

GVI. Vpo' my faith, S^r, o' the right black-water, And very deepe! H'is set without a foyle, too. Here's one o' the yellow-water, I'll sell cheape.

MER. And what do you valew this, at? thirty pound?

GVI. No, Sir, he cost me forty, ere he was set.

MER. Turnings, you meane? I know your *Equiuocks*: You are growne the better Fathers of 'hem o' late. Well, where't must goe, 'twill be iudg'd, and, therefore, Looke you't be right. You shall haue fifty pound for't. Not a denceer more! And, because you would Haue things dispatch'd, Sir, I'll goe presently, Inquire out this *Lady*. If you thinke good, Sir. Hauing an hundred pieces ready, you may Part with those, now, to serue my kinsmans turnes, That he may wait vpon you, anon, the freer; And take 'hem when you ha' seal'd, a gaine, of *Guilt-head*.

Now to
Fitz-dot-
trel.

FIT. I care not if I do! MER. And dispatch all, Together. FIT. There, th'are iust: a hundred pieces! I' ha' told 'hem ouer, twice a day, these two moneths.

MER. Well, go, and seale then, S^r, make your returne As speedy as you can. EVE. Come gi' mee. MER. Soft, Sir,

EVE. Mary, and faire too, then. I'll no delaying, Sir.

MER. But, you will heare? EV. Yes, when I haue my diuident.

Hee turnes
'hem out to-
gether. And
Euerill and
hee fall to
share.

MER. Theres forty pieces for you. EVE. What is this for?
 MER. Your halfe. You know, that *Guilt-head* must ha' twenty.
 EVE. And what's your ring there? shall I ha' none o'that?
 MER. O, thats to be ginen to a *Lady*!
 EVE. Is't so? MER. By that good light, it is. EV. Come, gi'me
 Ten pieces more, then. MER. Why? EV. For *Guilt-head*? Sir,
 Do'you thinke, I'll 'low him any such share: MER. You must.
 EVE. Must I? Doe you your musts, Sir, I'll doe mine,
 You wi'not part with the whole, Sir? Will you? Goe too.
 Gi'me ten pieces! MER. By what law, doe you this?
 EVE. E'n Lyon-law, Sir, I must roare else. MER. Good!
 EVE. Yo' haue heard, how th' *Ass* made his diuisions, wisely?
 MER. And, I am he: I thanke you. EV. Much good do you, Sr.
 MER. I shall be rid o'this tyranny, one day? EVE. Not,
 While you doe eate; and lie, about the towne, here;
 And coozen i' your bullions; and I stand
 Your name of credit, and compound your businesse;
 Adiourne your beatings euery terme; and make
 New parties for your proiects. I haue, now,
 A pretty tasque, of it, to hold you in
 Wi' your *Lady Tayle-bush*: but the toy will be,
 How we shall both come off? MER. Leaue you your doubting.
 And doe your portion, what's assign'd you: I
 Neuer fail'd yet. EVE. With reference to your aydes?
 You'll still be vnthankfull. Where shall I meete you, anon?
 You ha' some feate to doe alone, now, I see;
 You with me gone, well, I will finde you out,
 And bring you after to the audit. MER. S'light!
 There's *Ingines* share too, I had forgot! This raigne
 Is too-too-unsupportable! I must
 Quit my selfe of this vassalage! *Engine*! welcome.

ACT.IIJ. SCENE.IV.

MERE-CRAFT. ENGINE. WITTIPOL.

How goes the cry? ING. Excellent well! MER. Wil't do?
 Where's *Robinson*? ING. Here is the Gentleman, Sir.
 Will vndertake t'himselfe. I haue acquainted him, (him,
 MER. Why did you so? ING. Why, *Robinson* would ha'told
 You know. And hee's a pleasant wit! will hurt
 Nothing you purpose. Then, he's of opinion,
 That

That *Robinson* might want audacity,
She being such a gallant. Now, hee has beene,
In *Spaine*, and knowes the fashions there; and can
Discourse; and being but mirth (hee saies) leaue much,
To his care: MER. But he is too tall! ING. For that,
He has the brauest deuice! (you'll loue him for't)
To say, he weares *Gioppinos*: and they doe so
In *Spaine*. And *Robinson's* as tall, as hee.

He excepts
at his sta-
ture.

MER. Is he so? ING. Euery jot. MER. Nay, I had rather
To trust a Gentleman with it, o'the two.

ING. Pray you goe to him, then, Sir, and salute him.

MER. Sir, my friend *Ingine* has acquainted you
With a strange *businessse*, here. WIT. A merry one, Sir.
The Duke of *Drown'd-land*, and his *Dutchesse*? MER. Yes, Sir.
Now, that the *Coniurers* ha' laid him by,
I ha' made bold, to borrow him a while;

WIT. With purpose, yet, to put him out I hope
To his best vse? MER. Yes, Sir. WIT. For that small part,
That I am trusted with, put off your care:
I would not lose to doe it, for the mirth,
Will follow of it; and well, I haue a fancy.

MER. Sir, that will make it well. WIT. You will report it so.
Where must I haue my dressing? ING. At my house, Sir.

MER. You shall haue caution, Sir, for what he yeelds,
To six pence. WIT. You shall pardon me. I will share, Sir,
I' your sports, onely: nothing i' your purchase.
But you must furnish mee with complements,

To th' manner of *Spaine*; my coach, my *guarda duennas*;

MER. *Ingine's* your *Pro'uedor*. But, Sir, I must
(Now I haue entred trust wi' you, thus farre)
Secure still i' your quality, acquaint you
With somewhat, beyond this. The place, design'd
To be the *Scene*, for this our mery matter,
Because it must haue countenance of women,

To draw discourse, and offer it, is here by,
At the *Lady Taile-bushes*. WIT. I know her, Sir,
And her Gentleman *huisher*. MER. M^r *Ambler*? WIT. Yes, Sir.

MER. Sir, It shall be no shame to mee, to confesse
To you, that wee poore Gentlemen, that want acres,
Must for our needs, turne fooles vp, and plough *Ladies*
Sometimes, to try what glebe they are: and this
Is no vnfruitefull piece. She, and I now,
Are on a proiect, for the fact, and venting
Of a new kinde of *fucus* (paint, for *Ladies*)
To serue the kingdome: wherein shee her selfe
Hath trauell'd, specially, by way of seruice
Vnto her sexe, and hopes to get the *Monopoly*,

As

As the reward, of her invention.

WIT. What is her end, in this? EV. Merely ambition,
Sir, to grow great, and court it with the secret:
Though shee pretend some other. For, she's dealing,
Already, vpon caution for the shares,
And Mr. *Ambler*, is hee nam'd *Examiner*
For the ingredients; and the *Register*
Of what is vented; and shall keepe the *Office*.
Now, if shee breake with you, of this (as I
Must make the leading thred to your acquaintance,
That, how experience gotten i' your being
Abroad, will helpe our businesse) thinke of some
Pretty additions, but to keepe her floating:
It may be, shee will offer you a part,
Any strange names of— WIT. Sr, I haue my instructions.
Is it not high time to be making ready? (then.

MER. Yes, Sir, ING. The foole's in sight, *Dottrel*. MER. Away,

ACT.IIJ. SCENE.V.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. PVG.

REturn'd so soone? FIT. Yes, here's the ring: I ha'scal'd.
But there's not so much gold in all the row, he saies—
Till't come fro' the Mint. 'Tis tane vp for the gamesters. (it.

MER. There's a shop-shift! plague on'hem. FIT. He do's sweare

MER. He'll sweare, and for sweare too, it is his trade,
You should not haue left him. FIT. S'lid, I can goe backe,
And beat him, yet. MER. No, now let him alone.

FIT. I was so earnest, after the maine *Businesse*,
To haue this ring, gone. MER. True, and 'tis time.
I haue learn'd, Sir, sin' you went, her *Ladi-ship* eats
With the *Lady Tail-bush*, here, hard by. FIT. I'the lane here?

MER. Yes, if you' had a seruant, now of presence,
Well cloth'd, and of an aëry voluble tongue,
Neither too bigge, or little for his mouth,
That could deliuer your wiues complement;
To send along withall. FIT. I haue one Sir,
A very handsome, gentleman-like-fellow,
That I doe meane to make my *Dutchesse Vsher*—
I entertain'd him, but this morning, too:
I'll call him to you. The worst of him, is his name!

MER.

MER. She'll take no note of that, but of his message.

FIT. *Diuell!* How like you him, Sir. Pace, go a little.

Let's see you moue. MER. He'll serue, S^r, giue it him:

And let him goe along wi h mee, I'll helpe

To present him, and it. FIT. Locke, you doe sirah,

Discharge this well, as you expect your place.

Do'you heare, goe on, come off with all your honour.

I would faine see him, do it. MER. Trust him, with it;

FIT. Remember kissing of your hand, and answering

With the *French*-time, in flexure of your body.

I could now so instruct him—— and for his words——

MER. I'll put them in his mouth. FIT. O, but I haue 'hem

O'the very *Academies*. MER. Sir, you'll haue vse for 'hem,

Anon, your selfe, I warrant you: after dinner,

When you are call'd. FIT. S'light, that'll be iust *play*-time.

It cannot be, I must not lose the *play*!

MER. Sir, but you must, if she appoint to sit.

And, shee's president. FIT. S'lid, it is the *Diuell*!

MER. And, 'twere his *Damme* too, you must now apply

Your selfe, Sir, to this, wholly; or lose all.

FIT. If I could but see a piece—— MER. S^r. Neuer think on't.

FIT. Come but to one act, and I did not care——

But to be seene to rise, and goe away,

To vex the Players, and to punish their *Poet*——

Keepe him in awe! MER. But say, that he be one,

Wi'not be aw'd! but laugh at you. How then?

FIT. Then he shall pay for 'his dinner himselfe. MER. Perhaps,

He would doe that twice, rather then thanke you.

Come, get the *Diuell* out of your head, my Lord,

(I'll call you so in priuate still) and take

Your Lordship i' your minde. You were, sweete Lord,

In take to bring a *Businesse* to the Office. FIT. Yes.

MER. Why should not you, S^r, carry it o' your selfe,

Before the Office be vp? and shew the world,

You had no need of any mans direction;

In point, Sir, of sufficiency. I speake——

Against a kinsman, but as one that renders

Your graces good. FIT. I thanke you; to proceed——

MER. To *Publications*: ha your *Deed* drawne presently.

And leaue a blancke to put in your *Feoffces*

One, two, or more, as you see cause—— FIT. I thank you

Heartily, I doe thanke you. Not a word more,

I pray you, as you loue mee. Let mee alone.

That I could not thinke o' this, as well, as hee?

O, I could beat my infinite blocke-head——! (by here

MER. Come, we must this way. Pvg. How far is't. MER. Hard

Ouer the way. Now, to atchieue this ring,

T

From

Hee shewes
him his Pug.

Gives him
instructions.

He longs to
see the play.

Because it is
the Diuell.

He puts him
in mind of his
quarrell.

He is angry
with him-
selfe.

He thinks
how to coo-
zen the bea-
rer, of the
ring.

Questions
his man.

From this same fellow, that is to assure it;
Before hee giue it. Though my *Spanish Lady*,
Be a young Gentleman of meanes, and scorne
To share, as hee doth say, I doe not know
How such a toy may tempt his *Lady-ship*:
And therefore, I thinke best, it be assur'd.

PVG. Sir, be the *Ladies* braue, wee goe vnto?

MER. O, yes. PVG. And shall I see 'hem, and speake to 'hem?

MER. What else? ha' you your false-beard about you? *Traines*.

TRA. Yes, MER. And is this one of your double Cloakes?

TRA. The best of 'hem. MER. Be ready then. Sweet *Pitfall*!

ACT. IIJ. SCENE. VI.

MERE-CRAFT. PITFALL. PVG.
TRAINES.

Offers to
kisse.

She runs in,
in haste: he
followes.

Pug leaps
at Pitfall's
coming in.

Traines in
his false
cloak, brings
a false mes-
sage, and gets
the ring.
Mere-craft
followes pre-
sently, and
askes for it.
Ent. Train's
as himselfe
again.

Come, I must busse—PIT. Away. MER. I'll set thee vp again.
Neuer feare that: canst thou get ne'r a bird?

No *Thrushes* hungry? Stay, till cold weather come,
I'll help thee to an *Onsell*, or, a *Field-fare*.

Who's within, with *Madame*? PIT. I'll tell you straight.

MER. Please you stay here, a while Sir, I'll goe in.

PVG. I doe so long to haue a little venery,
While I am in this body! I would tast
Of euery sinne, a little, if it might be

After the maner of man! *Sweet-heart*! PIT. What would you, Sir?

PVG. Nothing but fall in, to you, be your *Black-bird*,
My pretty pit (as the Gentleman said) your *Throstle*:

Lye tame, and taken with you; here's gold!

To buy you so much new stufes, from the shop,

As I may take the old vp—TRA. You must send, Sir.

The Gentleman the ring. PVG. There 'tis. Nay looke,

Will you be foolish, Pit, PIT. This is strange rudenesse.

PVG. Deare Pit. PIT. I'll call, I sweare. MER. Where are you, Sir?
Is your ring ready? Goe with me. PVG. I sent it you.

MER. Me? When? by whom? PVG. A fellow here, e'en now,
Came for it i' your name. MER. I sent none, sure.

My meaning euer was, you should deliuer it,

Your selfe: So was your Masters charge, you know.

What fellow was it, doe you know him? PVG. Here,

But now, he had it. MER. Saw you any? *Traines*?

TRA. Not I. PVG. The Gentleman saw him. MER. Enquire.
Pvg.

PVG. I was so earnest vpon her, I mark'd not!
My diuellish *Chiefe* has put mee here in flesh,
To shame mee! This dull body I am in,
I perceiue nothing with! I offer at nothing,
That will succeed! TRA. Sir, she saw none, she saies.

PVG. *Satan* himselfe, has tane a shape t'abuse me.
It could not be else! MER. This is about strange!
That you should be so retchlesse. What'll you do, Sir?
How will you answer this, when you are question'd?

PVG. Run from my flesh, if I could: put off mankind!
This's such a scorne! and will be a new exercise,
For my *Arch-Duke*! Woe to the seuerall cudgells,
Must suffer, on this backe! Can you no succours? Sir?

MER. Alas! the vse of it is so present, PVG. I aske,
Sir, credit for another, but till to morrow?

MER. There is not so much time, Sir. But how euer,
The Lady is a noble Lady, and will
(To saue a Gentleman from check) be intreated
To say, she ha's receiu'd it. PVG. Do you thinke so?
Will shee be won? MER. No doubt, to such an office,
It will be a Lady's brauery, and her pride.

PVG. And not be knowne on't after, vnto him?

MER. That were a treachery! Vpon my word,
Be confident. Returne vnto your master,
My *Lady President* sits this after-noone,
Ha's tane the ring, commends her seruices
Vnto your *Lady-Dutchesse*. You may say
She's a ciuill *Lady*, and do's giue her
All her respects, already: Bad you, tell her
She liues, but to receiue her with'd commandements,
And haue the honor here to kisse her hands:
For which shee'll stay this houre yet. Hasten you
Your *Prince*, away. PVG. And Sir, you will take care
Th'excuse be perfect? MER. You confesse your feares.
Too much. PVG. The shame is more, I'll quit you of either.

*The Diuell
confesseth
himselfe coo-
zen'd.*

*Mere-craft
accuseth
him of negli-
gence.*

*He asketh
ayde.*

*Mere-craft
promiseth
faintly, yet
comforts
him.*

*The Diuel
is doubtfull.*

T 2

ACT.



ACT. IIIJ. SCENE. I.

TAILEBVSH. MERE-CRAFT. MANLY.



Pox vpo' referring to *Commissioners*,
I had rather heare that it were past the scales :
Your *Courtiers* moue so Snaile-like i' your *Businesse*.
Would I had not begun wi' you. MER. We must moue,
Madame, in order, by degrees: not iump.

TAY. Why, there was *S^r. John Monie-man* could iump
A *Businesse* quickly. MER. True, hee had great friends,
But, becaule some, sweete *Madame*, can leape ditches,
Wee must not all shunne to goe ouer bridges.
The harder parts, I make account are done :
Now, 'tis referr'd. You are infinitely bound
Vnto the *Ladies*, they ha' so cri'd it vp! (Lady,

TAY. Doe they like it then? MER. They ha' sent the *Spanish*-
To gratulate with you— TAY. I must send 'hem thanks
And some remembrances. MER. That you must, and visit 'hem.
Where's *Ambler*? TAY. Lost, to day, we cannot heare of him.

MER. Not *Madame*? TAY. No in good faith. They say he lay not
At home, to night. And here has fall'n a *Businesse*
Betweene your Cousin, and Master *Manly*, has
Vnquieted vs all. MER. So I heare, *Madame*.
Pray you how was it? TAY. Troth, it but appeares
Ill o' your Kinsmans part. You may haue heard,
That *Manly* is a sutor to me, I doubt not :

MER. I guess'd it, *Madame*. TAY. And it seemes, he trusted
Your Cousin to let fall some faire reports
Of him vnto mee. MER. Which he did ! TAY. So farre
From it, as hee came in, and tooke him rayling
Against him. MER. How ! And what said *Manly* to him ?

TAY. Inough, I doe assure you : and with that scorne
Of him, and the iniury, as I doe wonder
How *Euerill* bore it ! But that guilt vndoe's

Many

He flatters
her.

Many mens valors MER. Here comes *Manly*. MAN. *Madame*,
I'll take my leaue—TAY. You sha' not goe, i' faith.

Manly of-
fers to be
gone.

I'll ha' you stay, and see this *Spanish* miracle,
Of our *English* Ladie. MAN. Let me pray your *Ladiship*,
Lay your commands on me, some other time.

TAY. Now, I protest: and I will haue all picc'd,
And friends againe. MAN. It will be but ill folder'd!

TAY. You are too much affected with it. MAN. I cannot
Madame, but thinke on't for th' iniustice. TAY. Sir,

Mere-craft
denies him.

His kinsman here is sorry. MER. Not I, *Madam*,
I am no kin to him, wee but call Cousins,
And if wee were, Sir, I haue no relation
Vnto his crimes. MAN. You are not vrged with 'hem.
I can accuse, Sir, none but mine owne iudgement,
For though it were his crime, so to betray mee:
I am sure, 'twas more mine owne, at all to trust him.
But he, therein, did vse but his old manners,
And fauour strongly what hee was before.

TAY. Come, he will change! MAN. Faith, I must neuer think it.
Nor were it reason in mee to expect

That for my sake, hee should put off a nature
Hee suck'd in with his milke. It may be *Madam*,
Deceiuing trust, is all he has to trust to:

If so, I shall be loath, that any hope
Of mine, should bate him of his meanes. TAY. Yo' are sharp, Sir.

This act may make him honest! MAN. If he were
To be made honest, by an act of *Parliament*,

I should not alter, i' my faith of him. TAY. *Eyther-side!*
Welcome, deare *Either-side!* how hast thou done, good wench?
Thou hast beene a stranger! I ha' not scene thee, this weeke,

She spies the
Lady Ey-
ther-side.

T 3

ACT.

ACT. IIIJ. SCEN. EII.

EITHERSIDE. {To them

EVER your seruant, *Madame*. TAY. Where hast'hou beene?
 I did so long to see thee. EIT. Visiting, and so tyr'd!
 I protest, *Madame*, 'tis a monstrous trouble!

TAY. And so it is. I sweare I must to morrow,
 Beginne my visits (would they were ouer) at Court.
 It tortures me, to thinke on'hem. EIT. I doe heare

You ha' cause, Madam, your sute goes on. TAY. Who told thee?

EIT. One, that can tell: *Mr. Eyther-side*. TAY. O, thy husband!
 Yes faith, there's life in't, now: It is referr'd.

If wee once see it vnder the scales, wench, then,

Haue with 'hem for the great Carroch, fixe horses,

And the two Coach-men, with my Ambler, bare,

And my three women: wee will liue, i' faith,

The examples o'the towne, and gouerne it.

I'le lead the fashion still. EIT. You doe that, now,

Sweet *Madame*. TAY. O, but then, I'll euery day

Bring vp some new deuice. Thou and I, *Either-side*,

Will first be in it, I will giue it thee;

And they shall follow vs. Thou shalt, I sweare,

Weare euery moneth a new gowne, out of it. (*Taile-bush*)

EIT. Thanke you good *Madame*. TAY. Pray thee call mee
 As I thee, *Either-side*; I not loue this, *Madame*.

EIT. Then I protest to you, *Taile-bush*, I am glad

Your *Businesse* so succeeds. TAY. Thanke thee, good *Eyther-side*.

EIT. But Master *Either-side* tells me, that he likes (*picks*)

Your other *Businesse* better. TAY. Which? EIT. O'the Tooth-

TAY. I neuer heard on't: EIT. Aske *Mr. Mere-craft*.

MER. *Madame*? H'is one, in a word, I'll trust his malice,
 With any mans credit, I would haue abus'd!

MAN. Sir, if you thinke you doe please mee, in this,

You are deceiu'd! MER. No, but because my *Lady*,

Nam'd him my kinsman; I would satisfie you,

What I thinke of him: and pray you, vpon it

To iudge mee! MAN. So I doe: that ill mens friendship,

Is as vnfaithfull, as themselues. TAY. Doe you heare?

Ha'you a *Businesse* about Tooth-picks? MER. Yes, *Madame*.

Did I ne'r tell't you? I meant to haue offer'd it

Your

Mere-craft
 hath whif-
 per'd with
 the while.

Your *Lady-ship*, on the perfecting the pattend. (picks;

TAY. How is't! MER. For serving the whole state with Tooth-
(Somewhat an intricate *Businesse* to discourse) but—

I shew, how much the Subject is abus'd,
First, in that one commodity? then what diseases,
And putrefactions in the gummes are bred,
By those are made 'of' adultrate, and false wood?
My plot, for reformation of these, followes.
To have all Tooth-picks, brought vnto an office,
There seal'd; and such as counterfeit 'hem, mulcted.
And last, for venting 'hem to have a booke
Printed, to teach their vse, which euery childe
Shall haue throughout the kingdome, that can read,
And learne to picke his teeth by. Which beginning
Earely to practice, with some other rules,
Of neuer sleeping with the mouth open, chewing
Some graines of *masticke*, will preserue the breath
Pure, and so free from taynt—ha' what is't? sai'st thou?

TAY. Good faith, it sounds a very pretty *Bus'nesse*!

EIT. So Mr. *Either-side* saies, *Madame*. MER. The *Lady* is come.

TAY. Is she? Good, waite vpon her in. My *Ambler*
Was neuer so ill absent. *Either-side*,
How doe I looke to day? Am I not drest,
Spruntly? FIT. Yes, verily, *Madame*. TAY. POX O' *Madame*,
Will you not leaue that? EIT. Yes, good *Taile-bush*. TAY. So?
Sounds not that better? What vile *Fucus* is this,
Thou hast got on? EIT. 'Tis *Pearle*. TAY. *Pearle*? *Oyster-shells*:
As I breath, *Either-side*, I know't. Here comes
(They say) a wonder, *firrah*, has beene in *Spaine*!
Will teach vs all! shee's sent to mee, from *Court*.
To gratulate with mee! Pr'y thee, let's obserue her,
What faults she has, that wee may laugh at 'hem,
When she is gone, EIT. That we will heartily, *Tail, bush*.
TAY. O, mee! the very *Infanta* of the *Giants*!

The Pro-
iect for
Tooth-
picks.

Traines
man
pers
him

She looks in
her glasse

Wittipol
enters.

ACT.

ACT. IIIJ. SCENE. IJ.

MERE-CRAFT. WITTIPOL. {to them.

Wittipol is
drest like a
Spanish
Lady.
Excuses him
selfe for not
kissing.

MER. Here is a noble Lady, Madame, come,
From your great friends, at Court, to see your Ladyship:
And haue the honour of your acquaintance. TAY. Sir.
She do's vs honour. WIT. Pray you, say to her Ladyship,
It is the manner of Spaine, to imbrace onely,
Neuer to kisse. She will excuse the custome!

TAY. Your vse of it is law. Please you, sweete, Madame,
To take a seate. WIT. Yes, Madame. I haue had
The fauour, through a world of faire report
To know your vertues, Madame; and in that
Name, haue desir'd the happinesse of presenting
My seruice to your Ladyship! TAY. Your loue, Madame,
I must not owne it else. WIT. Both are due, Madame,
To your great vndertakings. TAY. Great? In troth, Madame,
They are my friends, that thinke 'hem any thing:
If I can doe my sexe (by 'hem) any seruice,
I haue my ends, Madame. WIT. And they are noble ones,
That make a multitude beholden, Madame:
The common-wealth of Ladies, must acknowledge from you.

EIT. Except some enuious, Madame. WIT. Yo' are right in that,
Of which race, I encountred some but lately. (Madame,

Who ('t seemes) haue studyed reasons to discredit

Your businesse. TAY. How, sweet Madame. WIT. Nay, the parties
Wi' not be worth your pause— Most ruinous things, Madame,

That haue put off all hope of being recouer'd

To a degree of handsomenesse. TAY. But their reasons, Madame?

I would faine heare. WIT. Some Madame, I remember.

They say, that painting quite destroyes the face— (too.

EIT. O, that's an old one, Madame. WIT. There are new ones,

Corrupts the breath; hath left so little sweetnesse

In kissing, as 'tis now vs'd, but for fashion:

And shortly will be taken for a punishment.

Decayes the fore-teeth, that should guard the tongue;

And suffers that runne riot euer-lasting!

And (which is worse) some Ladies when they meete

Cannot be meiry, and laugh, but they doe spit

In one anothers faces! MAN. I should know

This

Manly be-
gins to know
him.

This voyce, and face too: VVIT. Then they say, 'tis dangerous
To all the false, yet well dispos'd *Mad dames*,
That are industrious, and desire to earne
Their living with their sweate! For any distemper
Of heat, and motion, may displace the colours;
And if the paint once runne about their faces,
Twenty to one, they will appeare so ill-favour'd,
Their seruants run away, too, and leaue the pleasure
Imperfect, and the reckoning all' vnpay'd.

EIT. Pox, these are *Poets* reasons. TAY. Some old *Lady*
That keepe a *Poet*, has deuise'd these scandales.

EIT. Faith we must haue the *Poets* banish'd, *Madame*,
As Master *Either-side* saies. MER. Master *Fitz-dottrel*?
And his wife: where? *Madame*, the *Duke of Drown'd-land*,
That will be shortly. VVIT. Is this my *Lord*? MER. The same.

ACT.IIIJ. SCENE.IV.

FITZ-DOTTREL. Mistresse FITZ-DOT-
TREL. P.V.G. {to them.

YOur seruant, *Madame*! VVIT. How now? Friend? offended,
That I haue found your haunt here? MAN. No, but wondring
At your strange fashion'd venture, hither. VVIT. It is
To shew you what they are, you so pursue.

MAN. I thinke'twill proue a med'cine against marriage;
To know their manners. VVIT. Stay, and profit then.

MER. The *Lady*, *Madame*, whose *Prince* has brought her, here,
To be instructed. VVIT. Please you sit with vs, *Lady*.

MER. That's *Lady-President*. FIT. A goodly woman!
I cannot see the ring, though. MER. Sir, she has it.

TAY. But, *Madame*, these are very feeble reasons!

WIT. So I vrg'd *Madame*, that the new complexion,
Now to come forth, in name o' your *Ladiship's fucus*,
Had no ingredient— TAY. But I durst eate, I assure you.

WIT. So do they, in *Spaine*. TAY. Sweet *Madam* be so liberall,
To giue vs some o' your *Spanish Fucuses*!

VVIT. They are infinit, *Madame*. TAY. So I heare, they haue
VVater of *Gourdes*, of *Radish*, the white *Beanes*,
Flowers of *Glasse*, of *Thistles*, *Rose-marine*,
Raw *Honey*, *Mustard-seed*, and Bread dough-bak'd,
The crums o' bread, *Goats-milke*, and whites of *Egges*,
Campeere, and *Lilly-roots*, the fat of *Swannes*,

Wittipol
whispers
with Man-
ly.

Hee presents
Mistresse
Fitz-dot-
trel.

Marrow of *Veale*, white *Pidgeons*, and pine-kernells,
The feedes of *Nettles*, *perse' line*, and *hares gall*,
Lemons, thin-skin — *Exit*. How, her *Ladiship* has studied
Al excellent things! *Vvit*. But ordinary, *Madame*.
No, the true rarities, are th' *Aluagada*,
And *Argentata* of *Queene Isabella*!

Tay. I, what are their ingredients, gentle *Madame*?

Wit. Your *Allum Scagliola*, or *Pol-dipetra*;
And *Zuccarino*; *Turpentine* of *Abexzo*,
VVash'd in nine waters: *Soda di lenante*,
Or your *Ferne* ashes; *Beniamin di gatta*;
Grasso di serpe; *Porcelletto marino*;
Oyles of *Lentisco*; *Zucche Mugia*; make
The admirable *Vernish* for the face,
Gives the right luster; but two drops rub'd on
VVith a piece of scarlet, makes a *Lady* of sixty
Looke at sixteen. But, above all, the water
Of the white *Hen*, of the *Lady Estifanias*!

Tay. O, I, that same, good *Madame*, I haue heard of:
How is it done? *Vvit*. *Madame*, you take your *Hen*,
Plume it, and skin it, cleanse it o' the inwards:
Then chop it, bones and all: adde to foure ounces
Of *Carranicens*, *Pipitas*, *Sepe* of *Cyprus*,
Make the decoction, streine it. Then distill it,
And keepe it in your galley-pot well glidder'd:
Three drops preserues from wrinkles, warts, spots, moles,
Blemish, or Sun-burnings, and keepes the skin
In decimo sexto, euer bright, and smooth,
As any looking-glasse; and indeed, is call'd
The *Virgins milke* for the face, *Ooglio reale*;
A *Ceruse*, neyther cold or heat, will hurt;
And mixt with oyle of *myrrhe*, and the red *Gilli-flower*
Call'd *Cataputia*; and flowers of *Rouistico*;
Makes the best *muta*, or dye of the whole world.

Tay. Deare *Madame*, will you let vs be familiar? (Admirable!

Wit. Your *Ladiships* seruant. *Mer*. How do you like her. *Fit*.
But, yet, I cannot see the ring. *Pvg*. Sir. *Mer*. I must
Deliuier it, or marre all. This foole's so ieaious.
Madame — Sir, weare this ring, and pray you take knowledge,
'Twas sent you by his wife. And giue her thanks,
Doe not you dwindle, Sir, beare vp. *Pvg*. I thanke you, Sir,

Tay. But for the manner of *Spaine*! Sweet, *Madame*, let vs
Be bold, now we are in: Are all the *Ladies*,
There, i' the fashion? *Vvit*. None but *Grande's*, *Madame*,
O' the clasp'd traine, which may be worne at length, too,
Or thus, vpon my arme. *Tay*. And doe they weare
Cicoppino's all? *Vvit*. If they be drest in *punto*, *Madame*.

Exit.

Hee is iea-
lous about
his ring,
and Mere-
craft deli-
uers it.

EIT. Guilt as those are? *madame?* WIT. Of Goldsmiths work,
And set with diamants: and their *Spanish* pumps (*madame;*
Of perfum'd leather. TAI. I should thinke it hard

To go in 'hem, *madame.* WIT. At the first, it is, *madame.* (*should*

TAI. Do you neuer fall in 'hem? WIT. Neuer. EIT. I sweare, I
Six times an houre. WIT. But you haue men at hand, still,

To helpe you, if you fall? EIT. Onely one, *madame,*

The *Guarado-duennas*, such a little old man,

As this. EIT. Alas! hee can doe nothing! this!

WIT. I'll tell you, *madame*, I saw i' the Court of Spaine once,
A Lady fall i' the Kings sight, along.

And there shee lay, flat spread, as an *Vmbrella*,

Her hoope here crack'd; no man durst reach a hand

To helpe her, till the *Guarado-duennas* came,

VVho is the person onel' allow'd to touch

A Lady there: and he but by this finger.

EIT. Ha! they no seruants, *madame*, there? nor friends?

WIT. An *Escudero*, or so *madame*, that wayts

Vpon 'hem in another Coach, at distance,

And when they walke, or daunce, holds by a hand-kercher,

Neuer presumes to touch 'hem. EIT. This's sciruy!

And a forc'd grauity! I doe not like it.

I like our owne much better. TAY. 'Tis more *French*,

And *Courtly* ours. EIT. And tastes more liberty.

VVe may haue our doozen of visiters, at once, (*band?*

Make loue t'vs. TAY. And before our husbands? EIT. Huf.

As I am honest, *Tayle-bush* I doe thinke

If no body should loue mee, but my poore husband,

I should e'n hang my selfe. TAY. Fortune forbid, wench:

So faire a necke should haue so foule a neck-lace,

EIT. 'Tis true, as I am handsome! WIT. I receiu'd, *Lady*,

A token from you, which I would not bee

Rude to refuse, being your first remembrance.

(FIT. O, I am satisfied now! MER. Do you see it, Sir.)

WIT. But since you come, to know me, neerer, *Lady*,

I'll begge the honour, you will weare it for mee,

It must be so. Mrs. FIT. Sure I haue heard this tongue.

MER. What do you meane, Sr? WIT. Would you ha' me merce-

We'll recompence it anon, in somewhat else, (*nary?*

FIT. I doe not loue to be gull'd, though in a toy.

VVife, doe you heare? yo' are come into the Schole, wife,

VVhere you may learne, I doe perceiue it, any thing!

How to be fine, or faire, or great, or proud,

Or what you will, indeed, wife; heere 'tis taught.

And I am glad on't, that you may not say,

Another day, when honours come vpon you,

You wanted meanes. I ha' done my parts: beene,

Wittipol
gives it Mi-
stresse Fitz-
dottrel.
Mere-craft
murmurs,
He is satisfi-
ed, now he
sees it.

He upbraids
her, with his
Bill of costs.

To day, at fifty pound charge, first, for a ring,
To get you entred. Then left my new *Play*,
To wait vpon you, here, to see't confirm'd.
That I may say, both to mine owne eyes, and cares,
Senses, you are my witnesse, sha' hath inioy'd
All helps that could be had, for loue, or money—

M^{rs}. FIT. To make a foole of her. FIT. Wife, that's your malice,
The wickednesse o' you nature to interpret
Your husbands kindesse thus. But I'll not leaue;
Still to doe good, for your deprau'd affections:
Intend it. Bend this stubborne will; be great.

TAY. Good *Madame*, whom do they vse in messages? (*Ladiship*.)

WIT. They cōmonly vse their slaues, *Madame*. TAY. And do's your
Thinke that so good, *Madame*? WIT. no, indeed, *Madame*; I,
Therein preferre the fashion of *England* farre,
Of your young delicate Page, or discreet *Vsher*,

FIT. And I goe with your *Ladiship*, in opinion,
Directly for your Gentleman-*vsher*,
There's not a finer *Officer* goes on ground.

WIT. If hee be made and broken to his place, once.

FIT. Nay, so I presuppose him. WIT. And they are fitter
Managers too, Sir, but I would haue 'hem call'd
Our *Escudero's*. FIT. Good. WIT. Say, I should send

To your *Ladiship*, who (I presume) has gather'd
All the deare secrets, to know how to make
Pastillos of the *Dutchesse* of *Braganza*,
Coquettas, *Almoianana's*, *Mantecada's*,
Alcoreas, *Mustaccioli*; or say it were
The *Peladore* of *Isabella*, or balls

Against the itch, or *aqua nanfa*, or oyle
Of *Iessamine* for gloues, of the *Marquesse Muja*;
Or for the head, and hayre: why, these are offices

FIT. Fit for a gentleman, not a slaue. They onely
Might aske for your *pineti*, *Spanish-cole*,
To burne, and sweeten a roome: but the *Arcana*
Of *Ladies Cabinets*— FIT. Should be else-where trusted.

Yo'are much about the truth. Sweet honoured *Ladies*,
Let mee fall in wi'you. I'ha' my female wit,
As well as my male. And I doe know what futes
A *Lady* of spirit, or a woman of fashion!

(aërie,

WIT. And you would haue your wife such. FIT. Yes, *Madame*,
Light; not to plaine dishonesty, I meane:
But, somewhat o'this side. WIT. I take you, Sir.

H'has reason *Ladies*. I'll not giue this rush
For any *Lady*, that cannot be honest
Within a thred. TAY. Yes, *Madame*, and yet venter

As far for th'other, in her Fame— WIT. As can be;

Coach

He enters
himselfe
with the
Ladie's

Coach it to *Pimlico*; daunce the *Saraband*;
Heare, and talke bawdy; laugh as loud, as a *latum*;
Squeake, spring, do any thing. *EXIT*. In young company, *Madame*.

TAY. Or afore gallants. If they be braue, or *Lords*,
A woman is ingag'd. *FIT*. I say so, *Ladies*,
It is ciuility to deny vs nothing.

PVG. You talke of a *Vniuersity*! why, *Hell* is
A Grammar-schoole to this! *EXIT*. But then,
Shee must not lose a looke on stufes, or cloth, *Madame*.

TAY. Nor no course fellow. *WIT*. She must be guided, *Madame*
By the clothes he weares, and company he is in;
Whom to salute, how farre— *FIT*. I ha' told her this.
And how that bawdry too, vpo' the point,
Is (in it selfe) as ciuill a discourse—

WIT. As any other assayre of flesh, what euer.

FIT. But shee will ne'r be capable, shee is not
So much as comming, *Madame*; I know not how
She loses all her opportunities
With hoping to be forc'd. I haue entertain'd

A gentleman, a younger brother, here,
Whom I would faine breed vp, her *Escudero*,
Against some expectation's that I haue,
And she'll not countenance him. *WIT*. What's his name?

FIT. *Diuell*, o' *Darbi-shire*. *EXIT*. Blesse vs from him! *TAY*. *Diuell*?
Call him *De-uile*, sweet *Madame*. *Mrs. FIT*. What you please, *Ladies*.

TAY. *De-uile*'s a prettier name! *EXIT*. And sounds, me thinks,
As it came in with the *Conquerour*— *MAN*. Ouer smocks!
What things they are? That nature should be at leasure
Euer to make 'hem! my woing is at an end. (manage?)

WIT. What can he do? *EXIT*. Let's heare him. *TAY*. Can he

FIT. Please you to try him, *Ladies*. Stand forth, *Diuell*.

PVG. Was all this but the preface to my torment?

FIT. Come, let their *Ladiships* see your honours. *EXIT*. O,
Hee makes a wicked leg. *TAY*. As euer I saw!

WIT. Fit for a *Diuell*. *TAY*. Good *Madame*, call him *De-uile*.

WIT. *De-uile*, what property is there most required
I' your conceit, now, in the *Escudero*? (Madame.)

FIT. Why doe you not speake? *PVG*. A setled discreet pafe,

WIT. I thinke, a barren head, Sir, Mountaine-like,
To be expos'd to the cruelty of weathers—

FIT. I, for his Valley is beneath the waste, *Madame*,
And to be fruitfull there, it is sufficient.

Dulnesse vpon you! Could not you hit this?

PVG. Good Sir— *WIT*. He then had had no barren head.
You daw him too much, in troth, Sir. *FIT*. I must walke

With the *French* sticke, like an old vierger for you,

PVG. O, Chiefe, call mee to *Hell* againe, and free mee.

The Diuell
admires him.

He shews his
Pug.

Manly goes
out with in-
dignation.

They begin
their Cat e-
chisme.

He strikes
him.

The Diuell
prayer.

FIT. Do you murmur now? Pvg. Not I, Sr. WIT. What do
Mr. Denile, the height of your employment, (you take
In the true perfect *Escudero*? FIT. When?

What doe you answer? Pvg. To be able, *Madame*,
First to enquire, then report the working,
Of any *Ladies* physicke, in sweete phrase,

WIT. Yes, that's an act of elegance, and importance.
But what about? FIT. O, that I had a goad for him.

Pvg. To find out a good *Corne-cutter*. TAY. Out on him!

EIT. Most barbarous! FIT. Why did you doe this, now?
Of purpose to discredit me? you damn'd *Diuell*.

Pvg. Sure, if I be not yet, I shall be. All
My daies in *Hell*, were holy-daies to this!

TAY. 'Tis labour lost, *Madame*? EIT. H'is a dull fellow
Of no capacity! TAY. Of no discourse!

O, if my *Ambler* had beene here! EIT. I, *Madame*;
You talke of a man, where is there such another?

WIT. Mr. *Denile*, put case, one of my *Ladies*, heere,
Had a fine brach: and would imploy you forth
To treat 'bout a conuenient match for her.

What would you obserue? Pvg. The color, and the size, *Madame*.

WIT. And nothing else? FIT. The Moon, you calfe, the Moone!

WIT. I, and the Signe. TAY. Yes, and receipts for pronenesse.

WIT. Then when the *Puppies* came, what would you doe?

Pvg. Get their natiuities cast! WIT. This's wel. What more?

Pvg. Consult the *Almanack-man* which would be least?
Which cleanelest? WIT. And which silentest? This's wel, *madame*!

WIT. And while she were with puppy? Pvg. Walke her out,
And ayre her euery morning! WIT. Very good!
And be industrious to kill her fleas?

Pvg. Yes! WIT. He will make a pretty proficient. Pvg. Who,
Comming from *Hell*, could looke for such Catechising?
The *Diuell* is an *Ass*. I doe acknowledge it.

FIT. The top of woman! All her sexe in abstract!
I loue her, to each syllable, falls from her.

TAY. Good *madame* giue me leaue to goe aside with him!
And try him a little! WIT. Do, and I'll with-draw, *Madame*,
VVith this faire *Lady*: read to her, the while.

TAY. Come, Sr. Pvg. Deare *Chiefe*, relieue me, or I perish.

WIT. *Lady*, we'll follow. You are not iealous Sir?

FIT. O, *madame*! you shall see. Stay wife, behold,
I giue her vp heere, absolutely, to you,
She is your owne. Do with her what you will!
Melt, cast, and forme her as you shall thinke good!
Set any stamp on! I'll receiue her from you
As a new thing, by your owne standard! VVIT. Well, Sir!

ACT:

Fitz-dot-
trel admares
Wittipol.

The Diuell
praies again.

He giues his
wife to him,
taking him
to be a La-
dy.

ACT. III. SCENE. V.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL. PIT-FAL.
EVER-ILL. PLUTARCHVS.

B Vt what ha' you done i' your *Dependance*, since?

FIT. O, it goes on, I met your Cousin, the *Master*—

MER. You did not acquaint him, Sr? FIT. Faith, but I did, Sr.

And vpon better thought, not without reason!

He being chiefe *Officer*, might ha'tane it ill, else,

As a *Contempt* against his Place, and that

In time Sir, ha' drawne on another *Dependance*.

No, I did finde him in good termes, and ready

To doe me any seruice. MER. So he said, to you?

But Sr, you do not know him. FIT. VVhy, I presum'd

Because this *bus'nesse* of my wiues, requir'd mee,

I could not ha' done better: And hee told

Me, that he would goe presently to your *Councell*,

A Knight, here, i' the *Lanc*— MER. Yes, *Iustice Either-side*.

FIT: And get the *Feoffment* drawne, with a letter of *Attorney*,

For *linerie* and *seisen*! MER. That I knowe's the course.

But Sir, you meanenot to make him *Feoffee*?

FIT. Nay, that I'll pause on! MER. How now little *Pit-fall*.

PIT. Your Cousin Master *Euer-ill*, would come in—

But he would know if Master *Manly* were heere.

MER. No, tell him, if he were, I ha' made his peace!

Hee's one, Sir, has no State, and a man knowes not,

How such a trust may tempt him. FIT. I conceiue you.

EVE. Sr. this same deed is done here. MER. Pretty *Plutarchus*?

Art thou come with it? and has Sir *Paul* view'd it?

PLV. His hand is to the draught. MER. VVill you step in, Sr.

And read it? FIT. Yes. EVE. I pray you a word wi' you.

Sir *Paul Either-side* will'd mee gi' you caution,

VVhom you did make *Feoffee*: for 'tis the trust

O' your whole State: and though my Cousin heere

Be a worthy Gentleman, yet his valour has

At the tall board bin question'd; and we hold

Any man so impeach'd, of doubtfull honesty!

I will not iustifie this; but giue it you

To make your profit of it: if you vtter it,

I can forswear it! FIT. I beleue you, and thanke you, Sir.

ACT.

Mere-craft
whispers a-
gainst him.

Eueril whi-
spers against
Merc-craft.

ACT. IIIJ. SCENE. VI.

WITTIPOL. Mistresse FITZ-DOTTREL.

MANLY. MERE-CRAFT.

BE not afraid, sweet *Lady*: yo' are trusted
To loue, not violence here; I am no rauisher,
But one, whom you, by your faire trust againe,
May of a seruant make a most true friend.

Mrs. F. And such a one I need, but not this way:

Sir, I confesse me to you, the meere manner
Of your attempting mee, this morning tooke mee,
And I did hold m' inuention, and my manners,
Were both engag'd, to giue it a requitall;
But not vnto your ends: my hope was then,
(Though interrputed, ere it could be vtter'd)
That whom I found the Master of such language,
That braine and spirit, for such an enterprise,
Could not, but if those succours were demanded
To a right vse, employ them vertuously!
And make that profit of his noble parts,
Which they would yeeld. S^r, you haue now the ground,
To exercise them in: I am a woman;
That cannot speake more wretchednesse of my selfe,
Then you can read; march'd to a masse of folly;
That cuery day makes haste to his owne ruine;
The wealthy portion, that I brought him, spent;
And (through my friends neglect) no ioynture made me.

My fortunes standing in this precipice,

'Tis *Counsell* that I want, and honest aides:

And in this name, I need you, for a friend!

Neuer in any other; for his ill,

Must not make me, S^r, worse. MAN. O friend! forsake not

The braue occasion, vertue offers you,

To keepe you innocent: I haue fear'd for both;

And watch'd you, to preuent the ill I fear'd.

But, since the weaker side hath so assur'd mee,

Let not the stronger fall by his owne vice,

Or be the lesse a friend, cause vertue needs him.

WIT. Vertue shall neuer aske my succours twice;

Most friend, most man; your *Counsell*s are commands:

Lady,

Manly, con-
ceal'd this
while, shew's
himselfe.

Lady, I can loue *goodnes* in you, more
Then I did *Beauty*; and doe here intitle
Your vertue, to the power, vpon a life
You shall engage in any fruitfull seruice,
Euen to forfeit. *MER. Madame*: Do you heare, Sir,
We haue another leg-strain'd, for this *Dottrel*.
He' ha's a quarrell to carry, and ha's caus'd
A deed of *Feoffment*, of his whole estate
To be drawne yonder; h'ha'st within: And you,
Onely, he meanes to make *Feoffce*. H'is falne
So desperatly enamour'd on you, and talkes
Most like a mad-man: you did neuer heare
A *Phrantick*, so in loue with his owne fauour!
Now, you doe know, 'tis of no validity
In your name, as you stand; Therefore aduise him
To put in me. (h'is come here :) You shall share Sir.

Mere-craft
takes Wittipol
aside, &
moves a pro-
iect for him-
selfe.

ACT. IV. SCENE. VII.

WITTIPOL. *Mistresse* FITZ-DOTTREL.

MANLY. MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOT-
TRELL. EVERILL. PLVTARCHVS.

FIT. Madame, I haue a suit to you; and afore-hand,
I doe bespeake you; you must not deny me,
I will be graunted. *WIT. Sir*, I must know it, though.

FIT. No Lady; you must not know it: yet, you must too.
For the trust of it, and the fame indeed,
Which else were lost me. I would vse your name,
But in a *Feoffment*: make my whole estate
Ouer vnto you: a trifle, a thing of nothing,
Some eighteene hundred. *WIT. Alas!* I vnderstand not
Those things Sir. I am a woman, and most loath,
To embarque my selfe—*FIT. You will not flight me, Madame?*

WIT. Nor you'll not quarrell me? *FIT. No, sweet Madame*, I
Already a *dependance*; for which cause (haue
I doe this: let me put you in, deare *Madame*,
I may be fairely kill'd. *WIT. You haue your friends, Sir*,
About you here, for choice. *EVE. She tells you right, Sir.*

FIT. Death, if she doe, what do I care for that?

X

Say

Hee hopes to
be the man.

She designs
Manly.

Say, I would haue her tell me wrong. WIT. Why, Sir,
If for the trust, you'll let me haue the honor

To name you one. FIT. Nay, you do me the honor, *Madame*:

Who is't? WIT. This Gentleman: FIT. O, no, sweet *Madame*,
H'is friend to him, with whom I ha' the dependance.

WIT. Who might he bee? FIT. One *Wittipol*: do you know

WIT. Alas Sir, he, a toy: This Gentleman (him?)
A friend to him? no more then I am Sir!

FIT. But will your *Ladyship* undertake that, *Madame*?

WIT. Yes, and what else, for him, you will engage me.

FIT. What is his name? VVIT. His name is *Eustace Manly*.

FIT. VVhence do's he write himselfe? VVIT. of *Middle-sex*,
Esquire. FIT. Say nothing, *Madame*. *Clerke*, come hether

VVrite *Eustace Manly*, *Squire* o' *Middle-sex*.

MER. What ha' you done, Sir? VVIT. Nam'd a gentleman,
That I'll be answerable for, to you, Sir.

Had I nam'd you, it might ha' beene suspected:

This way, 'tis safe. FIT. Come Gentlemen, your hands,

For witnes. MAN. VVhat is this? EVE. You ha' made *Election*
Of a most worthy Gentleman! MAN. VVould one of worth

Had spoke it: whence it comes, it is

Rather a shame to me, then a praise.

EVE. Sir, I will giue you any Satisfaction.

MAN. Be silent then: "falshood commends not truth.

PLV. You do deliuer this, Sir, as your deed.

To th' vse of Mr. *Manly*? FIT. Yes: and Sir —

VVhen did you see yong *Wittipol*? I am ready,

For proceffe now; Sir, this is *Publication*.

He shall heare from me, he would needes be courting

My wife, Sir. MAN. Yes: So witnesseth his Cloake there.

FIT. Nay good Sir, — *Madame*, you did undertake —

VVIT. VVhat? FIT. That he was not *Wittipol's* friend. VVIT.

Sr. no confession of it. FIT. O she know's not; (I heare

Now I remember, *Madame*! This yong *Wittipol*,

VVould ha' debauch'd my wife, and made me *Cuckold*,

Through a casement; he did fly her home

To mine owne window: but I think I sou't him,

And rauish'd her away, out of his pownces.

I ha' sworne to ha' him by the eares: I feare

The toy, wi' not do me right. VVIT. No? that were pitty!

VVhat right doe you aske, Sir? Here he is will do't you?

FIT. Ha? *Wittipol*? VVIT. I Sir, no more *Lady* now,

Nor *Spaniard*! MAN. No indeed, 'tis *Wittipol*.

FIT. Am I the thing I fear'd? VVIT. A *Cuckold*? No Sir,

But you were late in possibility,

I'll tell you so much. MAN. But your wife's too vertuous!

VVIT. VVee'll see her Sir, at home, and leaue you here,

To

Eueril ap-
plaudes it.

Fitz-dot-
rel is suspi-
cious of
Manly still.

Wittipol
discouers
himselfe.

To be made *Duke o' Shore-ditch* with a proiect.

FIT. Theeues, iauishers. VVIT. Crie but another note, Sir, I'll marre the tune, o' your pipe! FIT. Gi' me my deed, then.

He would
haue his
deed again.

VVIT. Neither: that shall be kept for your wiues good,

VVho will know, better how to vse it. FIT. Ha'

To feast you with my land? VVIT. Sir, be you quiet,

Or I shall gag you, ere I goe, consult

Your Master of dependances; how to make this

A second businesse, you haue time Sir. FIT. Oh!

VVhat will the ghost of my wise Grandfather,

My learned *Father*, with my worshipfull *Mother*,

Thinke of me now, that left me in this world

In state to be their *Heire*? that am become

A *Cuckold*, and an *Ass*, and my wiues Ward;

Likely to loose my land; ha' my throat cut:

All, by her practice! MER. Sir, we are all abus'd!

FIT. And be so still! VVho hinders you, I pray you,

Let me alone, I would enioy my selfe,

And be the *Duke o' Drown'd Land*, you ha' made me.

MER. Sir, we must play an *after-game* o' this

FIT. But I am not in case to be a *Gam-ster*:

I tell you once againe—MER. You must be rul'd

And take some counsell. FIT. Sir, I do hate counsell,

As I do hate my wife, my wicked wife!

MER. But we may thinke how to recover all:

If you will act. FIT. I will not think; nor act;

Nor yet recover; do not talke to me?

I'll runne out o' my witts; rather then heare;

I will be what I am, *Fabian Fitz-Dottrel*,

Though all the world say nay to't. MER. Let's follow him.

VVitipol
baffles him,
and goes out

Pittall goes
out.

Mere craft
seemes full of
business.

Amplified
the words
inordinant
spoke.

X 2

Act.



ACT. V. SCENE. I.

AMBLER. PITFALL. MERE-CRAFT.

BUt ha's my Lady mist me? PIT. Beyond telling!
Here ha's been that infinity of strangers!
And then she would ha' had you, to ha' sampled you
VVith one within, that they are now a teaching;
And do's pretend to your ranck.. AMB. Good fellow
Tel Mr. Mere-craft, I intreat a word with him. (Pit-fall,

Pitfall goes
out.

This most unlucky accident will goe neare
To be the losse o' my place; I am in doubt!
MER. VVith me? what say you Mr Ambler? AMB. Sir,
I would beseech your worship stand betweene
Me, and my Ladies displeasure, for my absence. (Sir

Mere-craft
seemes full of
businessse.

MER. O, is that all? I warrant you. AMB. I would tell you
But how it happened. MER. Brieft, good Master Ambler,
Put your selfe to your rack: for I haue tasque
Of more importance. AMB. Sir you'll laugh at me!
But (so is Truth) a very friend of mine,
Finding by conference with me, that I liu'd
Too chaste for my complexion (and indeed
Too honest for my place, Sir) did aduise me
If I did loue my selfe (as that I do,
I must confesse) MER. Spare your Parenthesis.

AMB. To gi' my body a little euacuation—

MER. Well, and you went to a whore? AMB. No, Sr. I durst
(For feare it might arriue at some body's eare, (not
It should not) trust my selfe to a common house;
But got the Gentlewoman to goe with me,
And carry her bedding to a Conduit-head,
Hard by the place toward Tyborne, which they call
My L. Majors Banqueting-house. Now Sir, This morning
Was Execution; and I ner'e dream't on't,
Till I heard the noise o' the people, and the horses;

Ambler tels
this with ex-
traordinary
speed.

And

And neither I, nor the poore Gentlewoman
Durst stirre, till all was done and past: so that
I' the *Interim*, we fell a sleepe againe.

MER. Nay, if you fall, from your gallop, I am gone Sr.

AMB. But, when I wak'd, to put on my cloathes, a sute,
I made new for the action, it was gone,
And all my money, with my purse, my seales,
My hard-wax, and my table-bookes, my studies,
And a fine new deuise, I had to carry
My pen, and inke, my ciuet, and my tooth-picks,
All vnder one. But, that which greiu'd me, was
The Gentlewomans shoes (with a paire of roses,
And garters, I had giuen her for the businesse)
So as that made vs stay, till it was darke.
For I was faine to lend her mine, and walke
In a rug, by her, barefoote, to Saint Giles'es.

MER. A kind of Irish penance! Is this all, Sir?

AMB. To satisfie my *Lady*. MER. I will promise you, Sr.

AMB. I ha' told the true *Disaster*. MER. I cannot stay wi' you
Sir, to condole; but gratulate your returne.

AMB. An honest gentleman, but he's neuer at leisure
To be himselte: He ha's such rides of businesse.

ACT. V. SCENE. II.

PVG. AMBLER.

O, Call me home againe, deare *Chiefe*, and put me
To yoaking foxes, milking of Hee-goates,
Pounding of water in a mortar, lauing
The sea dry with a nut-shell, gathering all
The leaues are false this *Autumne*, drawing farts
Out of dead bodies, making ropes of sand,
Catching the windes together in a net,
Mustring of ants, and numbring atomes; all
That hell, and you thought exquisite torments, rather
Then stay me here, a thought more: I would sooner
Keepe fleas within a circle, and be accomptant
A thousand yeere, which of 'hem and how far
Out leap'd the other, then endure a minute
Such as I haue within. There is no hell
To a *Lady* of fashion. All your tortures there
Are

Ambler
comes in, &
survayes
him

Pug per-
ceives it, and
stares.

He answers
quite from
the purpose.

For Scep-
ticks.

Are pastimes to it. 'T would be a refreshing
For me, to be i' the fire againe, from hence.

AMB. This is my suite, and those the shoes and roses!

PVG. Th' haue such impertinent vexations,
A generall Councell o' diuels could not hit—

Ha! This is hee, I tooke a sleepe with his *Wench*,
And borrow'd his cloathes. What might I doe to balke him?

AMB. Do you heare, S^r? PVG. Answ. him but not to th' purpose

AMB. What is your name, I pray you Sir. PVG. Is't so late Sir?

AMB. I aske not o' the time, but of your name, Sir,

PVG. I thanke you, Sir. Yes it dos hold Sir, certaine.

AMB. Hold, Sir? What holds? I must both hold, and talke to
About these clothes. PVG. A very pretty lace! (you

But the *Taylor* cossend me. AMB. No, I am cossend

By you! robb'd. PVG. Why, when you please Sir, I am

For three peny *Gleeke*, your man AMB. Pox o' your *gleeke*,

And three pence. Giue me an answer. PVG. Sir,

My master is the best at it. AMB. Your master!

Who is your Master. PVG. Let it be friday night. (t'lem

AMB. What should be then? PVG. Your best songs *Thom. o' Be-*

AMB. I thinke, you are he. Do's he mocke me trow, from pur-

Or do not I speake to him, what I meane? (pose?

Good Sir your name. PVG. Only a couple a' *Cocks* Sir,

If we can get a *Widgin*, 'tis in season.

AMB. He hopes to make on o' these *Scipticks* o' me
(I thinke I name 'hem right) and do's not fly me.

I wonder at that! 'tis a strange confidence!

I'll prooue another way, to draw his answer.

ACT. V. SCENE. IIJ.

MERE-CRAFT. FITZ-DOTTREL.

EVERILL. PVG.

It is the easiest thing Sir, to be done.

As plaine, as fizzling: roule but wi' your eyes,

And foame at th'mouth. A little castle-soape

Will do't, to rub your lips: And then a nutshell,

With toe, and touch-wood in it to spit fire,

Did you ner'e read, Sir, little *Darrels* tricks,

With the boy o' *Burton*, and the 7. in *Lancashire*,

Sommers at *Nottingham*? All these do teach it.

And

And wee'll giue out, Sir, that your wife ha's bewitch'd you :

EVE. And practised with those two, as *Sorcerers*.

MER. And ga' you potions, by which meanes you were
Not *Compos mentis*, when you made your *feoffment*.

There's no recovery o' your state, but this :

This, Sir, will sting. EVE. And moue in a Court of equity.

MER. For, it is more then manifest, that this was
A plot o' your wiues, to get your land FIT. I thinke it.

EVE. Sir it appeares. MER. Nay, and my cossen has knowne
These gallants in these shapes. EVE. T' haue don strange things,
One as the *Lady*, the other as the *Squire*. Sir.

MER. How, a mans honesty may be fool'd ! I thought him
A very *Lady*. FIT. So did I : renounce me else.

MER. But this way, Sir, you'll be reueng'd at height.

EVE. Vpon 'hem all. MER. Yes faith, and since your Wife
Has runne the way of woman thus, e'en giue her —

FIT. Lost by this hand, to me ; dead to all ioyes

Of her deare *Dottrell*, I shall neuer pittie her :

That could, pittie her selfe. MER. Princely resolu'd Sir,

And like your selfe still, in *Potentia*.

*They repaire
their old plot.*

ACT. V. SCENE. IV.

MERE-CRAFT, &c. to them. GVILT-HEAD.
SLEDGE-PLVTARCHVS. SERIEANTS.

GVILT-head what newes. ? FIT. O Sir, my hundred peices :

Let me ha' them yet. GVI. Yes Sir, officers

Arrest him. FIT. Me ? SER. I arrest you. SLE. Keepe the peace,
I charge you gentlemen. FIT. Arrest me ? Why ?

GVI. For better security, Sir. My sonne *Plutarchus*

Affures me, y'are not worth a groat. PLV. Pardon me, *Father*,

I said his worship had no foote of Land left :

And that I'll iustifie, for I writ the deed.

FIT. Ha' you these tricks i' the citty ? GVI. Yes, and more.

Arrest this gallant too, here, at my suite.

SLE. I, and at mine. He owes me for his lodging
Two yecre and a quarter. MER. Why M. *Guilt-head*, Land-Lord,

Thou art not mad, though th'art *Constable*

Pufft vp with th' pride of the place ? Do you heare, Sirs.

Haue I deseru'd this from you two ? for all

My paines at Court, to get you each a parent

*Fitz-dot-
trel askes for
his money.*

*Meaning
Mere-craft*

GVI.

The Pro-
ject of forks

GVI. For what? MER. Vpo' my proiect o' the *forkes*,
SLE. *Forkes*? what be they? MER. The laudable vse of forks,
Brought into custome here, as they are in *Italy*,
To th'sparing o' *Napkins*. That, that should haue made
Your bellows goe at the forge, as his at the fornace,
I ha' procur'd it, ha' the Signet for it,
Dealt with the *Linnen-drappers*, on my priuate,
By cause, I fear'd, they were the likeliest euer
To stirre against, to crosse it: for 'twill be
A mighty sauer of *Linnen* through the kingdome
(As that is one o' my grounds, and to spare washing)
Now, on you two, had I layd all the profits.
Guilt-head to haue the making of all those
Of gold and siluer, for the better personages;
And you, of those of *Steele* for the common sort.
And both by *Pattent*, I had brought you your scales in.
But now you haue preuented me, and I thanke you.

Sledge is
brought a-
bout.
And *Guilt-*
head comes.

SLE. Sir, I will bayle you, at mine owne ap-perill.
MER. Nay choose. PLV. Do you so too, good Father.
GVI. I like the fashion o' the proiect, well,
The forks! It may be a lucky one! and is not
Intricate, as one would say, but fit for
Plaine heads, as ours, to deale in. Do you heare
Officers, we discharge you. MER. Why this shewes
A little good nature in you, I confesse,
But do not tempt your friends thus. Little *Guilt-head*,
Aduise your sire, great *Guilt-head* from these courses:
And, here, to trouble a great man in reuerfion,
For a matter o' fifty on a false *Alarme*,
Away, it shewes not well. Let him get the pieces
And bring 'hem. Yo'll heare more else. PLV. Father.

ACT. V. SCENE. V.

AMBLER. {To them.

O Master *Sledge*, are you here? I ha' been to seeke you.
You are the *Constable*, they say. Here's one
That I do charge with *Felony*, for the suite
He weares, Sir. MER. Who? M. *Fitz-Dottrels* man?
Ware what you do, M. *Ambler*. AMB. Sir, these clothes
I'll sweare, are mine: and the shooes the gentlewoman's

I told you of: and ha' him afore a *Iustice*,
I will. Pvg. My master, Sir, will passe his word forme.

AMB. O, can you speake to purpose now? FIT. Not I,
If you be such a one Sir, I will leaue you
To your *God fathers* in Law. Let twelue men worke.

Pvg Do you heare Sir, pray, in priuate. FIT. well, what say you?
Briefe, for I haue no time to loose. Pvg. Truth is, Sir,
I am the very *Diuell*, and had leaue
To take this body, I am in, to serue you.
Which was a *Cutpurses*, and hang'd this Morning.
And it is likewise true, I stole this suite
To cloth me with. But Sir let me not goe
To prison for it. I haue hitherto

Lost time, done nothing; showne, indeed, no part,
O' my *Diuels* nature. Now, I will so helpe
Your malice, 'gainst these parties: so aduance
The businesse, that you haue in hand of *witchcraft*,
And your *possession*, as my selfe were in you.
Teach you such tricks, to make your belly swell,
And your eyes turne, to foame, to flare, to gnash
Your teeth together, and to beate your selfe,
Laugh loud, and faine fix voices—FIT. Out you Rogue!
You most infernall counterfeit wretch! Anaunt!

Do you thinke to gull me with your *Aesops Fables*?
Here take him to you, I ha' no part in him. Pvg. Sir.

FIT. Away, I do disclaime, I will not heare you.

MER. What said he to you, Sir? FIT. Like a lying raskall
Told me he was the *Diuel*. MER. How! a good iest!

FIT. And that he would teach me, such fine *diuels* tricks
For our new resolution. EVE. O' pox on him,
'Twas excellent wisely done, Sir, not to trust him:

MER. Why, if he were the *Diuel*, we sha' not need him,
If you'll be rul'd. Goe throw your selfe on a bed, Sir,
And faine you ill. Wee'll not be seene wi' you,
Till after, that you haue a fit: and all

Confirm'd within. Keepe you with the two *Ladies*
And perswade them. I'll to *Iustice Either-side*,

And possesse him with all. *Traines* shall seeke out *Ingine*,

And they two fill the towne with't, euery cable

Is to be veer'd. We must employ out all

Our *emissaries* now; Sir, I will send you

Bladders and *Bellows*. Sir, be confident,

'Tis no hard thing t'out doe the *Dewill* in:

A Boy o' thirteene yeere old made him an *Asse*

But t'other day. FIT. Well, I'll beginne to practice,

And scape the imputation of being *Cuckold*,

By mine owne act. MER. yo'are right. EVE. Come, you ha' put

Y

Your

Fitz-dot-
trel dis-
claimes
him.

And sends
him away.

Mere-craft
gines the in-
structions to
him and the
rest.

Your selfe to a simple coyle here, and your freinds,
By dealing with new *Agents*, in new plots.

MER. No more o' that, sweet cousin. EVE. What had you
To doe with this same *Wittipol*, for a *Lady*?

MER. Question not that: 'tis done. EVE. You had some straine
'Boue *E la*? MER. I had indeed. EVE. And, now, you crack for't.

MER. Do not vpbraid me. EVE. Come, you must be told on't;
You are so couetous, still, to embrace
More then you can, that you loose all. MER. 'Tis right.
What would you more, then Guilty? Now, your succours.

ACT. V. SCENE. VI.

SHAKLES. PVG INIQUITY. DIVEL.

Pug is
brought to
New-gate.

Enter Ini-
quity the
Vice.

HERE you are lodg'd, Sir, you must send your garnish,
If you'll be priuat. PVG. There it is, Sir, leaue me.

To New-gate, brought? How is the name of *Dewill*
Discredited in me! What a lost fiend

Shall I be, on returne? My *Cheife* will roare
In triumph, now, that I haue beene on earth,

A day, and done no noted thing, but brought
That body back here, was hang'd out this morning.

Well! would it once were midnight, that I knew
My vtmost. I thinke Time be drunke, and sleepes;

He is so still, and moves not! I doe glory
Now i' my torment. Neither can I expect it,

I haue it with my fact. INI. *Child* of hell, be thou merry:
Put a lookè on, as round, boy, and red as a cherry.

Cast care at thy posternes; and firke i' thy fetters,
They are ornaments, *Baby*, haue graced thy betters:

Looke vpon me, and hearken. Our *Cheife* doth salute thee,
And least the coldyron should chanceto confute thee,

H' hath sent thee, *grant-paroll* by me to stay longer
A moneth here on earth, against cold *Child*, or hunger

PVG. How? longer here a moneth? ING. Yes, boy, till the *Session*,
That so thou mayest haue a triumphall egression.

PVG. In a cart, to be hang'd. ING. No, *child*, in a Carre,
The charriot of Triumph, which most of them are.

And in the meane time, to be greazy, and bouzy,
And nasty, and filthy, and ragged and louzy,

With dam'n me, renounce me, and all the fine phrases;
That bring, vnto *Tiborne*, the plentifull gazes.

PVG.

PVG. He is a *Diuell*! and may be our *Cheife*!
 The great Superiour *Diuell*! for his malice:
Arch-diuell! I acknowledge him. He knew
 What I would suffer, when he tie'd me vp thus
 In a rogues body: and he has (I thanke him)
 His tyrannous pleasure on me, to confine me
 To the vn lucky carkasse of a *Catpurse*,
 Wherein I could do nothing. Diu. Impudent fiend,
 Stop thy lewd mouth. Doeſt thou not shame and tremble
 To lay thine owne dull damn'd defects vpon
 An innocent caſe, there? Why thou heavy ſlaue!
 Theſpirit, that did poſſeſſe that fleſh before
 Put more true life, in a finger, and a thumbe,
 Then thou in the whole Maſſe. Yet thou rebell'ſt
 And murmur'ſt? What one proſper haſt thou made,
 Wicked inough, this day, that might be call'd
 Worthy thine owne, much leſſe the name that ſent thee?
 Firſt, thou did'ſt helpe thy ſelfe into a beating
 Promptly, and with't endangered'ſt too thy tongue:
 A *Diuell*, and could not keepe a body intire
 One day! That, for our credit. And to vindicate it,
 Hinderd'ſt (for ought thou know'ſt) a deed of darkneſſe:
 Which was an act of that egregious folly,
 As no one, to'ard the *Diuell*, could ha' thought on.
 This for your acting! but for ſuffering! why
 Thou haſt beene cheated on, with a falſe beard,
 And a turn'd cloake. Faith, would your predeceſſour
 The *Catpurſe*, thinke you, ha' been ſo? Out vpon thee,
 The hurt th'haſt don, to let men know their ſtrength,
 And that the'are able to out-doe a *diuell*
 Put in a body, will for ever be
 A ſcarre vpon our Name! whom haſt thou dealt with,
 Woman or man, this day, but haue out-gone thee
 Some way, and moſt haue prou'd the better fiendes?
 Yet, you would be imploy'd? Yes, hell ſhall make you
 Prouinciall o' the *Cheaters*: or *Bawd-ledger*,
 For this ſide o' the towne! No doubt you'll render
 A rare accompt of things. Bane o' your itch,
 And ſcratching for imployment. I'll ha' brim ſtone
 To al lay it ſure, and fire to ſindge your nayles off,
 But, that I would not ſuch a damn'd diſhonor
 Sticke on our ſtate, as that the *diuell* were hang'd;
 And could not ſaue a body, that he tooke
 From *Tyborne*, but it muſt come thither againe:
 You ſhould e'en ride. But, vp away with him—

INI. Mount, dearling of darkeneſſe, my ſhoulders are broad:
 He that carries the fiend, is ſure of his load.

The great
 Deuill en-
 ters, and vp-
 braids him
 with all his
 dayes worke.

The Iuſtice
 enters

Whipſt,
 and many
 other

Iniquity
 takes him on
 his back.

The *Dinell* was wont to carry away the euill;
But, now, the Euill out-carries the *Dinell*.

ACT. V. SCENE. VIJ.

SHACKLES. KEEPERS.

O mee! KEE. 1. What's this? 2. A piece of *Iustice Hall*
Is broken downe. 3. Fough! what esteeme of brimstone
Is here? 4. The prisoner's dead, came in but now! (renance!
SHA. Ha! where? 4. Look here. KEE. S'lid, I shuld know his coun-
It is *Gill-Cat-purse*, was hang'd out, this morning!
SHA. 'Tis he! 2. The *Dinell*, sure, has a hand in this!
3. What shall wee doe? SHA. Carry the newes of it
Vnto the *Sherifes*. 1. And to the *Iustices*.
4. This strange! 3. And saunders of the *Dinell*, strongly!
2. I' ha' the *sulphure* of *Hell-coale* i' my nose.
1. Fough. SHA. Carry him in. 1. Away. 2. How ranke it is!

ACT. V. SCENE. VIII.

Sir POVLE. MERE-CRAFT. EVER-ILL.
TRAINES. PITFALL. FITZ-DOTTREL.

{To them}

VVITTIPOL. MANLY. Mistresse FITZ-DOT-
TREL. ENGINE. To them} GVILT-HEAD.

SLEDGE. to them} SHACKLES.

THIS was the notablest Conspiracy,
That ere I heard of. MER. Sir, They had giu'n him potions,
That did enamour him on the counterfeit *Lady*—

EVE. Iust to the time o' delivery o' the deed—

MER. And then the witchcraft 'gan't' appeare, for streight
He fell into his fit. EVE. Of rage at first, Sir,
Which since, has so increased. TAY. Good Sr. Poule, see him,
And punish the impostors. POV. Therefore I come, *Madame*.

EIT. Let M^r. *Etherside* alone, *Madame*. POV. Do you heare?
Call in the Constable, I will haue him by:

His

The great
Dinell
noise is heard
in New-
gate, and the
Keepers
come out af-
frighted.

The Iustice
comes out
wandring,
and the rest
informing
him.

H'is the Kings Officer! and some Cirtizens,
Of credit! I'll discharge my conscience clearly. *(cerers,*

MER. Yes, Sir, and send for his wife. EVE. And the two Sor-
By any meanes! TAY. I thought one a true Lady,
I should be sworne. So did you, Eyther-side?

EIT. Yes, by that light, would I might ne'r stir else, Tailbass.

TAY. And the other a ciuill Gentleman. EVE. But, Madame,
You know what I told your Ladyship. TAY. I now see it:
I was prouiding of a banquet for 'hem.

After I had done instructing o'the fellow
Deuile, the Gentlemans man. MER. Who's found a thiefe, Madam.

And to haue rob'd your Vsher, Master Ambler,
This morning. TAY. How? MER. I'll tell you more, anon.

FIT. Gi me some garlicke, garlicke, garlicke, garlicke.

MER. Harken the poore Gentleman, how he is tormented!

FIT. My wife is a whore, I'll kisse her no more: and why?
Ma'st not thou be a Cuckold, as well as I?

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

POV. That is the Diuell speakes, and laughes in him.

MER. Do you thinke so, Sr. POV. I discharge my conscience.

FIT. And is not the Diuell good company? Yes, wis.

EVE. How he changes, Sir, his voyce! FIT. And a Cuckold is
Where ere hee put his head, with a a Wanion,
If his hornes be forth, the Diuells companion!

Looke, looke, looke, else. MER. How he foames! EVE. And swells!

TAY. O, me! what's that there, rises in his belly! *(Madam.*

EIT. A strange thing! hold it downe: TRA. PIT. We cannot,

POV. 'Tis too apparent this! FIT. Wittipol, Wittipol. *(matters?*

WIT. How now, what play ha' we here. MAN. What fine, new

WIT. The Cockscumb, and the Conerlet. MER. O strang impudēce!
That these should come to face their sinne! EVE. And out-face
Iustice, they are the parties, Sir. POV. Say nothing.

MER. Did you marke, Sir, vpon their comming in,
How he call'd Wittipol. EVE. And neuer saw 'hem.

POV. I warrant you did I, let 'hem play a while.

FIT. Buz, buz, buz, buz. TAY. Lasse poore Gentleman!
How he is tortur'd! Mrs. F. Fie, Master Fitz-dottrel!
What doe you meane to counterfai thus? FIT. O, o,

Shee comes with a needle, and thrusts it in,
Shee pulls out that, and shee puts in a pinne,

And now, and now, I doe not know how, nor where,
But shee pricks mee heere, and shee pricks me there: oh, oh:

POV. Woman forbear. WIT. What, Sr? POV. A practice foule
For one so faire: WIT. Hath this, then, credit with you?

MAN. Do you beleue in't? POV. Gentlemen, I'll discharge
My conscience. 'Tis a cleare conspiracy!
A darke, and diuellish practice! I detest it!

He beginnes
his fit.

The Iustice
interprets
all:

Wittipol,
and Manly,
and Mistr.
Fitz-dot-
trel enter.

His wife goes
to him.

WIT. The *Iustice* sure will proue the merrier man!

MAN. This is molt strange, Sir! POV. Come not to confront Authority with impudence: I tell you, I doe detest it. Here comes the Kings *Constable*, And with him a right worshipfull *Commoner*; My good friend, Master *Guilt-head*! I am glad I can before such witnesses, professe My conscience, and my detestation of it. Horible! most vnaturall! Abominable!

EVE. You doe not tumble enough. MER. Wallow, gnash;

TAY. O, how he is vexed! POV. 'Tis too manifest.

EVE. Giue him more soape to foame with, now lie still.

MER. And act a little. TAY. What do's he now, s^r. POV. Shew The taking of *Tabacco*, with which the *Diuell* Is so delighted. FIT. *Hum*! POV. And calls for *Hum*.

You takers of strong *Waters*, and *Tabacco*,

Marke this. FIT. *Yellow, yellow, yellow, yellow, &c.*

POV. That's *Starch*! the *Diuells* Idoll of that colour. He ratifies it, with clapping of his hands.

The proofes are pregnant. GVI. How the *Diuell* can act!

POV. He is the Master of *Players*! Master *Guilt-head*, And *Poets*, too! you heard him talke in rime! I had forgot to obserue it to you, ere while!

TAY. See, he spits fire. POV. O no, he plaies at *Figgum*, The *Diuell* is the Author of wicked *Figgum*—

MAN. Why speake you not vnto him? WIT. If I had All innocence of man to be indanger'd, And he could saue, or ruine it: I'd not breath A syllable in request, to such a foole, He makes himse. FIT. *O they whisper, whisper, whisper. Wee shall haue more, of Diuells a score, To come to dinner, in mee the sinner.*

EXT. Alas, poore Gentleman! POV. Put 'hem asunder. Keepe 'hem one from the other. MAN. Are you phrenticke, Sir, Or what graue dotage moues you, to take part VVith so much villany? wee are not afraid Either of law, or triall; let vs be Examin'd what our ends were, what the meanes? To worke by; and possibility of those meanes. Doe not conclude against vs, ere you heare vs.

POV. I will not heare you, yet I will conclude Out of the circumstances. MAN. VVill you so, Sir?

POV. Yes, they are palpable: MAN. Not as your folly:

POV. I will discharge my conscience, and doe all To the *Meridian* of Iustice. GVI. You doe well, Sir.

FIT. Provide mee to eat, three or foure dishes o' good meat, I'll feast them, and their traines, a Iustice head and braines

Shall

They w^h bi
per him.

and giue him
soape to act
with.

Sir Poule
interprets
Figgum to
be a Iuglers
game.

Shall be the first. POV. The Diuell loues not Iustice,
There you may see. FIT. A spare-rib o' my wife,
And a whores purt'nance! a Guilt-head whole.

POV. Be not you troubled, Sir, the Diuell speakes it.

FIT. Yes, wis, Knight, shite, Poule, loule, owle, foule, troule, boule.

POV. Crambe, another of the Diuell's games!

MER. Speake, Sir, some Greeke, if you can. Is not the Iustice
A solemne gamester? EVE. Peace. FIT. Οἱ μοι, κακοδαίμων,

καὶ τετρακαχοδαίμων, καὶ πεντακάκις,

καὶ δεσενάκις, καὶ μυριάκις. POV. Hee curses

In Greeke, I thinke. EVE. Your Spanish, that I taught you.

FIT. Quebrémos el ojo de burlas, EVE. How? your rest—

Let's breake his necke in iest, the Diuell saies,

FIT. Di grátia, Signòr mio se haúcte denári fataméne parte.

MER. What, would the Diuell borrow money? FIT. Ouy,
Ouy Monsieur, un pauvre Diable! Diablet in!

POV. It is the diuell, by his severall languages: (ter ?

SHA. Where's S^r. Poule Ether-side? POV. Here, what's the mat-

SHA. O! such an accident falne out at Newgate, Sir:

A great piece of the prison is rent downe!

The Diuell has beene there, Sir, in the body——

Of the young Cut-purse, was hang'd out this morning,

But, in new clothes, Sir, euery one of vs know him. (S^r.

These things were found in his pocket. AMB. Those are mine,

SHA. I thinke he was committed on your charge, Sir.

For a new felony AMB. Yes. SHA. Hee's gone, Sir, now,

And left vs the dead body. But withall, Sir,

Such an infernall stincke, and steame behinde,

You cannot see S^r. Pulchars Steeple, yet.

They smell't as farre as Ware, as the wind lies,

By this time, sure. FIT. Is this vpon your credit, friend?

SHA. Sir, you may see, and satisfie your selfe.

FIT. Nay, then, 'tis time to leaue off counterfeiting.

Sir I am not bewitch'd, nor haue a Diuell:

No more then you. I doe desie him, I,

And did abuse you. These two Gentlemen

Put me vpon it. (I haue faith against him)

They taught me all my tricks. I will tell truth,

And shame the Feind. See, here, Sir, are my bellowes,

And my false belly, and my Mouse, and all

That should ha' come forth? MAN. Sir, are not you asham'd

Now of your solemne, serious vanity?

POV. I will make honorable amends to truth.

FIT. And so will I. But these are Coozeners, still;

And ha' my land, as plotters, with my wife:

Who, though she be not a witch, is worse, a whore.

MAN. Sir, you belie her. She is chaste, and vertuous,

And

Enter the
Keeper of
New-gate.

Fitz-dot-
trel leanes
counterfai-
ting.

And we are honest. I doe know no glory
 A man should hope, by venting his owne follyes,
 But you'll still be an *Ass*, in spight of prouidence.
 Please you goe in, Sir, and heare truths, then iudge 'hem:
 And make amends for your late rashnesse; when,
 You shall but heare the paines and care wastaken,
 To saue this foole from ruine (his *Grace of Drown'd-land*)

FIT. My land is drown'd indeed-- POV. Peace. MAN. And how
 His modest and too worthy wife hath suffer'd (much
 By mis construction, from him, you will blush,
 First, for your owne beliefe, more for his actions!
 His land is his: and neuer, by my friend,
 Or by my selfe, meant to another vse,
 But for her succours, who hath equall right.
 If any other had worse counsells in't,
 (I know I speake to those can apprehend mee)
 Let 'hem repent 'hem, and be not detected.
 It is not manly to take ioy, or pride
 In humane errours (wee doe all ill things,
 They doe 'hem worst that loue 'hem, and dwell there,
 Till the plague comes) The few that haue the seeds
 Of goodnesse left, will sooner make their way
 To a true life, by shame, then punishment.

The End.

The Epilogue.

THus, the Proiecter, here, is over-throwne.
 But I haue now a Proiect of mine owne,
 If it may passe: that no man would inuite
 The Poet from vs, to sup forth to night,
 If the play please. If it displeasent be,
 We doe presume, that no man will: nor wee.

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I

CHRISTMAS, HIS MASQUE; AS IT VVAS PRESEN- TED AT COVRT. 1616.

Enter *Christmas* with two or three of the Guard.

HE is attir'd in round Hose, long Stockings, a close Doublet, a high crownd Hat with a Broach, a long thin beard, a Truncheon, little Ruffes, white Shoes, his Scarffes, and Garters tyed crosse, and his Drums beaten before him.



Hy Gentlemen, doe you know what you doe? ha! would you ha' kept me out? *Christmas*, old *Christmas*? *Christmas* of London, and Captaine *Christmas*? Pray you let me be brought before my Lord Chamberlaine, i'le not be answer'd else: 'tis merrie in hall when beards wag all: I ha' seene the time you ha' wish'd for me, for a merry *Christmas*, and now you ha' me; they would not let me in: I must come another time! a good jeast, as if I could come more then once a yeare; why, I am no dangerous person, and so I told my friends, o'the Guard. I am old *Gregorie Christmas* still, and though I come out of *Popes-head-alley* as good a Protestant, as any i' my Parish. The troth is, I ha' brought a Masque here, out o'the Citie, o' my owne making, and doe present it by a sett of my Sonnes, that come out of the Lanes of London, good dancing boyes all: It was intended I confesse for Curryers Hall, but because the weather has beene open, and the Livory were not at leisure to see it till a frost came that they cannot worke. I thought it convenient, with some little alterations, and the Groome of the *Revells* hand to't, to fit it for a higher place, which I have done, and though I say it, another manner of devise then your Newyeares night. Bones o' bread, the King! Sonne *Rowland*, Son *Clem*, be ready there in a trice; quicke, Boyes.

B

Enter

Masques.

Enter his Sonnes and Daughters being ten in number, led in, in a string by Cupid, who is attir'd in a flat Cap, and a Prentises Coat, with wings at his shoulders.

The names of his Children, with their attyres.

MIS-RULE.

I*N a velvet Cap with a Sprig, a short Cloake, great yellow Ruffe like a Revel-ler, his Torch bearer bearing a Rope, a Cbeese and a Basket,*

CAROLL.

A*Long tawny Coat, with a red Cap, and a Flute at his girdle, his Torch-bearer carrying a Song booke open.*

MINC'D-PIE.

L*ike a fine Cookes Wife, drest neat; her Man carrying a Pie, Dish, and Spoones.*

GAMBOLL.

L*ike a Tumbler, with a hoope and Bells; his Torch-bearer arm'd with a Cole-staffe, and a blinding cloth.*

POST AND PAIRE.

W*ith a paire-Royall of Aces in his Hat; his Garment all done over with Payres, and Purrs; his Squier carrying a Box, Cards, and Counters.*

NEW-YEARES-GIFT.

I*N a blew Coat, serving-man like, with an Orange, and a sprig of Rosemarie guilt on his head, his Hat full of Broaches, with a collar of Gingerbread, his Torch-bearer carrying a March-paine, with a bottle of wine on either arme.*

MUMMING.

I*N a Masquing pied suite, with a Visor, his Torch-bearer carrring the Boxe, and ringing it.*

WASSALL.

L*ike a neat Sempster, and Songster; her Page bearing a browne bowle, drest with Ribbands, and Rosemarie before her.*

OFFERING.

I*N a short gowne, with a Porters staffe in his hand; a Wyth borne before him, and a Basen by his Torch-bearer.*

BABIE-CAKE.

D Rest like a Boy, in a fine long Coat, Biggin, Bib, Muckender, and a little Dagger; his Vsher bearing a great Cake with a Beane, and a Pease.

They enter singing.

Now God preserve, as you well doe deserve,
your Majesties all, two there;
Your Highnesse small, with my good Lords all,
and Ladies, how doe you do there?
Gi' me leave to aske, for I bring you a Masque
from little little little London;
Which say the KING likes, I ha' passed the Pikes,
if not, old Christmas is undone.

CHR. A' peace, what's the matter there?

GAMB. Here's one, o' Friday street would come in.

CHR. By no meanes, nor out of neither of the Fish streets, admit not a man; they are not *Christmas* creatures: Fish, and fasting dayes, foh! Sonnes, sayd I well? looke too't.

GAMB. No bodie out o' Friday-street, nor the two Fish-streets there, doe yo heare?

CAROL. Shall *Fohn Butter* o' Milke-street come in? aske him.

GAMB. Yes, he may slip in for a Torch-bearer, so he melt not too fast, that he will last till the Masque be done.

CHR. Right Sonne.

Sing agen.

Our Dances freight, is a matter of eight;
and two, the which are Wenches;
In all they be ten, foure Cockes to a Hen,
and will swim to the tune like Tenches.
Each hath his knight, for to carry his light,
which some would say are Torches;
To bring them here, and to lead them there,
and home againe to their owne porches.
Now their intent —

Enter Venus, a deafe Tire-woman.

VEN. Now, all the Lords blesse me, where am I tro? where is *Cupid*? serve the King? they may serve the Cobler well enough, some of em, for any courtesie they have y' wisse; they ha' need o' mending: unrude people they are, your Courtiers, here was thrust upon thrust indeed! was it ever so hard to get in before, tro?

CHR. How now? what's the matter?

VEN. A place forsooth, I do want a place; I would have a good place to see my Child act in before the KING, and QUEENS Majesties (God blesse 'em) to night.

CHR. Why, here is no place for you.

VEN. Right forsooth, I am *Cupids* Mother, *Cupids* owne Mother: forsooth; yes forsooth: I dwell in pudding-lane; I forsooth, he is Prentise in Love-lane with a Bugle-maker, that makes of your Bobs, and Bird-bolts for Ladies,

CHR. Good Lady Venus of Pudding-lane, you must go out for all this.

VEN. Yes forsooth, I can sit any where, so I may see *Cupid* act; hee is a pretty Child, though I say it that perhaps should not, you will say: I had him by my first Husband, he was a Smith forsooth, we dwelt in Doe-little lane then, he came a moneth before his time, and that may make him somewhat imperfect: But I was a Fishmongers daughter.

CHR. No matter for your Pedigree, your house; good Venus will you depart?

VEN. I forsooth, he'll say his part I warrant him, as well as ere a Play boy of'emall: I could ha' had money enough for him, an I would ha bene tempted, and ha' let him out by the weeke, to the Kings Players: Master *Burbadge* has bene about and about with me; and so has old Mr. *Hemings* too, they ha' need of him, where is he tro'a? I would faine see him, pray God they have given him some drinke since he came.

CHRIST. Are you readie Boyes? strike up, nothing will drown this noise but a Drum: a' peace, yet, I ha' not done

Sing----Now their intent, is above to present----

CAROL. Why? here be halfe of the properties forgotten, Father!

OFFERING. Post and Paire wants his pur-chops, and his pur-dogs!

CAROL. Ha' you nere a Son at the Groom-Porters to beg, or borrow a paire of Cards quickly?

GAMB. It shall not need, heer's your Son *Chrater* without; has Cards in his pocket.

OFFERING. Odds so; speake to the Guard to let him in, under the name of a propertie.

GAMB. And heer's *New-yeares-gift* h'as an Orenge, and Rosmarie, but not a clove to sticke in't.

NEVV-YEER. Why, let one go to the Spicery.

CHR. Fie, fie, fie; it's naught, it's naught boyes.

VEN. Why, I have cloves, if it be cloves you want, I have cloves in my purse, I never goe without one in my mouth.

CAROL. And *Mumming*, has not his vizard neither.

CHR. No matter, his owne face shall serve for a punishment, and 'tis bad enough; has *Wassell* her boule, and *Mince-pie* her spoones?

OFFER. I, I; but *Mis-rule* doth not like his suite: he saies the Players have lent him one too little, on purpose to disgrace him.

CHR. Let him hold his peace, and his disgrace will bee the lesse: what? shall wee proclaime where wee were furnisht? *Mum! Mum! a' peace*, be readie good Boyes.

Sings agen.

Now their intent, is above to present
with all the appurtenances
A right Christmas, as of old it was,
to be gathered out of the Dances,

Which

Which they doe bring, and afore the King,
the Queene, and Prince, as it were now
Drawne here by Love; who, over and above,
doth draw himselfe iⁿ the geere too

Here the Drum, and Fife sounds, and they march about once; at the
second comming up he proceeds in his song.

Hum drum, sauce for a Coney;
no more of your Martiall musicke:
Even for the sake, o' the next new stake,
for there I doe meane to use it.

And now to yee, who in place are to see,
with Roll and Farthingale hooped:

I pray you know, though he want his bow
by the wings, that this is Cupid.

He might goe backe, for to cry what you lack,
but that were not so wittie:

His Cap, and Coat, are enough to note
that he is the Love o' the Cittie.

And he leades on, though he now be gon,
for that was onely his-rule:

But now comes in, Tom of Bosomes Inne,
and he presenteth Mis-rule.

Which you may know, by the very show,
albeit you never aske it:

For there you may see what his Ensignes bee,
the Rope, the Cheese, and the Basket.

This Carol plaies, and has beene in his dayes
a chirping boy, and a kill pot:

Kit Cobler it is, I me a Father of his,
and he dwells in the lane, cal'd Fil-pot.

But who is this? O my daughter Sis
Mince-pie, with her doe not dally
On paine o' your life: She's an honest Cooks wife,
and comes out of Scalding-Alley.

Next in the trace, comes Gambol in place,
and to make my tale the shorter:

My Sonne Hercules, tane, out of Distaffe-lane
but an active man, and a Porter.

Now Post and Paire, old Christmasses heire
doth make, and a gingling Sally:

And wott you who, iⁿ is one of my two
Sons, Cardmakers in Pur-alley.

*Next in a trice, with his boxe and his Dice,
Mac-pippin my Son, but younger,
Brings Mumming in; and the knave will win,
for a' is a Costermonger.*

*But New-yeares-gift, of himselfe makes shift
to tell you what his name is:
With Orenge on head, and his Gingerbread,
Clem Waspe of Honey-lane 'tis.*

*This I you tell, is our jolly Waffell,
and for Twelfe-night more meet too:
She workes by the Ell, and her name is Nell,
and she dwells in Thred-needle-street too.*

*Then Offering he, with his Dish, and his Tree,
that in every great house keepeth;
Is by my Sonne, young Little-worth done,
and in Penny-rich-street he sleepeth.*

*Last, Baby-cake, that an end doth make
of Christmas merrie, merrie vaine a
Is Child Rowlan, and a straight young man,
though he come out of Crooked-lane 'a.*

*There should have beene, and a dozen I wene,
but I could finde but one more;
Child of Christmas, and a Logge it was,
when I them all had gone ore.*

*I pray'd him, in a time so trim,
that he would make one to prauince it:
And I my selfe, would have beene the twelfe,
o' but Log was to heauie to dance it.*

Now Cupid come you on.

CUPID. *You worthie wights, King, Lords, and Knights,
or Queene, and Ladies bright:
Cupid invites, you to the sights
he shall present to night.*

VEN. 'Tis a good child, speake out, hold up your head Love.

CUPID. And which Cupid --- and which Cupid, &c.

VEN. Do not shake so Robin, if thou beest a' cold, I ha' some warme waters for thee, here.

CHR. Come, you put Robin Cupid out with your waters, and your fissing; will you be gone?

VEN. I forsooth; hee's a child, you must conceive, and must be us'd tenderly; he was never in such an assembly before forsooth, but once at the

Masques.

7

Warmoll Quest, forsooth, where he sayd grace as prettily as any of the Sheriffes Hinch-boyes forsooth.

CHR. Will you peace, forsooth?

CUPID. And which *Cupid*, and which *Cupid*, &c.

VEN. I that's a good boy, speake plaine, *Robin*: how does his Majestie like him, I pray? will he give eight pence a day thinke you? speak out *Robin*.

CHR. Nay, he is out enough, you may take him away, and begin your Dance; this it is to have speeches.

VEN. You wrong the Child, you doe wrong the Infant; I' peale to his Majestie.

Here they Dance.

CHR. Well done Boyes, my fine Boyes, my bully Boyes.

Sings agen. The Epilogue.

Nor doe you thinkethat their legges is all
the commendation of my Sons,
For at the Artillery-Garden they shall
as well (forsooth) use their Guns.

*And march as fine, as the Muses nine,
along the streets of London:
And i' their brave tires, to gi' their false fires,
especially Tom my Son.*

*Now if the Lanes and the Allyes afford,
such an ac-ativitie as this:
At Christmas next, if they keepe their word,
can the children of Cheapside misse?*

*Though, put the case, when they come in place,
they should not dance, but hop:
Their very gold lace, with their silke would'em grace,
having so many knights, o' the Shop!*

*But were I so wise, I might seeme to advise
so great a Potentate as your selfe:
They should Sir, I tell yee, spar't out o' their bellie,
and this way spend some of their pelfe.*

*I, and come to the Court, for to make you some sport,
at the least once every yeare:
As Christmas hath done, with his seventh or eighth Son,
and his couple of Daughters deare.*

The End.

Warmell Ouch, forsooth, where he layd grace as gently as any of the
Shiriffes hand-boys forsooth.

Chr. Will you please, forsooth?

Chr. And which Court, and which Court, &c.

Ven. I think a good boy, speaks plain, forsooth: how does his Ma-
jestic like him, I pray? will he give eight pence a day to him? I speak
our Robin.

Chr. Nay, he is out enough, you may take him away, and begin
your Dance, thus it is to have speeches.

Ven. You wrong the Child, you do wrong the Infant; I please to
his Majesty.

Handley Dance.

Chr. Will done Boyes, my fine Boyes, my dally Boyes.

Sings again. The Epilogue.

On despoilment their legs are all
the commendation of my Son,
For at the last they-Cant they shall
as well (for so) as their Gums.

And much as for, as the King's nine,
above the streets of London;
And their presence, to give their safe form,
especially Tom my Son.

Now if the Law, and the Kings of old,
such an ac-activity as this;
As Christmas next, if they keep their word,
can the children of Chappin's will?

I thought, but the case, when they come in place,
they should not dance, but hop:
Their very gold lace, with their like would be gone,
having so many knights of the shop!

But would I forsooth, I might come to write
to great a Parson as your self:
They should be, I tell you, for a out of their bellies,
and this way from some of their gifts.

I and come to the Court, for to make you some sport,
at the last of the year;
As Christmas next, with his friends or eight or ten,
and his name of Doughty name.

The End.

A Masque

**PRESENTED
IN THE HOUSE
OF THE RIGHT**

**HONORABLE THE
LORD HAYE.**

**BY DIVERS OF
NOBLE QUALITY,
HIS FRIENDS.**

FOR THE ENTERTAIN-

ment of Monsieur LE BARON

DE TOVR, extraordinarie Am-

bassadour for the FRENCH

KING.

On Saturday the 22. of FEBRUARY, 1617.

MART.

Quid titulum poscis? Versus duo trësue legantur.

1617.

THE FRONT BEFORE THE
SCENE, was an Arch-Triumphall.

On the top of which, HUMANITIE placed in figure, sate with her lap full of flowers, scattering them with her right hand; and holding a golden chaine in her left hand: to shew both the freedome, and the bond of Courtesie, with this inscription.

SVPER OMNIA VLTVS.

On the two sides of the Arch
CHEERFVLNES, } her servants.
and READINES,

CHEERFVLNES, in a loose flowing garment, filling out wine from an antique piece of plate; with this word
Adsit lætitiæ dator.

READINES, a winged Mayd, with two flaming bright lights in her hands; and her word.
Amor addidit alas.

The Scene discovered, is (on the one side) the head of a Boate, and in it CHARON putting off from the shore, having landed certaine imagined ghosts, whom MERCURY there receives, and encourageth to come on towards the River LETHE, who appeares lying in the person of an old man. The FATES sitting by him on his banke; a grove of myrtles behinde them, presented in perspective, and growing thicker to the outer side of the Scene. MERCURY, perceiuing them to faint, calls them on, and shews them his golden rod. And the whole Maske was sung (after the Italian manner) Stylo recitativo, by Master Nicholas Lanier; who ordered and made both the Scene, and the Musicke.

MERCURY.

NAY, faint not now, so neere the fields of rest.
Here no more furies, no more torments dwell,
Then each hath felt alreadie in his brest;
Who hath beene once in love, hath prov'd his Hell.

Up then, and follow this my golden rod,
That points you next to aged LETHE'S shore,
Who poures his waters from his urne abroad,
Of which but tasting, you shall faint no more.

LETHE.

Stay, who, or what phantastique shades are these
That HERMES leads?

MERCURY.

MERCURY.

They are the gentle formes,
Of *Lovers*, tost upon those frantique seas,
Whence *Venus* sprung.

LETHE.

And have rid out her storms?

MERCURY.

No.

LETHE.

Did they perish?

MERCURY.

Yes.

LETHE.

How?

MERCURY.

Drown'd by love,
That drew them forth with hopes as smooth as were
Th'unfaithfull waters he desir'd them prove.

LETHE.

And turn'd a tempest, when he had them there?

MERCURY.

He did, and on the billow would he roule,
And laugh to see one *throw his heart away*,
Another fighting, *vapour forth his soule*,
A third, to *melt himselfe in teares, and say*,

O Love, I now to salt water turne

Then that I die in; then, a fourth, to crie

Amid the surges; oh! I burne, I burne:

A fift, laugh out, it is my ghost, not I.

And thus in paires I found'hem. Onely one

There is, that walkes, and stops, and shakes his head,

And shuns the rest, as glad to be alone,

And whispers to himselfe, *he is not dead.*

FATES.

No more are all the rest.

MERCURY.

No?

I. FATE.

No.

MERCURY.

But, why
Proceeds this doubtfull voyce from destiny?

FATES.

It is too sure.

MERCURY.

Sure?

2. FATE.

I. Thinkes MERCURY,
That any things, or names on earth doe die,
That are obscur'd from knowledge of the FATES,
Who keepe all rolls?

3. FATE.

And know all natures dates?

MERCURY.

They say themselves, *th'are dead.*

1. FATE.

It not appeares.
Or, by our rocke.

2. FATE.

Our spindle.

3. FATE.

Or our sheeres.

FATES.

Here all their threds are growing, yet none cut.

MERCURY.

I'gin to doubt, that *Love* with charmes hath put
This phant'sie in'hem; and they onely thinke
That they are ghosts.

FATE.

If so, then let hem drinke
Of *LETHE's* streame.

FATE.

"Twill make hem to forget
LOVE's name.

FATE.

And so, they may recover yet!

MERCURY.

{ Doe, bow unto the reverend lake:
And having touch'd there; up, and shake
The shadowes off, which yet doe make
Us you, and you your-selves mistake.

Here

Here they all stoope to the water, and dance forth their Antimasque in severall gestures, as they liv'd in love: And retyring into the Grove, before the last person be off the Stage, the first couple appeare in their posture between the trees, readie to come forth, changed.

MERCURY.

See! see! they are themselves agen!

1. FATE.

Yes, now the are substances, and men.

2. FATE.

LOVE, at the name of LETHES flies.

LETHE.

For, in oblivion drown'd, he dyes.

3. FATE.

He must not hope, though other states

He oft subdue, he can the FATES.

FATES.

'Twere insolence, to thinke his powres

Can worke on us; or equall ours.

CHORVS.

Returne, Returne,
Like lights to burne
On earth,
For others good:

Your second birth
Will fame old LETHES flood,
And warne a world,
That now are hoord
About in tempest, how they prove
Shadowes for Love.

Leape forth: your light it is the nobler made,
By being strooke out of a shade.

Here they dance forth their entrie, or first dance: after which

CYPRID----appearing, meets them.

WHy, now you take me! these are rites
That grace Loves dayes, and crowne his nights!
These are the motions, I would see,
And praise, in them that follow mee!
Not sighes, nor tears, nor wounded hearts,
Nor flames, nor ghosts: but ayrie parts
Try'd, and refin'd as yours have bin,
And such they are, I glory in!

MAR

MERCURY.

Looke, looke unto this snakie rod,
 And stop your eares, against the charming god;
 His every word, falls from him, is a snare:
 Who have so lately knowne him, should beware.

Here they Dance their maine dance, which ended,

CUPID.

Come, doe not call it CUPIDS crime,
 You were thought dead before your time.
 If thus you move to HERMES will
 Alone; you will be thought so still.
 Goe, take the Ladies forth, and talke,
 And touch, and taste too: Ghosts can walke.
 'Twixt eyes, tongues, hands, the mutuall strife
 Is bred, that tries the truth of life.
 They doe, indeed, like dead men move,
 That thinke they live, and not in love!

Here they take forth the Ladyes, and the Revells follow: after which,

MERCURY.

Nay, you should never have left off:
 But stay'd, and heard your CUPID scoff,
 To finde you in the line you were.

CUPID.

Your too much wit, breeds too much feare.

MERCURY.

Good Flie, good night.

CUPID.

But will you go?

Can you leave LOVE, and he intreat you so?
 Here, take my quiver, and my bow,
 My torches too; that you, by all, may know
 I meane no danger to your stay:
 This night, I will create my holiday,
 And be yours naked, and entire.

MERCURY.

As if that LOVE, dis-arm'd, were lesse a fire?
 Away, away.

They Dance their going out: which done,

MERCURY.

Yet lest that VENUS wanton Sonne,
 Should with the world, be quite undone,
 For your faire fakes (you brighter starres,
 Who have beheld these civill warres.)

FATE.

FATE is content, these Lovers here
Remaine still such: so LOVE will sweare
Never to force them act to doo,
But what he will call HERMES too.

CUPID.

I sweare: and with like cause thanke MERCURY,
As these have, to thanke him, and destiny.

CHORUS.

All then take cause of joy: for who hath not?
Old LETHÉ, that their follies are forgot;
We, that their lives unto their fates they fit:
They, that they still shall love, and love with wit.

The End.

THE
VISION OF
DELIGHT
PRESENTED AT
COURT IN
CHRISTMAS,
1617.

THE SCENE.

A Street in perspective of faire building discovered.

DELIGHT

Is seene to come as afarre off, accompanied with
Grace, Love, Harmonie, Revell, Sport, Laughter.

WONDER following.

DELIGHT spake
in song (*style recitativo.*)

Let us play, and dance, and sing,
let us now turne every fort;
O'the pleasures of the Spring,
to the graces of a Court.

From ayre, from cloud, from dreams, from toyes,
to sounds, to fence, to love to joyes;
Let your shewes be new, as strange,
let them oft and sweetly varie;
Let them haste so to their change,
as the Seers may not tarrie;
Too long t'expect the pleasing't fight
doth take away from the delight.

Here the first Anti-maske enter'd.

*A she Monster delivered of sixe Burratines, that dance with sixe Pantalones,
which done*

DELIGHT, spoke againe.

Yet heare what your delight doth pray
all fowre and fullen looks away,

that

that are the servants of the day,
 Our sports are of the humorous night,
 Who feeds the stars that give her light,
 and useth (then her wont) more bright,
 to help the vision of **D E L I G H T**.

Here the Night rises, and tooke her Chariot be spangled with starres.

D E L I G H T, proceeds.

See, see her Scepter, and her Crowne
 are all of flame, and from her gowne
 a traine of light comes waving down.

This night in dew she will not sleepe
 The braine, nor locke the sence in sleepe;
 but all awake, with *Phantomes* keepe,
 and those to make **D E L I G H T** more deep.

*By this time the Night, and Moone being both risen; Night hovering over
 the place, Sung*

Break *Phant'sie* from thy cave of cloud,
 and spread thy purple wings;
 Now all thy figures are allow'd,
 and various shapes of things;
 Create of ayrie formes, a streame,
 it must have bloud, and naught of fleame,
 And though it be a waking dreame,
 Yet let it like an odour rise
 to all the Sences here,
 And fall like sleep upon their eies,
 or musick in their eare.

The Quire

The Scene here changed to Cloud, and Phant'sie breaking forth, spake.

Bright Night, I obey thee, and am come at thy call
 But it is no one dreame that can please these all;
 Wherefore I would know what Dreames would delight'em,
 For never was Phant'sie more loth to affright'em.
 And Phant'sie I tell you has dreams that have wings,
 And dreams that have honey, and dreams that have stings,
 Dreames of the maker, and Dreames of the teller,
 Dreames of the kitchen, and Dreames of the Cellar:
 Some that are tall, and some that are Dwarfes,
 Some that were halter'd, and some that weare scarffes,
 Some that are proper, and signifie o' thing,
 And some another, and some that are nothing:
 For say the French Verdingale, and the French hood
 Were here to dispute; must it be understood
 A feather, for a wispere were a fit moderator?
 Your Ostritch belceve it's no faithfull translator
 Of perfect Utopian; And then it were an od-piece

To see the conclusion peepe forth at a cod-piece.

The politique pudding hath still his two ends,
 Tho the bellows, and the bag-pipe were nev'r so good friends:
 And who can report what offence it would be
 For the Squirrell to see a Dog clime a tree?
 If a Dreame should come in now to make you afeard,
 With a Windmill on his head, and bells at his beard;
 Would you streight weare your spectacles, here, at your toes,
 And your boots o' your browes, and your spurs o' your nose?
 Your Whale he will swallow, a hogs-head for a pill;
 But the maker o' the mouse-trap, is he that hath skill.
 And the nature of the Onion, is to draw teares,
 As well as the Mustard; peace, pitchers have eares,
 And Shitlecocks wings, these things doe not mind'em,
 If the Bell have any sides, the clapper will find'em:
 There's twice so much musicke in beating the tabor,
 As i' the Stock-fish, and somewhat lesse labour.
 Yet all this while, no proportion is boasted
 T'wixt an egge, and an Oxe, though both have been roasted,
 For grant the most Barbers can play o' the Citterne,
 Is it requisite a Lawyer should plead to a Ghitterne?

You will say now, the Morris-bells were but bribes
 To make the heele forget that ev'r it had kibes;
 I say let the wine make nev'r so good jelly,
 The conscience o' the bottle, is much i' the belly:
 For why? doe but take common Councell i' your way,
 And tell me who'le then set a bottle of hay
 Before the old Usurer, and to his horse
 A slice of salt-butter, perverting the course
 Of civill societie? open that gap,
 And out skip your fleas, foure and twenty at a clap,
 With a chaine and a trundle-bed following at th'heelles,
 And will they not cry then, the world runs a wheelles:
 As for example, a belly, and no face,
 With the bill of a Shoveler, may here come in place;
 The haunches of a Drum, with the feet of a pot,
 And the taylor of a Kentishman to it; why not?
 Yet would I take the stars to be cruell,
 If the Crab, and the Ropemaker ever fight duell,
 On any dependance, be it right, be it wrong,
 But mum; a thread may be drawne out too long.

Here the second Anti-masque of Phantosmes came forth, which danced.

PHANT'SIE proceeded.

Why? this you will say was phantasticall now,
 As the Cocke, and the Bull, the Whale, and the Cow;
 But vanish away, I have change to present you,
 And such as I hope will more truly content you:

Behold!

Behold the gold-haird *Houre* descending here,
That keepes the gate of Heaven, and turnes the yeare,
Alreadie with her sight, how she doth cheare,
And makes another face of things appeare.

*Here one of the Houres descending, the whole Scene changed to the Bower of
Zephyrus, whilst, Peace sung, as followeth*

Why looke you so, and all turne dumbe!
to see the opener of the New-yeare come?
My prefence rather should invite,
and ayd, and urge, and call to your delight,
The many pleasures that I bring
are all of youth, of heate, of life, and spring,
And were prepar'd to warme your blood,
not fixe it thus as if your Statutes stood.

The Quire

we see, we heare, we feele, we taste,
we smell the change in every flowre,
we onely wish that all could last,
and be as new still as the hour.

The Song ended.

WONDER *spake,*

WONDER must speake, or breake; what is this? growes
The wealth of Nature here, or Art? it shoves
As if *Favonius*, father of the Spring,
Who, in the verdant Meads doth reigne sole king,
Had rowld him here, and shooke his feathers, wet
With purple swelling Nectar? and had let
The sweet and fruitfull dew fall on the ground
To force out all the flowers that might be found?

Or a *Minerva* with her needle had
Th' enamour'd earth with all her riches clad,
And made the downie *Zephire* as he flew
Still to be follow'd with the Springs best hue?

The gaudie Peacocke boasts not in his traine,
So many lights and shadowes, nor the raine-
Resolving *Iris*, when the Sun doth court her,
Nor purple Pheasant while his Aunt doth sport her
To heare him crow; and with a pearched pride
Wave his dis-coloured necke, and purple side?

I have not seene the place could more surprize,
It looks (me thinkes) like one of natures eyes,
Or her whole bodie set in art? behold!
How the Blew-binde weed doth it selfe infold
With Honey-suckle, and both these intwine
Themselves with *Bryonie*, and *Jessamine*,
To cast a kinde and odoriferous shade?

PHANTASIE.

How better then they are, are all things made
By W O N D E R? But a while refresh thine eye,
Ile put thee to thy oftner, what, and why?

*Here (to a loud musicke) the Bower opens, and the Maskers discovered,
as the glories of the Spring.*

W O N D E R againe spake.

Thou wilt indeed; what better change appears?
Whence is it that the ayre so sudden cleares,
And all things in a moment turne so milde,
Whose breath or beams, have got proud earth with child;
Of all the treasure that great Natur's worth,
And makes her every minute to bring forth?
How comes it Winter is so quite forc't hence,
And lockt up under ground? that every sence
Hath severall objects? Trees have got their heads,
The fields their coats? that now the shining Meads
Doe boast the *Pawnee*, the *Lillie*, and the *Rose*;
And every flower doth laugh as *Zephire* blowes?
That Seas are now more even then the Land?
The Rivers runne as smoothed by his hand;
Onely their heads are crisped by his stroake:
How plaies the *Yeareling* with his brow scarce broke
Now in the open *Graffe*? and frisking Lambs
Make wanton Salts about their drie-suckt Dams;
Who to repaire their bags doe rob the fields?
How is't each bough a severall musicke yeilds?
The lusty *Throstle*, early *Nightingale*
Accord in tune, though varie in their tale?
The chirping *Swallow* cald forth by the Sun,
And crested *Larke* doth his division run?
The yellow *Bees*, the ayre with murmure fill?
The *Finches* caroll, and the *Turtles* bill?
Whose power is this? what God?

PHANTASIE

Behold a King

Whose presence maketh this perpetuall Spring,
The glories of which Spring grow in that Bower,
And are the marks and beauties of his power.

To which the Quire answered.

Tis he, tis he, and no power els
That makes all this what *Phant'sie* tels;
The founts, the flowers, the birds, the Bees,

The

The heards, the flocks, the grasse, the trees;
Do all confesse him; but most *These*
Who call him lord of the foure Seas,
King of the lesse and greater Iles,
And all those happy when he smiles.

Advance, his favour calls you to advance;
And do your (this nights) homage in a dance.

Here they danced their entry, after which they sang againe.

Againe, againe; you cannot be
Of such a true delight too free,
Which who once saw would ever see;
And if they could the object prize,
Would while it lasts not thinke to rise,
But wish their bodies all were eyes.

They Danc'd their maine Dance, after which they sung.

In curious knots and mazes so
The Spring at first was taught to go;
And Zephire, when he came to wooe
His *Flora*, had their motions too,
And thence did *Venus* learne to lead
Th' *Idalian* Braules, and so tread
As if the wind, not she did walke;
Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalke.

*They Danc'd with Ladies, and the whole Revells followed;
after which Aurora appeared (the Night and
Moone) descended, and this Epilogue
followed.*

I was not wearier where I lay
By frozen *Tythons* side to night;
Then I am willing now to stay,
And be a part of your delight.

But I am urged by the Day,
Against my will to bid you come away.

The Quire.

They yeild to Time, and so must all.
As Night to sport, Day doth to action call,
Which they the rather doe obey,
Because the Morne, with Roses strew's the way.

Here they Danc'd their going off, and Ended.

PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VERTVE.

A Masque.

AS IT WAS
PRESENTED AT
COVRT BEFORE
KING JAMES.

1619.

The SCENE was the Mountaine
ATLAS.

WHO had his top ending in the figure of an old man, his head and beard all hoary, and frost, as if his shoulders were covered with snow; the rest Wood, and Rocks. A Grove of Ivie at his feet; out of which, to a wilde Musicke of Cymbals, Flutes, and Tabers is brought forth, COMVS the God of Cheere, or the Belly, riding in Triumph, his head crownd with Roses, and other flowers, his haire curled: They that waite upon him crownd with Ivie, their Favelins done about with it; one of them going with Hercules his Boule bare before him, while the rest presented him with this Hymne.

Roome, roome, make roome for the bouncing bellic,
First father of sauce, and deviser of jellie;
Prime master of Arts, and the giver of wit,
That found out the excellent Engine, the spit;
The plough, and the flaile, the mill, and the hopper,
The hutch, and the boulder, the furnace and copper,
The oven, the baven, the mawkin, the peeke,
The harth, and the range, the dogge, and the wheele,
He, he first invented the hogshhead and tun,

The

The gimlet and vice too, and taught 'em to run,
 And since with the funnell, and *Hippocras* bag,
 H'as made of himselfe, that now he cries swag;
 Which shoves though the pleasure be but of foure inches,
 Yet he is a Weefell, the gullet that pinches
 Of any delight, and not spares from this backe,
 What ever to make of the bellie a sacke!
 Haile, haile plump paunch, ô the founder of taste,
 For fresh-meats, or powder'd, or pickle, or paste,
 Devourer of broyl'd, back'd, roasted, or so'd;
 And emptier of cups, be they even or odd;
 All which have now made thee so wide i'the waste,
 As scarce with no pudding thou art to be lac'd,
 But eating and drinking untill thou dost nod,
 Thou break'st all thy girdles, and breakst forth a god.

To this the Boule-bearer.

DOE you heare my friends? to whom did you sing all this now?
 pardon me onely that I aske you, for I doe not looke for an an-
 swere; Ile answer my selfe, I know it is now such a time as the *Saturnalls*
 for all the World, that every man stands under the eaves of his own hat,
 and sings what please him; that's the right, and the liberty of it. Now
 you sing of god *Comus* here the bellie-god; I say it is well, and I say it is
 not well: It is well as it is a ballad, and the bellie worthie of it; I must
 needes say, and 'twere forty yards of ballad more, as much ballad as
 tripe. But when the bellie is not edified by it, it is not well; for where
 did you ever read or heare, that the bellie had any eares? Come never
 pumpe for an answer, for you are defeated; Our fellow *Hunger* there
 that was as ancient a retainer to the bellie as any of us, was turned away
 for being unseasonable, not unreasonable, but unseasonable; and now
 is he poore thin-gut, faine to get his living with teaching of *Starlings*,
Mag-pies, *Parrots*, and *Facke-dawes*, those things he would have taught
 the bellie. Beware of dealing with the bellie, the bellie will not bee
 talk'd too, especially when he is full; then there is no venturing upon
Venter, he will blow you all up, he will thunder indeed-la: Some in
 dirision call him the father of farts; but I say he was the first inventor
 of great Ordnance, and taught us to discharge them on Festivall dayes,
 would we had a fit feast for him y'faith, to shew his activity; I would
 have something now fetcht in to please his five senses, the throat, or the
 two senses the eyes: Pardon mee for my two senses, for I that carry
Hercules Boule i'the service, may see double by my place; for I have
 drunke like a frog to day: I would have a Tunnow brought in to dance,
 and so many bottles about him. Ha! you looke as if you would make a
 probleme of this; doe you see? do you see? a probleme: why bottles?
 and why a tun? and why a tun? and why bottles to dance? I say that
 men that drinke hard, and serve the bellie in any place of qualitie (as the
joviall Tinkers, or the *lustie kindred*) are living measures of drinke, and can
 transforme themselves, and doe every day to bottles, or tuns when they
 please:

please: And when they ha' done all they can, they are as I say againe, (for I thinke I said somewhat like it afore) but moving measures of drink, and there is a peece i' the Cellar can hold more than all they. This will I make good, if it please our new god but to give a nod, for the bellie doe's all by signes; and I am all for the bellie, the truest clocke i' the world to goe by.

Here the first Anti-maske, after which

HERCULES.

Vhat Rites are these? breeds earth more monsters yet?
Anteus scarce is cold: what can beget

This store? (and stay) such contraries upon her,
 Is earth so fruitfull of her owne dishonour?
 Or' cause his vice was inhumanitie,
 Hopes she by vicious hospitalitie
 To worke an expiation first? and then
 (Helpe vertue) these are sponges, and not men:
 Bottles? meere vessels? halfe a tun of paunch?
 How? and the other halfe thrust forth in haunch?
 Whose feast? the bellies? *Comus*? and my cup
 Brought in to fill the drunken Orgies up?
 And here abus'd? that was the crownd reward,
 Of thirstie *Heroes*, after labour hard?
 Burdens, and shames of nature, perish, die;
 (For yet you never liv'd) but in the stie
 Of vice have wallow'd, and in that swines strife
 Beene buried under the offence of life:
 Goe reele and fall under the load you make,
 Till your swollen bowells burst with what you take.
 Can this be pleasure, to extinguish man?
 Or so quite change him in his figure? can
 The bellie love his paine? and be content
 With no delight but what's a punishment?
 These monsters plague themselves, and fitly too,
 For they doe suffer; what, and all the doe,
 But here must be no shelter, nor no shrowd
 For such: Sincke *Grove*, or vanish into cloud.

At this the whole Grove vanished, and the whole Musicke was discovered, sitting at the foot of the Mountaine, with Pleasure, and Vertue seated above them. The Quire invited Hercules to rest with this Song.

Great friend and servant of the good,
 Let coole a while thy heated blood,
 And from thy mighty labour cease:
 Lie downe, lie downe,
 And give thy troubled spirits peace,
 Whilst vertue, for whose sake

Thou

Thou dost this god-like travaile take,
 May of the choysest herbage make
 (Here on this Mountaine bred,)
 A crowne, a crowne
 For thy immortall head.

*Here Hercules being layd down at their, feet the second Anti-mask
 which was of Pigmies, appeared.*

I. PIGMIE.

Antaus dead! and Hercules yet live!
 Where is this Hercules? what would I give
 To meet him now? meet him? nay, three such other,
 If they had hand in murther of our brother?
 With three, with foure, with ten, nay with as many
 As the name yeelds? pray anger there be any
 Whereon to feed my just revenge, and soone:
 How shall I kill him? hurle him 'gainst the Moone,
 And breake him in small portions? give to Greece
 His braine? and every tract of earth a peece.

2 Pig. He is yonder.

1 Where?

3 At the hill foot, asleepe.

1 Let one goe steale his club.

2 My charge, Ile creepe.

4 He's ours.

1 Yes, peace.

3 Triumph, we have him boy.

4 Sure, sure, he is sure.

1 Come, let us dance for joy.

*At the end of their dance they thought to surprise him, when sud-
 denly being awak'd by the musicke, he rowsed himselfe,
 they all runne into holes.*

Song.

Wake Hercules, awake, but heave up thy blacke eye,
 'Tis onely ask'd from thee to looke, and these will die,
 Or flie:
 Already they are fled,
 Whom scorne had else left dead.

*At which Mercury descended from the hill, with a garland of
 Poplar to crowne him.*

MERCURY.

Rest still thou active friend of vertue; These
 Should not disturbe the peace of Hercules.
 Earths wormes, and Honors dwarfes (at too great ods)

E

Prove

Prove, or provoke the issue of the gods.
 See, here a *Crowne* the aged *Hill* hath sent thee,
 My Grand-fire *Atlas*, he that did present thee
 With the best sheepe that in his fold were found,
 Or golden fruit in the *Hesperian* ground,
 For rescuing his faire Daughters, then the prey
 Of a rude Pirate as thou cam'st this way;
 And taught thee all the learning of the Sphere,
 And how like him thou might'st the heavens up-bear;
 As that thy labours vertuous recompence
 He, though a Mountaine now, hath yet the sense
 Of thanking thee for more, thou being still
 Constant to goodnesse, guardian of the hill;
Anteus by thee suffocated here,
 And the voluptuous *Comus* god of cheere
 Beate from his Grove, and that defac'd, but now
 The time's arriv'd that *Atlas* told thee of, how
 B'unalterd law, and working of the Stars,
 There should be a cessation of all jars,
 Twixt *Vertue* and her noted opposite
Pleasure; that both should meet here in the sight
 Of *Hesperus*, the glory of the West,
 The brightest starre that from his burning crest
 Lights all on this side the *Atlanticke-Seas*,
 As farre as to thy Pillars, *Hercules*,
 See where he shines, *Iustice*, and *Wisedome* plac'd
 about his throne, and those with honour grac'd
Beauty, and *Love*: It is not with his Brother
 Bearing the world, but ruling such another
 Is his renowne, *Pleasure*, for his delight
 Is reconcil'd to *Vertue*, and this night
Vertue brings forth, twelve Princes have beene bred
 In this rough mountaine, and neere *Atlas* head
 The hill of knowledge; one, and chiefe of whom
 Of the bright race of *Hesperus* is come,
 Who shall in time, the same that he is be,
 And now is onely a lesse light then he;
 These now she trusts with *Pleasure*, and to these
 She gives an entrance to the *Hesperides*
 Faire beauties garden; neither can she feare
 They should grow soft, or waxe effeminate here;
 Since in her sight, and by her charge all's done,
Pleasure the servant, *Vertue* looking on.

Here

Here the whole Quire of Musicke call'd the twelve Maskers forth from
the top of the Mountaine, which then opened with this
Song.

OPE aged Atlas, open then thy lappe,
And from thy beamy bosome strike a light,
That men may read in the mysterious mappe

All lines

And signes

Of royall education, and the right,
See how they come and show,
That are but borne to know.

Descend

Descend

Though pleasure lead,
Feare not to follow:
They who are bred

Within the Hill

Of skill,

May safely tread
What path they will,
No ground of good is hollow.

In their descent from the Hill, Dædalus came downe before them,
of whom Hercules questioned Mercury.

HERCULES.

BUT Hermes stay, a little let me pause,
Who's this that leads? MER. A guide that gives them lawes
To all their motions, Dedalus the wise;
HER. And doth in sacred harmonie comprise
His precepts? MER. Yes. HER. they may securely prove
Then any laborinth, though it be of love.

Here while they put themselves in forme, Dedalus had his first
Song.

Come on, come on; and where you go,
so interweave the curious knot,
As ev'n th' observer scarce may know
which lines are Pleasures, and which not:

First figure out the doubtfull way,
at which a while all youth should stay,
Where she and Vertue did contend,
which should have Hercules to friend.

Then as all actions of mankinde,
are but a laborinth, or maze;

So let your Dances be entwin'd,
yet not perplex men unto gaze;

But measur'd, and so numerous too,
 as men may read each act they doe;
 And when they see the graces meet,
 admire the wisdom of your feet:
 For dancing is an exercise,
 not onely shewes the movers wit,
 But maketh the beholders wise,
 as he hath power to rise to it.

The first Dance.
 After which *Dedalus* againe.

Song 2.

O More, and more, this was so well,
 As praise wants halfe his voyce to tell,
 againe your selves compose,
 And now put all the aptnesse on,
 Of figure, that proportion,
 or colour can disclose.
 That if those silent Arts were lost,
 Designe, and picture, they might boast,
 from you a newer ground,
 Instructed by the heightning sence
 Of dignitie and reverence,
 in their true motions found.
 Begin, begin, for looke, the faire
 Do longing, listen to what ayre
 you forme your second touch;
 That they may vent their murmuring hymnes,
 First to the — you move your limbs,
 and wish their owne were such.
 Make haste, make hast, for this
 The laborinth of beautie is.

The second Dance.
 That ended. *Dedalus*

Song 3.

IT followes now you are to prove
 The subt'lest maze of all, that's Love,
 and if you stay too long,
 The faire will thinke you do'em wrong:
 Goe choose among---- But with a minde
 as gentle as the stroaking winde
 runs ore the gentler flowers.
 And so let all your actions smile,
 As if they meant not to beguile,
 the Ladies but the houres.
 Grace, laughter, and discourse may meet,

and yet the beauty not goe lesse :
 For what is noble should be sweet,
 But not dissolv'd in wantonesse.

Will you that I give the law
 to all your sport and some-it,
 It should be such should envie draw,
 but-----overcome it.

Here they Danced with the Ladies, and the whole Revells
 followed; which ended, Mercury cald to him in this
 following speech: which was after repeated in
 Song by two Trebles, two Tennors, a Base,
 and the whole Chorus.

Song 4.

AN eye of looking backe were well,
 Or any murmure that would tell
 Your thoughts, how you were sent,
 and went

To walke with Pleasure, not to dwell.

These, these are houres by vertue spar'd

Her selfe, she being her owne reward:

But she will have you know,

that though

Her sports be soft, her life is hard:

You must returne unto the Hill

and their advance

With labour, and inhabit still

that height and Crowne,

From whence you ever may looke downe

upon triumphed chance.

She, she it is in darknesse shines,

'Tis she that still her selfe refines,

by her owne light to every eye:

More secne, more knowne when vice stands by.

And though a stranger here on earth,

In Heaven she hath her right of birth:

There, there is Vertues seate,

Strive to keepe her your own,

'Tis onely she can make you great,

Though place here make you knowne.

After which, they Danced their last Dance, returned into the Scene,
 which closed, and was a Mountaine againe as before.

The End.

This pleas'd the KING so well, as he would see it againe, when
 it was presented with these additions.

For

FOR
THE HONOUR
OF
WVALES.

*The SCENE standing as before, a Mountaine; but now the
name changed from ATLAS, to CRAIG-ERIRI.*

Enter Gentlemen.

Griffith, Fenkin, Evan, a Welsh Atturney.

GRIFF. **C**Offin, I know what belongs to this place sym what petter then you; and therefore give mee leave to be pold to advise you. 'Is not a small matter to offer your selfe into presence of a king, and aull his Court? Be not too byssie and forward, till you be caull'd, I tauke reasonto you.

JEN. Cym, never tauke any taukes: if the King of gread Prittain keepe it Affizes here, I will cym into Court: Loog yow, doe you see now, and please Got.

GRI. *Taw, d yn ynbydd, y, dhwyt i-n abl i anabhy, pob peth oth folineb, ag y tyny gwatwar ar dy wlae.*

JEN. *Gad vyn lLonyth.* I say I will appeare in Court.

EV. Appeare as yow sud doe then, *Dab Fenkin* in good sort; do not discredit the nation, and pyt wrong upon us aull by your raffnes.

JEN. What doe yow caull raffnesse *Evan y Gynrn*, is not aull the Cyntrie, and aull Welse, and the Prince of Wales too abus'd in him? by this hand, I will tell it the Kings owne eares every 'oord, doe you see him now? Blesse your urfip, pray God is in Heaven blesse ever ince of your urfip; and Wales is comend it to your urfip, from top to toe, with aull his hearts aull over, by got'utch me, and would bee glad as a filling to see yow in him. Come it downe once a day and trie; I tell yow now, yow fall be as welcomely there, as where you were in your owne Cyntries last two Symmers, and pershance wee'll made yow as good s'ceere too; weele promise your urfip as good a peece of Seeze, as yow need pit in your head, and pleas' yow fall bee toasted too. Go too, see him once upon a time your owne sellive, is more good meane you, then is aware of: By got' is very hard, but fall make yow a Shestice of Peace the first daies yow come; and pershance (say nothing) Knight o'the S'ire too: 'Is not *Worsters*, nor *Pembrokes*, nor *Mongymeries* fall carry him from yow. But aull this while fall I tell you a liddell now? 'is a great huge deale of
anger

anger upon yow, from aull Wales and the Nation; that your urfippe would suffer our yong Master *Sarles* your 'urfips Sonne and Heire, and Prince of *Wales*, the first time he ever play Dance, to be pit up in a Mountaine (got knowes where) by a palterly *Poet*, how doe you say him *Evan*?

EVAN. *Libia*.

JEN. *Vellhy! Libia*. And how doe you caull him the Mountaine; his name is

EV. *Adlas*.

JEN. *Hynno, hynno. Adlas*? I please your urfip is a Welffe Atturney, and a preddilie schollers, a weare him his long coat, line with Seepes skin, as yow see every daies o'the weeke. A very sufficient litigious fellow's in the Termes, and a finely Poets out o'the Termes, hee has a sprig of Lawrell already towards his girlonds. He was get in here at *Twelfe-night* and see aull; what doe you call it, your matters, and sayes is naught, naught, starke naught.

EV. I doe say 'and't please his Madestee, I doe not like him with aull his heart; h'is plugd in by the cares, without all piddies, or mercies of proprieties or decorums. I will doe injuries to no man before his Madestee; but 'is a very vile and absurd as a man would wisse, that I doe say, to pyt the Prince of *Wales* in an outlandis Mountaine; when hee is knowne, his Highnesse has as goodly Mountaines and as tawll a Hills of his owne (looke yow, do you see now) and of as good standing, and as good discent, as the prowdest *Adlas* christned.

JEN. I good *Evan*, I pray you reckon his Madestee some of the Welffe Hills, the Mountaines.

EV. Why there is *Talgar*.

JEN. Well sayd.

EV. *Eliennieth*.

JEN. Well sayd *Evan*.

EV. *Cadier Arthur*.

JEN. Toudge him, toudge him.

EV. *Pen-maen-maur*.

JEN. Is good boyes, *Evan*.

EV. And *Craig-eriri*.

JEN. Aw? vellhy? why law you now? 'Is not *Pen-maen-maur*, and *Craig-Eriri* as good found, as *Adlas* every whit of him.

EV. 'Is cauld the *British Aulpes*, *Craig-Eriri*, a very sufficient Hills.

JEN. By got we will play with him Hills for Hills, for sixteene and forty fillings when he dares.

EV. I pray you let it alone your wachers a liddle while *Coffin Davy ap Fenkin*, and give it leave I may give his Madestee, and the Court informations toudging now the Reformatiouns.

JEN. Why? cannot yow and I tauke too *Coffin*? the Haull (God bleffe it) is big inough to hold both our taukes, and we were twice as much as we are.

EV. Why, tauke it aull then, if you think is reason in you.

JEN. No; I know is no reason, *Evan*, I confes him; but every man would shew himselve a good subject as he can to his meanes; I am a subject by my place, and two heads is better then one I imagine under correction.

EV.

Ev. Got's ownes, here is no corrections man; imagine what yow please, doe in got's name, imagine, imagine, why doe you not imagine? here is no pennyrths of corrections.

GRIF. *Aw d gwin Tawson.*

Ev. 'Is so invincibles, so in mercifullys ignorant, a man knowes not upon what inces of ground to stand to him; doe's conceive it no more as I am a true Welse christian, then (firreverence 'o the cympany) the hilts of his dagger.

JEN. Go too, I will make the hilts conceive a knocke upon your pate, and perfhance a bumpe to if yow tauke.

Ev. How! upon my pate?

JEN. Yes upon your pate; your Poetlie pate, and your Law pate too.

GR. *Tawson, Tawson.* Fore'got yow will goe nere to hazard a thumbe, and a fowre finger of your best hand; if you knocke him here, you may knocke him better f'cape at *Ludlow* a great deale: do you know the place where it is?

Ev. Well, I can be patient, I trust, I trust it is in a presence I presume that loves no quarrells, nor replies, nor the lies, nor the shallenge, nor the Duells: but---I will doe my byssinesse now, and make this a byssinesse for another daies hereafter: Pleas' your Madestee---By got I am out of my tempers terribly well, got forgive me, and pyt me in my selive againe. How doe's your Highnes---I know not a 'oord or a fil-lable what I say; 'is doe me that vexations.

GR. O *Evan*; for the honour of *Wales*.

Ev. I remember him now, 'is inough, blessings upon me 'is out o' my head againe; lost, quite lost: this knocke, o' my pate has knock aull my wits out o' my braines I thinke, and turne my reasons out of doores. Be-leave it I will rub, and breake your f'ins for this, I will not come so high as your head, but I will take your nose in my way, very sufficiently.

JEN. Hang your sufficiencie.

Ev. 'Tis well, very well; tis better, better, exceedingly well.

Howell, and Rheese ot them

Howv. What?---you meane (hough) to make us so long tarric here, ha?

GR. Marrie, here is aull undone with distempers me thinkes, and an-gers, and passions.

RHE. Who is angry?

Ev. Why it is I is angry, and hungry too, if you marke me; I could eate his Flint-seere face now, offer to knock my pate in the hearing of aull these, and more too? well, before his Madestee I doe yet forgive him now with aull my heart, and will be reveng'd another time.

Howv. Why that is good *Evan*, honest brave *Evan*.

RHE. Ha' yow told the Kings Madestee of the alterations.

Ev. I am now once againe about him: peace; please your Madestee, the Welse Nation hearing that the Prince of *Wales* was to come into the Hills againe, afore your Madestee have a desire of his Highnesse for the honour of *Wales*, to make him a Welse hills, which is done without any manner

manner of sharshese to your Madestee, onely shanging his name: He is caull now *Craig-Eriri*, a Mountaine in *Carnarvan-Seere*; has as gray beard, and as much snow upon his head aull the yeare long,

JEN. As *Atlas* for his gutts.

EV. He telis your Madestee true, for aull he is a liddle out of season: but cym every man tell as much as he can now, my qualitie is I hope sufficiently knowne to his Madestee, that I am *Rector Chori* is aull my ambitions, and that I would have it aull Welse; that is the fort and the long of the Requests. The Prince of *Wales* we know is aull over Welse.

JEN. And then my Lord Marquise.

EV. Both my Lord Marquise is as good, noble, true *Briton*, as any ever is come out of *Wales*.

JEN. My Lord *Mongymerie* is as sound Welse too, as fiese and blood can make him.

HO. And the *Howard's* by got, is Welse as strait as any arrow.

EV. *Houghton* is a Towne beare his name there by *Pipidiauke*.

HO. And *Erwin*, his name is *Wyn*; but the *Duts-men* come here in *Wales*, and caull him *Heer-win*.

RH. Then *Car* is plaine Welse, *Caerlton*, *Caermardin*, *Cardiffe*.

JEN. And *Palmer*, his Ancestors was call him *Pen-maure*.

RH. And *Acmoety*, is *Ap mouth-wye* of *Llanmouthwye*.

JEN. And *Abercromy*, is aull one as *Abermarlys*.

EV. Or *Abertau*.

HO. Or *Aberdugled haw*.

RH. Or *Abes hodney*.

JEN. Or *Abergevenny*.

HO. Or *Aberconway*.

EV. *Aberconway* is very like *Abercromy*, a liddell hard s'ifte has pit'em aull into *Wales*; but our desires and petitions is, that the musiques be aull Welse, and the dances, and no *Erculus* brought in now with a gread staffe, and a pudding upon him.

JEN. Aw; was his distaffe, was not his club.

EV. What need of *Ercules*, when *Cadwallader*----

JEN. Or *Lluellin*, or *Reese ap Griphin*, or *Cradock*, or *Owen Glendower*, with a Welse hooke, and a Goats skinne on his backe, had done very better, and twice as well?

EV. Nay, and to pyt apparrell on a pottell of hay, and caull him *Lantaus*.

GR. The Bellie-gods too, was as proper a monster as the best of hem.

EV. I stand to it, there was neither Poetries, nor Architectures, nor designs in that bellie-god; nor a note of musicks about him. Come, bring forth our musickes, yow s'all heare the true *Pritan* straines now, the ancient Welse Harpe---yow tauke of their *Pigmees* too, here is a *Pigmees* of *Wales* now; set forth another *Pigmees* by him!

Two Women, and Musicke to them.

1 WO. *Aw Diesus!* what a bravely companie is here? This's a finely Haull indeed!

2 What a deale of fine candle it is?

JEN. I, peace; let his Madestee heare the Musicke.

2 *Ble mae yr Brenin.*

JEN. Docko ve.

1 *Diesus* blesse him; Saint Davy blesse him. I bring my boy o'my
backe ten mile here to loog upon him: Loog Hulin, loog Hulin, *spewch*
humma ven nayd Dumma braveris: yow s'all heare him play too.

Ev. Peace, no more pradling; begin set him downe.

Song.

EVAN.

1 Song.

I's not come here to tanke of Brut,
from whence the Welse do's take his root;
Nor tell long pedegree of Prince Camber,
whose linage would fill aull this Chamber;
Nor sing the deeds of old Saint Davy,
the ursip of which would fill a Navy.
But harke yow me now, for a liddell tales
s'all make a gread deale to the credit of Wales;

Chorus { In which wee'll toudg your eares,
with the praise of her thirteen S'ceres;
And make yow as glad, and merrie
as fourteene pot of Perrie.

Still, still wee'll toudg your eares with the praise, &c.

HOVVELL.

2 Song.

TIs true, was weare him Sherkin freiZe,
but what is that? we have store of s'eiZe,
And Got his plenty of Goats milke
that sell him well, will buy him silke
Inough to make him fine to quarrell
At Hereford-sizes in new apparrell;
And get him as much greene Melmet perhap,
s'all give it a face to his Monmouth cap.
But then the ore of Lemster,
By got is never a Sempster;
That when he is spun, ore did,
Yet match him with hir thrid
Still, still, &c.

RHEESE.

3 Song.

AVll this's the backs now, let us tell yee,
of some provisions for the bellie:
As Cid, and Goat, and great Goates mother,
and Runt, and Cow, and good Comes Vther.
And once but taste o'the Welse-mutton,
your Englis-sheep's not worth a button.
And then for your Fiss, s'all shoose it your diss,
looke but about, and there is a Tront.

A Salmon, Cor, or Chevin,
Will feed you six, or seven,
As taull man as ever swagger,
With Welse-hooke, or long dagger.
Still, still, &c.

EVAN.

4 Song.

BVt aull this while was never thinke
a word in praise of our Welse drinke,
Yet for aull that, is a cup of Bragat,
all England S'eere, may cast his Cab-at.
And what you say to Ale of Webley,
toudge him as well, you'll praise him trebly,
As well as Metheglin, or Sidar, or Meath,
S'all S'ake it your dagger quite out o'the seath.
And Oat-cake of Guarthemion,
With a goodly Lecke, or Onion,
To give as sweet a Rellis
As ere did Harper, Ellis.
Still, still, &c.

HOOVELL.

5 Song.

ANdyet, is nothing now aull this,
if of our Musiques we doe misse;
Both Harpes, and Pipes too; and the Crowd,
must aull come in and tanke alowd,
As lowd as Bangu, Davies bell,
of which is no doubt you have here tell,
As well as our lowder Wrexham, Organ,
and drumbling Rocks in S'eere Glamorgan;
Where looke but in the ground there,
And you shall see a sound there,
That put him aull togedder,
Is sweet as measure pedder.
Still, still, &c.

RHEESH.

6 Song.

AV, but what say you should it shance too,
that we should leape it in a Dance too,
And make it you as great a pleasure,
if but your eyes be now at leasure;
As in your eares shall leave a laughter,
to last upon you sixe dayes after?
Ha! wella-goe too, let us try to do
as your old Britton, things to be writ on.
Come put on other looks now,
And lay away your hookes too;
And though yet you ha' no pump sirs,
Let hem heare that you can jump sirs.
Still, still, &c.

JEN. **S**Peake it your conscience now; did your Urſip ever ſee ſuch a ſong in your daies; 'is not as finely a tunes as a man would wiſſe to put in his eares.

EVA. Come, his Maſtee ſ'all heare better to your Dance.

Here a Dance of men.

EV. Haw, well danc'd, verie well danc'd.

JEN. Well plaid *Howell*, well plaid *Rheefe*: *Dawharry wellhee*; well danc'd y'faith.

EV. Good boyes, good boyes; pold, and *Prittan*, pold, and *Prittan*.

After the Dance.

JEN. Is not better this now then *Pigmies*? this is men, this is no monſters, and you marke him: Well caull forth you Goates now, your Urſip ſ'all ſee a properly naturall deviſe come from the Welfe Mountaines; Is no Tuns, nor no Bottils: Stand by there, ſ'ow his' Urſip the Hills, was dronkenry in his eies that make that deviſe in my minde. But now, marg, marg your Urſip I pray yow now, and yow ſ'all ſee natures and proprieties; the very beaſts of *Wales* ſ'all doe more then your men pyt in bottills, and barrills, there was a tale of a tub y'faith. 'Is the Goat-heard and his dog, and his ſonne, and his wife make muſiques to the Goates as they come from the Hills; give 'hem roomes, give 'hem roomes, now the cym: The elderly Goates is indifferently grave at firſt, becauſe of his beard, and onely tread it the meaſures; byt yow will ſee him pyt off his gravities by and by well inough, and friſke it as fine as ere a Kid on 'hem aull. The Welfe Goate is an excellent dancer by birth, that is written of him, and of as wiſely carriage, and comely behaviours a beaſt (for his footing eſpecially) as ſome one or two man, God bleſſe him.

EV. A Haul, a haul; come a haul, *Au wellhee*.

Here the Dance of Goates.

After the Dance.

I Wo. Nay, and your Maſtee bid the Welfe Goats welcome; The Welfe Wen-ces ſ'all ſing your praises, and dance your healths too.

Song.

I **A**W, God bleſſe it our good King *S'ames*,
 His Wife, and his *S'ildren*, and aull his *Reames*,
 2 And aull his 'urſipfull *S'iſtice* of peace about him,
 I And ſend that his Court be never without him.
 2 Ow, that her would come downe into *Wales*,
 I Her ſ'ud be very welcome to *Welfe Ales*.
 2 I have a Cow,
 I And I have a hen;
 2 S'all give it milke,
 I And eggs for aull his men.

Chorus

CHORVS.

'It selfe ſhall haue veniſon, and other Seere,
And may it be ſterved, that ſteale him his Deere,
there, there, and every where.

JEN. Cym dance now, let us heare your dance, dance.

EV. Ha! well plaid *Ales*.

Ho. For the *Honour of Wales*.

Here was the Dance of men and women.

After the Dance.

JEN. **D**iggon. Inough, inough, Diggon, well now aull the absurdities
is remov'd and cleer'd; the reſt and please your Grace ſhall
tarnie ſtill, and goe on as it was; *Vertue*, and *Pleasure* was well inough,
indifferently well inough: Onely we will intreat *Pleasure* to cym out of
Driffindore, that is the *Gilden Valley*, or *Geltbleedore*, that is the *Golden*
Grove, and is in *Care Marden* the *Welfe Garden*. 'Is a thouſand place in
Wales as finely places as the *Eſperides* every crum of him: *Merlin* was
borne there too, put wee would not make him riſe now and wake him,
becauſe we have his Prophecies alreadie of your Maſteſtee's name to as
good purpoſe, as if he were here in preſence, *Pod by geller Eivan?*

EV. You will ſtill pyt your ſelve to theſe plunſes, you meane his
Maſteſtees Anagrams of *Charles James Stuart*.

JEN. I that is *Claimes Arthurs Seate*, which is as much as to ſay, your
Maſteſtee ſud be the firſt King of gread *Prittan*, and ſit in *Cadier Arthur*,
which is *Arthurs Chaire*, as by Gods bleſſing you doe: And then your
Sonne Maſter *S'harles* his, how doe you caull him? is *Charles Stuart*,
cals true hearts, that is us, he cals us, the *Welfe Nation* to be ever at your
ſervice, and love you, and honour you, which we pray you underſtand
it his meaning. And that the Muſitians yonder, are ſo many *Brittis bards*
that ſing o'pen the Hills to let out the Prince of *Wales*, and his *Welfe*
freinds to you, and all is done.

GR Very homely done it is I am well aſſur'd, if not very rudely:
But it is hop'd your Maſteſtee will not interpret the honour, merits, love,
and affection of ſo noble a portion of your people, by the povertie of
theſe who have ſo imperfectly uttered it: Yow will rather for their ſaks,
who are to come in the name of *Wales*, my Lord the Prince, and the o-
thers; pardon what is paſt, and remember the Cyntrie has alwaies been
fruitfull of loyall hearts to your Maſteſtie; a very garden and ſeed plot
of honeſt mindes and men: What lights of learning hath *Wales* ſent forth
for your Schooles? What induſtrious Students of your Lawes? what
able Miniſters of your Juſtice? whence hath the Crowne in all times bet-
ter ſervitors, more liberall of their lives and fortunes? where hath your
Court or Councell (for the preſent) more noble ornaments or better
aydes? I am glad to ſee it, and to ſpeake it, and though the Nation bee
ſayd to be unconquer'd, and moſt loving liberty, yet it was never mu-
tinous (and please your Maſteſtie;) but ſtout, valiant, courteous, hoſpi-
table, temperate, ingenious, capable of all good Arts, moſt lovingly
constant,

constant, charitable, great Antiquaries, Religious preservers of their Gentry, and Genealogie, as they are zealous and knowing in Religion.

In a word, It is a Nation better'd by prosperitie so far, as to the present happinesse it enjoyes under your most sacred Majestie, it wishes nothing to be added, but to see it perpetuall in You, and your Issue.

*God of his great goodnesse grant it, and show he is an errant knave,
and no true Brittain doe's not say Amen too
with his heart.*

NEWES FROM THE NEVV VVORLD DISCOVER'D IN THE MOONE.

A Masque,

AS IT VVAS PRESEN-
TED AT COVRT BE-

FORE KING IAMES.

1620.

Nascitur è tenebris: & se sibi vindicat Orbis,

Enter 1 Herald, 2 Herald, Printer, Chronicler, Factor.

1 HER. **N**Ewes, newes, newes.

2 HER. **B**old, and brave new!

1 HER. Newe as the night they are borne in;

2 HER. Or the Phant'sie that begot'hem.

1 HER. Excellent newes!

2 HER. Will you heare any newes?

PRINT. Yes, and thanke you too fir; what's the price of'hem?

1 HER. Price, Cocks-combe! what price, but the price o' your ears?

As if any man used to pay for any thing here.

2 HER. Come forward, you should be some dull tradesman by your pigheaded Sconce now, that thinke there's nothing good any where; but what's to be sold.

PRINT. Indeed I am all for sale Gentlemen, you say true, I am a Printer, and a Printer of Newes; and I doe hearken after hem, where ever they

they be at any rates; I'll give any thing for a good Copie now, be't true or false, so't be newes.

I HER. A fine youth!

CHRO. And I am for matter of State Gentlemen, by consequence, story, my Chronicle, to fill up my great booke, which must bee three Reame of paper at least; I have agreed with my Stationer aforehand to make it so big, and I want for ten quire yet. I ha' beene here ever since seven a clocke i'the morning to get matter for one page, and I thinke I have it compleate; for I have both noted the number, and the capacity of the degrees here; and told twice over how many candles there are i'th roome lighted, which I will set you downe to a snuffe precisely, because I love to give light to posteritie in the truth of things.

I HER. This is a finer youth!

FAC. Gentlemen, I am neither Printer, nor Chronologer, but one that otherwise take pleasure i'my Pen: A Factor of newes for all the Shieres of *England*; I doe write my thousand Letters a weeke ordinary, sometim twelve hundred, and maintaine the businesse at some charge, both to hold up my reputation with mine owne ministers in Towne, and my friends of correspondence in the Countrey; I have friends of all rancks, and of all Religions, for which I keepe an answering Catalogue of dispatch; wherein I have my Puritan newes, my Protestant newes, and my Pontificiall newes.

2 HER. A Superlative this!

FAC. And I have hope to erect a Staple for newes ere long, whether all shall be brought, and thence againe vented under the name of Staple-newes; and not trusted to your printed Conundrums of the serpent in *Sussex*, or the witches bidding the Devill to dinner at *Derbie*: Newes, that when a man sends them downe to the Shieres where they are said to be done, were never there to be found.

PRIN. Sir that's all one, they were made for the common people; and why should not they ha' their pleasure in beleeving of lies are made for them, as you have in *Paules* that make'hem for your selves.

I HER. There he speakes reason to you sir.

FAC. I confesse it, but it is the Printing I am offended at, I would have no newes printed; for when they are printed they leave to bee newes; while they are written, though they be false, they remaine newes still.

PRIN. See mens divers opinions! It is the Printing of'hem makes'hem news to a great many, who will indeed beleeve nothing but what's in Print. For those I doe keepe my Presses, and so many Pens going to bring forth wholsome relations, which once in halfe a score yeares (as the age growes forgetfull) I Print over againe with a new date, and they are of excellent use.

CHRO. Excellent abuse rather.

PRIN. Mr. Chronieler doe not you talke, I shall---

I HER. Nay Gentlemen, bee at peace one with another; wee have enough for you all three, if you dare take upon trust.

PRIN. I dare, I assure you.

FAC. And I, as much as comes.

CHRO. I dare too, but nothing so much as I ha'done; I have beene so cheated with false relations i'my time, as I ha' found it a far harder thing to correct my booke, then collect it.

FAC.

FA. Like enough; but to your newes Gentlemen, whence come they?

1 HER. From the Moone, ours sir.

FAC. From the Moone! which way? by sea? or by Land?

1 HER. By Moone-shine, a neerer way I take it.

PR. Oh by a Trunck! I know it, a thing no bigger than a Flute-case; A neighbour of mine, a spectacle-maker, has drawn the Moone through it at the boare of a whistle, and made it as great as a Drum-head twentie times, and brought it within the length of this Roome to me, I know not how often.

CHR. Tut, that's no newes; your perplexive Glasses are common. No, it will fall out to be *Pythagoras* way I warrant you, by writing, and reading i'th Moone.

PR. Right, and as well read of you, I'faith: for *Cornelius Agrippa* has it, *In disco Luna*, there tis found.

1 HER. Sir, you are lost I assure you, for ours came to you neither by the way of *Cornelius Agrippa*, nor *Cornelius Dribble*.

2 HER. Nor any glasse of---

1 HER. No Philosophers phantasie.

2 HER. Methematicians Perspicill.

1 HER. Or brother of the Rosie crosses intilligence, no forc'd way, but by the neat and cleane power of Poetrie,

2 HER. The Mistris of all discovery.

1 HER. Who after a world of these curious uncertainties, hath employed thither a servant of hers in search of truth: who has been there---

2 HER. In the Moone.

1 HER. In person.

2 HER. And is this night return'd.

FAC. Where? which is he? I must see his Dog at his girdle, and the bush of thornes at his backe, ere I beleeve it.

1 HER. Doe not trouble your faith then, for if that bush of thornes should prove a goodly Grove of Okes; in what case were you, and your expectation.

2 HER. Those are stale Ensignes o'the Stages, man i'th Moone, deliverd downe to you by musty Antiquitie, and are of as doubtfull credit as the makers.

CHR. Sir, nothing againe Antiquitie I pray you, I must not heare ill of Antiquitie.

1 HER. Oh! you have an old Wife belike, or your venerable Jerkin there, make much of hem: Our relation I tell you still is newes.

2 HER. Certaine, and sure newes.

1 HER. Of a new World,

2 HER. And new creatures in that World.

1 HER. In the Orbe of the Moone.

2 HER. Which is now found to be an Earth inhabited!

1 HER. With navigable Seas, and Rivers.

2 HER. Varietie of Nations, Polities, Lawes.

1 HER. With Havens in't, Castles, and Port-Townes!

2 HER. In-land Cities, Boroughes, Hamlets, Faires, and Markets!

1 HER. Hundreds, and Weapontakes! Forrests, Parks, Coney-ground, Meadow-pasture, what not?

2 HE. But differing from ours.

FAC. And has your Poet brought all this?

CH. Troth, here was enough; tis a pretty piece of Poetrie as'tis.

1 HE. Would you could heare on, though.

2 HE. Gi' your mindes to't a little.

FAC. What Innes, or Alehouses are there there? does he tell you?

1 HE. Truly I have not askt him that.

2 HE. Nor were you best, I beleeeve.

FAC. Why, in travaile a man knowes these things without offence; I am sure if he be a good Poet, hee has discover'd a good Taverne in his time.

1 HE. That he has, I should thinke the worse of his Verse else.

PR. And his Prose too i' faith.

CHR. Is he a Mans Poet, or a Womans Poet I pray you?

2 HE. Is there any such difference?

FAC. Many, as betwixt your mans Taylor, and your womans Taylor.

1 HE. How? may we beseech you?

FAC. Ile shew you; your Mans Poet may break out strong and deep i'th mouth, as he said of *Pindar*, *Monte decurrens velut amnis*. But your Womans Poet must flow, and stroak the eare, and (as one of them sayd of himsele sweetly)

*Must write a Verse as smooth, and calm as Creame,
In which there is no torrent, nor scarce streame.*

2 HE. Ha' you any more on't?

FAC. No, I could never arrive but to this Remnant.

1 HE. Pittie! would you had had the whole piece for a patterne to all Poetrie.

PR. How might we doe to see your Poet? did he undertake this journey (I pray you) to the Moone o' foot?

1 HE. Why doe you aske?

PR. Because one of our greatest Poets (I know not how good a one) went to *Endenburgh* o' foot, and came backe; marry he has beene restive they say ever since, for we have had nothing from him; he has set out nothing I am sure.

1 HE. Like enough, perhaps he has not all in, when he has all in, he will set out (I warrant you) at least those from whom he had it, it is the very same party that has beene i'th Moone now.

PR. Indeed! has he beene there since? belike he rid thither then.

FAC. Yes Post, upon the Poets horse for a wager.

1 HE. No I assure you, he rather flew upon the wings of his Muse. There are in all but three wayes of going thither; one is *Endymions* way, by rapture in sleepe, or a dreame. The other *Minipus* his way, by wing, which the Poet tooke. The the third, old *Empedocles* way; who when he leapt into *Aetna*, having a drie seare bodie, and light, the smoake took him and whist him up into the Moone, where he lives yet waving up and downe like a feather, all soot and embers comming out of that cole-pit; our Poet met him, and talkt with him.

CHR. In what language good fir?

2 HE. Onely by signes and gestures, for they have no articulate voy-

ces there, but certaine motions to musicke: all the discourse there is harmonie.

FAC. A fine Lunatique language i'faith; how doe their Lawyers then?

2 HER. They are *Pythagorians*, all dumbe as fishes, for they have no controversies to exercise themselves in.

FAC. How do they live then?

1 HE. O'th deaw o'th Moone like Grashoppers, and conferre with the Doppers.

FAC. Ha' you Doppers?

2 HE. A world of Doppers! but they are there as lunatick persons, walkers onely; that have leave onely to hum, and ha, not daring to prophcie, or start up upon stooles to raise doctrine.

1 HE. The brethren of the *Rosie-Crosse* have their Colledge within a mile o'th Moone; a Castle i'th ayre that runs upon wheelles with a wing'd lanthorne-----

PR. I ha' seen't in print.

2 HER. All the phantasticall creatures you can thinke of, are there.

FAC. 'Tis to be hop'd there are women there then?

1 HE. And zealous women, that will out-grone, the groning wives of *Edinburgh*.

FAC. And Lovers as phantasticke as ours?

2 HE. But none that will hang themselves for Love, or eat candles ends, or drinke to their Mistresse-eyes, till their owne bid'hem good night, as the *Sublunary Lovers* doe.

FAC. No fir?

2 HER. No, some few you shall have, that sigh or whistle themselves away; and those are presently hung up by the heeles like Meteors, with Squibs i'th their tayles, to give the wiser sort warning.

PR. Excellent!

FAC. Are there no selfe-Lovers there?

2 HER. There were, but they are all dead of late for want of Taylors.

FAC. S'light what lucke is that? we could have spar'd them a *Colonic* from hence.

2 HE. I thinke some two or three of them live yet, but they are turn'd *Moone-Calves* by this.

PR. O, I, *Moone-Calves*! what Monster is that I pray you?

2 HER. Monster? none at all; a very familiar thing, like our foole here on earth.

1 HER. The Ladyes there, play with them instead of little Dogges.

FAC. Then there are Ladies?

2 HER. And Knights, and Squires.

FAC. And servants, and Coaches?

1 HER. Yes, but the Coaches are much o'th nature of the Ladies, for they goe onely with wind.

Chro. Prittie, like *China-waggon*s.

FAC. Ha' they any places of meeting with their Coaches, and take-

king the fresh open aire, and then covert when they please, as in our *Hide-Parke*, or so?

2 H_ER. Above all the *Hide-parkes* in Christendome, farre more hiding and private, they doe all in clouds there; they walke i'the clouds, they sit i'the clouds, they lie i'the clouds, they ride and tumble i'the clouds, their very Coaches are clouds.

P_R. But ha' they no Carmen to meet and breake their Coaches?

2 H_E. Alas! Carmen, they will over a Carman there, as hee will doe a Child here; you shall have a Coachman with cheekes like a trumpeter, and a wind in his mouth blow him afore him as farre as he can see him; or skirre over him with his batts wings a mile and a halfe, ere hee can steere his wry necke to looke where he is.

F_AC. And they ha' their new Wells too, and phisicall waters I hope to visit all time of yeare?

1 H_E. Your *Tunbridge*, or the *Spaw* it selfe are meere puddle to'em: When the pleasant moneths o'the yeare come, they all flocke to certaine broken Islands which are called there, the *Isles of delight*:

F_AC. By clouds still?

1 H_E. What else? Their Boates are clouds too.

2 H_E. Or in a mist; the mists are ordinary i'the Moone, a man that owes money there, needs no other protection; onely buy a mist and walk in't, hee's never discern'd, a matter of a *Baabee* doe's it.

1 H_E. Onely one Island they have, is call'd the Isle of the *Epecanes*, because there under one Article both kindes are signified, for they are fashioned alike, male and female the same, not heads and broad hats, short doublets, and long points; neither do they ever untrusse for distinction, but laugh and lie downe in Moone-shine, and stab with their ponyards; you doe not know the delight of the *Epicenes* in Moon-shine.

2 H_E. And when they ha' tasted the springs of pleasure enough, and bild, and kist, and are readie to come away; the shee's only lay certain egges (for they are never with Child there,) and of those egges are disclosed a race of Creatures like men, but are indeed a sort of Fowle, in part covered with feathers (they call'hem *Volatees*), that hop from Island to Island, you shall see a covey of hen if you please presently.

1 H_E. Yes faith, tis time to exercise their eies, for their eares begin to be wearie.

2 H_E. *Then know, we doe not move these wings so soone,
On which our Poet mounted to the Moone
Menippus-like; but all twixt it and us,
Thus cleares and helpes to the presenment, thus.*

The Antimaske of Volatees.

2 H_E. **V**WE have all this while (though the *Muses Herald*s) adventured to tell your Majestie no newes; for hitherto we have mov'd rather to your delight, than your beleife. But now be pleased to expect a more noble discovery worthie of your care, as the object will be your eye; A race of your owne, form'd, animated, lightned, and heightned by you, who rapt above the Moone far in speculation of your vertues, have remain'd their intranc'd certaine houres, with

with wonder of the pietie, wisedome, Majesty reflected by you, on them, from the Divine light, to which onely you are lesse. These by how much higher they have beene carried from earth to contemplate your greatnesse, have now conceiv'd the more haste and hope in this their returne home to approach your goodnesse, and led by that excellent likenesse of your selfe, the truth, imitating *Procritus* endeavour, that all their motions be form'd to the musicke of your peace, and have their ends in your favour, which alone is able to resolve and thaw the cold they have presently contracted in comming through the colder Region.

They descend and shake off their Isicles.

I. Song.

How ere the brightnesse may amaze,
Move you, and stand not still at gaze,
As dazeled with the light;
But with your motions fill the place,
And let their fulnesse win your Grace,
Till you collect your sight.
So while the warmth you doe confesse,
And temper of these Raies no lesse,
To quicken then refine:
You may by knowledge grow more bold,
And so more able to behold
The bodie whence they shine.

The first Dance followes.

II. Song.

Now looke and see in yonder throne,
How all those beames are cast from one.
This is that Orbe so bright,
Has kept your wonder so awake;
Whence you as from a mirror take
The Suns reflected light.
Read him as you would doe the booke
Of all perfection, and but looke
What his proportions be;
No measure that is thence contriv'd,
Or any motion thence deriv'd,
But is pure harmonie.

Maine Dance, and Revels.

III. Song.

Not that we thinke you wearie be,
That did this motion give, *for he*
And made it so long live,

Could

Could likewise give it perpetuitie.
 Nor that we doubt you have not more,
 and store
 Of changes to delight,
 For they are infinite,
 As is the power that brought forth those before.
 But since the earth is of his name,
 and fame
 So full you cannot adde,
 Be both the first, and glad
 To speake him to the Region whence you came.

The last Dance.

IIII. Song.

Looke, looke alreadie where I am,
 bright fame,
 Got up unto the skie,
 thus high,
 Vpon my better wing,
 to sing

The knowing King,
 And make the musicke here,
 With yours on earth the same.

CHORUS. {

 Joyne then to tell his name,
 and say but JAMES is he;
 All eares will take the voyce,
 And in the tune rejoyce,
 Or truth hath left to breath, and fame hath left to be.

1 HER. See, what is that this musicke brings,
 And is so carried in the ayre about?

2 HER. Fame that doth nourish the renowne of Kings,
 And keepes that fayre, which envie would blot out.

The End.

A
MASQUE OF
THE
METAMORPHOSIS
GYPSIES.

AS
IT WAS THRICE
PRESENTED TO
KING JAMES.

FIRST,
AT BURLEIGH
on the Hill.

NEXT,
AT BELVOYR.

AND LASTLY,
AT WINDSOR.

AUGUST,
1621.

THE
PROLOGUE
AT WINDSOR.

As many blessings as there be bones
In *Ptolome's* fingers and all at ones,
Held up in *Andrewes* Crosse for the nones.
Light on you good Master,
I dare be no waster
Of time, or of speech
Where you are in place:
I onely beseech
You take in good grace,
Our following the Court,
Since 'tis for your sport
To have you still merrie,
And not make you wearie.
We may strive to please,
So long (some will say) till we grow a disease
But you Sir, that twice
Have grac't us alreadie, encourage to thrice;
Wherein if our boldnesse your patience invade,
Forgive us the fault that your favour hath made.

THE
SPEECH AT THE
KINGS ENTRANCE
AT BURLEIGH.

IF for our thoughts there could but speech be found,
And all that speech be uttered in one sound,
So that some power above us would afford
The meanes to make a language of a word,
It should be welcome: In that onely voyce
We would receive, retaine, enjoy, rejoyce;
And all effects of love, and life dispence,
Till it were call'd a copious eloquence:
For should we vent our spirits (now you are come,)
In other sillables, were as to be dumbe.
Welcome, ô welcome then, and enter here,
The House your bounty hath built, and still doth reere
With those high favours, and those heap't increases,
Which shewes a hand not greiv'd, but when it ceases:
The Master is your creature, as the place,
And every good about him is your grace:
Whom though he stand by silent, thinke not rude,
But as a man turn'd all to gratitude.
For what he never can hope, how to restore,
Since while he meditates one, you heape on more.
Vouchsafe to thinke, he onely is oppress'd
With their abundance, not that in his breast
His pow'rs are stupid growne; for please you enter
Him, and his house, and search them to the center:
You'll finde within no thanks, or vowes there shorter,
For having trusted thus much to his Porter.

H

The

THE
GYPSIES
METAMORPHOSD.

Enter a Gypsie, leading a Horse laden with five little Children bound in a trace of scarffes upon him. A second, leading another Horse laden with stoll'ne Poultry: The first leading Gypsie speaks, being the

JACKMAN.

R Oome for the five Princes of *Agypt*, mounted all upon the Horse like the foure *Sonnes* of *Aymon*, to make the miracle the more, by a head, if it may be: gaze upon them, as on the Off-spring of *Ptolomie*, begotten upon severall *Cleopatras*, in their severall Countries; especially on this brave Sparke strooke out of *Flint-shire*, upon Justice *Fugges* Daughter then Sheriffe of the County; who running away with a kinsman of our Captaines, and her Father pursuing her to the Marshes, Hee great with Justice, She great with Juggling, they were both for the time turn'd stone upon the sight each of other, in *Chester*: Till at last (see the Wonder) A Jugge of the Towne Ale reconciling them; the memoriall of both their gravities, his in beard, and hers in bellie, hath remain'd ever since preserv'd in picture upon the most stone Jugs of the Kingdome. The famous impe yet grew a wretchcocke, and though for seven yeares together, he were very carefully carried at his mothers backe, rock'd in a cradle of Welch-cheese, like a Maggot, and there fed with broken beere, and blowne wine o'the best dayly; yet lookes he, as if he never saw his *Guinquennium*. Tis true, he can thread needles o'horse-backe, to draw a yard of inckle through his nose: But what's that to a growne Gipsie, one of the bloud, and of his time if he had thriv'd: Therefore, till with his painefull Progenitors, he be able to beat it on the hard hoofe, or the bene *Bawse*, or the *Starling*, *Ken* to nip a *Fan*, and *Cly* the *Fack*; tis thought fit he march in the Infants equipage.

*With the Convoy, Cheats, and peckage,
Out of Clutch of Harman Beckage,
To their libkins at the Crackmans,
Or some skipper of the Blackmans.*

a Gipsie.

2 GIPSI E.

WHere the Cacklers, but no Grunters;
 Shall uncas'd be for the Hunters;
 Those we still must keepe alive;
 I, and put them out to thrive
 In the Parkes, and in the Chases,
 And the finer walled places;
 As Saint *James-es*, *Greenwich*, *Tibballs*,
 Where the Acornes plumpe as *Chibballs*,
 Soone shall change both kinde and name,
 And proclaime'em the Kings game.
 So the act no harme may be
 Unto their keeper *Barnabee*;
 It will prove as good a service,
 As did ever Gipsie Jervice,
 To our Captaine *Charles* the tall man,
 And a part too of our Salmon.

JACKMAN.

IF we here be a little obscure, it is our pleasure; for rather than wee
 will offer to be our owne interpreters, we are resolv'd not to be un-
 derstood: yet if any man doubt of the significancie of the language, wee
 referre him to the third vollume of reports, set forth by the learned in
 the lawes of *Canting*, and published in the Gipsies tongue: Give me my
Guittarra, and roome for our Chiefe.

Dance.

Which is the entrance of the Captaine, with fixe more attendant;
 After which the *Jackman* sings.

Song.

From the famous Peacke of *Darby*,
 And the Devills arse there hard-by,
 Where we yearely keepe our musters,
 Thus the *Aegiptians* throng in clusters.
 Be not frighted with our fashion,
 Though we seeme a tattered Nation;
 We account our ragges, our riches,
 So our tricks exceed our stiches.
 Give us Bacon, rindes of *Walnuts*,
 Shells of *Cockels*, and of *Smalnuts*;
 Ribands, bells, and *Safrond linnen*,
 All the World is ours to winne in.
 Knackes we have that will delight you,
 slight of hand that will invite you,
 To endure our tawny faces.

H 2

Wo.

Wo. *Quit your places, and not cause you cut your laces.
 All your fortunes we can tell yee,
 Be they for the backe or bellie;
 In the Moodes too, and the Tenses,
 That may fit your fine five senses.
 Draw but then your gloves we pray you,
 And sit still, we will not fray you;
 For though we be heare at Burley,
 Wee'd be loth to make a hurly.*

PATRICO.

STay my sweet Singer,
 The touch of thy finger,
 A little, and linger;
 For me that am bringer
 Of bound to the border,
 The rule and Recorder,
 And mouth of the order,
 As Priest of the game,
 And Prelate of the fame.

THer's a *Gentry Cove* here,
 Is the top of the Shiere,
 Of the *Bever Ken*,
 A man among men;
 You need not to feare,
 I have an eye, and an eare
 That turnes here and there,
 To looke to our geare.

Some say that there be
 One or two, if not three,
 That are greater then he.

ANd for the *Roome-Morts*,
 I know by their ports,
 And their jollie resorts,
 They are of the sorts
 That love the true sports
 Of King *Ptolomeus*,
 Or great *Coriphæus*,
 And *Queene Cleopatra*,
 The *Gipsies* grand *Matra*.
 Then if we shall sharke it,
 Here *Fayre* is, and *Market*.
 Leave *Pig by*, and *Goose*,
 And play fast, and loose,
 A short cut, and long,
 Some inch of a song,
Pythagoras lot,

Drawne out of a pot;
 With what sayes *Alchindus*?
 And *Pharaotes Indus*,
John de Indagine
 With all their *Pagine*
 Of faces and *Palmistrie*,
 And this is *Almistrie*.
 Lay by your wimbles,
 Your boring for thimbles,
 Or using your nimbles,
 In diving the pockets,
 And sounding the sockets
 Of *Simper-the Cockets*;
 Or angling the purses,
 Of such as will curse us;
 But in the strict duell
 Be merry, and cruell,
 Strike faire at some jewell,
 That mine may accrue well,
 For that is the fuell,
 To make the Town brew well,
 And the pot wring well,
 And the braine sing well,
 Which we may bring well
 About by a string well,
 And doe the thing well.
 It is but a straine
 Of true legerdemaine,
 Once twice and againe.
 Or what will you say now
 If with our fine play now,
 Our feates, and our fingring,
 Here without lingring;
 Cosening the fights
 Of the Lords, and the knights.
 Some one of their Georges
 Come off to save charges.
 Or what will you say now?
 If with our fine play now,
 Our knackes, and our dances,
 We worke on the fancies
 Of some of these Nancies.
 These trinckets, and trippies,
 And make'em turne Gipsies.
 Heer's no Justice Lippus
 Will seeke for to nip us,
 In *Crampring*, or *Cippus*,
 And then for to strip us,
 And after to whip us.
 His justice to vary,

While here we doe tarry,
 But be wise, and wary,
 And we may both carry,
 The *Kate*, and the *Mary*,
 And all the bright ae'ry,
 Away to the quarry:
 The George and the Garter,
 Into our owne quarter;
 Or durst I goe further
 In methood and order:
 Ther's a purse and a Seale,
 I have a great minde to steale.
 That when our tricks are done,
 We might seale our owne pardon,
 All this we may doe,
 And a great deale more too,
 If our brave *Ptolomee*,
 Will but say follow mee.

3. GIPSYE.

Captaine, if ever at the *Boxing Ken*,
 You have in draught of *Darby* drill'd your men;
 And we have fern'd there armed all in Ale,
 With the browne bowle, and charg'd in bragget stale;
 If muster'd thus, and disciplin'd in drinke,
 In our long watches we did never shrink,
 But so commanded by you kept our station,
 As we preserv'd our selves a royall Nation;
 And never yet did branch of Statute breake,
 Made in your famous Pallas of the Peake.
 If we have deem'd, that Mutton, Lambe, or Veale,
 Chicke, Capon, Turkey, sweetest we did steale;
 As being by our *Magna Charta* taught
 To judge no urands wholesome that are bought.
 If for our Linnen we still us'd the list,
 And with the hedge (our trades increase) made shift;
 And ever at your solemne feast, and calls,
 We have beene readie with the *Agyptian* bralls;
 To set *Kit Callot* forth in Prose or Rhime,
 Or who was *Cleopatra* for the time.
 If we have done this, that, more, such, or so;
 Now lend your care but to the *Patrico*.

CAPTAINE.

Well, Dance another straine, and wee'l thinke how

Dance 2.

1. Straine. Song 2.

THe faery beame upon you,
The starres to glister on you;
A Moone of light,
In the noone of night,
Till the Fire-drake hath or'e gon you.
The wheele of fortune guide you,
The Boy with the bow beside you;
Runne aye in the way,
Till the bird of day,
And the luckier lot betide you.

CAPTAINE.

Blesse my sweet Masters, the old, and the young;
From the gall of the heart, and the stroke of the tongue.
With you luckie Bird I begin, let me see,
I layme at the best, and I trow you are he,
Heer's some lucke alreadie, if I understand
The grounds of mine Art; here's a Gentlemans hand.
Il'e kisse it for lucks sake, you shall by this line
Love a Horse, and a Hound; but no part of a swine.
To hunt the brave Stagge, not so much for the food,
As the weale of your bodie, and the health o' your blood.
You are a man of good meanes, and have Territories store
Both by Sea, and by Land; and were borne Sir to more,
Which you like a Lord, and the Prince of your peace,
Content with your havings, dispise to increase:
You are no great Wencher, I see by your table,
Although your *Mons Veneris* sayes you are able;
You live chaste, and single, and have buried your Wife,
And meane not to marrie, by the line of your life.
Whence he that conjectures, your qualitie learns,
You are an honest good man, and care of your Barnes.
Your *Mercuries* hill too, a wit doth betoken,
Some booke-craft you have, and are pretty well spoken.
But stay, in your *Jupiters* mount, what's here?
A King, a Monarch; what wonders appeare!
High, Bountifull, Just: a Fove for your parts,
A Master of men, and that Reigne in their hearts.

Ille tell it my trayne,
And come to you againe.

Song 3.

To the old, long life and treasure,
 To the young, all health and pleasure;
 To the faire, their face
 With eternall grace,
 And the foule to be lov'd at leisure.

To the witty, all cleare mirrors,
 To the foolish, their darke errors;
 To the loving sprite,
 A secure delight,
 To the jealous his owne false terrors.

After which the Kings fortune is pursued by the

CAPTAINE.

Could any doubt that saw this hand,
 Or who you are, or what command
 You have upon the fate of things,
 Or would not say you were let downe
 From Heaven, on earth to be the Crowne,
 And top of all your neighbour Kings?
 To see the wayes of truth you take,
 To fallance businesse, and to make
 All Christian differences cease.
 Or till the quarrell, and the cause
 You can compose, to give them lawes,
 As arbitor of Warre, and Peace.
 For this, of all the world you shall
 Be stiled *JAMES*, the just, and all
 Their states dispose, their Sons and daughters,
 And for your fortune you alone,
 Among them all shall worke your owne,
 By peace, not by humane slaughters.
 But why doe I presume, though true,
 To tell a Fortune, Sir, to you,
 Who are the maker here of all;
 Where none doe stand, or sit in view,
 But owe their fortune unto you,
 At least what they good fortunes call?
 My selfe a *Gipsie* here doe shine,
 Yet are you maker, Sir, of mine.
 Oh that confession could content
 So high a bounty, that doth know
 No part of motion, but to flow,
 and giving never to repent.
 May still the matter wayte your hand,
 That it not feele, or stay, or stand;
 but all desert still over charge.

And

And may your goodnesse ever finde
In me whom you have made, a minde,
As thankfull as your owne is large.

2 Dance. 2 Straine.

After which, the Princes fortune is offered at by the

2 GIP SIE.

AS my Captaine hath begun
With the Sire, I take the Sonne,
Your hand Sir.

Of your fortune be secure,
Love, and she, are both at your
Command Sir.

See what States are here at strife,
Who shall tender you a Wife,
A brave one;

And a fitter for a man;
Then is offer'd here, you can
Not have one.

She is Sister of a starre,
One the noblest now that are,
Bright Hesper.

Whom the *Indians* in the East,
Phosphore call, and in the West,
Hight Vesper.

Courses even with the Sunne,
Doth her mighty brother runne,
For splendor.

What can to the marriage night,
More then morne, and evening light
Attend her?

Save the promise before day,
Of a little *Fames* to play
Hereafter.

Twixt his Grandfiers knees, and move
All the pretty wayes of love,
And laughter.

Whil'st with care you strive to please,
In your giving his cares ease,
And labours;

And by being long the ayd
Of the *Empire*, make afraid
Ill Neighbours.

Till your selfe shall come to see
What we wish, yet farre to be
Attending:

For it skills not when, or where
That begins, which cannot feare
An ending.

Since

Since your name in peace, or warres,
Nought shall bound untill the starres
up take you:

2 Dance. Staine 3.

After which, the Ladie Marques Buckingham by the

3 GIPSYE.

Hurle after an old shooe,
Ile be merrie what ever I doe,
Though I keepe no time,
My words shall chyme,
Ile over-take the sence with a ryme.
Face of a rose
I pray thee depose
Some small piece of silver: It shall be no losse;
But onely to make the signe of the crosse;
If your hand you hallow,
Good fortune will follow.
I sweare by these ten,
You shall have it agen,
I doe not say when.
But Ladie, either I am tipsie,
Or you are to fall in love with a Gipsie;
Blush not Dame Kate,
For early, or late,
I doe assure you it will be your fate;
Nor need you be once asham'd of it Madam;
Hee's as handsome a man, as ever was Adam:
A man out of waxe,
As a Ladie would axe;
Yet hee's not to wed yee:
H'has enjoyd you already,
And I hope he has sped yee.
A dainty yong fellow,
And though he looke yellow,
He never will be jealous,
But love you most zealous.
Ther's never a line in your hand but doth tell us.
And you are a soule so white, and so chaste,
A table so smooth, and so newly ra'ste,
As nothing cald foule,
Dare approach with a blot,
Or any least spot;
But still you controule,
Or make your owne lot,
Preserving love pure as it first was begot:
But Dame I must tell yee,
The fruit of your bellie,

Is that you must tender;
And care so to render;
That as your selfe came
In blood, and in name,
From one house of fame;
So that may remaine
The glory of twaine.

2 Dance. 4 Straine.

After which, the Countesse of Rutlands by the

3 GIPSI.

You sweet Ladie have a hand too,
And a fortune you may stand too;
Both your brav'ry, and your bounty
Stile you Mistris of the County;
You will finde it from this night,
Fortune shall forget her spight,
And heape all the blessings on you,
That she can poure out upon you;
To be lov'd, where most you love,
Is the worst that you shall prove;
And by him to be imbrac't,
Who so long hath knowne you chaste,
Wife, and faire; whil'st you renew
Joyes to him, and he to you:
And when both your yeares are told,
Neither thinke the other old.

And the Countesse of Exeters by the

PATRICO

MAdam we know of your comming so late,
We could not well fit you a nobler fate
Then what you have readie made;
An old mans wife,
Is the light of his life,
A young one is but his shade.
You will not importune,
The change of your fortune;
For if you dare trust to my forecasting,
T'is presently good, and will be lasting.

Dance 2. 5 Straine.

After which, the Countesse of Buckinghams by the

4 GIPSI.

Your pardon Ladie, here you stand,
If some should judge you by your hand
The greatest fellow in the Land

Detected:

I cannot tell you by what Arts,
But you have stolne so many hearts,
As they would make you at all parts
Suspected:

Your very face first, such a one
As being view'd it was alone,
Too slipperie to be lookt upon;
And threw men.

But then your graces they were such,
As none could er'e behold too much;
Both ev'ry taste, and ev'ry touch
So drew men.

Still blest in all you thinke, or doe,
Two of your Sons are *Gipsies* too,
You shall our *Queene* be, and see who
Importunes

The heart of either yours, or you;
And doth not with both *George*, and *Sue*,
And every Barne besides, all new
Good fortunes.

The Lady Purbecks by the

2 GIPSIE.

HElpe me wonder, her's a booke,
Where I would for ever looke;
Never yet did *Gipsie* trace,
Smoother lines in hands, or face:
Venus here doth *Saturne* move
That you should be *Queene* of love;
And the other *Starres* consent,
Onely *Cupid* not content;
For though you the theft disguise,
You have told him of his eyes:
And to shew his envie further,
Here he chargeth you with murther;
Sayes, although that at your sight,
He must all his troches light;
Though your either cheeks discloses,
Mingled bathes of milke and *Roses*,
Though your lips be bankes of blisses,
Where he plants, and gathers kisses;
And your selfe the reason why,
Wifest men for love may dye,
You will turne all hearts to tinder,
And shall make the World one cinder.

And the Ladie Elizabeth Hattons by the

5 G I P S I E.

Mistris, of a fayrer table
Hath not history, nor fable;
Others fortunes may be showne,
You are builder of your owne.
And what ever Heav'n hath given you,
You preserve the state still in you,
That which time would have depart,
Youth without the helpe of Art,
You doe keepe still, and the glory
Of your Sexe, is but your story.

The Lord Chamberlaine by the

J A C K M A N.

THough you Sir be Chamberlaine, I have a key
To open your fortune alittle by the way;
You are a good man,
Deny it that can;
And faithfull you are,
Deny it that dare.
You know how to use your sword and your Pen;
And you love not alone the Arts, but the men;
The graces and Muses ev'ry where follow
You, as you were their second *Apello*;
Onely your hand here tells you to your face,
You have wanted one grace,
To performe, what has beene a right of your place;
For by this line which is *Mars* his Trench,
You never yet help'd your Master to a Wench:
Tis well for your honour hee's pious, and chaste,
Or you had most certainly beene displaste.

Dance 2. Straine 3.

The Lord Keepers fortune by the

P A T R I C O.

AS happie a Palme Sir, as most i'the Land,
It should be a pure, and an innocent hand;
And worthie the trust,
For it sayes youle be just,
And carry that Purse,
Without any curse
Of the Publique-weale,
When you take out the Seale,

You

You doe not appeare,
 A Judge of a yeare.
 Ile venter my life
 You never had wife,
 But ile venter my skill,
 You may when you will.
 You have the Kings conscience too in your brest,
 And that's a good guest;
 Which you will have true touch of;
 And yet not make much of;
 More then by truth your selfe forth to bring,
 The man that you are, for God, and the King.

The Lord Treasurers fortune by the

3 GIPSI E.

I Come to borrow, and you'le grant my demand Sir,
 Since tis for no money, pray lend me your hand Sir;
 And yet this good hand if you please to stretch it,
 Had the Errant beene money, could easily fetch it;
 You command the Kings treasure, and yet on my soule
 You handle not much, for your palme is not foule:
 Your fortune is good, and will be to set
 The Office upright, and the King out of debt;
 To put all that have Pensions soone out of their paine,
 By bringing th' Exchequer in credit againe.

The Lord Privie-Scales,

2 GIPSI E.

Honest, and old,
 In those the good part of a fortune is told;
 God send you your health,
 The rest is provided, honour, and wealth;
 All which you possesse,
 Without the making of any man lesse,
 Nor need you my warrant, enjoy it you shall,
 For you have a good Privie-Scale for it all.

The Earle Marshalls,

3 GIPSI E.

NExt the great Master, who is the Donor,
 I reade you here the preserver of honour;
 And spie it in all your singular parts,
 What a father you are, and a nurse of the Arts.
 By cherishing which, a way you have found,
 How the free to all, to one may be bound,
 And they againe love their bonds; for to bee
 Obliged to you, is the way to be free:

But this is their fortune; Hearke to your owne,
Yours shall be to make true Gentry knowne
From the fictitious, not to prize blood
So much by the greatnesse, as by the good:
To shew, and to open cleere vertue the way,
Both whether she should, and how farre she may;
And whilst you doe judge twixt valour, and noyse
To'extinguish the race of the roaring boyes.

The Lord Stewards by the

4 GIP S I E.

I finde by this hand
You have the command
Of the very best mans house i' the land:
Our Captaine, and wee,
Ere long will see
If you keepe a good table;
Your Master's able.
And here be bountifull lines that say
You'le keepe no part of his bounty away.
Thus written to Franke
On your *Venus* banke;
To prove a false steward you'le find much adoe;
Being a true one by blood, and by office too.

Lord Marquesse Hamiltons by the

3 GIP S I E.

O Nely your hand, and welcome to Court;
Here is a man both for earnest, and sport.
You were lately employ'd
And your Master is joy'd
To have such in his traine
So well can sustaine
His person abroad,
And not shrinke for the load.
But had you beene here,
You should have beene a *Gipsie* I sweare;
Our Captaine had summond you by a doxie,
To whom you would not have answer'd by proxie;
One, had she come in the way of your Scepter,
Tis ods, you had layd it by to have leapt her.

The Earle of Buckclougs by the

PAT R I C O.

A Hunter you have beene heretofore,
And had game good store;

But

But ever you went
 Upon a new sent,
 And shifted your loves
 As often as they did their smockes, or their gloves:
 But since that your brave intendments are
 Now bent for the warre,
 The world shall see
 You can constant be,
 One Mistris to prove,
 And court her for your love.
Pallas, shall be both your *Sword*, and your *Gage*;
Truth, beare your *Shield*, and fortune your *Page*.

PATR. **W**hy this is a sport,
 See it *North*, see it *South*,
 For the taste of the *Court*,

JACK. For the *Courts* own mouth.

Come *Windsor*, the *Towne*,
 With the *Maier*, and oppose,
 Weell put them all downe,

PATR. Do--do--downe like my hose.

A *Gipsie* in his shape
 More calls the beholder,
 Then the fellow with the *Ape*,

JAC. Or the *Ape* on his shoulder.

H's a fight that will take
 An old *Judge* from his *Wench*,
 I, and keepe him awake,

PAT. Yes, awake on the *Bench*.

And has so much worth,
 Though he sit i' the *stocks*,
 He will draw the *Girles* forth,

JAC. I, forth i' their *smocks*.

Tut, a man's a man;
 Let the *Clownes* with their *Sluts*
 Come mend us if they can,

PAT. If they can, for their guts.

Come mend us, come lend us, their shouts, and their noyse;
 BOTH. Like thunder, and wonder at *Ptolomies* boyes.

2 Dance. 6 Straine, which leads into Dance 3.

During which, Enter the *Clownes*,

COCKRELL, CLOD, TOWNSHED, PUPPIE.

COCK. **O**H the Lord! what be these? *Tom* dost thou know?
 Come hither, come hither *Dick*, didst thou ever see
 such? the finest *Olive-colour'd* spirits, they have so danc'd, and gingled
 here, as if they had beene a sett of over-growne *Fayries*.

CLO. They should be Morris-dancers by their gingle, but they have no napkins:

Co. No, nor a Hobby-horse.

CL. Oh, hees often forgotten, that's no rule; but there is no *Mayd-marian*, nor *Friar* amongst them, which is the surer marke.

Co. Nor a Foole that I see.

CL. Unlesse they be all fooles.

TOVV. Well sed *Tom foole*; why thou simple pish Ass! thou! didst thou never see any *Gipsies*? these are a covie of *Gipsies*, and the bravest new-come, that ever Constable flew at; goodly game *Gipsies*, they are *Gipsies* o'this yeare, o'this Moone in my conscience.

CL. Oh they are called the Moone men I remember now!

COC. One shall hardly see such gentleman-like-*Gipsies*, though under a hedge in a whole Summers day, if they be *Gipsies*.

TOVV. Male *Gipsies* all, not a *Mort* among them.

PUP. Where? where? I could never endure the sight of these *Rogue-Gipsies*, which be they? I would faine see'em.

CL. Yonder they are.

PUP. Can they *Cant*, or *Mill*? are they masters of their Arts?

TO. No bachelours these, they cannot have proceeded so farre; they have scarce had their time to be lowfie yet.

PU. All the better; I would be acquainted with them while they are in cleane life, the'ile doe their tricks the cleanlier.

COC. We must have some musick then, and take out the Wenchies.

PUP. Musick, wee'll have a whole poverty of pipers, call cheeks upon the Bagpipe, and *Tom Ticklefoot* with his Tabor; see where he comes!

Co. I, and all the good wenchies of *Windsor*; after him, yonder is *Prue* o'the Parke,

TOVV. And *Frances* o'the Castle;

PUP. And long *Meg* of *Eaton*;

CLO. And *Christian* o' *Dorny*.

TOVV. See the miracle of a Minstrell.

Co. Hees able to muster up the smocks of the two Shieres;

PU. And let the *Codpeeces* and they by th'eares at pleasure.

TO. I cannot hold now, ther's my groat, let's have a fit for mirth sake.

Co. Yes, and the'ile come about us for lucke sake.

PU. But looke to our pockets, and purses, for our owne sake.

CL. I, I have the greatest charge; gather the money.

Co. Come Girles, here be *Gipsies* come to town, let's dance'em down.

The Clownes take out their Wenchies.

PRUDENCE, FRANCES, MEGGE, CHRISTIAN.

Country Dance.

During which, the Gipsies come about them prying, and after the

PATRICO.

Sweet Doxies, and Dells,
My Roses, and Knells,
Scarce out of the shells,
Your hands nothing ells.

K

Wee

Wering you no knells
 With our Ptolomies bells,
 Though we come from the fells,
 But bring you good spells,
 And tell you some chances,
 In midst of your dances,
 That fortune advances,
 To Prudence, or Frances;
 To Sissy, or Harry,
 To Roger, or Mary,
 Or Pegge of the Dary;
 To Maudlin, or Thomas,
 Then do not runne from us,
 Although we looke tawny,
 We are healthie, and brawny,
 What ere your demand is,
 Weell give you no jaundis.

PUP. Say you so old Gipsie? 'flid these go too't in rymes; this is better then canting by tone halfe.

TO. Nay, you shall heare'em; peace, they begin with *Prudence*, mark that.

PU. The wiser Gipsie's the Marry.

TO. Are you advis'd?

PU. Yes, and ile stand too't, that a wise Gipsie (take him at time o' year) is as pollique a peece of flesh, as most Justices in the County where hee stalkes.

3 GIP. To love a Keeper, your fortune will bee;
 But the *Doucets* better then him, or his fee.

TO. Ha *Prue*, has he hit you it'h teeth with a sweet bit?

PU. Let her alone, shee'll swallow well enough; A learned Gipsie.

TO. You'le heare more hereafter.

PU. Marry, and ile listen, who stands next? *Jack Cockrell*.

You'le ha' good lucke to horse-flesh o' my life,
 You plow'd so late with the Vicars wife.

PU. A Prophet, a prophet, no Gipsie; or if he be a Gipsie, a divine Gipsie.

TO. Mark *Frances*, now shee's going too't, the virginie o' the Parish.

PAT. Feare not, in hell you'le never lead Apes;
 A mortifi'd mayden, of five scapes.

PU. Birlady he toucht the virgin string there a little too hard, they are arrant learned men all I see; what say they upon *Tom, Clod, List*.

1 GIP. Clods feet will in *Christmas* goe neere to be bare,
 When he has lost all his hobnayles at Post and paire.

PU. Has hit the right nayle o'th head, his owne game.

TO. And the very mettall he deales in at play if you marke it.

PU. Peace, who's this? *Long Meg*?

TO. *Long*, and foule *Meg*, if she be a *Meg*, as ever I saw of her inches;
 pray God they fit her with a faire fortune.

PU. They slip her, and treat upon *Tickle-foot*.

1 GIP. On Sundayes you robbe the poores boxe with your tabor,
 The Collectors would doe it, you save them a labor.

PU.

PUP. Faith but a little, they'le doe it *non upstant*.

TO. Heer's my little *Christian*, forget, ha you any fortune left for her, a straight-lac'd *Christian* of sixteene.

PAT. *Christian* shall get her a loose bodice-gowne, In trimge, how a Gentleman differs from a Clowne.

PUP. Is that a fortune for a *Christian*; a *Turke*, or a *Gipsie* could not have told her a worse.

TO. Come, Ile stand my selfe, and once venter the poore head o'the Towne, doe your worst; my name's *Townshead*, and heers my hand Ile not be angry.

3 GIP. A *Cuckold* you must be, and that for three lives; Your owne, the Parsons, and your Wives.

TO. I sweare Ile never marry for that, an't be but to give fortune my foe the lye; Com Pan Puppie you must in too:

PUP. No, I'me well enough, I would ha' no good fortune an I might:

PAT. Yet looke to your selfe, you'le ha some ill luck, And shortly, for I have his purse at a plucke.

*Away birds Mum,
I heare by the Hum,
If Beck-harman come,
Hee'le strike us all dumbe;
With a noyse like a Drum,
Let's give him our roome;
Here, this way some,
And that way others,
We are not all brothers;
Leave me to the cheats,
Ile shew em some feates.*

PUP. What! are they gone? flowne all of a sudden? this is fine i'faith? a covie call y'em, they are a covie soone scatter'd mee thinke, who sprung'em I marle?

TO. Marry your selfe Puppie for ought I know, you quested last.

CLO. Would he had quested first, and sprung y'em an 'owre agoe, for mee.

TO. Why! what's the matter man?

CLO. 'Slid, they ha' sprung my purse, and all I had about me:

SO. They ha' not, ha'they?

CLO. As I am true *Clod*, ha'they, and ransacked me of every penny, outcept I were with child with an owle (as they say) I never saw such lucke, it's enough to make a man a whore.

PUP. Hold thy peace, thou talk'st as if thou had'st a license to lose thy purse alone in this company; 'slid here be those can lose a purse in honour of the *Gipsies*, as well as thou for thy heart, and never make word of it: I ha' lost my purse too.

COC. What was there i'thy purse, thou keep'st such a whining; was the lease of thy house in it.

PU. Or thy *Grannams* silver ring.

CL. No, but a *Mill* fixe-pence I lov'd as dearly, and a 2 pence I had to spend over and above; besides, the Harper that was gathered amongst us, to pay the *Piper*.

TOM. Our whole stocke, is that gone? how will *Tom Tickle-foot* doe to wet his whistle then?

PUP. Marry, a new collection, ther's no musicke else masters, hee can ill pipe that wants his upper lippe; Money.

PRU. They have robb'd me too of a dainty race of ginger, and a jetting I had, to draw Jacke Straw hether a holydayes.

TOM. Is't possible? fine finger'd *Gipsies* i' faith.

ME. And I have lost an enchanted Nutmegge, all guilded over, was enchanted at *Oxford* for mee, to put i' my sweet-hearts Ale a mornings; with a row of white-pins that pricke me to the very heart, the losse of them.

CLO. And I have lost, besides my purse, my best bride-lace I had at *Foane Turners* wedding, and a halpeworth of hobnayles: *Francis Addle-breech* has lost somewhat too, besides her Mayden-head.

FRA. I have lost my thimble, and a skeine of *Coventry-blew* I had to worke *Gregory Lichfield* a handkercheife.

CHR. And I unhappie *Christian* as I am, have lost my Practice of Pietie, with a bowed groat; and the ballet of *Whoope Barnibie*, which grieves me ten times worse.

CLO. And *Tickle-foot* h'as lost his cloute he sayes, with a three pence and foure tokens in't; besides his *Tabouring-sticke* ev'n now.

CO. And I my knife and sheath, and my fine *Dogs-leather* gloves.

TO. H'a we lost never a dogge amongst us, wher's *Puppie*.

PUP. Here goodman *Townshead*, you have nothing to lose it seemes, but the *Towne-braines* you are trusted with.

O H my deare marrowes!
 No shooting of arrowes,
 Or shafts of your wit,
 Each other to hit,
 In your skirmishing fit?
 Your store is but small,
 Then venter not all.
 Remember each mocke,
 Doth spend o'the stocke;
 And what was here done,
 Being under the Moone,
 And at afternoone,
 Will prove right soone
 Disceptio visus,
 Done Gratia risus.
 Ther's no such thing,
 As the losse of a ring,
 Or what you count worse,
 The misse of a purse.
 But haye for the maine,
 And passe of the straine,
 Heer's both come againe.
 And ther's an old twinger,
 Can show yee the ginger;

The Pinnes, and the Nutmegge
 Are safe here with Slut-megge;
 Then strike up your Tabour,
 And ther's for your labour;
 The sheath, and the knife, Ile venter my life,
 Shall breed you no strife,
 But like man, and wife,
 Or Sister, and brother, keepe one with another,
 And light as a feather,
 Make haste to come hither.

THe Coventry-blew,
 Hangs there upon Prue,
 And heer's one opens
 The Clout, and the Tokens;
 Denie the bow'd groat,
 And you lie i' your throat.
 Or the Tabourers nine pence,
 Or the sixe fine pence.
 As for the ballet,
 Or the booke what you call it;
 Alas our societie,
 Mell's not with pietie,
 Himselfe hath forsooke it,
 That first undertooke it;
 For thimble, or bride-lace
 Search yonder side lasse.
 All's to be found,
 If you looke your selves round;
 We scorne to take from yee,
 We had rather spend on yee,
 If any man wrong yee,
 The Theef's among yee.

To vv. **E**Xcellent i' faith, a most restorative Gipsie, all's here agen;
 and yet by his learning of Legier-demaine, he would make
 us beleeve we had robb'd our selves.

Co. A Gipsie of qualitie beleeve it, and one of the Kings Gipsies; this
 a Drinke-alian, or a Drinke-braggatan?

Aske him.

The King has his noyse of Gipsies, as well as of Bearwards, and other
 Minstrells.

Pu. What sort or order of Gipsies, I pray sir.

A Flagon-fekian,
 A Devils-arse-a Pekian;
 Borne first at Niglington,
 Bred up at Filchington,
 Boarded at Tappington,
 Bedded at Wappington.

To. Fore me, a dainty deriv'd Gipsie.

Pu. But I pray fir, if a man might aske on you, how came your Captaines place first to be call'd

the Devills-arfe.

PAT.

For that take my word,
We have a record,
That doth it afford,
And faves our first Lord,
Cocklorrell he hight,
On a time did invite
The Devill to a feast;
The tayle of the yeast,
Though since it be long,
Lives yet in a song;
Which if you would heare,
Shall plainly appeare.
Ile call in my Clarke
Shall sing like a Larke,
Come in my long sharke,
With thy face browne and darke;
With thy tricks, and thy toyes,
Make a merry merry noyse,
To those mad Country boyes,
And chant out the fart of the Grand-devils arse.

SONG.

Cock-lorrell, would needs have the Devill his guest,
And bad him once into the Peake to dinner,
Where never the Fiend had such a feast,
Provided him yet at the charge of a sinner.

His stomacke was queasie (for comming there Coacht),
The jogging had caus'd some crudities rise;
To helpe it he call'd for a Puritan poacht,
That used to turne up the egg's of his eyes.

And so recover'd unto his wish,
He sate him downe, and he fell to eate;
Promooter in plum-broth was the first dish,
His owne privie kitchen had no such meate.

Yet though with this he much were taken
Vpon a sudden he shifted his trencher
As soone as he spi'd the Bawd, and bacon,
By which you may note the devill's a wenchet.

Sixe pickl'd Taylors sliced and cut,
Sempsters, Tyrcwomen, fit for his pallat;
With Feathermen, and perfumers put,
Some twelve in a Charger to make a grand sallet.

A rich fat Vsurer stu'd in his marrow,
And by him a Lawyers head and green-sawce;
Both which his belly tooke in like a barrow,
As if till then he had never seene sawce.

Then Carbonadoed, and Cook't with paines;
Was brought up a cloven Serjants face;
The sauce was made of his Yeamans braines,
That had beene beaten out with his owne mate.

Two roasted Sheriffes came whole to the board;
(The feast had nothing beene without 'em)
Both living, and dead, they were foxt, and furd;
Their chaines like sawsages hung about 'em.

The very next dish, was the Mayor of a Towne,
With a pudding of maintenance thrust in his belly;
Like a Goose in the feathers drest in his gowne,
And his couple of Hinch-boyes boyled to a jelly.

A London Cuckold, hot from the spit,
And when the Carver up had broke him;
The Devill chopt up his head at a bit,
But the hornes were very neere like to have choakt him.

The chine of a Lecher too there was roasted,
With a plumpe Harlots haunch and garlicke;
A Panders pettitocs that had boasted
Himselfe for a Captaine, yet never was warlicke.

A large fat pastie of a Mid-wife hot,
And for a cold bak't meat into the story,
A reverend painted Ladie was brought,
And coffin'd in crust, till now she was hoary.

To these, an over-growne-justice of peace,
With a Clarke like a giZZard thrust under each arme;
And warrants for sippets, layd in his owne grease,
Set o're a chaffing dish to be kept warme.

The joule of a Faylor, serv'd for fish,
A Constable souf'd with vineger by;
Two Aldermen lobsters asleepe in a dish,
A Deputy tart, a Churchwarden pye.

All which devour'd; He then for a close,
Did for a full draught of Derby call;
He heav'd the huge vessell up to his nose,
And left not till he had drunke up all.

Then from the table he gave a start,
Where banquet, and wine were nothing scarce;

*All which he slirted away with a fart,
From whence it was call'd the Devils Arse.*

*And there he made such a breach with the winde,
The hole too standing open the while,
That the sent of the vapour, before, and behinde,
Hath fouly perfumed most part of the Isle.*

*And this was Tobacco, the learned suppose;
Which since in Countrey, Court, and Towne,
In the Devills glister-pipe smoaks at the nose
Of Pollicat, and Madam, of Gallant, and Clowne.*

*From which wicked weed, with Swines-flesh, and Ling;
Or any thing else thats feast for the Fiend:
Our Captaine, and wee, cry God save the King,
And send him good meate, and mirth without end.*

PUP. **A**N excellent song, and a sweet Songster, and would have done rarely in a Cage, with a dish of water, and hempseed; a fine breast of his owne: Sir you are a Prelate of the Order, I understand, and I have a terrible grudging now upon mee to bee one of your company; will your Captaine take a Prentise Sir? I would binde my selfe to him bodie and soule, either for one and twenty yeares, or as manie lives as he would.

CLO. I, and put in my life for one, for I am come about too; I am sorry I had no more money i' my purse when you came first upon us Sir; If I had knowne you would have pickt my pocket so like a Gentleman, I would have beene better provided; I shall bee glad to venter a purse with your Worshipp at any time you'll appoint, so you would preferre mee to your Captaine; Ile put in security for my truth, and serve out my time, though I dye to morrow.

COC. I, upon those termes Sir, and in hope your Captaine keepes better cheere then he made the Devill, for my stomacke will nere agree with that dyet, wee'll be all his followers; Ile goe home and fetch a little money Sir, all I have, and you shall picke my pocket to my face, and i'le avouch it; A man would not desire to have his pocket pick't in better company.

PUP. Tut, they have other manner of gifts then picking of pockets, or telling fortunes; if they would but please to shew'em, or thought us poore Countrey mortalls worthy of them; what might a man doe to be a Gentleman of your company Sir?

I, a Gipsie in ord'nary, or nothing.

PAT.

FReinds not to refell yee,
Or any way quell ye,
To buy or to sell ye,
I onely must tell ye;
Ye ayme at a mystery,
Worthie a History,

There

Ther's much to be done,
 E're you can be a Sonne,
 Or brother of the Moone.
 Tis not so soone
 Acquir'd, as desir'd.
 You must be *Ben-bowse*,
 And sleepey, and drowse,
 And lasie, and lowse,
 Before ye can rowse yee,
 In shape that arowse yee.
 And then you may stalke
 The *Gipsies* walke;
 To the *Coopes*, and the *Pennes*,
 And bring in the *Hennes*,
 Though the Cocke be sullen
 For losse of the Pullen:
 Take Turkie, or Capon,
 And Gammons of Bacon,
 Let nought be forsaken;
 Wee'll let you go loose,
 Like a Foxe to a Goose,
 And shew you the stie
 Where the little Pigs lie;
 Whence if you can take
 One or two, and not wake
 The Sow in her dreames,
 But by the Moone beames;
 So warily hye,
 As neither doe cry.
 You shall the next day
 Have license to play
 At the hedge a flirt,
 For a sheet, or a shirt;
 If your hand be light,
 Ile shew you the flight
 Of our *Ptolomies* knot,
 It is, and 'tis not,
 To change your complexion,
 With the noble confection
 Of *Wall-nuts*, and *Hogs-grease*,
 Better then *Dogs-grease*:
 And to milke the Kine,
 Ere the Milke-mayd fine
 Hath open'd her eie.
 Or if you desire
 To spit, or fart fire,
 Ile teach you the knacks,
 Of eating of flaxe;
 And out of their noses,
 Draw Ribbands, and posies.

As for example,
 Mine owne is as ample,
 And fruitfull a nose,
 As a wit can suppose;
 Yet it shall goe hard,
 But there will be spar'd,
 Each of you a yard,
 And worth your regard.
 When they collour, and fize
 Arrive at your eyes.

And if you encline
 To a cup of good wine,
 When you suppe, or dine;
 If you chance it to lacke,
 Be it Clarret, or Sacke;
 Ile make this snout,
 To deale it about,
 Or this to runne out,
 As it were from a spout.

TOVV. **A**dmirable tricks, and he does'em all *se defendendo*, as if he would not be taken in the trappe of authority, by a fraile fleshy Constable.

PVP. Without the ayd of a Cheese,

CLO. Or helpe of a flitch of bacon.

CO. Oh, he would chirp in a paire of stockes sumptuously; I'de give any thing to see him play loose with his hands, when his feet were fast.

PVP. O'my conscience he feares not that, and the Marshall himselve were here; I protest I admire him.

PAT. **I**S this worth your wonder,
 Nay then you shall under-
 Stand more of my skill.
 I can (for I will)
 Here at *Burley* o'th Hill,
 Give you all your fill,
 Each Jacke with his Gill,
 And shew you the *King*,
 The *Prince* too and bring;
 The *Gipsies* were here,
 Like *Lords* to appeare,
 With such there attenders,
 As you thought offenders,
 Who now become *new men*,
 Youle know them for *true men*,
 For he we call cheife,
 Ile tell't ye in breife,
 Is so farre from a theife,
 As he gives ye releife
 With his bread, beare, and beife.
 And

And tis not long since
Ye dranke of his Wine,
And it made you fine;
Both Clarret, and Sherrie,
Then let us be merrie,
And helpe with your call,
For a *Hall*, a *Hall*.
Stand up to the wall,
Both good men, and tall,
We are one mans all.

BEVER.

THe first of *August*,
Will not let saw-dust
Lie in your throats,
Or cobwebs, or Oates;
But helpe to scoure ye.
This is no *Gowrie*,
Has drawne *James* hither,
But the goodman of *Bever*,
Our *Buckingham's* Father;
Then so much the rather
Make it a jolly night,
For tis a holy night,
Spight of the *Constable*,
Or *Mas Deane of Dunstable*.

Att.

A *Hall*, a *hall*, a *hall*.

The Gipsies chang'd

Dance.

PATRICO.

WHy now ye behold,
Twas truth that I told;
And no devise;
They are chang'd in a trice,
And so will I,
Be my selfe, by and by.
I onely now
Must studie how
To come off with a grace,
With my *Patrico's* place:
Some short kind of blessing,
It selfe addressing
Unto my good Master,
Which light on him faster,
Then wishes can flye.
And you that stand by
Be as jocund as I;

L 2

Each

Each man with his voyce,
 Give his heart to rejoyce,
 Which I'le requite,
 If my Art hit right,
 Though late now at night,
 Each *Clowne* here in sight,
 Before day light,
 Shall prove a good *Knight*;
 And your *Lasses* Pages
 Worthie their wages,
 Where fancie engages
 Girles to their ages.

CLOVV. Oh any thing for the *Patrico*, what ist? what ist?

PAT. Nothing, but beare the bob of the close,
 It will be no burthen you well may suppose.
 But blesse the Sov'raine, and his sences,
 An to wish away offences,

CLO. Let us alone, blesse the Sov'raine, and his sences:

PAT. Wee'll take them in order, as they have being,
 And first of seeing.

I

PAT. **F**rom a *Gipsie*, in the morning,
 Or a paire of squint-eyes turning:
 From the *Goblin*, and the spectre,
 Ora *Drunkard*, though with *Nectar*;
 From a woman true to no man,
 Which is ougly, besides common;
 A smocke rampant, and the itches,
 To be putting on the breeches:
 Wher so'ere they ha' their being,
 Blesse the *Sov'raine*, and his seeing.

From a foole, and serious toyes;
 From a *Lawyer*, three parts noyse;
 From impertinence, like a Drum
 Beate at dinner in his roome;
 From a tongue without a file,
 Heapes of *Phrases*, and no stile.
 From a Fiddle out of tune,
 As the *Cuckoo* is in *June*.
 From the candlesticks of *Lathbury*,
 And the lowd pure wives of *Banbury*:
 Ora long pretended fit,
 Meant for mirth, but is not it:
 Onely time, and cares out-wearing,
 Blesse the *Sov'raine*, and his hearing.

3

From a strolling Tinkers sheete;
Or a payre of Carriers feet:
From a Ladie that doth breath,
Worse above, then underneath.
From the *Diet*, and the knowledge
Of the students in Beares-colledge:
From *Tobacco*, with the tipe
Of the *Devills* glister-pipe;
Or a stincke all stincks excellling;
A *Fishmongers* dwelling,
Blesse the *Sov'raigne*, and his smelling.

4

From an *Oyster*, and fry'd fish
A *Sowes* babye in a dish:
From any portion of a Swine,
From bad Venison, and worse wine.
Ling, what *Cooke* so'ere it boyle,
Though with mustard sawc'd and oyle;
Or what else would keepe man fasting,
Blesse the *Sov'raigne*, and his tasting.

5

Both from birdlime, and from pitch;
From a Doxie, and her itch.
From the bristles of a Hogge,
Or the ring-worme in a Dogge.
From the courthippe of a brier,
Or *St. Antonies* old fier.
From a needle, or a thorne;
I the bed at Ev'n, or Morne.
Or from any *Gowtes* least grutching.
Blesse the *Sov'raigne*, and his touching.

Blesse him too from all offences,
In his sports, as in his fences.
From a Boy to crosse his way,
From a fall, or a foule day.

Blesse him, ô blesse him Heav'n, and lend him long
To be the sacred burthen of all song;
The Acts, and yeares, of all our *Kings* t'out go;
And while hee's mortall, we not thinke him so.

After

After which, ascending up, the Jackman sings.

SONG I.

THe sports are done, yet doe not let
 Your joyes in swaden silence sett;
 Delight, and dumbnesse never met
 In one selfe subject yet.
 If things oppos'd must mixt appeare,
 Then adde a boldnesse to your feare,
 And speake a kymne to him;
 Where all your duties do of right belong,
 Which I will sweeten with an under song.

CAPTAINE.

GLory of ours, and grace of all the Eath;
 How well your figure doth become your birth;
 As if your forme, and fortune equall stood,
 And onely vertue got above your blood.

SONG 2.

Vertue; his Kingly vertue which did merrit
 This Isle entire, and you are to inherit.

4 GIPSIER.

How right he doth confesse him in his face,
 His browe, his eye, and ev'ry marke of State;
 As if he were the issue of each Grace,
 And bore about him both his fame, and fate:

SONG 3.

Looke, looke, is hee not faire,
 And fresh, fragrant too
 As Summer skie; or purged Aire,
 And lookes as Lillies doe,
 That were this morning blowne.

4 GIPSIER.

Oh more! that more of him were knowne.

3 GIPSIER.

Looke how the Windes upon the Waves growne tame,
 Take up Land sounds upon their purple wings;
 And catching each from other, beare the same
 To ev'ry angle of their sacred springs.

So will we take his praise, and hurle his name
 About the *Globe*, in thousand Ay'ry rings,
 If his great vertue be in lore with fame,
 For that contem'd, both are neglected things.

SONG 4.

Good Princes soare above their fame;
 And in their worth,
 Come greater forth,
 Then in their name.

Such, such the Father is,
 Whom ev'ry title strives to kisse;
 Who on his Royall grounds unto himselfe doth raise,
 The worke to trouble fame, and to astonish praise.

4 GIPSE.

Indeed hee's not Lord alone of all the State,
 But of the love of men, and of the Empires fate.
 The *Muses* Arts, the *Schooles* commerce, our honours lawes,
 And *Vertues* hang on him, as on their working cause.

- 2 GIP. His Hand-mayd *Iustice* is,
 3 GIP. *Wisedome*, his Wite;
 4 GIP. His Mistrresse, *Mercie*;
 5 GIP. *Temperance*, his life.
 2 GIP. His Pages bounty, and grace which many prove,
 3 GIP. His Guards are *Magnanimitie*, and love.
 4 GIP. His Ushers, *Councell*, *Truth*, and *Pietie*,
 5 GIP. And all that followes him, *Felicitie*.

SONG 5.

Oh that we understood
 Our good;
 Ther's happinesse indeed in blood,
 And store,
 But how much more,
 When vertu's flood
 In the same streame doth hit?
 As that growes high with yeares, so happinesse with it.

CAPTAINE.

Love, love his fortune then, and vertues knowne;
 Who is the toppe of men,
 But makes the happinesse our owne;
 Since where the *Prince*, for goodnesse is renownd,
 The Subject with *Felicitie* is Crownd.

The End.

The EPILOGUE.

AT Burley, Bever, and now last at Windsor,
 Which shewes we are Gypsies of no common kinde Sir;
 You have beheld (and with delight) their change,
 And how they came transform'd, may thinke it strange.
 It being a thing not touch't at by our Poet,
 Good Ben slept there, or else forgot to shew it;
 But least it prove like wonder to the sight,
 To see a Gipsie, as an Æthiope, white.
 Know, that what dy'd our faces, was an oyntment
 Made, and layd on by Mr. Woolfes appointment,
 The Court Licanthropos; yet without spells,
 By a meere Barber, and no Magicke ells:
 It was fetcht off with water, and a ball,
 And to our transformation, this is all,
 Save what the Master Fashioner calls his,
 For to Gypsies Metamorphosis,
 Who doth disguise his habit, and his face,
 And takes on a false person by his place:
 The power of Poetrie can never faile her;
 Assisted by a Barber, and a Taylor.

FINIS.

THE MASQUE OF AUGURES.

WITH
THE SEVERALL
ANTIMASQUES

PRESENTED ON

TWELFE-NIGHT,

1622.

The first Antimasque had for the SCENE

The Court Buttry-hatch.

The Presenters were from St. KATHARINES,

Notch a *Brewers Clarke*, Slug a *Lighterman*, Van-goose a *rare Artist*, Lady
Alewife, her two *Women*, three dancing *Beares*, Urson the *Bear-ward*,
Groome of the *Revells*.

NOTCH. Come, now my head's in, Ile even venture the whole:
I ha scene the Lyons ere now, and he that hath scene
them may see the King.

SLUG. I thinke he may; but have a care you go not too high (neigh-
bour *Notch*) least you chance to have a Tally made of your pate, and bee
clawed with a cudgell; there is as much danger going too neere the King,
as the Lyons.

GROOM. Whither? whither now gamesters? what is the businesse?
the affaire? stop I beseech you.

NOT. This must be an Officer, or nothing, he is so peart and breife
in his demands! a pretty man! and a pretty man is a little o'this side no-
thing; howsoever we must not be daunted now, I am sure I am a greater
man than he out of the Court, and I have lost nothing of my Sire since I
came to it.

GROOM. Hey-da! what's this? A hogshead of beere broake out of
the Kings buttery, ro some Dutch Hulke! whether are you bound? The
winde is against you, you must backe; doe you know where you
are?

NOT. Yes sir, if we bee not mistaken, we are at the Court, and would
M be

be glad to speake with something of lesse authority, and more wit, that knowes a little in the place.

GRO. Sir, I know as little as any man in the place; speake, what is your businesse? I am an Officer, Groome of the Revels, that is my place.

NOT. To fetch Bonge of Court a parcell of invisable bread, and beere for the Plaiers (for they never see it) or to mistake fixe Torches from the Chandry, and give them one.

GRO. How sir?

NOT. Come, this is not the first time you have carried coales to your owne house, I meane that should have warm'd them.

GROOM. Sir, I may doe it by my place, and I must question you farther.

NOT. Be not so musty sir, our desire is only to know whether the Kings Majesty, and the Court expect any disguise here to night.

GRO. Disguise! what meane you by that? doe you thinke that his Majesty sits here to expect drunkards?

NOT. No, if hee did, I beleeeve you would supply that place better then you do this: Disguise was the old English word for a Masque sir, before you were an implement belonging to the Revels.

GR. There is no such word in the Office now I assure you sir, I have serv'd here, man, and boy a Prentiship or twaine, and I should know. But, by what name so ever you call it, here will be a Masque, and shall be a Masque, when you and the rest of your Comrogues shall sit disguis'd in the stocks.

NOTCH. Sure by your language you were never meant for a Courtier, howsoever it hath beene your ill fortune to be taken out of the nest young; you are some Constables egge, some such Widgin of Authoritie, you are so easily offended! Our comming was to shew our loves sir, and to make a little merry with his Majesty to night, and we have brought a Masque with us, if his Majestie had not beene better provided.

GROOM. Who you? you a Masque? why you stincke like so many bloat-herrings newly taken out of the chimney! In the name of Ignorance, whence came you? or what are you? you have beene hang'd in the smoake sufficiently, that is smelt out alreadie.

NOTCH. Sir, we doe come from among the Brewhouses in Saint Katherines, that's true, there you have smoak'd us (the Docke comfort your nostrills,) and we may have lived in a mist there, and so mist our purpose; but for mine owne part I have brought my properties with me to expresse what I am; the keyes of my calling hang here at my girdle, and this the Register booke of my function shewes mee no lesse then a Clarke at all points, and a Brewers Clarke, and a Brewers head Clarke.

GRO. A man of accompt sir! I cry you mercie.

SLUG. I sir, I knew him a fine Merchant, a merchant of Hops, till all hopt into the water.

NOTCH. No more of that, what I have beene, I have beene; what I am, I am: I *Peter Notch*, Clarke, hearing the Christmas invention was drawne drie at Court; and that neither the KING'S Poet,

nor his Architect had wherewithall left to entertaine so much as a Baboone of quality, nor scarce the *Welsh* Embassadour if hee should come there: Out of my allegiance, to wit, drew in some other friends that have as it were presumed out of their own naturalls, to fill up the *vacuum* with some pretty presentation, which we have addressed, and conveighed hither in a Lighter at the generall charge, and landed at the backe doore of the Buttery, through my neighbour *Slug's* credit there.

SLVG. A poore Lighter-man sir, one that hath had the honour sometimes to lay in the Kings beere there; and I assure you I heard it in no worse place then the very Buttry, for a certaine, there would bee no Masque, and from such as could command a jacke of beere, two, or three.

VAN. Dat is all true, exceeding true, de inventors be barren, lost, two, dre, four mile, I know that from my selven; dey have no ting, no ting van deir owne, but dat dey take from de eard, o2 de zea, o2 de heaven, o2 de hell, o2 de rest van de veir Elementen, de place a, dat be so common as de bench in de Burdello. How me would bring in some dainty new ting, dat neber was, no2 neber sall be in de rebus natura; dat has neder van de materia, no2 de forma, no2 de haffen, no2 de boote, but a mera devisa of de bzaine—

GROOM. Hey-da! what *Hans Flutterkin* is this? what *Dutchman* doe's build or frame Castles in the Aire?

NOT. He is no *Dutch* man sir, he is a *Brittaine* borne, but hath learn'd to misuse his owne tongue in travell, and now speakes all languages in ill English; a rare Artist he is sir, and a Projector of Masques. His Project in ours is, that we should all come from the three dancing Beares in Saint *Katherines* (you may hap know it sir) hard by where the Priest fell in, which Alehouse is kept by a distressed Lady; whose name (for the honour of Knighthood) will not bee knowne; yet she is come in person here Errant, to fill up the adventure with her two women that draw drinke under her, Gentlewomen borne all three, I assure you.

SLVG. And were three of those Gentlewomen that should have acted in that famous matter of *Englands* joy in fixe hundred and three.

LADY. What talke you of *Englands* joy, Gentlemen? you have another matter in hand I wis, *Englands* sport and delight if you can manage it. The poore Cattle yonder are passing away the time, with a cheat loafe, and a bumbard of broken beere, how will ye dispose of them?

GRO. Cattle! what cattle doe's she meane?

LADY. No worse then the Kings game I assure you; The Beares, Beares both of qualitie and fashion, right Beares, true Beares.

NOT. A devise only to expresse the place from whence we come (my Ladies house) for which we have borrowed three very Beares that (as her Ladyship aforelayd sayes) are well bred, and can dance to present the signe, and the Beareward to stand for the signe-poast.

GRO. That is prettie; but are you sure you have sufficient Beares for the purpose.

SLVG. Very sufficient Beares as any are in the Ground, the *Parish-Garden*, and can dance at first sight, and play their owne tunes if need bee. *John Vrsen* the Beare-ward, offers to play them with any Citie-dancers christned, for a ground measure.

NOT. Marry, for lofty tricks, or dancing on the Ropes hee will not

undertake, it is out of their element he sayes. Sir, all our request is since we are come, we may be admitted, if not for a Masque, for an *Antickmask*, and as we shall deserve therein, we desire to be returned with credit to the Buttry from whence we came, for reward, or to the Porters Lodge with discredit, for our punishment.

GRO. To be whipt with your Beares? Well, I could bee willing to venture a good word in behalfe of the Game, if I were assured the afore-sayd game would be cleanly, and not fright the Ladies.

NOR. For that sir, the Bear-ward hath put in securitie, by warranting my Ladie and her Women to dance the whole changes with them in safety; and for their abusing the place you shall not need to feare, for he hath given them a kinde of Dycet-bread to binde them to their good behaviour.

GRO. Well, let them come; if you need one, Ile helpe you my selfe.

Enter John Urson with his Beares singing.

Ballad.

Though it may seeme rude
For me to intrude,
With these my Beares by chance-a;
'Twere sport for a King,
If they could sing
As well as they can dance-a

Then to put you out
Of feare or doubt,
We came from St. Katharina-a;
These dancing three,
By the helpe of mee,
Who am the Post of the signe-a

We sell good ware,
And we need not care
Though Court, and Country knew it
Our Ale's o'the best,
And each good guest
Prayes for their souls that brew it.

For any Ale-house,
We care not a lowse,
Nor Taverne in all the Towne-a;
Nor the Vintry Cranes,
Nor St. Clements Danes,
Nor the Devill can put us down-a.

Who has once there beene,
Comes thither agen,
The liquour is so mighty;

Bare

Beere strong and stale,
And so is our Ale,
And it burnes like Aquavita.

To a stranger there,
If any appeare,
Where never before he has bin;
We shew th' yron Gate,
The wheele of St. Kate,
And the place where the Priest fel in.

The Wives of Wapping
They trudge to our tapping,
And still our Ale desire;
And there sit and drinke,
Till the spue, and stinke,
And often pisse out our fire.

From morning to night,
And about to day-light,
They sit and never grudge it;
Till the Fish-wives joyne
Their single coyne,
And the Tinker pannes his budget.

If their braines be not well,
Or their bladders doe swell,
To ease them of their burden;
My Ladie will come
With a bowle and a broome,
And her Hand-mayd with a Iorden.

From Court we invite
Lord, Ladie, and knight;
Squire, gentleman, yeoman and groom,
And all our stiffe drinkers,
Smiths, Porters, and Tinkers,
And the beggars shall give ye roome.

VAN. How like you? how like you?

GRO. Excellent! The Beares have done learnedly, and sweetly.

VAN. 'Tis noting, 'tis noting; will you see something? Ick sall bring in de
Turkschen, met all zin Bashawes, and zin dirty towlsand Yanitsaries met all zin
Whoozen, Cunuken, all met an audez, de Sofie van Persia, de Tartar Cham met de
groat King of Mogull, and make deir men, and deir horse, and deir Elephanten be
seene fight in de ayre, and be all killeen, and alsben, and no such ting. And all dis
met de Ars van de Catropricks, by de reflexie van de glassen.

NOT. Oh, he is an admirable Artist.

SLVG. And a halfe fir.

GRO. But where will he place his glasse?

VAN.

VAN. Flow, dat is all ean, as it be two, drie, veir, vife thousand Mile off: Ick sall multipliren de vizioun, met an ander secret dat Ick heb: Spreek, bat vil you haben?

GRO. Good sir put him toot, bid him doe something that is impossible; he will undertake it I warrant you.

NOR. I doe not like the *Mogul*, nor the great *Turke*, nor the *Tartar*, their names are somewhat to big for the Roome; marry if he could shew us some Countrey Plaiers, strolling about in severall Shires, without licence from the Office, that would please I know whom, or some Welsh Pilgrims.

VAN. Pilgrim? now you talke of de Pilgrim, it come in my head, Ick vill shew you all de whole brabe Pilgrim o' de Worlde: de Pilgrim dat goe now, now at de instant, two, drie thousand Mile to de great Mahomet, at de Mecha, or here, dere, ebery where, make de fine Labyrints, and shew all de brabe erroz in de worlde.

SLVG. And shall we see it here?

NAN. Pau, here, here, here in dis Roome, tis very Roome: vel bat is dat to you if Ick doe de ting? bat an debill, vera boten debill?

GRO. Nay, good sir be not angry.

NOR. 'Tis a disease that followes all excellent men, they cannot governe their passions; but let him alone, try him one'bout.

GRO. I would try him, but what has all this to doe with our Maske?

VAN. O Sir, all de better for an Antick-maske, de moze absurd it be, and from de purpose, it be ever all de better. If it goe from de nature of de ting, it is de moze Art: for deare is Art, and deare is Nature, you sall see. Hochos-pochos, Paucos, Palabros.

The Second Antimaske.

Which was a perplex'd Dance of straying and deform'd Pilgrims taking severall pathes, till with the opening of the light above, and breaking forth of Apollo, they were all frighted away, and the Maine Masque begun.

(^a) APOLLO descending, Sung.

I*t is no dreame, you all doe wake, and see;
Behold, who comes! (^b) far-shooting Phoebus he
That can both hurt and (^c) heale; and with his (^d) voyce
Reare Townes, and make societies rejoyce;
That taught the Muses all their harmonie,
(^e) And men the tunefull Art of Augurie.
Apollo stoopes, and when a God descends,
May Mortalls thinke he hath no vulgar ends.*

(^a) Artes eximias quatuor Apollini acceptas tulit antiquitas (^b) Sagittandi peretiam, unde apud Homerum, frequens illud Epitheton *εὐβελος*, longe jaculans. (^c) Medicinam, unde Medici nomen adeptus. (^d) Musicam, unde *μουσικήτης* appellatus. (^e) Et Divinationem (in qua etiam Augurium) unde Augur Apollo dictus, Virg. *Æneid.* lib. 4. & Horat. *Car.* lib. 1. Ode. 2. *Nube cadentes humeros amictus Augur Apollo.* Et *Car.* sæcul. ult. ubi doctissimus Poeta has artes totidem versibus complectitur. *Augur & fulgente decorus arcu Phæbus, acceptus que novem cæmenis, Qui salutari levat arte fessos corporis artus.*

Being neere the earth, he call'd these persons following, who came forth
as from their Tombs.

(^f) **L**inus, and (^s) Orpheus, (^h) Branchus, (ⁱ) Idmon, all
My sacred Sons, rise at your Fathers call
From your immortall Graves, where sleepe, not death,
Yet bindes your powers.

LINVS. Here.

ORPHEVS. Here.

BRANCHVS. What sacred breath
Doth re-inspire us?

IDMON. Who is this we feele?

(^k) PHOEMONOE.

What heat creepes through me, as when burning Steele
Is dipt in water?

Apollo. I, Phœmonœ,
Thy Father Phœbus's fury filleth thee;
Confesse my Godhead; once againe I call,
Let whole Apollo enter in you all,
And follow me.

CHORVS.

We flie, we doe not tread,
The Gods doe use to ravish whom they lead.

(^f) Linus Appollinis & Terpsichores filius. Pauf. (^s) Orpheus, Apollinis & Calliopes, de quibus Virg. in Ecloga inscript. Non me Carminibus vincet, nec Thraetius Orpheus. Nec Linus, hunc mater quam vis, atque huic pater adsit Orphei Calliopea Lino formosus Apollo. (^h) Branchus, Apollinis & Jances filius, de quo vid. Strab. lib. 4. & Stacium, Thebaid. lib. 3. --- patrioque æqualis honori Branchus. (ⁱ) Idmon, Apollinis & Asteries filius. De illo vid. Valer. Flac. lib. 1. Argonautic. --- Contra Phœbus Idmon non pallore viris non ullo honore comarum terribilis plenus satis, Phœboque quieto cui genitor tribuit prænoscere Divum Omina, seu Flammæ, seu lubrica cominus exta (seu plenum certis interroget aëra pennæ. (^k) Phœmonœ filia Phœbi quæ prima carmen heroicum cecinit. Hesiod. in Theog.

Apollo descended, shewed them where the King sate, and
sung forward.

BEhold the love and care of all the Gods
Of the Ocean, and the happie Iles;
That whilst the World about him is at ods,
Sits Crowned Lord here of himselfe, and smiles.

CHORVS.

To see the erring mazes of mankind;
Who seeke for that, doth punish them to finde.

Then he advanced with them to the King.

APOLLO.

PRince of thy Peace, see what it is to love
The Powers above!
Jove hath commanded me
To visit thee;

And

And in thine honour with my ⁽¹⁾ Musique reare

^(m) a Colledge here,

Of tunefull Augures, whose divining skill,

shall waite thee still,

And be the Heralds of his highest will.

The worke is done,

And I have made their President thy Sonne;

Great Mars too, on these nights,

⁽ⁿ⁾ hath added Salian rites.

Yond, yond as farre,

They closed in their ^(o) Temple are,

And each one guided by a starre.

CHORVS.

Haste, haste, to meet them, and as they advance

twixt every Dance,

Let us interpret their Prophetick trance.

⁽¹⁾ Allusio ad illud Ovidij Epistol. Epist. Parid. Ilion aspicias, firmataq; turribus altis Mania Apollinea structa cavore lyrae. ^(m) Augurandi scientia nobilis erat & antiqua, apud Gentes praesertim Hetruseos: quibus erat Collegium & Domicilium celeberrimum Augurum, quorum summa fuit Auctoritas & Dignitas per totam Italiam potissimum Roma. Romulus urbe condita, Collegium & Augures ibi instituit, ipse nobiles, ut apud Liu. Lib. 1. & Tull. ib. 1. Optimus Augur. Eorum officium fuit auspicia captare & ex iis colligere signa futurarum rerum, Deorumq; monita considerare de eventibus prosperis vel adversis. Sacer erat Romanis & res regia habita, dignitasq; penes patricos & principes viros mansit etiam apud Imperatores obtinuit unde ab Apolline nosiro, tales Praeses pulchre designatus ⁽ⁿ⁾ Saltationes in rebus sacris adhibebantur apud omnes pene gentes: & a saliendo, seu saltatione sacra ad saliare carmen instituta. Salij dicti & Marti consecrati. Omnes etiam qui ad cantum & tibiam ludebant Salij & Salisubfuli dicebantur. Salius, ἑρμωδός vet. gloss. & Pacuv. Pro Imperio sic Salisubfulus vestro excubet Mars. & Virg. Aeneid. lib. 8. Tum Salij ad Cantus incensa altaria circum populeis adsunt evincti tempora ramis. ^(o) Auguria capraturi caelum eligeant purum & serenum, aëreque nitido Lituum (qui erat baculus incurvus Augurale Signum) manu tenebat Augur. Eo calitrigiones designabat, & metas intra quas contineri debebant Auguria: & haec vocabantur Tempia: unde Contemplatio dicti est Consideratio, & meditatio rerum sacrarum, ut dextrum sinistrumq; latus observaret. In impetrato sibi ipso regiones designabat; in oblato manum suam respexit laevam aut dextram. Regiones ab Oriente in occasum terminabat limite decumano, & cardine ex transverso signo metato, quo oculi ferrent quam longissime. Artica in Ortum vergibat. Postica regio à Tergo ad occasum. Dextra ad meridiem. Sinistra ad septentrionem. Observationes fiebant Augure sedente, capite velato, toga duplici Augurali candida amictu, à mediâ nocte ad mediam diem, crescente non deficiente die. Neq; capiebantur Auguria post mensem Julium, propterea quod Aves redderentur imbeciliores & morbidae, Pulchritudo eorum esset imperfecta.

Here they fetch'd out the Maskers, and came before them with
the Torch-bearers along the Stage, singing this
full Song.

APOLLO and CHORUS.

Which way, and whence the lightning flew,
Or how it burned, bright, and blew,
Designe, and figure by your lights:
Then forth, and shew the severall flights

Your (P) Birds have made, or what the wing
 Or voyce in Augurie doth bring.
 Which hand the Crow cried on, how high
 The Vulture, or the Erne did flie,
 What wing the Swan made, and the Dove,
 The Storke, and which did get above:
 Shew all the Birds of food or Prey,
 But passe by the unluckie Fay,
 The Night-Crow, Swallow, or the Kite
 Let those have neither right, CHOR. Nor part,
 In this nights art.

(P) Augurandi scientia ορνιθομαντεια dicta. Divinatio per aves. Aves aut Oscines, aut Præpetes
 Oscines, quæ ore, Præpetes, quæ volatu Augurium significant. Pulli tripudio. Aves auspiciatæ, & Præ-
 petes, Aquila, Vultur, Sanguis seu ossifraga, Triarches, sive Buteo, Immussulus, Accipiter, Cygnus,
 Columba, Oscines, Cornix, Cornus, Anser, Ciconia, Ardea, Noctua, inauspicatæ; Milvus, Farsa, Ny-
 cticorax, Striges, Hirundo, Pica, &c.

The Torch-bearers daunced.

After which the Augures layd by their Staves, and Danced their
 Entrie, which done, APOLLO and the rest, interpreted
 the Augurie.

APOLLO.

The Signes are (9) luckie all, and (9) right
 There hath not beene a voyce, or flight
 Of ill Presage. Linus. The (1) bird that brings
 Her Augurie alone to Kings
 The Dove, hath flowne. Orpheus. And to thy peace
 Fortunes and the Fates increase.

BRANCHUS.

(1) Minerva's Hernshaw, and her Owle,
 Doe both proclaime, thou shalt controle
 The course of things. Idmon. As now they be
 With tumult carried: Apollo. And live free
 From hatred, faction, or the feare,
 To blast the Olive thou dost weare.

CHORUS.

More is behind, which these doe long to show,
 And what the Gods to so great vertue owe.

(9) Habebant dextra & laeva omnia; antica & postica; Orientalia & Occidentalibus. Græci cum se
 ad Septentrionem converterent, Ortum ad dextram habuere. Romani cum Meridiem in auspiciando cum
 tuerentur Ortum ad laevam habuere. Itaq; sinistra partes eadem sunt Romanis quæ Græcis dextræ ad
 ortum. Sinistra igitur illis meliora, Dextra pejora: Græci contra. Sinistra, pertinentia ad ortum:
 Salutaria, qui ortus lucis index & auctor. Dextra, quia spectant occasum tristitia. (1) Columba auguria
 non nisi regibus dant; quia nunquam singula volant: sicut Rex nunquam solus incedit. Nuntia pacis.
 (1) Ardea, & Ardeola, rerum arduarum auspiciū. Minervæ sacra. Apud Homer. Iliad. K.
 ορνιθων επαιδον.

The maine Daunce.

CHORUS.

Still, still the (°) Auspice is so good,
 We wish it were but understood;
 It even puts Apollo
 To all his strengths of art, to follow,
 (") The flights, and to devine
 What's meant by every Signe.

Thou canst not lesse be, then the charge
 of every Dietie.

That thus art left here to enlarge,
 And shield their pietie!

Thy neighbours at thy fortune long have gaz'd,
 But at thy wisdom, all doe stand amaz'd.
 And wish to be,

O'recome, or governed by thee!

Safetie it selfe so sides thee, where thou goest,
 And Fate still offers what thou covet'st most!

(°) Auspiciam, ab ave specienda. Paul. Nam quod nos cum præpositione dicimus *ASPICIO* apud veteres sine præpositione *SPICIO* dicebatur. (") Signa quæ sese offerent, erat multifaria: nam si obiceretur avis aliqua, considerabatur quo volatu ferretur, an abliquo vel prono, vel supino motu Corporis, quo flesteret, contorqueret, aut contraheret membra; quæ in parte se oscultaret; an ad dextram vel sinistram canerent Oscines, &c.

THE REVELLS.

After which Apollo went up to the King and Sung.

Doe not expect to heare of all
 Your good at once, lest it forestall
 A sweetnesse would be new:
 Some things the Fates would have conceal'd
 From us the Gods, lest being reveal'd
 Our powers shall envy you.
 It is enough your people learne
 The reverence of your peace
 As well as Strangers doe discern
 The Glories, by th' increase
 And that the (x) princely August here, your Sonne
 Doe by his Fathers lights his courses run.

CHORUS.

Him shall you see triumphing over all
 Both foes and vices: and your young and tall
 Nephewes, his Sonnes grow up in your imbraces,
 To give this Island Princes in long races.

(x) Romulus augur fuit, & Numa, & reliqui reges Romani sicut ante eos Turnus, Rhamnes & alij. Lacedæmonij suis regibus Augurem Assessorem dabant, Cilices, Lycij, Cares, Arabes, in summa veneratione habuerunt Auguria.

Here the heaven opened, and Jove, with the Senate of the Gods,
were discovered, while Apollo returned to his Seat,
and ascending sung.

APOLLO.

SEE heaven expecteth my returne,
The forked fire begins to burne,
Jove beckons to me come.

JOVE.

Though Phœbus be the god of Arts,
Hee must not take on him all parts:
But leave his Frather some.

APOLLO.

My arts are only to obey. JOVE. (y) And mine to sway
Jove is that one, whom first, midst, last, you call
The power that governes, and conserveth all;
Earth, Sea, and Ayre, are subject to our checke,
And Fate with heaven, moving at our beck.
Till Jove it ratifie,
It is no Augurie,
Though uttered by the mouth of Destinie.

APOLLO.

Deare father, give the Signe, and seale it then.
The Earth riseth.

It is the suit of Earth and Men.

JOVE.

What doe their Mortals crave without our wrong?
Earth with the rest.
That Jove will lend us this our Sovereigne long;
Let our grand-children, and not wee,
His want or Absence ever see.

JOVE.

Your wish is blest.
(z) Jove knocks his Chin against his brest,
And firmes it with the rest.

CHORUS.

Sing then his fame, through all the orbes; in even
Proportions, rising still, from Earth to Heaven:
And of the lasting of it leave no doubt,
The power of time shall never put that out.

(y) Vide Orpheum in hymn. de omnip. Jovis. (z) Mos Jovis, annuendo votis & firmandis omnibus. Apud Homer. &c.

This done, the whole Scene shut, and the Maskers
danced their last Dance.

The End.

N 2

TIME

TIME
VINDICATED
TO HIMSELFE,
AND
TO HIS HONORS.

In the presentation at **C O U R T**
on Twelfth night.

1 6 2 3.

*— qui se mirantur, in illos
 Virus habet: nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

TIME VINDICATED.
A Trumpet sounded.

F A M E *entreats, follow'd by the Curious, the Ey'd,
 the Ear'd, and the Nos'd.*

F A M E. **G**ive care, the worthy, heare what *Fame* proclaimes.

E A R E S. What? what? I't worth our eares?

E I E S. Or eyes?

N O S E. Or noses?

For we are curious, *Fame*: indeed, the *Curious*.

E I E S. We come to spie.

E A R E S. And hearken.

N O S E. And smell out.

F A M E. More than you understand, my hot Inquisitors,

N O S E. We cannot tell.

E I E S. It may be.

E A R E S. However, goe you on, let us alone.

E I E S. We may spie out, that, which you never mean't.

N O S E. And nose the thing you sent not. First, whence come you?

F A M E. I came from *Saturne*.

E A R E S. *Saturne*

EARES. *Saturne*, what is he?

Nose. Some Protestant I warrant you, a Time-server,
As *Fame* her selfe is.

FAME. You are neere the right.

Indeed, he is *Time* it selfe, and his name *KRONOS*.

Nose. How! *Saturne*! *Chronos*! and the *Time* it selfe!

You're found: inough. A notable old *Pagan*!

EARES. One of their Gods, and eates up his owne children.

Nose. A Fencer, and do's travell with a sith
Instead of a long-sword.

EIES. Hath beene oft call'd from it,
To be their Lord of misrule.

EARES. As *Cincinnatus*
Was from the plough, to be *Dictator*.

EIES. Yes.
We need no interpreter, on, what of *Time*?

FAME. The *Time* hath sent me with my Trumpe to summon
All sorts of persons worthy, to the view
Of some great spectacle he meanes to night,
T'exhibite, and with all solemnitie.

Nose. O, we shall have his *Saturnalia*.

EIES. His dayes of feast, and libertie agen.

EARES. Where men might doe, and talke all that they list.

EIES. Slaves of their lords.

Nose. The servants of their masters!

EARES. And subjects of their Soveraigne.

FAME. Not so lavish.

EARES. It was a brave time that!

EIES. This will be better:

I'll pie it comming, peace. All the impostures,
The prodigies, diseases, and distempers,
The knaveries of the *Time*, we shall see all now.

EARES. And heare the passages, and severall humors
Of men, as they are swayd by their affections:
Some grumbling, and some mutining, some scoffing,
Some pleas'd, some pyning, at all these we laughing.

Nose. I have it here, here, strong, the sweat of it,
And the confusion (which I love) I nose it,
It tickles mee.

EIES. My foure eies itch for it.

EARES. And my eares tingle, would it would come forth:
This roome will not receive it.

Nose. That's the feare.

Enter *CHRONO-MASTIX*.

CHRON. What? what? my friends, will not this roome receive?

EIES. That which the *Time* is presently to shew us.

CHRO. The *Time*? Lo! the man, that hateth the time
That is, that loveth it not, and (though in ryme,

I here

I here doe speake it-) with this whipp you see,
Doe lash the *Time*, and am my selfe lash-free.

FAME. Who's this?

EARES. 'Tis *Chronomastix*, the brave *Satyre*,

NOSE. The gentleman-like *Satyre*, cares for no body,
His fore-head tip't with bayes, doe you not know him?

EIES. Yes *Fame* must know him, all the Town admires him.

CHRO. If you would see *Time* quake and shake, but name us,
It is for that, we are both belov'd, and famous.

EIES. We know, Sir. But the *Time's* now come about.

EARES. And promiseth all libertie.

NOSE. Nay licence.

EIES. We shall doe what we list.

EARES. Talke what we list.

NOSE. And censure whom we list, and how we list.

CHRO. Then I will looke on *Time*, and love the same,
And drop my whip: who's this! my Mistris! *Fame*!

The lady whom I honour, and adore!

What lucke had I not to see her before!

Pardon me, Madam, more than most accurst,

That did not spie your Ladiship at first,

T'have giv'n the stoop, and to salute the skirts

Of her, to whom all Ladies else are flirts!

It is for you, I revell so in rime,

Deare Mistris, not for hope I have the *Time*

Will grow the better by it. To serve *Fame*

Is all my end, and get my selfe a name.

FAME. Away, I know thee not, wretched Impostor,

Creature of glory, Mountebanke of witte,

Selfe-loving Braggart, *Fame* doth sound no trumpet

To such vaine, empty fooles: 'Tis Infamy

Thou serv'st, and follow'st, scorne of all the *Muses*,

Goe revell with thine ignorant admirers,

Let worthy names alone.

CHRO. O, you the *Curious*,

Breath you to see a passage so injurious,

Done with despight, and carried with such tumor

'Gainst me, that am so much the friend of rumor?

(I would say *Fame*?) whose *Muse* hath rid in rapture

On a soft ambling verse to every capture,

From the strong guard, to the weake childe that reades me,

And wonder both of him that loves, or dread's me!

Who with the lash of my immortall pen

Have scourg'd all sorts of vices, and of men!

Am I rewarded, thus? have I, I say,

From *Envies* selfe torne praise, and bayes away,

With which my glorious front, and word at large,

Triumphs in print at my admirers charge.

EARES. Rare! how he talkes in verse, just as he writes!

CHRO. When have I walk't the streets, but happy he

That

That had the finger first to point at mee,
 Prentice, or Journeyman! The shop doth know it!
 The unletter'd Clarke! *major* and *minor* Poet!
 The Sempster hath fate still as I pass'd by,
 And dropt her needle! Fish-wives staid their cry:
 The Boy with buttons, and the Basket wench!
 To vent their wares into my workes do trench!
 A pudding-wife that would despise the Times,
 Hath utter'd frequent pen'worths, through my *rimes*,
 And, with them, div'd into the Chamber-maid,
 And she unto her Lady hath convay'd
 The season'd morsels, who hath sent me pensions,
 To cherish, and to heighten my inventions.
 Well, *Fame* shall know it yet, I have my faction,
 And friends about me, though it please detraction,
 To doe me this affront. Come forth that love me,
 And now, or never, spight of *Fame*, approve me.

At this the Mutes come in.

THE ANTIMASQUERS.

FAME. How now! what's here? Is hell broke loose?

EIES. You'l see.

That he ha's favourers, *Fame*, and great ones too.

That unctuous Bounry, is the Bosse of *Belinsgate*,

EARES. Who feasts his *Muse* with claret wine, and oysters,

NOSB. Growes big with *Satyre*,

EARES. Goes as long as an Elephant:

EIES. She labours, and lies in of his inventions,

NOSB. Ha's a male-poem in her belly now,

Big as a colt,

EARES. That kicks at *Time* already,

EIES. And is no sooner foald, but will neigh sulphure:

FAME. The next?

EARES. A *quondam* Justice, that of late
 Hath beene discarded out o'the pack o'the peace,

For some lewd levitie he holds in *capite*,

But constantly loves him. In dayes of yore,

He us'd to give the charge out of his *poems*,

He carries him about him, in his pocket,

As *Philip's* Sonne did *Hamor*, in a casket,

And cries, O happy Man, to the wrong party,

Meaning the *Poet*, where he meant the subject:

FAME. What are this paire?

EIES. The ragged rascalls?

FAME. Yes.

EIES. Meere rogues, you'd thinke them rogues, but they are friends,
 One is his Printer in disguise, and keepes
 His presse in a hollow tree, where to conceale him,

He workes by glow-worme light, the Moone's too open.
 The other zealous ragge is the Compositor,
 Who in an angle, where the ants inhabite,
 (The *emblem's* of his labours) will sit curl'd
 Whole dayes, and nights, and worke his eyes out for him.

Nos E. Strange arguments of love! There is a Schoolemaster
 Is turning all his workes too, into *Latine*,
 To pure *Satyricke Latine*; makes his Boyes
 To learne him; calls him the times *Juvenal*;
 Hangs all his Schoole with his sharpe sentences;
 And o're the Execution place hath painted
Time whipt, for terror to the Infantry.

EIES. This Man of warre, i'the rere, He is both Trumpet
 And Champion to his *Muse*.

EARES. For the whole City.

Nos E. H'as him by roat, recites him at the tables,
 Where he doth governe; sweares him into name,
 Upon his word, and sword, for the sole youth
 Dares make profession of *Poetick* truth,
 Now militant amongst us: To th'incredulous,
 That dagger is an article he uses,
 To rivet his respect into their pates,
 And make them faithful *Fame*, you'l find you've wrongd him.

FAME. What a confederacie of *Folly* is here!

*They all daunce but Fame, and make the first Antimasque,
 In which they adore, and carry forth the Satyre,
 and the Curious come up agen.*

EIES. Now *Fame*, how like you this?

EARES. This falls upon you
 For your neglect.

Nos E. He scornes you, and defies you,
 H'as got a *Fame* on's owne, as well as a Faction.

EIES. And these will deifie him, to despite you.

FAME. I envie not the *Apotheosis*.
 'Twill prove but deifying of a Pompion.

Nos E. Well, what is that the *Time* will now exhibite?

EIES. What gambols? what devises? what new sports?

EARES. You promis'd us, we should have any thing.

Nos E. That *Time* would give us all we could imagine.

FAME. You might imagine so, I never promis'd it.

EIES. Pox, then 'tis nothing! I had now a fancie
 We might have talk'd o'the King,

EARES. Or State.

Nos E. Or all the World.

EIES. Censur'd the Counsell, e're they censure us?

EARES. We doe it in *Pauls*.

Nos E. Yes, and in all the tavernes.

FAME. A comely licence. They that censure those

They

They ought to reverence, meet they that old curle,
To beg their bread, and feele eternall Winter.

Ther's difference 'twixt liberty, and licence.

Nose. Why if it be not that, let it be this then
(For since you grant us freedome, we will hold it,)
Let's have the giddy world turn'd the heeles upward,
And sing a rare blacke *Sanctus*, on his head,
Of all things out of order.

Eies. No, the Man
I'the Moone daunce a *Corranto*, his bush
At's backe, a fire; and his dogge piping *Lachrima*.

Eares. Or let's have all the people in an uprore,
None knowing, why, or to what end: and in
The midd'ft of all, start up an old mad woman
Preaching of patience.

Nose. No, no, I'd ha' this.

Eies. What?

Fame. Any thing.

Nose. That could be monstrous:

Enough, I meane. A *Babel* of wild humours.

Eares. And all disputing of all things they know not,

Eies. And talking of all men they never heard of,

Eares. And all together by the eares o'the sudden,

Eies. And, when the matter is at hottest, then
All fall asleepe.

Fame. Agree among your selves,
And what it is you'd have, I'll answer you.

Eies. O, that we shall never doe.

Eares. No, never agree.

Nose. Not upon what. Something that is unlawfull.

Eares. I, or unreasonable.

Eies. Or impossible.

Nose. Let't be uncivill enough, you hit us right.

Eares. And a great noyse.

Eies. To little, or no purpose.

Nose. And if there be some mischief, 'twill become it.

Eies. But see, there be no cause, as you will answer it.

Fame. These are meere Monsters.

Nose. I, all the better.

Fame. You doe abuse the *Time*. These are fit freedoms
For lawlesse Prentices, on a Shrovetuesday,
When they compell the *Time* to serve their riot.
For drunken Wakes, and strutting Beare-baytings,
That favour only of their owne abuses.

Eies. Why, if not those, then something to make sport.

Eares. Wee only hunt for novelty, not truth.

Fame. I'll fit you, though the *Time* faintly permit it.

*The second Antimasque of Tumblers, and Jugglers, brought
in by the Cat and fiddle, who make sport with the
Curious, and drive them away.*

FAME. Why now they are kindly us'd, like such Spectators,
That know not what they would have. Commonly,
The curious are ill natur'd, and like flies,
Seeke *Times* corrupted parts to blow upon:
But may the sound ones live with fame, and honour,
Free from the molestation of these Infects:
Who being fled, *Fame* now persues her errand.

Loud MUSIQUE.

*To which the whole Scene opens, where Saturne sitting with
Venus is discover'd above, and certaine Votaries
comming forth below, which are
the Chorus.*

FAME. For you, great King, to whom the *Time* doth owe
All his respects, and reverence, behold
How *Saturne*, urged at request of *Love*,
Prepares the object to the place to night.
Within yond' darknesse, *Venus* hath found out
That *Hecate* (as she is Queene of shades)
Keepes certaine glories of the *Time* obscur'd,
There, for her selfe alone to gaze upon,
As she did once the faire *Endimion*.
These, *Time* hath promis'd at *Love's* suite to free,
As being fitter to adorne the age,
By you restor'd on earth, most like his owne:
And fill this world of beautie here, your Court.
To which his bountie, see, how men prepare
To fit their votes below, and thronging come
With longing passion to enjoy th'effect!
Harke, it is *Love* begins to *Time*. Expect.

VENUS.

*Beside, that it is done for Love,
It is a worke, great Time, will prove
Thy honour, as mens hopes above.*

SATURNE.

*If Love be pleased, so am I:
For Time could never yet deny
What Love did aske, if Love knew why.*

VOTARIES.

VOTARIES.

Shee knew, and hath exprest it now.
And so doth every publike vow
That heard her why, and waites thy how.

SATURN.

You shall not long expect : with ease
The things come forth, are borne to pleas :
Looke, have you seene such lights as these ?

The Masquers are discovered, and that
which obscur'd them,
vanisheth.

VOTARIES.

These, these must sure some wonders bee !

CHORUS.

O, what a glory 'tis to see
Mens wishes, Time, and Love agree { A Pause

There SATVRNE and VENVS passe away,
and the Masquers descend.

CHORUS.

What grieve, or envie had it beene,
That these, and such had not beene seene,
But still obscur'd in shade !
Who are the glories of the Time,
Of youth, and feature too, the prime,
And for the light were made !

VOTARIES.

- 1 Their very number, how it takes !
- 2 What harmony their presence makes !
- 3 How they inflame the place !

CHORUS.

Now they are neerer seene, and viewd ;
For whom could Love have better su'd ?
or Time have done the grace ?

Hereto a loud Musique, they march into their
figure. and daunce their ENTREE,
or first DAVNCE.

After which.

VENUS.

The night could not these glories misse,
Good Time, I hope, is ta'ne with this.

SATURN.

If Time were not, I am sure Love is.
Betweene us it shall be no strife :
For now 'tis Love, gives Time his life.

VOTARIES.

Let Time then so with Love conspire,
as straight be sent into the court
A little Cupid, arm'd with fire,
Attended by a jocund Sport,
To breed delight, and a desire
of being delighted, in the nobler sort.

SATURNE.

The wish is crown'd, as soone as made.

VOTARIES.

And CUPID conquers, ere he doth invade.
His victories of lightest trouble prove.
For there is never labour, where is Love.

Then, follows the maine DAVNCE, which done,
CUPID, with the SPORT, goes out.

CUPID.

{ To the Masquers.

Take breath awhile, young Blouds, to bring
Your forces up, whilst we goe sing
Fresh charges, to the Beanties here.

SPORT.

Or, if they charge you, doe not feare,
Though they be better arm'd then you:
It is but standing the first view,
And then they yeeld.

CUPID.

Or quit the field.

SPORT.

Nay, that they'l never doe.
They'l rather fall upon the place,
Then suffer such disgrace.
You are but Men at best, they say,
And they from those ne're ran away.

{ Pause.

CUPID.

{ To the King.

You, Sir, that are the Lord of Time,
Receive it not as any crime
'Gainst Majesty, that Love and Sport
To night have entred in your Court.

SPORT.

Sir, doubt him more of some surprise
Vpon your selfe. He hath his eyes.
You are the noblest object here,
And 'tis for you alone I feare:
For here are Ladyes, that would give
A brave reward, to make Love live
Well, all his life, for such a draught.
And therefore, looke to every shaft,
The Wags a Deacon in his craft.

Pause.

{ Pause.

CUPID.

{ To the Lords.

My Lords, the Honors of the Crowne,
Put off your sowrenesse, doe not frowne,
Bid cares depart, and businesse hence :
A little, for the Time dispence.

SPORT.

Trust nothing that the Boy lets fall,
My Lords, he hath plots upon you all.
A Pensioner unto your wives,
To keepe you in uxorious gives,
And so your sense to fascinate,
To make you quit all thought of state,
His amorous questions to debate.
But, heare his Logicke, he will prove
There is no businesse, but to be in love.

CUPID.

The words of Sport, my Lords, and course.

{ Pause. Your Ladies yet, will not thinke worse

{ To the Ladies.

Of Love for this : they shall command
My Bow, my Quiver, and my Hand.

SPORT.

What, here to stand
and kill the Flies ?
Alas, thy service they despise.
One Beauty here, hath in her eyes,
More shafts then from thy bow e're flew,
Or that poore quiver knew.

These Dames,
They need not Love's, they have Natures flames.

CUPID.

I see the Beauty, that you so report.

SPORT.

Cupid, you must not point in Court,
Where live so many of a sort.
Of Harmony these learn'd their speech,
The Graces did them footing teach,
And, at the old Idalian bralls,
They daunc'd your Mother downe. Shee calls.

CUPID.

Arme, arme then all.

SPORT.

Young blouds come on,
And charge : Let every man take one.

CUPID.

And try his fate.

SPORT.

These are faire warres.
And will be carried without scarres.

CUPID.

CUPID.

*A joyning, but of feet, and hands.
Is all the Time, and Love commands.*

SPORT.

*Or if you doe their gloves off-strip.
Or taste the Nectar of the lip:
See, so you temper your desires,
For kisses, that yee sucke not fires.*

The REVELS follow, which ended, the CHORUS
appeare agen, and DIANA descends to HIPPO-
LITUS, the whole Scene being chang'd to
a Wood, out of which he
comes.

CHORUS.

*The Courtly strife is done, it should appeare,
Betweene the Youths, and Beauties of the yeare,
Wee hope that now these lights will know their spheare,
And strive hereafter to shine ever here:
Like brightest Planets, still to move
In th' eye of Time, and orbes of Love.*

DIANA.

Hippolitus, Hippolitus.

HIPPOLITUS.

Diana?

DIANA.

Shee.

*Beready you, or Cephalus,
To waite on me.*

HIPPOLITUS.

Wee ever be.

DIANA.

*Tour Goddesse hath beene wrong'd to night,
By Loves report unto the Time.*

HIPPOLITUS.

*The injury, it selfe will right,
Which only Fame hath made a crime.*

*For Time is wise,
And hath his eares as perfect as his eyes.*

SATURNE.

Who's that descends? Diana?

VOTARIES.

Yes.

VENUS.

By like her troope shee hath begun to misse.

SATURNE.

Let's meet, and question what her errand is.

HIPPOLITVS.

Shee will prevent thee, Saturne, nor excuse
 Her-selfe unto thee, rather to complaine
 That thou and Venus both should so abuse
 The name of Dian, as to entertaine
 A thought, that she had purpose to defraud
 The Time, of any glories that were his:
 To doe Time honour rather, and applaud
 His worth, hath beene her study.

DIANA.

And it is.

I call'd these Youth's forth, in their bloud, and prime
 (Out of the honour, that I bore their parts)
 To make them fitter so to serve the Time
 By labour, riding, and those ancient arts,
 That first enabled men unto the warres,
 And furnish'd Heaven with so many Starres:

HIPPOLITVS.

As Perseus, Castor, Pollux, and the rest,
 Who were of Hunters first, of Men the best;
 Whose shades doe yet remaine within yond' groves,
 Themselves there sporting with their nobler loves:

DIANA.

And so may these doe, if the Time give leave.

SATURNE.

Chast Dians purpose we doe now conceive,
 And yeeld thereto.

VENVS.

And so doth Love.

VOTARIES.

All Votes doe in one circle move.

CHORVS.

Turne Hunters then,
 agen.

Hunting, it is the noblest exercise,
 Makes men laborious, active, wise,
 Brings health, and doth the spirits delight,
 It help's the hearing, and the sight:
 It teacheth arts that never slip
 The memory, good horsemanship,

Search,

*Search, sharpnesse, courage, and defence,
And chaseth all ill habits thence.*

Turne Hunters then,

*agen,
But not of men.*

Follow his ample;

And just example,

That hates all chace of malice, and of blond:

And studies only wayes of good,

To keepe soft Peace in breath.

Man should not hunt Mankind to death,

But strike the enemies of Man;

Kill vices if you can:

They are your wildest beasts.

And when they thickest fall, you make the Gods true feasts.

The End.

NEPTVNES

NEPTUNES TRIUMPH

FOR
THE RETVRNE

OF
ALBION.

CELEBRATED IN A
Masque

At the Court on the Twelfth
night. 1624.

Omnis & ad reducem jam litat ara Deum.
Mart. lib. viii. Epig. xiv.

NEPTUNES TRIUMPH.

His Ma^{tie} being set, and the loude Musique ceasing. All
that is discovered of a Scene, are two erected Pillars, de-
dicated to Neptune, with this inscription upon the one,
NEP. RED.

On the other,

SEC. IOV.

The POET entring on the STAGE, to disperse the Argument, is
call'd to by the Master-Cooke.

COOKE.

Doe you heare, you, Creature of diligence, and businesse! what is
the affaire, that you plucke for so, under your cloake?

POET.

Nothing, but what I colour for, I assure you; and may encounter
with, I hope, if *Luck* favour me, the Gamsters Goddesse.

P

COOKE.

COOKE.

You are a *Votary* of hers, it seemes by your language. What went you upon? may a man aske you?

POET.

Certainties, indeed Sir, and very good ones; the presentation of a *Masque*; you'll see't, anone.

COOKE.

Sir, this is my roome, and region too, the banquetting-house. And in matter of feast, the solemnitie, nothing is to be presented here, but with my acquaintance, and allowance to it.

POET.

You are not his Majesties *Confectioner*? Are you?

COOKE.

No, but one that has as good title to the roome, his *Master-Cooke*. What are you, Sir?

POET.

The most unprofitable of his servants, I, Sir, the *Poet*. A kind of a *Christmas* Engine: one, that is used, at least once a yeare, for a trifling instrument, of wit, or so.

COOKE.

Were you ever a *Cooke*?

POET.

A *Cooke*? no surely.

COOKE.

Then you can be no good *Poet*: for a good *Poet* differs nothing at all from a *Master-Cooke*. Eithers Art is the wisdom of the Mind.

POET.

As how, Sir?

COOKE.

Expect. I am by my place, to know how to please the palates of the guests; so, you, are to know the palate of the times: study the severall tastes, what every Nation, the *Spaniard*, the *Dutch*, the *French*, the *Wal-loun*, the *Neapolitan*, the *Brittan*, the *Sicilian*, can expect from you.

POET.

That were a heave and hard taske, to satisfie *Expectation*, who is so severe an exactresse of duties; ever a tyrannous mistresse: and most times a pressing enemy.

COOKE.

She is a powerfull great Lady, Sir, at all times, and must be satisfied: So must her sister, Madam *Curiositie*, who hath as daintie a palate as she, and these will expect.

POET.

But, what if they expect more then they understand?

COOKE.

That's all one, Mr. *Poet*. you are bound to satisfie them. For, there is a palate of the Understanding, as well as of the Senses. The Taste is taken with good relishes, the Sight with faire objects, the Hearing with delicate sounds, the Smelling with pure scents, the feeling with soft and plump bodies, but the Understanding with all these: for all which you must begin at the Kitchen. There, the *Art of Poetrie* was learn'd,
and

and found out, or no where: and the same day, with the *Art of Cookery*.

POET.

I should have giv'n it rather to the Cellar, if my suffrage had bin askt.

COOKE.

O, you are for the *Oracle* of the *Bottle*, I see; *Hogshead Trismegistus*: He is your *Pegasus*. Thence flowes the spring of your *Muses*, from that *hoofe*.
Seduced *Poet*, I doe say to thee,----

A Boyler, Range, and Dresser were the fountaines
Of all the knowledge, in the *Universe*,
And that's the Kitchen. Where, a *Master-Cooke*!

Thou do'st not know the man! nor canst thou know him!
Till thou hast serv'd some yeares in that deepe schoole,

That's both the Nource, and Mother of the *Arts*,
And hear'st him read, interpret, and demonstrate.

A *Master-Cooke*! why, he is the man of men,

For a Professor! He designs, he drawes,

He paints, he carves, he builds, he fortifies,

Makes *Citadels* of curious fowle, and fish,

Some he dry-ditches, some motes round with broths;

Mounts marrow-bones; cuts fifty-angled custards;

Reares bulwarke pies; and, for his outer workes,

He raiseth ramparts of immortall crust;

And teacheth all the *tacticks* at one dinner:

What rankes, what files, to put his dishes in

The whole *Art Militarie*! Then he knowes

The influence of the starres, upon his meates;

And all their seasons, tempers, qualities,

And so, to fit his relishes, and sauces!

He, has *Nature* in a pot! 'bove all the *Chemists*;

Or bare-breech'd brethren of the *Rosie-Crosse*!

He is an *Architect*, an *Inginer*,

A *Souldier*, a *Physition*, a *Philosopher*,

A generall *Mathematician*!

POET.

It is granted.

COOKE.

And, that you may not doubt him for a *Poet*,

POET.

This Fury shewes, if there were nothing else!

And 'tis divine!

COOKE.

Then, Brother *Poet*,

POET.

Brother:

COOKE.

I have a suite.

POET.

What is it?

COOKE.

Your devise?

P a

POET.

P O E T.

As you came in upon me, I was then
Offering the argument, and this it is.

C O O K E.
Silence.

P O E T.

The mightie *Neptune*, mightie in his styles,
And large command of waters, and of Isles,
Not, as the *Lord and Sovereigne of the Seas*,
But, *Chiefe in the art of riding*, late did please
To send his *Albion* forth, the most his owne,
Upon discovery, to themselves best knowne,
Through *Celtiberia*, and, to assist his course,
Gave him his powerfull *MANAGER of Horse*,
With divine *Proteus*, Father of disguise,
To waite upon them with his counsels wise,
In all extreames. His great commands being done,
And he desirous to review his Sonne,
He doth dispatch a floating Ile, from hence,
Unto the *Hesperian* shores, to waite him thence.
Where, what the arts were, us'd to make him stay,
And how the *Syrens* woo'd him, by the way,
What Monsters he encountred on the coast,
How neere our generall Joy was to be lost,
Is not our subject now: though all these make
The present gladnesse greater, for their sake.
But what the triumphs are, the feast, the sport,
And proud solemnities of *Neptunes Court*,
Now he is safe, and *Fame's* not heard in vaine,
But we behold our happie pledge againe.
That with him, loyall *HIPPVS* is return'd,
Who for it, under so much envie, burn'd
With his owne brightnesse, till her sterv'd snakes saw
What *Neptune* did impose, to him was law.

C O O K E.

But, why not this, till now?

P O E T.

---It was not time,

To mixe this Musick with the vulgars chime.
Stay, till th'abortive, and extemporall dinne
Of balladry, were understood a finne,
Minerva cry'd: that, what tumultuous verse,
Or prose could make, or steale, they might rehearse,
And every Songster had sung out his fit;
That all the Countrey, and the Citie-wit,
Of bells, and bonfires, and good cheere was spent,
And *Neptunes Guard* had drunke all that they meant;
That all the tales and stories now were old
Of the Sea-Monster *Archy*, or growne cold:

The *Muses* then might venter, undeter'd,
For they love, then, to sing, when they are heard.

COOKE.

I like it well, 'tis handsome : and I have
Some thing would fit this. How doe you present 'hem?
In a fine Iland, say you?

POET.

Yes, a *Delos* :

Such, as when faire *Latona* fell in travaile,
Great *Neptune* made emergent.

COOKE.

I conceive you.

I would have had your Ile brought floating in, now
In a brave broth, and of a sprightly greene,
Just to the colour of the Sea ; and then,
Some twentie *Syrens*, singing in the kettel,
With an *Arion*, mounted on the backe
Of a growne Conger, but in such a posture,
As, all the world should take him for a Dolphin:
O, 'twould ha' made such musick ! Ha' you nothing,
But a bare Iland ?

POET.

Yes, we have a tree too,

Which we doe call the Tree of *Harmonie*,
And is the same with what we read, the *Sunne*,
Brought forth in the *Indian Musicians* first,
And thus it growes. The goodly bole, being got
To certaine cubits height, from every side
The boughes decline, which taking roote afresh,
Spring up new boles, and those spring new, and newer,
Till the whole tree become a *Porticus*,
Or arched Arbour, able to receive
A numerous troupe, such as our *Albion*,
And the Companions of his journey are.
And this they sit in.

COOKE.

Your prime *Masquers* ?

POET.

Yes.

COOKE.

But where's your *Antimasque* now, all this while?
I hearken after them.

POET.

Faith, we have none.

COOKE.

None?

POET.

None, I assure you, neither doe I thinke them
A worthy part of presentation,
Being things so *heterogene*, to all devise,

Meere *By-workes*, and at best *Out-landish* nothings.

COOKE.

O, you are all the heavenawrie ! Sir.
 For blood of *Poetry*, running in your veins,
 Make not your selfe so ignorantly simple.
 Because Sir, you shall see I am a *Poet*,
 No lesse then *Cooke*, and that I find you want
 A speciall service here, an *Antimasque*,
 I'll fit you with a dish out of the Kitchen,
 Such, as I thinke, will take the present palates,
 A *metaphoricall* dish ! And, doe but marke,
 How a good wit may jumpe with you. Are you ready, Child ?
 (Had there bin Maske, or no Maske, I had made it.)
 Child of the boyling house.

CHILD.

Here, Father.

COOKE.

Bring forth the pot. It is an *Olla Podrida*,
 But I have persons, to present the meates.

POET.

Persons !

COOKE.

Such as doe relish nothing, but *di stato*,
 (But in another fashion, then you dreame of)
 Know all things the wrong way, talke of the affaires,
 The clouds, the cortines, and the mysteries
 That are afoot, and, from what hands they have hem
 (The master of the Elephant, or the Camels)
 What correspondences are held ; the Posts
 That goe, and come, and know, almost, their minutes,
 All but their businesse : Therein, they are fishes.
 But ha' their garlick, as the *Proverb* sayes,
 They are our *Quest of enquiry*, after newes.

POET.

Together with their learned *Authors* ?

CHILD.

Yes Sir,

And of the *Epicæne* gender, Hees, and Shees:
Amphibion Archy is the chiefe.

COOKE.

Good boy !

The Child is learned too. Note but the Kitchen,
 Have you put him, into the pot, for Garlick ?

CHILD.

One in his coate, shall stinke as strong as he, Sir,
 And his friend *Giblets* with him.

COOKE.

They are two,

That give a part of the seasoning.

POET.

I conceive

The way of your *Gally-mawfrey*.

COOK.

You will like it,

When they come pouring out of the pot together.

CHILD.

O, if the pot had beene big enough!

COOK.

What then, Child?

CHILD.

I had put in the Elephant, and one Camel,
at least, for Biefe.

COOK.

But, whom ha'you for Partridge?

CHILD.

A brace of Dwarfes, and delicate plump birds!

COOK.

And whom for Mutton, and Kid?

CHILD.

A fine lac'd Mutton,

Or two; and either has her frisking Husband:

That reades her the *Corranto*, every weeke.

Grave M^r. *Ambler*, Newes-master of *Poules*,

Supplies your Capon; and growne Captaine *Buz*

(His *Emissary*) under-writes for Turkey,

A Gentleman of the *Forrest* presents Phesant,

And a plump Poultrers wife, in *Graces* street,

Playes Hen with egges i' the belly, or a Coney,

Choose which you will.

COOK.

But, where's the Bacon, *Thom*?

CHILD.

Hogrel the Butcher, and the Sow his wife,
Are both there.

COOK.

It is well, goe, dish'hem out.

Are they well boyld?

CHILD.

Podrida!

POET.

What's that? rotten?

COOK.

O, that they must be. There's one maine ingredient

We have forgot, the *Artichoke*.

CHILD.

No Sir.

I have a Fruicterer, with a cold red nose,
Like a blue fig, performes it.

COOK.

COOKE.

The fruit looks so.

Good child, goe poure'hem out, shew their concoction.
 They must be rotten boyld, the broth's the best on't,
 And that's the Dance. The stage here is the Charger.
 And Brother Poet, though the serious part
 Be yours, yet, envie not the Cooke his art.

POET.

Not I. *Nam lusus ipse Triumphus amat.*

*The Antimasque is danc'd by the persons describ'd,
 coming out of the pot.*

POET.

Well, now, expect the Scene it selfe; it opens!

The Iland is discovered, the Masquers sitting in their
 severall sieges. The heavens opening, and Apollo,
 with Mercury, some Muses, & the Goddesse Har-
 mony, make the musique, the while, the
 Iland moves forward, Proteus sitting
 below, and APOLLO sings.

Song.

APOLLO.

Looke forth, the Shepherd of the Seas,
 And of the Ports, that keep'st the keyes,
 And to your Neptune tell,
 His ALBION, Prince of all his Isles,
 For whom the sea, and land so smiles,
 Is home returned well.

CHORVS.

And be it thought no common Cause,
 That, to it, so much wonder draws,
 And all the Heav'ns consent,
 With HARMONY, to tune their notes,
 In answer to the publike votes,
 That, for it, up were sent.

It was no envious Stepdames rage,
 Or Tyrants malice of the age,
 That did employ him forth.
 But such a Wisdome, that would prove,
 By sending him, their hearts, and love
 That else might feare his worth.

By this time, the Island hath joyned it selfe with the
shore: And *Proteus*, *Portunus*, and *Saron*; come
forth, and goe up singing to the State,
while the Masquers take time
to Land.

Song.

PROTEVS.

*I ! now the Pompe of Neptunes triumph shines !
And all the glories of his great designes
Are read, reflected, in his sonnes returne !*

PORTVNVS.

*How all the eyes, the lookes, the heart here burne
at his arrivall !*

SARON.

*These are the true fires,
Are made of joyes !*

PROTEVS.

Of longing !

PORTVNVS.

Of desires !

SARON.

Of hopes !

PROTEVS.

Of feares !

PORTVNVS.

No intermitted blocks.

SARON.

But pure affections, and from odorous stocks !

CHORVS.

*'Tis incense all, that flames !
And these materials scarce have names !*

PROTEVS.

*My King lookes higher, as he scorn'd the warres
Of windes, and with his trident touch'd the starres.
There is no wrinkle in his brow, or frowne,
But, as his cares he would in Nectar drowne,
And all the silver-footed Nymphs were drest,
To waite upon him, to the Oceans feast.*

PORTVNVS.

*Or, here in rowes upon the bankes were set,
And had their severall hayres made into net
To catch the youths in, as they come on shore.*

SARON.

How ! Galatea sighing ! O, no more.

Banish your feares.

PORTVNVS.

And Doris dry your teares.

Albion is come :

Q

PROTEVS.

PROTEVS.
*And Haliclyon, too,
 That kept his side, as he was charg'd to doe,
 With wonder.*

SARON.
--- And the Syrens have him not.

PORTVNVS.
*Though they no practise, nor no arts forgot,
 That might have wonne him, or by charme, or song.*

PROTEVS.
*Or laying forth their tresses all along
 Upon the glasse waves;*

PORTVNVS.

Then diving:

PROTEVS.

*Then,
 Up with their heads, as they were mad of men.*

SARON.
*And there, the highest-going billowes crowne,
 Untill some lustie Sea-god pull'd them downe.*

CHORVS.

See! He is here!

PROTEVS.

*Great Master of the mayne,
 Receive thy deare, and precious pawne againe.*

CHORVS.

*SARON, PORTVNVS, PROTEVS, bring him thus,
 Safe, as thy Subjects wishes gave him us:
 And of thy glorious Triumph let it be
 No lesse a part, that thou their loves doest see,
 Then, that his sacred head's return'd to thee.*

*This sung, the Island goes backe, whilst the upper
 Chorus takes it from them, and the
 Masquers prepare for
 their figure.*

CHORVS.

*Spring all the Graces of the age,
 And all the Loves of time;
 Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
 And relishes of rime:
 Adde all the softnesses of Courts
 The lookes, the laughters, and the sports.
 And mingle all their sweets, and salts,
 That none may say, the Triumph halts.*

*Here, the Masquers daunce their Entry.
Which done, the first perspective of a maritime Palace, or
the house of Oceanus is discovered, with
lowd Musique.*

And the other above is no more scene.

POET.
Behold the Palace of Oceanus!
Hayle Reverend structure! Boast no more to us
Thy being able, all the Gods to feasts;
We have scene enough: our Albion was thy guest.

*Then followes the Maine Daunce.
After which the second prospect of the Sea, is showne, to
the former Musicke.*

POET.
Now turne and view the wonders of the deepe,
Where Proteus herds, and Neptunes Orkes doe keepe,
Where all is plough'd, yet still the pasture's Greene
The wayes are found, and yet no pathes are scene.

*There Proteus, Portunus, Saron, goe up to the
Ladies with this Song,*

PROTEVS.
*Come noble Nymphs, and doe not hide
The joyes, for which you so provide:*

SARON.
*If not to mingle with the men,
What doe you here? goe home agen.*

PORTVNVS.
*Your dressings doe confesse,
By what we see, so curious parts
Of Pallas, and Arachnes arts,
That you could meane no lesse.*

PROTEVS.
*Why doe you weare the Silke-wormes toyles;
Or glory in the shell-fish spoyles?
Or strive to shew the graines of ore
That you have gather'd on the shore,
Whereof to make a stocke
To graft the greener Emerald on
Or any better-water'd stone?*

SARON.
Or Ruby of the rocke?

PROTEVS.

*Why doe you smell of Amber gris,
Of which was formed Neptunes Neice,
The Queene of Love; unlesse you can
Like Sea-borne Venus love a man?*

SARON.

Try, put your selves unto't.

CHORVS.

*Your lookes, your smiles, and thoughts that meet,
Ambrosian hands, and silver feet,
doe promise you will do't.*

The Revells follow.

*Which ended, the Fleete is discovered, while the three
Cornets play.*

POET.

*'Tis time, your eyes should be refresh'd at length
With something new, a part of Neptunes strength
See, yond', his fleete, ready to goe, or come,
Or fetch the riches of the Ocean home,
So to secure him both in peace, and warres,
Till not one ship alone, but all be starres.*

*A shout within followes.**After which the Cooke enters.*

COOKE.

*I have another service for you, Brother Poet, a dish of pickled
Saylors, fine salt Sea-boyes, shall relish like Anchoves, or Ca-
weare, to draw downe a cup of Nectar, in the skirts of a night.*

SAYLORS.

*Come away boyes, the Towne is ours, hay for Neptune, and
our young Master.*

POET.

*He knowes the Compasse, and the Card,
While Castor sits on the maine yard,
And Pollux too, to helpe your hayles;
And bright Leucothoe, fils your sayles:
Arion sings, the Dolphins swim,
And, all the way, to gaze on him.*

The Antimasque of Saylors.

Then

*The last Song to the whole Musique, five Lutes, three
Cornets, and ten voyces.*

Song.

PROTEVS.

*Although we wish the Triumph still might last
For such a Prince, and his discovery past,*

Yet now, great Lord of waters, and of Isles,
Give Proteus leave to turne unto his wiles :

PORTUNVS.

And, whilst young Albion doth thy labours ease,
Dispatch Portunus to thy Ports,

SARON.

And Saron to thy Seas :

To meet old Nereus, with his fifty girles,
From aged Indus laden home with Pearles,
And orient gummies, to burne unto thy name.

CHORVS.

And may thy Subjects hearts be all on flame :
Whilst thou dost keepe the earth in firme estate,
And 'mongst the winds dost suffer no debate.
But both at Sea, and Land, our powers increase
With health, and all the golden gifts of peace.

The last Daunce.

The End.

PANS

P A N S
 ANNIVERSARIE;
 OR,
 THE SHEPHERDS
 HOLY-DAY.

THE SCENE
 ARCADIA.

As it was presented at Court before
 King JAMES. 1625.

The Inventors,
 Inigo Jones. Ben. Iohnson.

The first presentation is of three Nymphs strewing severall sorts
 of flowers, followed by an old Shepherd with a
 Censer and perfumes.

NYMPH I.

THus, thus, begin the yearly rites
 Are due to PAN on these bright nights;
 His Morne now riseth, and invites
 To sports, to dances, and delights:
 All Envious, and Prophane away,
 This is the Shepherds Holy-day.

NYMPH II.

Strew, strew, the glad and smiling ground
 With every flower, yet not confound
 The Prime-rose drop, the Springs owne spouse,
 Bright Dayes-eyes, and the lips of Cowes,
 The Garden-star, the Queene of May,
 The Rose, to crowne the Holy-day.

NYMPH III.

Drop, drop you Violets, change your hues,
 Now red, now pale, as Lovers use,
 And in your death goe out as well,
 As when you liv'd unto the smell:
 That from your odour all may say,
 This is the Shepherds Holy-day.

SHEP.

SHEPHERD.

Well done my pretty ones, raine Roses still,
 Untill the last be drapt : Then hence : and fill
 Your fragrant prickles for a second shower,
 Bring Corn-flag, Tulips, and Adonis flower,
 Faire Oxe-eye, Goldy-locks, and Columbine,
 Pinkes, Goulands, King-cups, and sweet Sops-in-wine,
 Blew Harebells, Pagles, Pansies, Calamint,
 Flower-gentle, and the faire-hair'd Hyacinth,
 Bring rich Carnations, Floure-de-luces, Lillies,
 The chequ'd, and purple-ringed Daffodillies,
 Bright Crowne-imperiall, Kings-speare, Holy-hocks,
 Sweet Venus Navill, and soft Lady-smocks,
 Bring too, some branches forth of Daphnes haire,
 And gladdest myrtle for these postes to weare
 With Spikenard weav'd, and Marjoram betweene,
 And star'd with yellow-golds, and Meadowes Queene,
 That when the Altar, as it ought is drest,
 More odour come not from the Phenix nest,
 The breadth thereof Panchaia may envie,
 The colours China, and the light the skye.

LOUD MUSIQUE.

*The Scene opens, and in it are the Masquers discover'd sitting about the
 Fountaine of light.*

*The Musicians attyr'd like the Priests of Pan standing in the worke
 beneath them, when entreth to the old Shepherd.*

A Fencer flourishing.

Roome for an old Trophie of Time; a Sonne of the sword, a Ser-
 vant of Mars, the Minion of the Muses, and a Master of Fence. One that
 hath shovne his quarters, and plaid his prizes at all the games of Greece
 in his time; as Fencing, Wrestling, Leaping, Dauncing, what not? And
 hath now usher'd hither by the light of my long-sword certaine bold
 Boyes of *Beotia*, who are come to challenge the *Arcadians* at their owne
 sports, call them forth on their owne holy-day, and Daunce them down
 on their owne Greene-swarth.

SHEPHERD.

'Tis boldly attempted, and must be a *Beotian* enterprise by the face of
 it, from all the parts of *Greece* else, especially at this time when the best,
 and bravest spirits of *Arcadia*, called together by the excellent *Arcas*, are
 yonder sitting about the Fountaine of light, in consultation of what ho-
 nours they may doe the great *Pan* by encrease of anniverfarie rites fitted
 to the Musique of his peace.

FEN-

FENCER.

Peace to thy *Pan*, and mum to thy Musique, Swaine; There is a Tinker of *Thebes* a comming, called *Epam*, with his kettle will make all *Arcadia* ring of him; What are your sports for the purpose? say, if singing, you shall be sung downe, if dauncing, daunc'd downe. There is no more to be done with you, but know what; which it is; and you are in smoke, gone, vapour'd, vanish'd, blowne, and (as a man would say) in a word of two fillables, Nothing.

SHEPHERD.

This is short, though not so sweet. Surely the better part of the solemnitie here will be dauncing.

FENCER.

Enough; They shall be met with instantly in their owne sphere, the sphere of their owne activitie a daunce. But by whom, expect: No *Cynætheian*, nor *Satyres*; but (as I said) Boyes of *Beotia*, thinges of *Thebes*, (the Towne is ours, Shepherd) mad merry Greekes, Lads of life, that have no gall in us, but all ayre and sweetnesse. A Tooth-drawer is our Foreman, that if there be but a bitter tooth in the company, it may bee called out at a twitch; he doth command any mans teeth out of his head upon the point of his Poynard; or tickles them forth with his ryding rod: Hee drawes teeth a horse-backe in full speed, yet hee will daunce a foot, he hath given his word: He is yeoman of the mouth to the whole Brotherhood, and is charged to see their gummes bee cleane, and their breath sweet, at a minutes warning. Then comes my learned *Theban*, the Tinker I told you of, with his kettle Drum (before and after) a Master of Musique, and a man of mettall; He beates the march to the tune of Tickle-foot, *Pam, pam, pam*, brave *Epam* with a *nondas*. That's the straine.

SHEPHERD.

A high one.

FENCER.

Which is followed by the trace, and tract of an excellent Juggler, that can juggle with every joynt about him, from head to heele. He can doe tricks with his toes, wind silke, and thred Pearle with them, as nimble a fine fellow of his feet, as his hands: For there is a noble Corne-cutter his companion, hath so pared, and finified them----. Indeed, he hath taken it into his care, to reforme the feet of all, and fit all their footing to a forme; onely ones play-foot in the company, and he is a Bellows-mender, allow'd who hath the looking to of all their lungs by patent, and by his place is to set that leg afore still, and with his pusses keepes them in breath during pleasure; A Tinder-box-man to strike new fire into them at every turne, and where he spies any brave sparke that is in danger to goe out, plie him with a match presently.

SHEPHERD.

A most politique provision.

FENCER.

Nay, we have made our provisions beyond example, I hope. For to these there is annexed a Clock-keeper, a grave person, as *Time* himselfe, who is to see that they all keepe time to a nick, and move every elbow in order, every knee in compasse. He is to wind them up, and draw them downe as he sees cause; Then is there a subtile shrewd-bearded Sir, that hath

hath beene a Politician, but is now a maker of Mouse-traps, a great Inginer yet; and he is to catch the Ladyes favours in the Daunce with certaine cringes, he is to make, and to baite their benevolence. Nor can wee doubt of the successe, for we have a Prophet amongst us of that peremptorie pate, a Taylour, or master Fashioner, that hath found it out in a painted cloth, or some old hanging (for those are his Librarie) that we must conquer in such a time, and such a halfe time, therefore bids us goe on crosse-leg'd, or however thred the needles of our owne happinesse, goe through-stitch with all, unwind the clew of our cares, he hath taken measure of our mindes, and will fit our fortune to our footing. And to better assure us, at his owne charge, brings his Philosopher with him, a great Clerke, who (they say) can write, and it is shrewdly suspected but he can read too: And he is to take the whole Daunces from the foot by Brachygraphie, and so make a memoriall, if not a map of the businesse. Come forth lads, and doe your owne turnes.

*The Antimasque is Daunced.
After which*

FENCER.

How like you this Shepheard? was not this geare gotten on a holy-day?

SHEPHERD.

Faith, your folly may deserve pardon, because it hath delighted: But, beware of presuming, or how you offer comparison with persons so neere Deities. Behold where they are, that are now forgiven you, whom should you provoke againe with the like, they will justly punish that with anger, which they now dismisse with contempt, Away.

*And come you prime Arcadians forth, that taught
By P A N the rites of true societie,
From his loud Musicke, all your manners wrought
And made your Common-wealth a harmonie
Commending so to all posteritie.
Your innocence from that faire Fount of light
As still you sit without the injurie
Of any rudenesse, Folly can, or spight:
Daunce from the top of the Lycaan mountaine
Downe to this valley, and with neerer eye
Enjoy, what long in that illumin'd Fountaine
You did farre off, but yet with wonder spye.*

HYMNE I.

*I. Of P A N we sing, the best of Singers Pan
That taught us swaines, how first to tune our layes,
And on the pipe more aires then Phoebus can.
C H O. Heare O you groves, and hills resound his praise.*

2. Of Pan we sing, the best of Leaders, Pan
That leads the Nymphs, and the Dryads forth;
And to their dances more then Hermes can.

CHO. Heare O you groves, and hills, resound his worth.

3. Of Pan we sing, the best of Hunters, Pan
That drives the Heart to seeke unused wayes,
And in the chase more then Sylvanus can,

CHO. Heare, O you groves, and hills resound his praise.

4. Of Pan we sing, the best of Shepherds, Pan,
That keepes our flocks, and us, and both leads forth
To better pastures then great Pales can:

CHO. Heare O you groves, and hills resound his worth.

And while his powers, and praises thus we sing
The Valleys let rebound, and all the rivers ring.

The Masquers descend, and dance
their Entrée.

HYMNE II.

PAN is our All, by him we breath, wee live,
Wee move, we are; 'Tis he our lambs doth reare,
Our flocks doth blesse, and from the store doth give
The warme and finer fleeces that we weare.

He keepes away all heates, and colds,
Drives all diseases from our folds:

Makes every where the spring to dwell,

The Ewes to feed, their udders swell;

But if he frowne, the sheepe (alas)

The Shepheards wither, and the grasse.

Strive, strive, to please him then by still increasing thus
The rites are due to him, who doth all right for us.

The Maine Daunce.

HYMNE III.

If yet, if yet

Pans orgies you will further fit,

See where the silver-footed Fays doe sit,

The Nymphes of wood and water;

Each trees, and Fountaines daughter,

Goe take them forth, it will be good

To see some wave it like a wood,

And others wind it like a flood;

In springs,

And rings,

Till the applause it brings,

Wakes Eccho from her seate,

The closes to repeate.

(ECH. The closes to repeate)

Eccho

*Eccho the truest Oracle on ground,
Though nothing but a sound.*

(ECH. *Though nothing but a sound.*)

Belov'd of Pan, the Vallies Queene

(ECH. *The Vallies Queene*)

And often heard, though never scene,

(ECH. *Though never scene.*)

REVELLS.

FENCER.

Roome, roome there: where are you Shepheard? I am come againe with my second part of my bold Bloods, the brave Gamesters: who assure you by me, that they percieve no such wonder in all is done here, but that they dare adventure another tryall. They looke for some sheepish devises here in *Arcadia*, not these, and therefore a hall, a hall they demand.

SHEPHERD.

Nay, then they are past pittie, let them come, and not expect the anger of a Deitie to pursue them, but meet them. They have their punishment with their fact. They shall be sheepe.

FENCER.

O spare me, by the law of Nations, I am but their Ambassadour;

SHEPHERD.

You speake in time Sir.

2. ANTIMASQUE.

SHEPHERD.

Now let them returne with their solide heads, and carry their stupidity into *Bæotia*, whence they brought it, with an embleme of themselves, and their Countrey. This is too pure an aire for so grosse Braines:

*End you the rites, and so be eas'd
Of these, and then great Pan is pleas'd.*

HYMNE III.

*Great Pan the Father of our peace, and pleasure,
Who giv'st us all this leasure,
Heare what thy hallowd troope of Herdsmen pray
For this their Holy-day,
And how their voves to Thee, they in Lycæum pay.*

*So may our Ewes receive the mounting Rammes,
And wee bring thee the earliest of our Lambes:
So may the first of all our fells be thine,
And both the beestning of our Goates, and Kine*

*As thou our folds dost still secure,
 And keep'st our fountaines sweet and pure
 Driv'st hence the Wolfe, the Tode, the Brock,
 Or other vermine from the flock.
 That wee preserv'd by Thee, and thou observ'd by us
 May both live safe in shade of thy lov'd Mænalus.*

SHEPHERD.

*Now each retorne unto his Charge,
 And though to day you have liv'd at large,
 And well your flocks have fed their fill,
 Yet doe not trust your hirelings still.
 See, yond they goe, and timely doe
 The office you have put them to,
 But if you often give this leave
 Your sheepe, and you they will deceive.*

The End.

THE

THE MASQUE OF OWLES

AT
KENELWORTH.

Presented by the Ghost of Captaine *Coxe*
mounted in his Hoby-horse.

1626.

CAP. COXE.

Roome, roome, for my Horse will wince,
If he come within so many yards of a Prince;
And though he have not on his wings,
He will doe strange things.
He is the *Pegasus* that uses
To waite on *Warwick* Muses;
And on gaudy-dayes he paces
Before the *Coventrie* Graces;
For to tell you true, and in rime,
He was foald in Q. *Elizabeths* time,
When the great Earle of *Lester*
In this Castle did feast her.

Now, I am not so stupid
To thinke, you thinke me a *Cupid*;
Or a *Mercurie*, that fit him:
Though these Cocks here would fit him;
But a spirit very civill,
Neither Poets God, nor Devill;
An old *Kenelworth* Fox,
The Ghost of Captaine *Cox*,
For which I am the bolder,
To weare a Cock on each shoulder.

This Captaine *Cox*, by *St. Mary*,
Was at *Bullen* with King *Hary*;
And (if some doe not vary)
Had a goodly library,
By which he was discerned
To be one of the learned

To entertaine the Queene here,
 When last she was seene here.
 And for the Towne of *Coventrie*
 To act to her soveraigntie.
 But so his lot fell out,
 That serving then afoot,
 And being a little man;
 When the skirmish began
 'Twixt the *Saxon*, and the *Dane*,
 (For thence the storie was tane)
 Hee was not so well seene
 As he would have beene o'the Queene.
 Though this sword were twice so long
 As any mans else in the throng
 And for his sake, the Play
 Was call'd for the second day.
 But he made a vow
 (And he performes it now)
 That were he alive, or dead,
 Hereafter, it should never be sed
 But *Cap. Cox* would serve on horse
 For better or for worse,
 If any Prince came hither.

And his horse should have a feather
 Nay, such a Prince it might be
 Perhaps he should have three.

Now, Sir (in your approach
 The rumbling of your Coach
 Awaking me, (his Ghost)
 I come to play your Host;
 And feast your eyes and eares,
 Neither with Dogs, nor Beares,
 Though that have beene a fit
 Of our maine-shire wit,
 In times heretofore,
 But now, we have got a little more.

These then that we present
 With a most loyall intent
 And (as the Author saith)
 No ill meaning to the *Catholique faith*,
 Are not so much beasts, as Fowles,
 But a very Nest of Owles,
 And naturall, so thrive I,
 I found them in the Ivy,
 A thing, that though I blundered at,
 It may in time be wondred at,
 If the place but affords
 Any store of lucky birds,
 As I make'em to flush
 Each Owle out of his bush.

Now,

Now, these Owles (some say) were men,
And they may be soagen,
If once they endure the light
Of your highnesse fight:
For Bank-rupts, we have knowne
Rise to more then their owne.
With a little-little savour
Of the Princes favour,
But, as you like their tricks,
I'll spring 'em, they are but fix.

Hey, Owle first.

This Bird is *London* bred
As you may see by his horn'd head.
And had like to have beene tane
At his shop in Jvy-lane,
Where he sold by the peney
Tobacco, as good as any;
But, whether it did provoke
His conscience, he sold smoke;
Or some other toy he tooke,
Towards his calling to looke:
He fled by Moone-shine thence;
And broke for sixteene pence.

Hey, Owle second.

This too, the more is the pittie
Is of the breed, of the same Citie,
A true Owle of *London*
That gives out he is undone,
Being a Cheese-monger,
By trusting two of the younger
Captaines, for the hunger
Of their halfe-staru'd number;
Whom since they have shipt away:
And left him God to pay,
With those cares for a badge
Of their dealing with his Madge.

Hey, Owle third.

A pure native Bird
This, and though his hue
Be not *Coventrie*-blue,
Yet is he undone
By the thred he has spunne,
For since the wise towne
Has let the sports downe
Of May-games, and Morris,
For which he right sorry is:
Where their Maides, and their Makes,
At dancings, and Wakes,
Had their Napkins, and poses,
And the wipers for their noses.

And their ~~smocks~~ all-be-wrought
 With his thred which they bought,
 It now lies on his hands,
 And having neither wit, nor lands,
 Is ready to hang, or choke him,
 In a skeyne of that, that broke him.

Hey, Owle fourth.

Was once a Bankrupt of worth,
 And having run a shifting race
 At last by money, and grace,
 Got him a Serjeants place,
 And to be one of Chace.
 A full fortnight was not spent,
 But out comes the Parliament,
 Takes away the use of his Mace,
 And left him in a worse, then his first case.

Hey, Owle the fift.

But here was a defeat,
 Never any so great,
 Of a *Don*, a Spanish Reader,
 Who had thought to have bin the Leader
 (Had the Match gon on)
 Of our Ladyes one by one,
 And triumpht our whole Nation,
 In his *Rodomant* fashion:
 But now since the breach,
 He has not a Scholler to teach.

Hey, Owle sixt.

The Bird-bringer up is a Knight,
 But a passionate wight,
 Who, since the Act against swearing,
 (The tale's worth your hearing)
 In this short times growth
 Hath at twelve pence an oath;
 For that (I take it) is the rate
 Sworne himsele out of his estate.

The third varied.

A Crop-eard Scrivener, this,
 Who when he heard but the whif-
 per of moneys to come downe,
 Fright got him out of Towne
 With all the Bills and Bands
 Of other mens in his hands,
 And cry'd, who will drive the trade,
 Since such a Law they had made:
 It was not he that broke.
 Two i' the hundred spoke.
 Nor car'd he for the curse,
 He could not heare much worse,
 He had his cares in his purse.

The End.

THE

THE
FORTUNATE
ISLES,
AND

THEIR VNION:
CELEBRATED IN A
MASQUE

Design'd for the Court, on the
Twelfth night. 1626.

Hic chorea, cantusque vigent.

THE FORTVNATE ISLES.

His M^{tie} being set,

Entreth in, running, JOHPHIEL, an aëry spirit, and (according to the Magi) the Intelligence of Jupiters sphere: Attired in light silkes of severall colours, with wings of the same, a bright yellow haire, a chaplet of flowers, blew silke stockings, and pumpes, and gloves, with a silver fan in his hand.

JOHPHIEL.

Like a lightning from the skie,
Or an arrow shot by Love,
Or a Bird of his let fly;
Bee't a Sparrow, or a Dove:
With that winged haist, come I,
Loosed from the Sphere of Love,
To wish good-night
To your delight.

To him enters a Melancholique Student, in bare and worne cloathes,
 shrowded under an obscure cloake, and the eaves of an old hat,
 fetching a deepe sigh, his name, Mr. Mere-Foole.

MERE-FOOLE.

Oh, oh!

JOHPHIEL.

In Saturn's name, the Father of my Lord!
 What over-charged piece of Melancholie
 Is this, breakes in betweene my wishes thus,
 With bombing fighes?

MERE-FOOLE.

No! no Intelligence!

Not yet! and all my vowes now nine dayes old!
 Blindnesse of fate! Puppies had seene by this time:
 But I see nothing! that I should! or would see!
 What meane the Brethren of the Rosie-Crosse
 So to desert their votarie!

JOHPHIEL.

O! 'tis one
 Hath vow'd himselfe unto that aërie order,
 And now is gaping for the flie they promis'd him.
 I'll mixe a little with him for my sport.

MERE-FOOLE.

Have I both in my lodging, and my dyet,
 My cloathes, and every other solemne charge
 Observ'd hem! made the naked bords my bed!
 A fagot for my pillow! hungred fore!

JOHPHIEL.

And thirsted after hem!

MERE-FOOLE.

To looke gaunt, and leane!

JOHPHIEL.

Which will not be.

MERE-FOOLE.

(Who's that?) yes, and outwatcht,
 Yea, and out-walked any Ghost alive
 Insolitarie circle, worne my bootes,
 Knees, armes, and elbowes out!

JOHPHIEL.

Ran on the score!

MERE-FOOLE.

That have I (who suggests that?) and for more
 Then I will speake of, to abate this flesh,
 And have not gaind the fight;

JOHPHIEL.

Nay scarce the sense,

MERE-FOOLE.

(Voice, thou art right) of any thing but a cold
Wind in my stomacke.

JOHPHIEL.

And a kind of whimsie,

MERE-FOOLE.

Here in my head, that puts me to the staggers,
Whether there be that Brotherhood, or no.

JOHPHIEL.

Beleeve fraile man, they be: and thou shalt see.

MERE-FOOLE.

What shall I see?

JOHPHIEL.

Mee.

MERE-FOOLE.

Thee? Where?

JOHPHIEL.

Here. If you

Be Mr. *Mere-Foole*.

MERE-FOOLE.

Sir, our name is *Mery-Foole*.

But by contraction *Mere-foole*.

JOHPHIEL.

Then are you

The wight I seeke: and Sr. my name is *Fophiel*,

Intelligence to the Sphere of *Jupiter*,

Anaëry jocular spirit, employ'd to you

From Father OVTIS.

MERE-FOOLE.

OVTIS? who is hee?

JOHPHIEL.

Know yee not OVTIS? Then you know No body:

The good old *Hermit*, that was said to dwell

Here in the forrest without trees, that built

The Castle in the aire, where all the Brethren

Rhodostaurotick live. It flies with wings,

And runnes on wheelles: where *Julian de Campis*

Holds out the brandisht blade.

MERE-FOOLE.

Is't possible

They thinke on mee?

JOHPHIEL.

Rise, be not lost in wonder,

But heare me, and be faithfull. All the Brethren

Have heard your vowes, salute you, and expect you,

By me, this next returne. But the good Father

Has bin content to die for you.

MERE

MERE-FOOLE. Formee?

JOHPHIEL.

For you. Last New-yeares day, which some give out,
Because it was his Birth-day, and began
The yeare of *Jubile*, he would rest upon it,
Being his hundred five and twentieth yeare:
But the truth is, having observ'd your *Genesis*,
He would not live, because he might leave all
He had to you.

MERE-FOOLE.

What had he?

JOHPHIEL.

Had? An office,

Two, three, or foure.

MERE-FOOLE.

Where?

JOHPHIEL.

In the upper Region:

And that you'll find. The Farme of the great Customes,
Through all the Ports of the Aires Intelligences;
Then Constable of the Castle *Rosie-Crosse*:
Which you must be, and Keeper of the Keyes
Of the whole *Kaball*, with the Seales; you shall be
Principall Secretarie to the Starres;
Know all their signatures, and combinations,
The divine rods, and consecrated roots.
What not? Would you turne trees up like the wind,
To shew your strength? march ouer heads of armies,
Or points of pikes, to shew your lightnesse? force
All doores of arts, with the petarre, of your wit?
Reade at one view all bookes? speake all the languages
Of severall creatures? master all the learnings
Were, are, or shall be? or, to shew your wealth,
Open all treasures, hid by nature, from
The rocke of Diamond, to the mine of Sea-coale?
Sir, you shall doe it.

MERE-FOOLE.

But how?

JOHPHIEL.

Why, by his skill,

Of which he has left you the inheritance,
Here in a pot: this little gally pot
Of tincture, high rose tincture. There's your Order,
You will ha' your Collar sent you, er't be long.

MERE-FOOLE.

I lookt Sir, for a halter, I was desperate.

JOHPHIEL.

JOHNNIEL.

Reach forth your hand.

MERE-FOOLE.

O Sir, a broken sleeve
Keepes the arme back as 'tis i' the proverbe.

JOHNNIEL.

Nay,

For that I doe commend you: you must be poore
With all your wealth, and learning. When you ha' made
Your glasse, gardens in the depth of Winter,
Where you will walke invisable to Man-kind,
Talkt with all birds and beasts in their owne language,
When you have penetrated hills like ayre,
Div'd to the bottome of the Sea, like leade,
And ris' againe like corke, walk't in the fire
An'twere a *Salamander*, pass'd through all
The winding orbes, like an Intelligence,
Up to the *Empyreum*, when you have made
The World your gallery, can dispatch a businesse
In some three minutes, with the *Antipodes*,
And in five more, negotiate the *Globe* over;
You must be poore still.

MERE-FOOLE.

By my place, I know it.

JOHNNIEL.

Where would you wish to be now? or what to see?
Without the fortunate purse to beare your charges,
Or wishing hat? I will but touch your temples,
The corners of your eyes, and tinct the tip,
The very tip o' your nose, with this *Collyrium*
And you shall see i' the ayre all the *Idea's*,
Spirits, and *Atomes*, Flies, that buz about
This way, and that way, and are rather admirable,
Then any way intelligible.

MERE-FOOLE.

O, come, tinct me,

Tinct me: I long, save this great belly, I long.
But shall I onely see?

JOHNNIEL.

See, and command

As they were all your varlets, or your foot-boyes:
But first you must declare, (your greatnesse must,
For that is now your stile) what you would see.
Or whom.

MERE-FOOLE.

Is that my stile? My Greatnesse, then,
Would see King *Zoroastres*.

T

JOHNNIEL.

JOHNSHIEL.

Why you shall:

Or any one beside. Thinke whom you please?
Your thousand, Your ten thousand, to a million:
All's one to me, if you could name a myriad.

MERE-FOOLE.

I have nam'd him.

JOHNSHIEL.

You've reason.

MERE-FOOLE.

I, I have reason.

Because he's said to be the Father of conjurers,
And a cunning man i' the starres.

JOHNSHIEL.

I, that's it troubles us.

A little for the present: For, at this time
He is confuting a French *Almanack*,
But he will straight have done, Ha' you but patience;
Or thinke but any other in meane time,
Any hard name.

MERE-FOOLE.

Then, *Hermes Trismegistus*.

JOHNSHIEL.

O, *ὁ τριμυγιστος*? Why, you shall see him,
A fine hard name. Or him, or whom you will,
As I said to you afore. Or what doe you thinke
Of *Howle-glasse*, instead of him.

MERE-FOOLE.

No, him

I have a mind to.

JOHNSHIEL.

O', but *Vlen-spigle*.

Were such a name! but you shall have your longing.
What lucke is this, he should be busie too?
He is waighing water, but to fill three houre-glasses,
And marke the day in pen'orths like a cheese,
And he has done. 'Tis strange you should name him
Of all the rest! there being *Famblicus*,
Or *Porphyrie*, or *Proclus*, any name
That is not busie.

MERE-FOOLE.

Let me see *Pythagoras*.

JOHNSHIEL.

Good.

MERE-FOOLE.

Or *Plato*.

JOHNSHIEL.

Plato, is framing some *Idea's*,
Are now bespoken, at a groat a dozen,
Three grosse at least: And, for *Pythagoras*,

He

He has rashly run himselfe on an imployment,
Of keeping *Asses* from a field of beanes;
And cannot be stav'd off.

MERE-FOOLE.

Then, *Archimedes*,

JOHPHIEL.

Yes, *Archimedes*!

MERE-FOOLE.

I, or *Æsop*.

JOHPHIEL.

Nay,

Hold your first man, a good man, *Archimedes*,
And worthy to be seene; but he is now
Inventing a rare Mouse-trap with *Owles* wings
And a *Catts-foot*, to catch the *Mise* alone:
And *Æsop*, he is filing a *Fox* tongue,
For a new fable he has made of Court;
But you shall see hem all, stay but your time
And aske in season; Things as'kd out of season
A man denies himselfe. At such a time
As *Christmas*, when disguising is o'foot,
To aske of the inventions, and the men,
The witts, and the ingines that move those Orbes!
Me thinkes, you should enquire now, after *Skelton*,
Or Mr. *Skogan*.

MERE-FOOLE.

Skogan? what was he?

JOHPHIEL.

O' a fine Gentleman, and a *Master of Arts*,
Of *Henry* the fourth's times, that made disguises
For the Kings sonnes, and writ in ballad-royall
Daintily well.

MERE-FOOLE.

But, wrote he like a Gentleman?

JOHPHIEL.

In rime! fine tinckling rime! and flowand verse!
With now and then some fence! and he was paid for't,
Regarded, and rewarded: which few *Poets*
Are now adaies.

MERE-FOOLE.

And why?

JOHPHIEL.

'Cause every Dabler
In rime is thought the same. But you shall see him,
Hold up your nose.

MERE-FOOLE.

I had rather see a *Brachman*,
Or a *Gymnosophist* yet.

JOHNNIEL.

You shall see him, Sir.

Is worth them both. And with him *Domine Skelton*,
 The worshipfull *Poet Laureat* to *K. Harry*,
 And *Tytire* of those times. Advance quick *Skogan*,
 And quicker *Skelton*, shew your craftie heads,
 Before this Heire of arts, this Lord of learning,
 This Master of all knowledge in reversion.

*Enter SKOGAN, and SKELTON in like
 habits, as they liv'd.*

SKOGAN.

Seemeth we are call'd of a morall intent,
 If the words that are spoken, as well now be meant.

JOHNNIEL.

That Mr. *Skogan* I dare you ensure.

SKOGAN.

Then, Sonne, our acquaintance is like to indure.

MERE-FOOLE.

A pretty game! like *Crambe*. Mr. *Skogan*,
 Give me thy hand: Thou'rt very leane, me thinks,
 Is't living by thy wits?

SKOGAN.

If it had beene that,
 My worshipfull Sonne, thou hadst ne're bin so fat.

JOHNNIEL.

He tels you true Sir. Here's a Gentleman
 (My paire of crafty Clerkes) of that high caract,
 As hardly hath the age produc't his like.
 Who not content with the wit of his owne times,
 Is curious to know yours, and what hath beene,

MERE-FOOLE.

Or is, or shall be.

JOHNNIEL.

Note his Latitude!

SKELTON:

*O, vir amplissimus!**(Ut scholis dicimus)**Et gentilissimus!*

JOHNNIEL.

The question-*issimus*

Is, should he aske a fight now, for his life;
 I meane, a person, he would have restor'd,
 To memorie of these times, for a Play-fellow,
 Whether you would present him, with an *Hermes*,
 Or, with an *Howle-glas*?

SKELTON.

SKELTON.

An *Howleglasse*
To come, to passe
On his Fathers Ass;
There never was,
By day, nor night,
A finer fight.
With feathers upright
In his horned cap,
And crooked shape,
Much like an Ape.
With Owle on fist,
And Glasse at his wrist.

SKOGAN.

Except the foure Knaves entertain'd for the guards,
Of the Kings, and the Queenes that triumph in the care.

JOHPHIEL

I, that were a fight and a halfe, I confesse,
To see'hem come skipping in, all at a messe!

SKELTON.

With *Elinor Rummie*.
To make up the mumming;
That comely *Gill*,
That dwelt on a hill,
But she is not grill:
Her face all bowfie,
Droopie, and drowfie,
Scurvy, and lowfie,
Comely crinkled,
Wondrously wrinkled,
Like a rost pigs eare,
Bristled with haire.

SKOGAN.

Or, what doe you say to *Russian Fitz-Ale*?

JOHPHIEL.

An excellent fight, if he be not to stale.
But then, we can mix him with moderne *Vapors*,
The Child of *Tobacco*, his pipes, and his papers.

MERE-FOOLE.

You talk'd of *Elinor Rummie*, I had rather
See *Ellen of Troy*.

JOHPHIEL.

Her you shall see.
But credit mee,
That *Marie Ambree*
(Who march'd so free.
To the siege of *Gaunt*,
And death could not daunt,
As the Ballad doth vaunt)

Were

Were a braver wight,
And a better fight.

SKELTON.

Or Westminster Meg,
With her long leg,
As long as a Crane;
And feet like a plane:
With a paire of heeles,
As broad as two wheelles;
To drive downe the dew,
As she goes to the stew:
And turnes home merry,
By Lambeth Ferry.
Or you may have come
In, Thomas Thumbe,
In a pudding fatt
With Doctor Ratt.

JOHNNIE.

I, that! that! that!
Wee'll have'em all,
To fill the Hall.

The Antimasque follows.

Consisting of these twelve persons, *Owleglasse*, the foure
Knaves, two *Ruffians*, *Fitz-ale*, and *Vapore*, *Elnor Rum-*
ming, *Mary Ambree*, *Long-Meg of Westminster*,
Tom Thumbe, and *Doctor Ratt*.

Which done,

MERE-FOOLE.

What! are they vanish'd! where is skipping *Skelton*?
Or morall *Skogan*? I doe like their shew
And would have thank't'em, being the first grace
The Company of the *Rosie-Crosse* hath done me.

JOHNNIE.

The company o'the *Rosie-Crosse*! you wigion,
The company of *Players*. Goe, you are,
And will be still your selfe, a *Mere-foole*, In;
And take your pot of honey here, and hogs greace,
See, who has guld you, and make one. Great King,
Your pardon, if desire to please have trespass'd.
This foole should have beene sent to *Antycira*,
(The Ile of *Ellebore*) there to have purg'd,
Not hop'd a happie seat within your waters.
Heare now the message of the Fates, and *Fove*,
On whom those Fates depend, to you, as *Neptuna*
The great Commander of the Seas, and Iles.
That point of Revolution being come

When

When all the Fortunate Islands should be joyn'd,
 MACARIA, one, and thought a Principall,
 That hitherto hath floted, as uncertaine
 Where she should fix her blessings, is to night
 Instructed to adhere to your BRITANNIA:
 That where the happie spirits live, hereafter
 Might be no question made, by the most curious,
 Since the Macarij come to doe you homage,
 And joyne their cradle to your continent.

*Here the Scene opens, and the Masquers are discover'd sitting in
 their severall seiges. The ayre opens above, and APOLLO
 with Harmony, and the spirits of Musique sing, the
 while the Iland moves forward, Proteus sitting
 below, and hearkening.*

SONG.

Looke forth the Shepheard of the Seas,
 And of the Ports that keepe the keyes,
 And to your Neptune tell,
 MACARIA, Prince of all the Isles,
 Wherein there nothing grows, but smiles,
 Doth here put in, to dwell.
 The windes are sweet, and gently blow,
 But Zephirus, no breath they know,
 The Father of the flowers:
 By him the virgin violets live,
 And every plant doth odours give,
 As new, as are the howers.

CHORVS.

Then, thinke it not a common cause,
 That to it so much wonder drawes,
 And all the heavens consent,
 With Harmony to tune their notes,
 In answer to the publike votes,
 That for it up were sent.

By this time, the Iland having joyned it selfe to the shore;
 PROTEVS, PORTVNVS, and SARON come forth,
 and goe up singing to the State, while the Masquers
 take time to ranke themselves.

Song.

PROTEVS.

I, now, the heights of Neptunes honours shine,
 And all the glories of his greater stile
 Are read, reflected in this happiest Ile.

PORTVNVS.

PORTVNVS.
How both the ayre, the soyle, the seat combine
To speake it blessed!

SARON.
These are the true groves,
Where joyes are borne.

PROTEVS.
Where longings,

PORTVNVS.
And where loves!

SARON.
That live!

PROTEVS.
That last!

PORTVNVS.
No intermitted wind
Blowes here, but what leaves flowers, or fruit behind.

CHORVS.
'Tis odour all, that comes!
And every tree doth give his gummes.

PROTEVS.
There is no sicknesse, nor no old age knowne
To man, nor any griefe that hee dares owne.
There is no hunger there, nor envy of state.
Nor least ambition in the Magistrate.
But all are even-hearted, open, free,
And what one is, another strives to be.

PORTVNVS.
Here all the day, they feast, they sport, and spring;
Now dance the Graces Hay; now Venus Ring:
To which the old Musicians play, and sing.

SARON.
There is ARION, tuning his bold Harpe,
from flat to sharpe.

PORTVNVS.
And light Anacreon,
He still is one!

PROTEVS.
Stesichorus there, too,
That Linus, and old Orpheus doth out-doe
To wonder.

SARON.
And Amphion! he is there.

PORTVNVS.
Nor is Apollo dainty to appeare
In such a quire, although the trees be thick,

PROTEVS.
He will looke in, and see the aires be quick,
And that the times be true.

PORTVNVS.

PORTVNVS.

Then, chanting,

PROTEVS.

Then,

Up, with their notes, they raise the Prince of Men.

SARON.

*And sing the present Prophecie that goes
Of joyning the bright LILLIE, and the ROSA.*

CHORVS.

See! all the flowers

PROTEVS.

That spring the banks along,

Doe move their heads unto that under-song.

CHORVS.

SARON, PORTVNVS, PROTEVS, *help to bring
Our Primrose in, the glory of the spring!
And tell the Daffadill, against that day,
That we prepare new Gyrlands fresh as May.
And enter-weave the Myrtle, and the Bay.*

*This sung, the Island goes backe, whil'st the upper
Chorus takes it from them, and the Masquers
prepare for their figure.*

CHORVS.

*Spring all the Graces of the age,
And all the Loves of time;
Bring all the pleasures of the stage,
And relishes of rime:
Adde all the softnesses of Courts,
The looks, the laughs, and the sports.
And mingle all their sweets, and salts,
That none may say, the Triumph halts.*

*The Masquers Dance their Entry
or first dance.*

*Which done, the first Prospective, a Maritime Pa-
lace, or the house of Oceanus is discovered
to loude Musicke.*

The other above is no more scene.

JOHN PHIL.

*Behold the Palace of Oceanus!
Hayle Reverend structure! Boast no more to us
Thy being able, all the Gods to feast;
We saw enough: when ALBION was thy guest.*

The Measures.

After which, the second Prospective, a Sea is shovne,
to the former Musicke.

JOHAPHIEL.

Now turne; and view the wonders of the deepe;
Where *Proteus* Herds, and *Neptunes* Orkes doe keepe,
Where all is plough'd, yet still the pastures greene
New wayes are found, and yet no paths are scene.

Here *Proteus*, *Portunus*, *Saron*, goe up to the
Ladies with this Song.

PROTEVS.

Come noble Nymphs, and doe not hide
The joyes, for which you so provide:

SARON.

If not to mingle with the Men,
What doe you here? Goe home agen.

PORTVNVS.

Your dressings doe confesse,
By what we see, so curious parts
Of *Pallas*, and *Arachnes* arts,
That you could meane nolesse.

PROTEVS.

Why doe you weare the *Silk-wormes* toyles,
Or glory in the *shell-fish* spoyles;
Or strive to shew the graines of *Ore*,
That you have gather'd on the shore,
whereof to make a stocke
To graft the greener *Emerald* on,
Or any better water'd stone,

SARON.

Or *Rubie* of the *Rocke*?

PROTEVS.

Why doe you smell of *Amber-gris*,
Of which was formed *Neptunes* Neice,
The *Queene of Love*: unlesse you can
Like *Sea-borne Venus* love a Man?

SARON.

Try, put your selves unto't.

CHORVS.

Your lookes, your smiles, and thoughts that meet,
Ambrosian hands, and silver feet,
Doe promise you will do't.

*The Revells follow.
Which ended, the Fleet is discovered, while the
three Corners play.*

JOH PHIEL.

'Tis time, your eyes should be refresh'd at length
With something new, a part of NEPTUNE'S strength,
See yond', his Fleete, ready to goe or come,
Or fetch the riches of the Ocean home,
So to secure him, both in peace, and warres,
Till not one ship alone, but all be starres.

Then the last Song.

PROTEVS.

*Although we wish the glory still might last
Of such a night, and for the causes past:
Yet now, great Lord of waters, and of Iles,
Give Proteus leave to turne unto his wiles.*

PORTVNVS.

*And, whilst young ALBION doth thy labours ease,
Dispatch Portunus to the Ports.*

SARON.

And Saron to the Seas:

*To meet old Nereus, with his fiftie girles,
From aged Indus laden home with pearles,
And Orient gummes, to burne unto thy name.*

CHORVS.

*And may thy subjects hearts be all on flame,
Whil' st thou dost keepe the earth in firme estate,
And 'mongst the winds, do' st suffer no debate,
But both at Sea, and Land, our powers increase,
With health, and all the golden gifts of Peace.*

After which, their last Dance.

The End.

V 2

LOVES

LOVES TRIUMPH THROUGH CALLIPOLIS.

Performed in a Masque at Court.

1630.

By his Majestie, with the Lords,
and Gentlemen assisting.

The Inventors.

Ben. Johnson.

Inigo Jones.

Quando magis dignos licuit spectare triumphos?

To make the Spectators understanders.

Whereas all Representations, especially those of this nature in Court, publique Spectacles, either have beene, or ought to bee the mirrours of mans life, whose ends, for the excellence of their exhibitors (as being the donatives, of great Princes, to their people) ought alwayes to carry a mixture of profit, with them, no lesse then delight; Wee, the Inventors, being commanded from the King, to thinke on something worthy of his Majesties putting in act, with a selected company of his Lords, and Gentlemen, called to the assistance For the honour of his Court, and the dignitie of that heroique love, and regall respect borne by him to his unmatched Lady, and Spouse, the Queenes Majestie, after some debate of cogitation with our selves, resolved on this following argument.

First, that a Person, *boni ominis*, of a good Character, as *Euphemus*, sent downe from Heaven to *Callipolis*, which is understood, the Citie of *Beauty* or *Goodnesse*, should come in; and, finding her Majestie there enthron'd, declare unto her, that *Love* who was wont to be respected as a speciall Deitie in Court, and Tutelar God of the place, had of late receiv'd

ceiv'd an advertisement, that in the suburbs, or skirts of *Callipolis*, were crept in certaine Sectaries, or deprav'd Lovers, who neither knew the name, or nature of love rightly, yet boasted themselves his followers, when they were fitter to be call'd his *Furies*: their whole life being a continew'd *vertigo*, or rather a torture on the wheele of *Love*, then any motion, either of order or measure. When suddenly they leape forth below, a Mistresse leading them, and with antick gesticulation, and action, after the manner of the old *Pantomimi*, they dance over a distracted *Comedy* of *Love*, expressing their confus'd affections, in the Scenicall persons, and habits of the foure prime *European* Nations.

A glorious boasting Lover.
A whining Ballading Lover.
An adventurous *Romance* Lover.

A phantasticke umbrageous Lover.
A bribing corrupt Lover.
A froward jealous Lover.

A fordid illiberall Lover.
A proud scornfull Lover.
An angry quarrelling Lover.

A Melancholique despairing Lover.
An envious unquiet Lover.
A sensuall brute Lover.

All which, in varied, intricate turnes, and involv'd mazes, exprest, make the Antimasque: and conclude the exit, in a circle.

EUPHEMVS descends singing.

*Foy, joy to mortals, the rejoycing fires
Of gladnesse, smile in your dilated hearts!
Whilst Love presents a world of chaste desires,
Which may produce a harmony of parts!*

*Love is the right affection of the minde,
The noble appetite of what is best:
Desire of union with the thing design'd,
But in fruition of it cannot rest.*

*The Father plenty is, the Mother want.
Plenty the beauty, which it wanteth, drawes;
Want yeelds it selfe: affording what is scant.
So, both affections are the union's cause.*

Porus, and
Penia.

*But, rest not here. For Love hath larger scopes,
New joyes, new pleasures, of as fresh a date
As are his minutes: and, in him no hopes
Are pure, but those he can perpetuate.*

He goes up
to the State.

To you that are by excellence a Queene!
The top of beauty! but, of such an ayre,
As, onely by the minds eye, may be scene
Your enter-woven lines of good, and fayre!

Vouchsafe to grace Loves triumph here, to night,
Through all the streetes of your Callipolis;
Which by the splendor of your rayes made bright
The seat, and region of all beauty is.

Love, in perfection, longeth to appeare,
But prayes of favour, he be not call'd on,
Till all the suburbs, and the skirts be cleare
Of perturbations, and th'infection gon.

Then will he flow forth, like a rich perfume
Into your nostrils! or some sweeter sound
Of melting Musique, that shall not consume
Within the eare, but run the mazes round.

Here the Chorus walke about with their Censers.

CHORUS.

Meane time, wee make lustration of the place,
And with our solemne fires, and waters prove
T'have frighted hence, the weake diseased race
Of those were tortur'd on the wheele of love.

¹ The glorious, ² whining, ³ the adventurous foole,
⁴ Phantastique, ⁵ bribing, and the ⁶ jealous asse
¹ The sordid, ² scornfull, ³ and the angry mule
⁴ The melancholique, ⁵ dull, and envions masse,

CHORUS.

With all the rest, that in the sensuall schoole
Of lust, for their degree of brute may passe.
All which are vapour'd hence.
No loves, but slaves to sense:
Meere cattell, and not men.

The prospect
of Sea ap-
peares.

Sound, sound, and treble all our joyes agen,
Who had the power, and vertue to remove
Such monsters from the labyrinth of love.

The Triumph is first scene a-farre off, and led in by *Amphitrite*,
the Wife of *Oceanus*, with foure Sea-
gods attending her.

NEREUS, PROTEUS, GLAUCUS, PALÆMON.

It consisteth of fiftene Lovers, and as many Cupids, who ranke them-
selves seven, and seven on a side, with each a Cupid before him, with a
light;

lighted torch, and the middle person (which is his Majestie,) placed in the center.

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1. The provident. | 2. The judicious. |
| 3. The secret. | 4. The valiant. |
| 5. The witty. | 6. The joviall. |
| 7. The secure. | 8. The substantiall. |
| 9. The modest. | 10. The candid. |
| 11. The courteous. | 12. The elegant. |
| 13. The rationally. | 14. The magnificent. |
| 15. The Heroicall. | |

AMPHITRITE.

*Here, stay a while: This! this
The Temple of all Beautie is!
Here, perfect Lovers, you must pay
First-fruits; and on these altars lay
(The Ladies breast's) your ample voves,
Such, as Love brings, and Beauty best allowes!*

CHO. { For Love, without his object, soone is gone:
Love must have answering love, to looke upon.

AMPHITRITE.

To you, best Judge then, of perfection!

EUPHEMVS.

The Queene, of what is wonder, in the place!

AMPHITRITE.

Pure object, of Heroique Love, alone!

EUPHEMVS.

The center of proportion-----!

AMPHITRITE.

Sweetnesse.

EUPHEMVS.

Grace?

AMPHITRITE.

Daigne to receive all lines of love in one.

EUPHEMVS.

And by reflecting of them fill this space.

CHO. { Till it a circle of those glories prove,
Fit to be sought in Beauty, found by Love.

SEMI-CHO. { Where Love is mutuall, still
All things in order move,

SEMI-CHO. { The circle of the will
Is the true spheare of Love.

CHO. { Advance, you gentler Cupids, then advance,
And shew your just perfections in your daunce.

The Cupids dance, their dance.

And the Masquers their entry.

Which done, Euclia, or a faire Glory appears in the heavens, singing an applausive song, or Pæan of the whole, which shee takes occasion to

to ingeminate in the second *Chorus*, upon the sight of a work of *Neptunes*, being a hollow rocke, filling part of the Sea-prospect, whereon the *Muses* sit.

EVCLIAS Hymne.

|| So love, emergent out of Chaos brought
The world to light!
And gently moving on the waters, wrought
All forme to sight!

LOVES appetite
Did beantie first excite:
And left imprinted in the ayre,
Those signatures of good, and faire,
CHO. { Which since have flow'd forth upon the sense
To wonder first, and then to excellence,
By vertue of divine intelligence!

The ingemination.

And Neptune too,
Shewes what his waves can doe:
To call the Muses all to play,
And sing the birth of Venus day,
CHO. { Which from the Sea flow'd forth upon the sense
To wonder first, and next to excellence,
By vertue of divine intelligence!

Here follow the Revells.

Which ended, the Scene changeth to a Garden, and the heavens opening, there appeare foure new persons, in forme of a *Constellation*, sitting, or a new *Asterisme*, expecting *Venus*, whom they call upon with this song.

JUPITER, JUNO, GENIUS, HYMEN.

JVP. Hast daughter Venus, hast, and come away:

JVN. All powers, that governe Mariage, pray
That you will lend your light

GEN. Unto the constellation of this night,

HYM. Hymen.

JVN. And Juno.

GEN. And the Genius call,

JVP. Your father Jupiter,

CHO. And all

That blesse, or honour holy nuptiall.

VENUS here appeares in a cloud, and passing through the Constellation, descendeth to the earth, when presently the cloud vanisheth, and she is scene sitting in a throne.

VENUS.

Here, here I present ame
Both in my girale, and my flame.
Wherein are woven all the powers
The Graces gave me, or the Houres
(My nourses once) with all the arts
Of gayning, and of holding hearts :
And these with I descend.

But, to your influences, first commend
The vow, I goe to take
On earth, for perfect love and beauties sake !

Her song ended, and she rising to goe up to the Queene, the Throne disappears: in place of which, there shooteth up a Palme tree with an imperiall Crowne on the top, from the roote whereof, Lillies and Roses, twining together, and imbracing the stemme, flourish through the crowne, which she in the song, with the Chorus describes.

Beauty and Love, whose story is mysteriall,
In yonder Palme-tree, and the Crowne imperiall,
Doe from the Rose, and Lilly so delicious,
Promise a shade, shall ever be propitious
To both the Kingdomes. But to Brittaines Genius
The snaky rod, and serpents of Cyllenius
Bring not more peace, then these, who so united be
By Love, as with it Earth and Heaven delighted be.
And who this King, and Queene would well historifie,
Need onely speake their names : Those them will glorifie.
MARY, and CHARLES, CHARLES with his MARY, named are
And all the rest of Loves, or Princes famed are.

After this they dance their going out,
and end.

The Masquers Names.**The King.**

The Marquess <i>Hammilton.</i>	Lord Chamberlaine.
Earle of Holland.	Earle of Carnarvan.
Earle of Newport.	Vicount Doncaster.
Lord Strange.	Sir William Howard.
Sir Robert Stanley.	Sir William Brooke.
Master Goring.	Master Raleigh.
Master Dimock.	Master Abercromy.

The End.**CHLO.**

CHLORIDIA.

RITES TO

CHLORIS AND

HER NYMPHS.

Personated in a Masque at Court.

By the Queenes Majestie
And her Ladyes.

At Shrove-tide.

1630.

The Inventors.

Ben. Johnson.

Inigo Jones.

Unius tellus ante coloris erat.

CHLORIDIA.

THe King, and Queens Majestie, having given their command for the Invention of a new argument, with the whole change of the *Scene*, wherein her Majestie, with the like number of her Ladyes, purposed a presentation to the King. It was agreed, it should be the celebration of some Rites, done to the Goddesse *Chloris*, who in a generall counsell of the Gods, was proclaim'd Goddesse of the flowers, according to that of *Ovid*, in the *Fasti*.

Arbitrium tu Dea floris habe.

And was to be stellified on Earth, by an absolute decree from *Iupiter*, who would have the Earth to bee adorn'd with starres, as well as the Heaven.

Upon this hinge, the whole Invention mov'd.

The ornament, which went about the *Scene*, was composed of Foliage, or leaves heightned with gold, and enter-woven with all sorts of flowers,
X 2 and

and naked children, playing, and climbing among the branches; and in the midst, a great Garland of flowers, in which was written, *CHLORIDA*.

The Curtaine being drawne up, the *Scene* is discover'd, consisting of pleasant hills, planted with young trees, and all the lower bankes adorned with flowers. And from some hollow parts of those Hills, Fountains come gliding downe, which, in the farre-off Land-shape, seem'd all to be converted to a River.

Overall, a serene skie, with transparant cloudes, giving a great lustre to the whole worke, which did imitate the pleasant *Spring*.

When the spectators had enough fed their eyes, with the delights of the *Scene*, in a part of the ayre, a bright Cloud begins to breake forth; and in it is sitting a plump Boy, in a changeable garment, richly adorn'd, representing the mild *Zephyrus*. On the other side of the *Scene*, in a purplish Cloud, appeareth the *Spring*, a beautifull Maid, her upper garment Greene, under it, a white robe wrought with flowers; A garland on her head.

Here *Zephyrus* begins his Dialogue, calling her forth, and making narration of the Gods decree at large, which she obeyes, pretending, it is come to Earth already: and there begun to be executed by the Kings favour, who assists with all bounties, that may be either urg'd, as causes, or reasons of the *Spring*.

The first Song.

ZEPHYRVS.

Come forth, come forth, the gentle Spring,
And carry the glad newes, I bring,
To Earth, our common mother:
It is decreed, by all the Gods
The Heav'n, of Earth shall have no oddes,
But one shall love another:

Their glories they shall mutuall make,
Earth looke on Heaven, for Heavens sake;
Their honour's shall be even:
All emulation cease, and jarres;
Jove will have Earth to have her starres
And lights, no lesse then Heaven.

SPRING.

It is already done, in flowers
As fresh, and new as are the houres,
By warmth of yonder Sunne.
But will be multiply'd on us,
If from the breath of ZEPHYRVS
Like favour we have wonne.

ZEPHYRVS.

Give all to him: His is the dew,
The heate, the humour,

SPRING. ---- All the true.
Beloved of the Spring!

ZEPHYRUS.
The Sunne, the Wind, the Verdure!

SPRING. ---- All,
That wisest Nature cause can call
Of quick'ning anything.

At which, Zephyrus passeth away through the ayre, and the Spring descendeth to the Earth: and is receiv'd by the Naiades, or Napea; who are the Nymph's, Fountaines, and Servants of the season.

The second Song.

FOUNTAINES.

Fayre Maide, but are you come to dwell,
And tarry with us here?

SPRING.
Fresh Fountaines, I am come to tell
A tale in yond' soft eare,
Whereof the murmur will doe well:
If you your parts will beare.

FOUNTAINES.
Our purlings waite upon the Spring.

SPRING.
Goe up with me, then: helpe to sing
The story to the King.

Here the Spring goes up, singing the argument to the King; and the Fountaines follow with the close.

SPRING.

Cupid hath ta'ne offence of late
At all the Gods, that of the State,
And in their Councell, he was so deserted,
Not to be call'd into their Guild
But slightly pass'd by, as a child.

FOUNTAINES.
Wherein he thinkes his honour was perverted.

SPRING.
And though his Mother seeke to season,
And rectifie his rage with reason,
By shewing he lives yet under her command,
Rebellious he, doth disobey,
And she hath forc'd his armes away.

FOUN

FOUNTAINES.

To make him fee the Justice of her hand.

SPRING.

*Whereas the Boy, in fury fell,
 With all his speed, is gone to hell,
 There to excite, and stirre up Fealouſe,
 To make a party gainſt the Gods,
 And ſet Heaven, Earth, and Hell at odds.*

FOUNTAINES.

And rayſe a chaos of calamitie.

The Song ended, the Nymphs fall into a Daunce, to their voyces, and instruments, and ſo returne into the Scene.

THE ANTIMASQUE.

First Entrie.

A part of the under-ground opening, out of it enters a Dwarf-e-Post from Hell, riding on a Curtall, with cloven feet, and two Lacqueys: Theſe dance, and make the firſt entry of the Antimaſque. Hee alights, and ſpeakes.

POSTILION.

Hold my ſtirrop, my one Lacquey; and looke to my Curtall, the other: walke him well, Sirrah, while I expatiate my ſelfe here in the report of my office! oh the Furies! how I am joyed with the title of it! Poſtilion of Hell! yet no Mercury. But a meere Cacodemon, ſent hither with a packet of newes! newes! never was Hell ſo furniſhed of the commoditie of newes! Love hath beene lately there, and ſo entertained by Pluto, and Proſerpine, and all the Grandees of the place, as, it is there perpetuall Holy-day: and a ceſſation of torment granted, and proclaimed for ever! Halfe-famiſh'd Tantalus is fallen to his fruit, with that appetite, as it threaten's to undoe the whole company of Coſtard-mungers, and ha's a River afore him, running excellent Wine; Ixion is loos'd from his wheele, and turn'd Dancer, does nothing but cut capreols, fetch friſkals, and leades Lavaltos, with the Lamiaë! Sisyphus ha's left rowling the ſtone, and is growne a Mr. bowler; challenges all the prime gameſters, Parſons in hell, and gives them odds: upon Tityus his brest, that (for ſixe of the nine acres) is counted the ſubtleſt bowling-ground in all Tartary. All the Furies are at a game call'd mine-pins, or keilles, made of old Uſurers bones, and their ſoules looking on with delight, and betting on the game. Never was there ſuch freedome of ſport. Danaus Daughters have broke their bottomleſſe tubs, and made bonfires of them. All is turn'd triumph there. Had Hell gates beene kept with halfe that ſtrictneſſe, as the entry here ha's beene to night, Pluto would have had but a cold Court, and Proſerpine at his preſence, though both have a vaſt territorie. Wee had ſuch a ſtirre to get in, I, and my Curtall, and my two Lacqueys all ventur'd through the eye of a Spaniſh needle, wee had never come in elſe, and that was by the favour

of one of the guard who was a womans-taylor, and held ope the passage. Cupid by commission hath carried Fealousie from Hell, Disdaine, Feare, and Dissimulation, with other Goblins, to trouble the Gods. And I am sent after post, to raise Tempest, Windes, Lightnings, Thunder, Rayne, and Snow, for some new exploit they have against the Earth, and the Goddesse Chloris, Queene of the flowers, and Mistris of the Spring. For joy of which I will returne to my selfe, mount my Bidet, in a dance; and corvet upon my Curtall.

The speech ended, the Postillion mounts his Curtall, and with his Lacqueys, danceth forth as he came in.

2. Entry.

Cupid, Fealousie, Disdaine, Feare, and Dissimulation, dance together.

3. Entry.

The Queenes Dwarfe, richly apparell'd, as a Prince of Hell, attended by six infernall Spirits; He first danceth alone, and then the Spirits: all expressing their joy, for Cupids comming among them.

4. Entry.

Here the Scene changeth, into a horrid storme; Out of which enters the Nymph Tempest, with foure Windes, they dance.

5. Entry.

Lightnings, three in number, their habits glistering, expressing that effect, in their motion.

6. Entry.

Thunder alone dancing the tunes to a noyse, mixed, and imitating thunder.

7. Entry.

Rayne, presented by five persons all swolne, and clouded over, their hayre flagging, as if they were wet, and in their hands, balls full of sweet water, which, as they dance, sprinkle all the roome.

8. And last entry.

Seven with rugged white heads, and beards, to expresse Snow, with flakes on their garments, mix'd with hayle. These having danced, returne into the stormy Scene, whence they came.

Here, by the providence of Juno, the tempest on an instant ceaseth: And the Scene is changed into a delicious place, figuring the bowre of Chloris.

Chloris. Where, in an harbour fayn'd of Gold-smiths worke, the ornament of which was borne up with *Termes* of *Satyres*, beautif'd with *Pestones*, *Garlands*, and all sorts of fragrant flowers. Beyond all this, in the skie a-farre off appear'd a *Rainebow*, in the most eminent place of the *Bowre*, sate the *Goddesse Chloris*, accompanied with fourteene *Nymphs*, their apparell white, embroydered with silver, trim'd at the shoulders with great leaves of greene, embroydered with gold, falling one under the other. And of the same worke were their bases, their head-tyres of flowers, mix'd with silver, and gold, with some sprigs of *Ægrets* among, and from the top of their dressing, a thin vayle hanging downe.

All which beheld,

The *Nymphs*, *Rivers*, and *Fountaines* with the *Spring*,
sung this rejoycing Song.

Song 3.

RIVERS, SPRING, FOUNTAINES.

*Run out, all the Flouds, in joy with your silver feet;
And hast to meet, the enamour'd Spring;
For whom the warbling Fountaines sing:
The story of the flowers; preserved by the Howres;
At Juno's soft command, and Iris showers;
Sent to quench jealousie, and all those powers
Of Loves rebellious warre:
Whil'st Chloris sits a shining starre
To crowne, and grace our jolly song, made long,
To the notes, that we bring, to glad the Spring.*

Which ended, the *Goddesse*, and her *Nymphs*, descend the degrees, into the roome, and dance the entry of the grand-masque.

After this, another Song by the same persons,
as before.

Song 4.

RIVERS, FOUNTAINES.

{ Tell a truth, gay Spring, let us know
What feet they were, that so
Impres't the Earth, and made such various flowers to grow!

SPRING.

{ She that led, a Queene was at lest,
Or a Goddesse, 'bove the rest:
And all their graces, in her selfe expres't!

RIVERS,

RIVERS, FOUNTAINES.

O, 'twere a fame, to know her name!
 { Whether shee were the root;
 { Or they did take th' impression from her foot.

The Masquers here dance their second dance.

Which done,

The farther *Prospect* of the *Scene* changeth into ayre, with a low *Land-
 scape*, in part covered with clouds: And in that instant, the Heaven open-
 ing, *Juno*, and *Iris* are seene, and above them many aëry spirits, sitting in
 the cloudes.

Song 5.

JUNO.

Now JUNO, and the Ayre shall know
 The truth of what is done below,
 From our discoloured bow. Iris, what newes?

IRIS.

The ayre is cleare, your bow can tell,
 Chloris renown'd, Spight fled to Hell;
 The businesse all is well: And Cupid sues

JUNO.

For pardon. Do's hee?

IRIS.

Hee sheds teares
 More then your Birds have eyes.

JUNO.

The Gods have eares:
 Offences, made against the Deities,
 Are soone forgot-

IRIS.

If who offends, be wise.

Here, out of the Earth, ariseth a Hill, and on the top of it, a globe,
 on which *Fame* is seene standing with her Trumpet, in her hand; and on
 the Hill, are seated four Persons, presenting *Poesie*, *History*, *Architecture*,
 and *Sculpture*: who together with the *Nymphs*, *Floods*, and *Fountaines*,
 make a full *Quire*, at which, *Fame* begins to mount, and moving her
 wings, flyeth, singing up to Heaven.

Y

FAME.

FAME.

Rise golden Fame, and give thy name a birth

CHORVS.

From great and generous actions, done on Earth.

FAME.

The life of Fame is action.

CHORVS.

*Understood**That action must be vertuous, great, and good!*

FAME.

*Vertue it selfe by Fame is oft protected,
And dies despised-----*

CHORVS.

Where the Fame's neglected.

FAME.

*Who hath not heard of Chloris, and her Bowre
Fayre Iris act, employ'd by Juno's power
To guard the Spring, and prosper every flower,
Whom Fealousie and Hell thought to deuoure?*

CHORVS.

*Great actions, oft obscur'd by time, may lye,
Or envy-----*

FAME.

But they last to memory.

POESY.

We that sustaine thee, Learned Poesie,

HISTORY.

And I, her sister, severe History.

ARCHITECTURE.

With Architecture, who will rayse thee high,

SCULPTURE.

And Sculpture, that can keepe thee from to dye.

CHORVS.

All helpe list thee to eternity.

JUNO.

And Juno, through the ayre, doth make thy way,

IRIS.

By her serenest Messenger of Day.

FAME.

*Thus Fame, ascend's, by all degrees, to Heaven:
And leaves a light, here, brighter then the seven.*

CHORVS

CHORVS.

*Let all applaud the sight.
 Ayre first, that gave the bright
 Reflections, Day or night!
 With these supports of Fame,
 That keepe alive her name!
 The beauties of the Spring.
 Fount's, Rivers, every thing:
 From the height of all,
 To the Waters fall-
 Resound, and sing
 The honour's of his Chloris, to the King.
 Chloris, the Queene of Flowers;
 The sweetnesse of all Showres;
 The ornament of Bowres;
 The top of Par-amours!*

*Fame, being hidden in the clouds, the hill sinkes:
 and the Heaven closeth.*

The End.

The Masquers dance with the Lords.

*The Names of the Masquers as they
 fate in the Bowre.*

The Queene.

Countesse of Carlile.	Countesse of Oxford.	Lady Strange.
Countesse of Berkesshire.	Lady Anne Cavendish.	Countesse of Carnarvan.
Countesse of Newport.	Lady Penelope Egerton.	M. Porter. M. Dor. Savage.
La. Howard.	M. Eliz. Savage.	M. Anne Weston. M. Sophia Cary.

Chorus

Let all applaud the sight,
Aye high, that gaze on bright
Reflection, down on sight!
Wondrous power of Time,
That keeps our hearts so true!
The beauty of the Spring
Form's, Rivers, every thing;
From the height of all,
To the Valley floor,
Rejoice, and sing
The beauty of our King,
Chorus, the beauty of Rivers,
The beauty of all things,
The beauty of the Spring,
The beauty of the Spring!

From being hidden in the clouds, the hill rises
and the Harvest comes.

The End.

The Maidens dance with the Lord.

The Names of the Maidens as they

The Queen.

Countess of Carlisle. Countess of Oxford. Lady Swange.
Countess of Berkshire. Lady Anne Gresham. Countess of Cambridgeshire.
Countess of Newport. Lady Rachel Fyfe. M. Rose. M. Dor. Swange.
La. Howard. M. Ely. Swange. M. Anne Wyke. M. Sophia Cury.

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UNDER-WOODS.

CONSISTING OF
DIVERS

POEMS.

By

BEN. JOHNSON.

Martial — *Cineri, gloria sera venit.*

LONDON.

Printed M. DC. XL.

To the Reader.

WItb the same, leave the *Ancients*,
call'd that kind of body *Sylva*, or
"Ym, in which there were workes of divers
nature, and matter congested; as the mul-
titude call *Timber-trees*, promiscuously
growing, a *Wood*, or *Forrest*: so am I
bold to entitle these lesser *Poems*, of later
growth, by this of *Vnder-wood*, out of
the *Analogie* they hold to the *Forrest*, in
my former booke, and no otherwise.

BEN. JOHNSON.

VNDER-VVOODS.

POEMS OF DEVOTION.

The Sinners Sacrifice.

To the Holy Trinitie.

1. **O** Holy, blessed, glorious *Trinitie*
Of persons, still one God, in *Unitie*.
The faithfull mans beleev'd Mysterie,
Helpe, helpe to lift
2. My selfe up to thee, harrow'd, torne, and bruis'd
By sinne, and Sathan; and my flesh misus'd,
As my heart lies in peeces, all confus'd,
O take my gift.
3. All-gracious God, the *Sinners sacrifice*.
A broken heart thou wert not wont despise,
But 'bove the fat of rammes, or bulls, to prize
An offering meet,
4. For thy acceptance. O, behold me right,
And take compassion on my grievous plight.
What odour can be, then a heart contrite,
To thee more sweet?
5. *Eternall Father*, God, who did'st create
This All of nothing, gavest it forme, and fate,
And breath'st into it, life, and light, with state
To worship thee.
6. *Eternall God the Sonne*, who not denyd'st
To take our nature, becam'st man, and dyd'st,
To pay our debts, upon thy Crosse, and cryd'st
All's done in me.
7. *Eternall Spirit*, God from both proceeding,
Father and Sonne; the Comforter, in breeding
Pure thoughts in man: with fiery zeale them feeding
For acts of grace.
8. Increase those acts, ô glorious *Trinitie*
Of persons, still one God in *Unitie*;
Till I attaine the long'd-for mysterie
of seeing your face.
9. Beholding one in three, and three in one,
A *Trinitie*, to shine in *Unitie*;
The gladdest light, darke man can thinke upon;
O grant it me!

10. Father, and Sonne, and Holy Ghost, you three
All coeternall in your Majestie,
Distinct in persons, yet in Unitie

One God to see.

11. My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier.
To heare, to meditate, sweeten my desire,
With grace, with love, with cherishing intire,
O, then how blest;

12. Among thy Saints elected to abide,
And with thy Angels, placed side, by side,
But in thy presence, truly glorified

Shall I there rest?

A Hymne to God the Father.

HEare mee, O God!
A broken heart,
Is my best part:

Use still thy rod,
That I may prove
Therein, thy Love.

If thou hadst not
Beene sterne to mee,
But left me free,
I had forgot
My selfe and thee.

For, sin's so sweet.
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Untill they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Then thou hast done?
That gav'st a Sonne,
To free a slave:
First made of nought;
Withall since bought.

Sinne, Death, and Hell,
His glorious Name
Quite overcame,
Yet I rebell,
And slight the same.

But, I le come in,
Before my losse,
Me farther tosse,
As sure to win
Under his Crosse.

A Hymne
On the Nativitie of my Saviour.

I Sing the birth, was borne to night,
The Author both of Life, and light;
The Angels so did sound it,
And liketheravish'd Sheep'ers said,
Who saw the light, and were afraid,
Yet search'd, and true they found it.

The Sonne of God, th' Eternall King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soule from danger;
Hee whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, which heaven, and earth did make;
Was now laid in a Manger.

The Fathers wisdome will'd it so,
The Sonnes obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisdome had decreed,
The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
And tooke on him our Nature.

What comfort by him doe wee winne?
Who made himselfe the price of sinne,
To make us heires of glory?
To see this Babe, all innocence;
A Martyr borne in our defence;
Can man forget this Storie?

A Celebration of CHARIS in
ten Lyrick Peeeces.

I.
His Excuse for loving.

L Et it not your wonder move,
Lesse your laughter; that I love:
Though I now write fiftie yeares,
I have had, and have my Peeres;
Poëts, though devine are men:
Some have lov'd as old agen.
And it is not alwayes face,
Clothes, or Fortune gives the grace;
Or the feature, or the youth:
But the Language, and the Truth,

With

With the Ardor, and the Passion,
 Gives the Lover weight, and fashion.
 If you then will read the Storie,
 First, prepare you to be forie,
 That you never knew till now,
 Either whom to love, or how:
 But be glad, as soone with me,
 When you know, that this is she,
 Of whose Beautie it was sung,
 She shall make the old man young.
 Keepe the middle age at stay,
 And let nothing high decay.
 Till she be the reason why,
 All the world for love may die.

2.
How he saw her.

I Beheld her, on a Day,
 When her looke out-flourisht May:
 And her dressing did out-brave
 All the Pride the fields than have:
 Farre I was from being stupid,
 For I ran and call'd on *Cupid*;
 Love if thou wilt ever see
 Marke of glorie, come with me;
 Where's thy Quiver? bend thy Bow:
 Here's a shaft, thou art to slow!
 And (withall) I did untie
 Every Cloud about his eye;
 But, he had not gain'd his sight
 Sooner, then he lost his might,
 Or his courage; for away
 Strait hee ran, and durst not stay,
 Letting Bow and Arrow fall,
 Nor for any threat, or Call,
 Could be brought once back to looke,
 I foole-hardie, there up tooke
 Both the Arrow he had quit,
 And the Bow: which thought to hit
 This my object. But she threw
 Such a Lightning (as I drew)
 At my face, that tooke my sight,
 And my motion from me quite;
 So that there, I stood a stone,
 Mock'd of all: and call'd of one
 (Which with grieve and wrath I heard)
Cupids Statue with a Beard,
 Or else one that plaid his *Ape*,
 In a *Hercules*-his shape.

3.
What hee suffered.

After many scornes like these,
Which the prouder Beauties please,
She content was to restore
Eyes and limbes; to hurt me more
And would on Conditions, be
Reconcil'd to Love, and me
First, that I must kneeling yeeld
Both the Bow, and shaft I held
Unto her; which love might take
At her hand, with oath, to make
Mee, the scope of his next draught
Aymed, with that selfe-same shaft
He no sooner heard the Law,
But the Arrow home did draw
And (to gaine her by his Art)
Left it sticking in my heart:
Which when she beheld to bleed,
She repented of the deed,
And would faine have chang'd the fate,
But the Pittie comes too late.
Looser-like, now, all my wreake
Is, that I have leave to speake,
And in either Prose, or Song,
To revenge me with my Tongue,
Which how Dexterously I doe
Heare and make Example too.

4.
Her Triumph.

SEE the Chariot at hand here of Love
Wherein my Lady rideth!
Each that drawes, is a Swan, or a Dove
And well the Carre Love guideth
As she goes, all hearts doe duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamour'd, doe wish, so they might
But enjoy such a fight,
That they still were, to run by her side,
Through Swords, through Seas, whether she would ride.

Doe but looke on her eyes, they doe light
All that Loves world compriseth!
Doe but looke on her Haire, it is bright
As Loves starre when it riseth!
Doe but marke her forehead's smoother
Then words that sooth her!

And

And from her arched browes, such a grace
 Sheds it selfe through the face,
 As alone there triumphs to the life
 All the Gaine, all the Good, of the Elements strife.

Have you scene but a bright Lillie grow,
 Before rude hands have touch'd it?
 Ha' you mark'd but the fall o'the Snow
 Before the soyle hath smutch'd it?
 Ha' you felt the wooll of Bever?
 Or Swans Downe ever?
 Or have smelt o'the bud o'the Brier?
 Or the Nard in the fire?
 Or have tasted the bag of the Bee?
 O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

5.

His discourse with Cupid.

NOblest *Charis*, you that are
 Both my fortune, and my Starre!
 And doe governe more my blood,
 Then the various Moone the flood!
 Heare, what late Discourse of you,
 Love, and I have had; and true.
 'Mongst my Muses finding me,
 Where he chanc't your name to see
 Set, and to this softer straine;
 Sure, said he, if I have Braine,
 This here sung, can be no other
 By description, but my Mother!
 So hath *Homer* prais'd her haire;
 So, *Anacreon* drawne the Ayre
 Of her face, and made to rise
 Just about her sparkling eyes,
 Both her Browes, bent like my Bow.
 By her lookes I doe her know,
 Which you call my Shafts. And see!
 Such my Mothers blushes be,
 As the Bath your verse discloses
 In her cheekes, of Milke, and Roses;
 Such as oft I wanton in:
 And, above her even chin,
 Have you plac'd the banke of kisses,
 Where you say, men gather blisses,
 Rip'ned with a breath more sweet,
 Then when flowers, and West-winds meet,
 Nay, her white and polish'd neck,
 With the Lace that doth it deck,

Is my Mothers ! Hearts of flaine
 Lovers, made into a Chaîne !
 And betweene each rising breast,
 Lyes the Valley, cal'd my nest,
 Where I sit and proyne my wings
 After flight; and put new stings
 To my shafts ! Her very Name,
 With my Mothers is the same.
 I confesse all, I replide,
 And the Glasse hangs by her side,
 And the Girdle 'bout her waste,
 All is *Venus* : save unchaste.
 But alas, thou see'st the least
 Of her good, who is the best
 Of her Sex ; But could'st thou *Love*,
 Call to mind the formes, that strove
 For the Apple, and those three
 Make in one, the same were shee.
 For this Beauty yet doth hide,
 Something more then thou hast spi'd
 Outward Grace weake love beguiles :
 Shee is *Venus*, when she smiles,
 But shee's *Juno*, when she walkes,
 And *Minerva*, when she talkes.

6.

Clayming a second kisse by Desert.

C *Harris* guesse, and doe not misse;
 Since I drew a Morning kisse
 From your lips, and suck'd an ayre
 Thence, as sweet, as you are faire.

What my Muse and I have done:
 Whether we have lost, or wonne,
 If by us, the oddes were laid,
 That the Bride (allow'd a Maid)
 Look'd not halfe so fresh, and faire,
 With th'advantage of her haire,
 And her Jewels, to the view
 Of th' Assembly, as did you !

Or, that did you sit, or walke,
 You were more the eye, and talke
 Of the Court, to day, then all
 Else that glister'd in *White-hall*;
 So, as those that had your sight,
 Wish't the Bride were chang'd to night,
 And did thinke, such Rites were due
 To no other Grace but you !

Or, if you did move to night
 In the Daunces, with what spight

A a

of

Of your Peeres, you were beheld,
 That at every motion sweld
 So to see a Lady tread,
 As might all the Graces lead,
 And was worthy (being so seene)
 To be envi'd of the Queene.
 Or if you would yet have stay'd,
 Whether any would up-braid
 To himselfe his losse of Time;
 Or have charg'd his sight of Crime,
 To have left all fight for you:
 Guesse of these, which is the true;
 And, if such a verse as this,
 May not claime another kisse.

7.

*Begging another, on colour of mending
 the former.*

FOr Loves-sake, kisse me once againe,
 I long, and should not beg in vaine,
 Here's none to spie, or see;
 Why doe you doubt, or stay?
 I'll taste as lightly as the Bee,
 That doth but touch his flower, and flies away.
 Once more, and (faith) I will be gone
 Can he that loves, aske lesse then one?
 Nay, you may erre in this,
 And all your bountie wrong:
 This could be call'd but halfe a kisse.
 What w'are but once to doe, we should doe long,
 I will but mend the last, and tell
 Where, how it would have relish'd well;
 Joyne lip to lip, and try:
 Each suck others breath.
 And whilst our tongues perplexed lie,
 Let who will thinke us dead, or wish our death.

8.

Urging her of a promise.

CHaris one day in discourse
 Had of Love, and of his force,
 Lightly promis'd, she would tell
 What a man she could love well:
 And that promise set on fire
 All that heard her, with desire.
 With the rest, I long expected,
 When the worke would be effected:

But we find that cold delay,
 And excuse spun every day,
 As, untill she tell her one,
 We all feare, she loveth none.
 Therefore, *Charis*, you must do't;
 For I will so urge you to't
 You shall neither eat, nor sleepe,
 No, nor forth your window peepe,
 With your emissarie eye,
 To fetch in the Formes goe by:
 And pronounce, which band or lace,
 Better fits him, then his face;
 Nay I will not let you sit
 'Fore your Idoll Glasse a whit,
 To say over every purle
 There; or to reforme a curle;
 Or with Secretarie *Sis*
 To consult, if *Fucus* this
 Be as good, as was the last:
 All your sweet of life is past,
 Make accompt unlesse you can,
 (And that quickly) speake your Man.

9.

Her man described by her owne Dictamen.

OF your Trouble, *Ben*, to ease me,
 I will tell what Man would please me:
 I would have him if I could,
 Noble; or of greater Blood:
 Titles, I confesse, doe take me;
 And a woman God did make me,
 French to boote, at least in fashion,
 And his Manners of that Nation.

Young Il'd have him to, and faire,
 Yet a man; with crisped haire
 Cast in thousand snares, and rings
 For *Loves* fingers, and his wings:
 Chestnut colour, or more slack
 Gold, upon a ground of black.
Venus, and *Minerva's* eyes
 For he must looke wanton-wise.

Eye-brows bent like *Cupids* bow;
 Front, an ample field of snow;
 Even nose, and cheeke (withall)
 Smooth as is the Billiard Ball:
 Chin, as woolly as the Peach;
 And his lip should kissing teach,
 Till he cherish'd too much beard,
 And make *Love* or me afeard.

He would have a hand as soft
 As the Downe, and shew it oft;
 Skin as smooth as any rush,
 And so thin to see a blush
 Rising through it ere it came;
 All his blood should be a flame
 Quickly fir'd as in beginners
 In loves schoole, and yet no sinners.

'Twere to long to speake of all,
 What we harmonic doe call
 In a body should be there.
 Well he should his clothes to weare;
 Yet no Taylor help to make him
 Drest, you still for man should take him;
 And not thinke h' had eat a stake,
 Or were set up in a Brake.

Valiant he should be as fire,
 Shewing danger more then ire.
 Bounteous as the clouds to earth;
 And as honest as his Birth.
 All his actions to be such,
 As to doe nothing too much.
 Nor o're-praise, nor yet condemne;
 Nor out-valew, nor contemne;
 Nor doe wrongs, nor wrongs receave;
 Nor tie knots, nor knots unweave;
 And from basenesse to be free,
 As he durst love Truth and me.

Such a man, with every part,
 I could give my very heart;
 But of one, if short he came,
 I can rest me where I am.

10.

*Another Ladyes exception present
 at the hearing.*

FOR his Mind, I doe not care,
 That's a Toy, that I could spare:
 Let his Title be but great,
 His Clothes rich, and band fit neat,
 Himselfe young, and face be good,
 All I wish is understood
 What you please, you parts may call,
 'Tis one good part I'd lie withall.

The Muscicall strife; In a
Pastorall Dialogue.

S H E E.

Come with our Voyces, let us warre,
And challenge all the Spheares;
Till each of us be made a Starre,
And all the world turne Eares.

H E E.

At such a Call, what beast or fowle,
Of reason emptie is!
What Tree or stone doth want a soule?
What man but must lose his?

S H E E.

Mixe then your Notes, that we may prove
To stay the running floods?
To make the Mountaine Quarries move?
And call the walking woods?

H E E.

What need of mee? doe you but sing
Sleepe, and the Grave will wake,
No tunes are sweet, nor words have sting;
But what those lips doe make.

S H E E.

They say the Angells marke each Deed,
And exercise below,
And out of inward pleasure feed
On what they viewing know.

H E E.

O sing not you then, lest the best
Of Angels should be driven
To fall againe; at such a feast,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

S H E E.

Nay, rather both our soules bee strayn'd
To meet their high desire;
So they in state of Grace retain'd,
May wish us of their Quire.

A SONG.

O H doe not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them downe, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being:

O, be not angry with those fires,
 For then their threats will kill me;
 Nor looke too kind on my desires,
 For then my hopes will spill me;
 O, doe not steepe them in thy Teares,
 For so will sorrow slay me;
 Nor spread them as distract with feares,
 Mine owne enough betray me.

In the person of Woman kind.

A Song Apologetique..

MEn if you love us, play no more
 The fooles, or Tyrants with your friends,
 To make us still sing o're, and o're,
 Our owne false praises, for your ends:
 Wee have both wits, and fancies too,
 And if wee must, let's sing of you.

Nor doe we doubt, but that we can,
 If wee would search with care, and paine,
 Find some one good, in some one man;
 So going thorow all your straine:
 Wee shall at last, of parcells make
 One good enough for a songs sake.

And as a cunning Painter takes
 In any curious peece you see
 More pleasure while the thing he makes
 Then when 'tis made, why so will wee.
 And having pleas'd our art, wee'll try
 To make a new, and hang that by.

Another.

In defence of their Inconstancie.

A Song.

HAng up those dull, and envious fooles
 That talke abroad of Womans change,
 We were not bred to sit on stooles,
 Our proper vertue is to range:
 Take that away, you take our lives,
 We are no women then, but wives.

Such as in valour would excell
 Doe change, though man, and often fight
 Which we in love must doe aswell,
 If ever we will love aright.
 The frequent varying of the deed,
 Is that which doth perfection breed.

Nor is't inconstancie to change
 For what is better, or to make
 (By searching) what before was strange,
 Familiar, for the uses sake;
 The good, from bad, is not descride,
 But as 'tis often vex and tri'd.

And this profession of a store
 In love, doth not alone help forth
 Our pleasure; but preserves us more
 From being forsaken, then doth worth,
 For were the worthiest woman curst
 To love one man, hee'd leave her first.

A Nymphs Passion.

I Love, and he loves me againe,
 Yet dare I not tell who;
 For if the Nymphs should know my Swaine,
 I feare they'd love him too;
 Yet if it be not knowne,
 The pleasure is as good as none,
 For that's a narrow joy is but our owne.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
 They yet may envie me:
 But then if I grow jealous madde,
 And of them pittied be,
 It were a plague 'bove scorne
 And yet it cannot be forborne.
 Unlesse my heart would as my thought be torne.

He is if they can find him, faire,
 And fresh and fragrant too,
 As Summers sky, or purged Ayre,
 And lookes as Lillies doe,
 That are this morning blowne,
 Yet, yet I doubt he is not knowne,
 And feare much more, that more of him be showne.

But he hath eyes so round, and bright,
 As make away my doubt,
 Where Love may all his Torches light
 Though hate had put them out,

But then t'increase my feares,
 What Nymph so e're his voyce but heares
 Will be my Rivall, though she have but cares.

I'le tell no more, and yet I love,
 And he loves me; yet no
 One un-becomming thought doth move
 From either heart, I know;
 But so exempt from blame,
 As it would be to each a fame:
 If Love, or feare, would let me tell his name.

The Houre-glasse.

DOe but consider this small dust,
 Here running in the Glasse,
 By Atomes mov'd;
 Could you beleeve, that this,
 The body was
 Of one that lov'd?
 And in his Mrs. flame, playing like a flye,
 Turn'd to cinders by her eye?
 Yes; and in death, as life unblest,
 To have't exprest,
 Even ashes of lovers find no rest.

My Picture left in Scotland.

INOW thinke, Love is rather deafe, then blind,
 For else it could not be,
 That she,
 Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
 And cast my love behind:
 I'm sure my language to her, was as sweet,
 And every close did meet
 In sentence, of as subtile feet,
 As hath the youngest Hee,
 That sits in shadow of *Apollo's* tree.
 Oh, but my conscious feares,
 That flie my thoughts betweene,
 Tell me that she hath scene
 My hundreds of gray haire,
 Told seven and fortie yeares.
 Read so much wast, as she cannot imbrace
 My mountaine belly, and my rockie face,
 And all these through her eyes, have stopt her cares.

Against Iealousie.

Wretched and foolish Jealousie,
 How cam'st thou thus to enter me?
 I n're was of thy kind,
 Nor have I yet the narrow mind
 To vent that poore desire,
 That others should not warme them at my fire,
 I wish the Sun should shine
 On all mens Fruit, and flowers, as well as mine.
 But under the Disguise of love
 Thou sai'st, thou only cam'st to prove
 What my Affections were,
 Think'st thou that love is help'd by feare?
 Goe, get thee quickly forth
 Loves sicknesse, and his noted want of worth
 Seeke doubting Men to please,
 I ne're will owe my health to a disease.

The Dreame.

OR Scorne, or pittie on me take,
 I must the true Relation make,
 I am undone to Night,
 Love in a subtile Dreame disguis'd,
 Hath both my heart and me surpriz'd,
 Whom never yet he durst attempt t' awake;
 Nor will he tell me for whose sake
 He did me the Delight,
 Or Spight,
 But leaves me to inquire,
 In all my wild desire
 Of sleepe againe; who was his Aid,
 And sleepe so guiltie and afraid,
 As since he dares not come within my sight.

An Epitaph on Master

VINCENT CORBET.

I Have my Pietie too, which could
 It vent it selfe, but as it would,
 Would say as much, as both have done
 Before me here, the Friend and Sonne;
 For I both lost a friend and Father,
 Of him whose bones this Grave doth gather:
 Deare *Vincent Corbet* who so long
 Had wrestled with Diseases strong,

That though they did possesse each limbe,
 Yet he broke them, ere they could him,
 With the just Canon of his life,
 A life that knew nor noise, nor strife:
 But was by sweetning so his will,
 All order, and Disposure, still
 His Mind as pure, and neatly kept,
 As were his Nourceries; and swept
 So of uncleannesse, or offence,
 That never came ill odour thence:
 And adde his Actions unto these,
 They were as specious as his Trees.
 'Tis true, he could not reprehend
 His very Manners, taught t'amend,
 They were so even, grave, and holy;
 No stubbornnesse so stiffe, nor folly
 Tolience ever was so light,
 As twice to trespassse in his sight,
 His lookes would so correct it, when
 It chid the vice, yet not the Men.
 Much from him I professe I wonne,
 And more, and more, I should have done,
 But that I understood him scant,
 Now I conceive him by my want,
 And pray who shall my sorrowes read,
 That they for me their teares will shed;
 For truly, since he left to be,
 I feele, I'm rather dead than he:

Reader, whose life, and name, did ere become
An Epitaph, deserv'd a Tombe:
 Nor wants it here through penurie, or sloth,
 Who makes the one, so't be first makes both.

An Epistle to Sir EDVVARD SACKVILE,
now Earle of Dorset.

IF *Sackvile*, all that have the power to doe
 Great and good turns, as wel could time them too,
 And knew their how, and where: we should have, then
 Lesse list of proud, hard, or ingratefull Men.
 For benefits are ow'd with the same mind
 As they are done, and such returns they find:
 You then whose will not only, but desire
 To succour my necessities tooke fire,
 Not at my prayers, but your sense; which laid
 The way to meet, what others would upbraid;
 And in the Act did so my blush prevent,
 As I did feele it done, as soone as meant:

You cannot doubt, but I who freely know
 This Good from you, as freely will it owe;
 And though my fortune humble me, to take
 The smallest courtesies with thanks, I make
 Yet choyce from whom I take them; and would shame
 To have such doe me good, I durst not name:
 They are the Noblest benefits, and sinke
 Deepest in Man, of which when he doth thinke,
 The memorie delights him more, from whom
 Then what he hath receiv'd. Gifts stinke from some;
 They are so long a coming, and so hard
 Where any Deed is forc't, the Grace is mard.

Can I owe thanks, for Curtesies receiv'd
 Against his will that doe's 'hem: that hath weav'd
 Excuses, or Delayes: or done 'hem scant,
 That they have more oppress'd me, then my want:
 Or if he did it not to succour me,
 But by meere Chance: for interest: or to free
 Himselfe of farther trouble, or the weight
 Of pressure, like one taken in a streight:
 All this corrupts the thanks, lesse hath he wonne,
 That puts it in his Debt-bookee're't be done,
 Or that doth sound a Trumpet, and doth call
 His Groomes to witnesse; or else lets it fall
 In that proud manner: as a good so gain'd,
 Must make me sad for what I have obtain'd.

No! Gifts and thanks should have one cheerefull face
 So each, that's done, and tane, becomes a Brace.
 He neither gives, or do's, that doth delay
 A Benefit: or that doth throw't away
 No more then he doth thanke, that will receive
 Nought but in corners; and is loath to leave,
 Left Ayre, or Print, but flies it: Such men would
 Run from the Conscience of it if they could.

As I have seene some Infants of the Sword
 Well knowne, and practiz'd borrowers on their word,
 Give thanks by stealth, and whispering in the eare,
 For what they streight would to the world forswear;
 And speaking worst of those, from whom they went
 But then, fist fill'd to put me off the sent.
 Now dam'mee, Sir, if you shall not command
 My Sword ('tis but a poore Sword understand)
 As farre as any poore Sword 'i' the Land,
 Then turning unto him is next at hand,
 Dam's whom he damn'd too, is the veriest Gull,
 H'as Feathers, and will serve a man to pull.

Are they not worthy to be answer'd so,
 That to such Natures let their full hands flow,
 And seeke not wants to succour: but enquire
 Like Money-brokers; after Names, and hire

Their bounties forth, to him that last was made,
 Or stands to be'n Commission o' the blade:
 Still, still, the hunters of false fame apply
 Their thoughts and meanes to making loude the cry,
 But one is bitten by the Dog he fed,
 And hurt seeks Cure, the Surgeon bids take bread,
 And sponge-like with it dry up the blood quite:
 Then give it to the Hound that did him bite;
 Pardon, sayes he, that were a way to see
 All the Towne-curs take each their snatch at me.
 O, is it so? knowes he so much? and will
 Feed those, at whom the Table points at still?
 I not deny it, but to helpe the need
 Of any, is a Great and generous Deed:
 Yea, of th'ingratefull: and he forth must tell
 Many a pound, and piece will pace one well;
 But these men ever want: their very trade
 Is borrowing, that but stopt they doe invade
 All as their prize, turne Pyrats here at Land,
 Ha'their *Bermudas*, and their streights i'th' *Strand*:
 Man out of their Boates to th' Temple, and not shift
 Now, but command; make tribute, what was gift;
 And it is paid 'hem with a trembling zeale,
 And superstition I dare scarce reveale
 If it were cleare, but being so in cloud
 Carryed and wrapt, I only am aloud
 My wonder! why? the taking a Clownes purse,
 Or robbing the poore Market-folkes should nurse
 Such a religious horror in the breasts
 Of our Towne Gallantry! or why there rests
 Such worship due to kicking of a Punck!
 Or swaggering with the Watch, or Drawer drunke;
 Or feats of darknesse acted in Mid-Sun,
 And told of with more Licence then th'were done!
 Sure there is Misterie in it, I not know
 That men such reverence to such actions show!
 And almost deifie the Authors! make
 Lowd sacrifice of drinke, for their health-sake
 Reare Suppers in their Names! and spend whole nights
 Unto their praise, in certaine swearing rites;
 Cannot a man be reck'ned in the State
 Of Valour, but at this Idolatrous rate?
 I thought that Fortitude had beene a meane
 'Twixt feare and rashnesse: not a lust obscene,
 Or appetite of offending, but a skill,
 Or Science of a discerning Good and Ill.
 And you Sir know it well to whom I write,
 That with these mixtures we put out her light
 Her ends are honestie, and publike good!
 And where they want, she is not understood.

No more are these of us, let them then goe,
 I have the lyst of mine owne faults to know,
 Looke too and cure; Hee's not a man hath none,
 But like to be, that every day mends one,
 And feeles it; Else he tarries by the Beast,
 Can I discerne how shadowes are decreast,
 Or growne; by height or lownesse of the Sunne:
 And can I lesse of substance? when I runne,
 Ride, faile, am coach'd, know I how farre I have gone,
 And my minds motion not? or have I none:
 No! he must feele and know, that I will advance
 Men have beene great, but never good by chance,
 Or on the sudden. It were strange that he
 Who was this Morning such a one, should be
 Sydney e're night? or that did goe to bed
 Coriat, should rise the most sufficient head
 Of Christendome? And neither of these know
 Were the Rack offer'd them how they came so;
 'Tis by degrees that men arrive at glad
 Profit in ought each day some little adde,
 In time 'twill be a heape; This is not true
 Alone in money, but in manners too.
 Yet we must more then move still, or goe on,
 We must accomplish; 'Tis the last Key-stone
 That makes the Arch, The rest that there were put
 Are nothing till that comes to bind and shut.
 Then stands it a triumphall marke! then Men
 Observe the strength, the height, the why, and when,
 It was erected; and still walking under
 Meet some new matter to looke up and wonder!
 Such Notes are vertuous men! they live as fast
 As they are high; are rooted and will last.
 They need no stilts, nor rise upon their toes,
 As if they would belie their stature, those
 Are Dwarfes of Honour, and have neither weight
 Nor fashion, if they chance aspire to height,
 'Tis like light Canes, that first rise big and brave,
 Shoot forth in smooth and comely spaces; have
 But few and faire Devisions: but being got
 Aloft, grow lesse and streightned; full of knot.
 And last, goe out in nothing: You that see
 Their difference, cannot choose which you will be.
 You know (without my flatt'ring you) too much
 For me to be your Indice. Keep you such,
 That I may love your Person (as I doe)
 Without your gift, though I can rate that too,
 By thanking thus the curtesie to life,
 Which you will bury, but therein, the strife
 May grow so great to be example, when
 (As their true rule or lesson) either men

Donnor's or *Donnee's* to their practise shall
Find you to reckon nothing, me owe all.

An Epistle to Master
JOHN SELDEN.

I Know to whom I write. Here, I am sure,
Though I am short, I cannot be obscure:
Lesse shall I for the Art or dressing care,
Truth, and the Graces best, when naked are
Your Booke, my *Selden*, I have read, and much
Was trusted, that you thought my judgement such
To aske it: though in most of workes it be
A pennance, where a man may not be free.
Rather then Office, when it doth or may
Chance that the Friends affection proves Allay
Unto the Censure. Yours all need doth flie
Of this so vitious Humanitie.
Then which there is not unto Studie, a more
Pernitious enemy, we see before
A many of bookes, even good judgements wound
Themselves through favouring what is there not found:
But I on yours farre otherwise shall doe,
Not flie the Crime, but the Suspition too:
Though I confesse (as every Muse hath err'd,
And mine not least) I have too oft preferr'd
Men, past their termes, and prais'd some names too much,
But 'twas with purpose to have made them such,
Since being deceiv'd, I turne a sharper eye
Upon my selfe, and aske to whom? and why?
And what I write? and vexe it many dayes
Before men get a verse: much lesse a Praise,
So that my Reader is assur'd, I now
Meane what I speake: and still will keepe that Vow,
Stand forth my Object, then you that have beene
Ever at home: yet, have all Countries scene:
And like a Compasse keeping one foot still
Upon your Center, doe your Circle fill
Of generall knowledge, watch'd men, manners too,
Heard what times past have said, scene what ours doe:
Which Grace shall I make love too first? your skill,
Or faith in things? or is't your wealth and will
T'instruct and teach? or your unweary'd paine
Of Gathering? Bountie in pouring out againe?
What fables have you vext! what truth redeem'd!
Antiquities search'd! Opinions dis-esteem'd!
Impostures branded! and Authorities urg'd,
What blots and errors, have you watch'd and purg'd

Records, and Authors of ! how rectified,
 Times, manners, customes ! Innovations spide !
 Sought out the Fountaines, Sources, Creekes, paths, wayes,
 And noted the beginnings and decayes !
 Where is that nominall marke, or reall rite,
 Forme Act or Ensigne, that hath scap'd your sight.
 How are Traditions there examin'd : how
 Conjectures retriu'd ! And a Storie now
 And then of times (besides the bare Conduct
 Of what it tells us) weav'd into instruct.
 I wonder'd at the richnesse, but am lost,
 To see the workmanship so' xceed the cost !
 To marke the excellent seaf'ning of your Stile !
 And manly elocution, not one while
 With horreur rough, then rioting with wit !
 But to the Subject, still the Colours fit
 In sharpnesse of all Search, wisdom of Choise,
 Newnesse of Sense, Antiquitie of voyce !

I yeeld, I yeeld, the matter of your praise
 Flowes in upon me, and I cannot raise
 A banke against it. Nothing but the round
 Large claspe of Nature, such a wit can bound
 Monarch in Letters ! Mongst thy Titles shewne
 Of others honours, thus, enjoy their owne,
 I first salute thee so ; and gratulate
 With that thy Stile, thy keeping of thy State,
 In offering this thy worke to no great Name,
 That would, perhaps, have prais'd, and thank'd the same ;
 But nought beyond. He thou hast given it to,
 Thy learned Chamber-fellow, knowes to doe
 It true respects. He will not only love
 Embrace, and cherish ; but he can approve
 And estimate thy Paines ; as having wrought
 In the same Mines of knowledge, and thence brought
 Humanitie enough to be a friend,
 And strength to be a Champion, and defend
 Thy gift 'gainst envie. O how I doe count
 Among my commings in, and see it mount,
 The Graine of your two friendships ! *Hayward* and
Selden ! two Names that so much understand !
 On whom I could take up, and ne're abuse
 The Credit, what would furnish a tenth Muse !
 But here's no time, nor place, my wealth to tell,
 You both are modest. So am I. Farewell.

An

*An Epistle to a Friend, to perswade
him to the Warres.*

WAKE, friend from forth thy Lethargie: the Drum
Beates brave, and loude in *Europe*, and bids come
All that dare rowse: or are not loth to quit
Their vitious ease, and be o'rewhelm'd with it.
It is a call to keepe the spirits alive
That gaspe for action, and would yet revive
Mans buried honour, in his sleepe life:
Quickning dead Nature, to her noblest strife.
All other Acts of Worldlings, are but toyle
In dreames, begun in hope, and end in spoile.
Looke on th'ambitious man, and see him nurse,
His unjust hopes, with praises begg'd, or (worse)
Bought Flatteries, the issue of his purse,
Till he become both their, and his owne curse!
Looke on the false, and cunning man, that loves
No person, nor is lov'd: what wayes he proves
To gaine upon his belly; and at last
Crush'd in the snake brakes, that he had past!
See, the grave, fower, and supercilious Sir
In outward face, but inward, light as Furre,
Or Feathers: lay his fortune out to show
Till envie wound, or maim it at a blow!
See him, that's call'd, and thought the happiest man,
Honour'd at once, and envi'd (if it can
Be honour is so mixt) by such as would
For all their spight be like him if they could:
No part or corner man can looke upon,
But there are objects, bid him to be gone
As farre as he can flie, or follow Day,
Rather then here so bogg'd in vices stay
The whole world here leaven'd with madnesse swells;
And being a thing, blowne out of nought, rebels
Against his Maker; high alone with weeds,
And impious ranknesse of all Sects and seeds:
Not to be checkt, or frighted now with fate,
But more licentious made, and desperate!
Our Delicacies are growne capitall,
And even our sports are dangers! what we call
Friendship is now mask'd Hatred! Justice fled,
And shamefastnesse together! All lawes dead
That kept man living! Pleasures only sought!
Honour and honestie, as poore things thought
As they are made! Pride, and stiffe Clownage mixt
To make up Greatnesse! and mans whole good fix'd

In bravery, or gluttony, or coyne,
 All which he makes the servants of the Groine,
 Thither it flowes, how much did *Stallion* spend
 To have his Court-bred-fillie there commend
 His Lace and Starch; And fall upon her back
 In admiration, stretch'd upon the rack
 Of lust, to his rich Suit and Title, Lord?
 I, that's a Charme and halfe! She must afford
 That all respect; She must lie downe: Nay more
 'Tis there civillie to be a whore;
 Hee's one of blood, and fashion! and with these
 The bravery makes, she can no honour leese
 To do't with Cloth, or Stuffles, lusts name might merit
 With Velvet, Plush, and Tissues, it is spirit.
 O, these so ignorant Monsters! light, as proud,
 Who can behold their Manners, and not clowd-
 Like upon them lighten? If nature could
 Not make a verse; Anger, or laughter would
 To see 'hem aye discoursing with their Glasse,
 How they may make some one that day an Ass
 Planting their Purles, and Curles spread forth like Net,
 And every Dressing for a Pitfall set
 To catch the flesh in, and to pound a Prick
 Be at their Visits, see 'hem squemish, sick
 Ready to cast, at one, whose band fits ill,
 And then, leape mad on a neat Pickardill;
 As if a Brize were gotten i' their tayle,
 And firke, and jerke, and for the Coach-man raile,
 And jealous each of other, yet thinke long
 To be abroad chanting some baudie song,
 And laugh, and measure thighs, then squeake, spring, itch,
 Doe all the tricks of a saut Lady Bitch;
 For't other pound of sweet-meats, he shall feele
 That payes, or what he will. The Dame is Steele,
 For these with her young Companie shee'll enter,
 Where *Pittes*, or *Wright*, or *Modet* would not venter,
 And comes by these Degrees, the Stile t'inherit
 Of woman of fashion, and a Lady of spirit:
 Nor is the title question'd with our proud,
 Great, brave, and fashion'd folke, these are allow'd
 Adulteries now, are not so hid, or strange,
 They're growne Commoditie upon Exchange;
 He that will follow but anothers wife,
 Is lov'd, though he let out his owne for life:
 The Husband now's call'd churlish, or a poore
 Nature, that will not let his Wife be a whore;
 Or use all arts, or haunt all Companies
 That may corrupt her, even in his eyes.
 The brother trades a sister; and the friend
 Lives to the Lord, but to the Ladies end.

Lesse must not be thought on then Mistresse: or
 If it be thought kild like her Embrions; for,
 Whom no great Mistresse, hath as yet infam'd
 A fellow of course Letcherie, is nam'd
 The Servant of the Serving-woman in scorne,
 Ne're came to taste the plenteous Mariage-horne.

Thus they doe talke. And are these objects fit
 For man to spend his money on: his wit:
 His time: health: soule: will he for these goethrow
 Those thousands on his back, shall after blow,
 His body to the Counters, or the Fleete:
 Is it for these that fine man meets the street
 Coach'd, or on foot-cloth, thricechang'd every day,
 To teach each suit, he has the ready way
 From *Hide-Parke* to the Stage, where at the last
 His deare and borrow'd Bravery he must cast:
 When not his Combes, his Curling-irons, his Glasse,
 Sweet bags, sweet Powders, nor sweet words will passe
 For lesse Securitie? O for these
 Is it that man pulls on himselfe Disease:
 Surfet: and Quarrell: drinks the tother health:
 Or by Damnation voids it: or by stealth:
 What furie of late is crept into our Feasts:
 What honour given to the drunkennest Guests:
 What reputation to beare one Glasse more:
 When oft the Bearer, is borne out of dore:
 This hath our ill-us'd freedome, and soft peace
 Brought on us, and will every houre increase
 Our vices, doe not tarry in a place,
 But being in Motion still (or rather in race)
 Tilt one upon another, and now beare
 This way, now that, as if their number were
 More then themselves, or then our lives could take,
 But both fell prest under the load they make.

I'll bid thee looke no more, but flee, flee friend,
 This *Præcipice*, and Rocks that have no end,
 Or side, but threatens Ruine. The whole Day
 Is not enough now, but the Nights to play:
 And whilst our states, strength, body, and mind we waste,
 Goe make our selves the Usurers at a cast.
 He that no more for Age, Cramps, Palsies, can
 Now use the bones, we see doth hire a man
 To take the box up for him; and pursues
 The Dice with glassen eyes, to the glad viewers
 Of what he throwes: Like letchers growne content
 To be beholders, when their powers are spent.

Can we not leave this worme? or will we not:
 Is that the truer excuse: or have we got
 In this, and like, an itch of Vanitie,
 That scratching now's our best Felicitie:

Well;

Well, let it goe. Yet this is better, then
 To lose the formes, and dignities of men
 To flatter my good Lord, and cry his Bowle
 Runs sweetly, as it had his Lordships Soule,
 Although, perhaps it has, what's that to me,
 That may stand by, and hold my peace? will he
 When I am hoarse, with praising his each cast,
 Give me but that againe, that I must waite
 In Sugar Candide, or in butter'd beere,
 For the recovery of my voyce? No, there
 Pardon his Lordship. Flattery's growne so cheape
 With him, for he is followed with that heape
 That watch, and catch, at what they may applaud
 As a poore single flatterer, without Baud
 Is nothing, such scarce meat and drinke he'll give,
 But he that's both, and slave to both, shall live,
 And be belov'd, while the Whores last. O times,
 Friend flie from hence; and let these kindled rimes:
 Light thee from hell on earth: where flatterers, spies,
 Informers, Masters both of Arts and lies,
 Lewd slanderers, soft whisperers that let blood
 The life, and fame-vaynes (yet not understood
 Of the poore sufferers) where the envious, proud,
 Ambitious, factious, superstitious, lowd
 Boasters, and perjur'd, with the infinite more
 Prævaricators swarme. Of which the store,
 (Because th'are every where amongst Man-kind
 Spread through the World) is easier farre to find,
 Then once to number, or bring forth to hand,
 Though thou wert Muster-master of the Land.
 Goe quit 'hem all. And take along with thee;
 Thy true friends wishes, *Colby* which shall be,
 That thine be just, and honest, that thy Deeds
 Not wound thy conscience, when thy body bleeds;
 That thou dost all things more for truth, then glory,
 And never but for doing wrong be sory;
 That by commanding first thy selfe, thou mak'st
 Thy person fit for any charge thou tak'st
 That fortune never make thee to complaine,
 But what she gives, thou dar'st give her againe;
 That whatsoever face thy fate puts on,
 Thou shrinke or start not; but be alwayes one,
 That thou thinke nothing great, but what is good,
 And from that thought strive to be understood.
 So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preserve a fame
 Still pretious, with the odour of thy name.
 And last, blaspheme not, we did never heare
 Man thought the valianter, 'cause he durst sweare
 No more, then we should thinke a Lord had had
 More honour in him, 'cause we've knowne him mad:

These take, and now goe seeke thy peace in Warre,
Who falls for love of God, shall rise a Starre.

An Epitaph on Master
PHILIP GRAY.

Reader stay,
And if I had no more to say,
But here doth lie till the last Day,
All that is left of PHILIP GRAY.
It might thy patience richly pay:
For, if such men as he could die,
What suretie of life have thou, and I,

Epistle
To a Friend.

They are not, Sir, worst Owers, that doe pay
Debts when they can: good men may breake their day;
And yet the noble Nature never grudge,
'Tis then a crime, when the Usurer is Judge.
And he is not in friendship. Nothing there
Is done for gaine: If 't be 'tis not sincere.
Nor should I at this time protested be,
But that some greater names have broke with me,
And their words too; where I but breake my Band,
I addethat (but) because I understand
That as the lesser breach: for he that takes
Simply my Band, his trust in me forsakes,
And lookes unto the forfeit. If you be
Now so much friend, as you would trust in me,
Venter a longer time, and willingly:
All is not barren land, doth fallow lie.
Some grounds are made the richer, for the Rest;
And I will bring a Crop, if not the best.

An Elegie.

CAn Beautie that did prompt me first to write,
Now threaten, with those meanes she did invite;
Did her perfections call me on to gaze!
Then like, then love; and now would they amaze!
Or was she gracious a-farre off? but neere
A terror? or is all this but my feare?
That as the water makes things, put in't, streight,
Crooked appeare; so that doth my conceipt;

I can helpe that with boldnesse; And love sware,
 And fortune once, t'assist the spirits that dare.
 But which shall lead me on? both these are blind
 Such Guides men use not, who their way would find,
 Except the way be errour to those ends:
 And then the best are still, the blindest friends!
 Oh how a Lover may mistake! to thinke,
 Or love, or fortune blind, when they but winke
 To see men feare: or else for truth, and State,
 Because they would free Justice imitate,
 Vaile their owne eyes, and would impartially
 Be brought by us to meet our Destinie.
 If it be thus, Come love, and fortune goe,
 I'll lead you on, or if my fate will so,
 That I must send one first, my Choyce assigns,
 Love to my heart, and fortune to my lines.

An Elegie.

BY those bright Eyes, at whose immortall fires
 Love lights his torches to inflame desires;
 By that faire Stand, your forehead, whence he bends
 His double Bow, and round his Arrowes sends;
 By that tall Grove, your haire; whose globy rings
 He flying curles, and crispeth, with his wings.
 By those pure bathes your either checke discloses,
 Where he doth steepe himselfe in Milke and Roses;
 And lastly by your lips, the banke of kisses,
 Where men at once may plant, and gather blisses:
 Tell me (my lov'd Friend) doe you love or no?
 So well as I may tell in verse, 'tis so:
 You blush, but doe not: friends are either none,
 (Though they may number bodyes) or but one.
 I'll therefore aske no more, but bid you love;
 And so that either may example prove
 Unto the other; and live patternes, how
 Others, in time may love, as we doe now.
 Slip no occasion; As time stands not still,
 I know no beautie, nor no youth that will.
 To use the present, then, is not abuse,
 You have a Husband is the just excuse
 Of all that can be done him; Such a one
 As would make shift, to make himselfe alone,
 That which we can, who both in you, his Wife,
 His Issue, and all Circumstance of life
 As in his place, because he would not varie,
 Is constant to be extraordinarie.

A Satyricall Shrub.

A Womans friendship ! God whom I trust in,
 Forgive me this one foolish deadly sin;
 Amongst my many other, that I may
 No more, I am sorry for so fond cause, say
 At fifty yeares, almost, to value it,
 That ne're was knowne to last above a fit:
 Or have the least of Good, but what it must
 Put on for fashion, and take up on trust:
 Knew I all this afore? had I perceiv'd,
 That their whole life was wickednesse, though weav'd
 Of many Colours; outward fresh, from spots,
 But their whole inside full of ends, and knots:
 Knew I, that all their Dialogues, and discourse,
 were such as I will now relate, or worse.

Here, something is wanting.

.....
 Knew I this Woman? yes; And you doe see,
 How penitent I am, or I should be:
 Doe not you aske to know her, she is worse
 Then all Ingredients made into one curse,
 And that pour'd out upon Man-kind can be!
 Thinke but the Sin of all her sex, 'tis she!
 I could forgive her being proud! a whore!
 Perjur'd! and painted! if she were no more--
 But she is such, as she might, yet forestall
 The Divell; and be the damning of us all.

A little Shrub growing by.

A Ske not to know this Man. If fame should speake
 His name in any mettall, it would breake.
 Two letters were enough the plague to teare
 Out of his Grave, and poyson every eare.
 A parcell of Court-durt, a heape, and masse
 Of all vice hurld together, there he was,
 Proud, false, and trecherous, vindictive, all
 That thought can adde, unthankfull, the lay-stall
 Of putrid flesh alive! of blood, the sinke!
 And so I leave to stirre him, lest he stinke.

An

An Elegie.

THough Beautie be the Marke of praise;
 And yours of whom I sing be such
 As not the World can praise too much,
 Yet is't your vertue now I raise.

A vertue, like Allay, so gone
 Throughout your forme; as though that move;
 And draw, and conquer all mens love,
 This subjects you to love of one.

Wherein you triumph yet: because
 'Tis of your selfe, and that you use
 The noblest freedome, not to chuse
 Against or Faith, or honours lawes.

But who should lesse expect from you,
 In whom alone love lives agen?
 By whom he is restor'd to men:
 And kept, and bred, and brought up true?

His falling Temples you have rear'd
 The withered Garlands tane away;
 His Altars kept from the Decay,
 That envie wish'd, and Nature fear'd.

And on them burne so chaste a flame,
 With so much Loyalties expence
 As Love t'aquit such excellence,
 Is gone himselfe into your Name.

And you are he: the Dietie
 To whom all Lovers are design'd;
 That would their better objects find:
 Among which faithfull troope am I.

Who as an off-spring at your shrine,
 Have sung this Hymne, and here intreat
 One sparke of your Diviner heat
 To light upon a Love of mine.

Which if it kindle not, but scant
 Appeare, and that to shortest view,
 Yet give me leave t'adore in you
 What I, in her, am griev'd to want.

An Ode. To himfelfe.

WHere do'st thou carelesse lie
 Buried in ease and sloth?
 Knowledge, that sleepes, doth die;
 And this Securitie,
 It is the common Moath,
 That eats on wits, and Arts, and destroyes them both.

Are all th' *Aonian* springs
 Dri'd up; lyes *Thespia* wast?
 Doth *Clarius* Harp want strings,
 That not a Nymph now sings!
 Or droop they as disgrac't,
 To see their Seats and Bowers by chattering Pies defac't?

If hence thy silence be,
 As'tis too just a cause;
 Let this thought quicken thee,
 Minds that are great and free,
 Should not on fortune pause,
 'Tis crowne enough to vertue still, her owne applause.

What though the greedie Frie
 Be taken with false Baytes
 Of worded Balladrie,
 And thinke it Poësie?
 They die with their conceits,
 And only pitious (corne, upon their folly waites.

Then take in hand thy Lyre,
 Strike in thy proper straine,
 With *Faphets* lyne, aspire
Sols Chariot for new fire,
 To give the world againe:
 Who aided him, will thee, the issue of *Foves* braine.

And since our Daintie age,
 Cannot indure reproofe.
 Make not thy selfe a Page,
 To that strumpet the Stage,
 But sing high and aloofe,
 Safe from the wolves black jaw, and the dull *Asses* hoofe.

*The mind of the Frontispice to
a Booke.*

FROM Death, and darke oblivion, ne're the same;
The Mistresse of Mans life, grave Historie
Razing the World to good and evill fame
Doth vindicate it to eternitie.
Wise Providence would so, that nor the good
Might be defrauded, nor the great secur'd,
But both might know their wayes were understood,
When Vice alike in time with vertue dur'd.
Which makes that (lighted by the beamic hand
Of Truth that searcheth the most Springs
And guided by experience, whose strait wand
Doth meet, whose lyne doth sound the depth of things:)
Shee chearfully supporteth what she reares,
Assisted by no strengths, but are her owne,
Some note of which each varied Pillar beares,
By which as proper titles, she is knowne
Times witnesse, herald of Antiquitie,
The light of Truth, and life of Memorie.

*An Ode to IAMES Earle of Desmond, writ
in Queene ELIZABETHS time,
since lost, and recovered.*

WHERE art thou *Genius*? I should use
Thy present Aide: Arise Invention,
Wake, and put on the wings of *Pindars* Muse,
To towre with my intention
High, as his mind, that doth advance
Her upright head, above the reach of Chance,
Or the times envie:
Cynthia, I applie
My bolder numbers to thy golden *Lyre*:
O, then inspire
Thy Priest in this strange rapture; heat my braine
With *Delphick* fire:
That I may sing my thoughts, in some unvulgar straine.

Rich beame of honour, shed your light
On these darke rymes; that my affection
May shine (through every chincke) to every sight
graced by your Reflection!

Then shall my Verses, like strong Charmes
Breake the knit Circle of her Stonie Armes,

D d

That

That hold your spirit :
 And keepes your merit
 Lock't in her cold embraces, from the view
 Of eyes more true,
 Who would with judgement search, searching conclude,
 (As prov'd in you)
 True noblêsse. Palme growes straight, though handled ne're so rude ?

Nor thinke your selfe unfortunate,
 If subject to the jealous errors
 Of politique pretext, that wryes a State,
 Sink not beneath these terrors :
 But whisper ; O glad Innocence
 Where only a mans birth is his offence ;
 Or the dis-favour,
 Of such as favour
 Nothing, but practise upon honours thrall.
 O vertues fall,
 When her dead essence (like the Anatomie
 in Surgeons hall)
 Is but a Statists theame, to read Phlebotomie.

Let *Brontes*, and black *Steropes*,
 Sweat at the forge, their hammers beating ;
Pyracmon's houre will come to give them ease,
 Though 't while mettall's heating ;
 And, after all the *Ætnean* Ire,
 Gold, that is perfect, will out-live the fire.
 For fury wasteth,
 As patience lasteth.
 No Armour to the mind ! he is shot free
 From injurie,
 That is not hurt ; not he, that is not hit ;
 So fooles we see,
 Oft scape an Imputation, more through luck, then wit.

But to your selfe most loyall Lord,
 (Whose heart in that bright Sphere flames clearest)
 Though many Gems be in your bosome stor'd,
 Unknowne which is the Dearest.)
 If I auspiciously devine,
 (As my hope tells) that our faire *Phæb's* shine,
 Shall light those places,
 With lustrous Graces,
 Where darknesse with her glomie Sceptred hand,
 Doth now command.
 O then (my best-best lov'd) let me importune,
 That you will stand,
 As farre from all revolt, as you are now from Fortune.

An Ode.

High spirited friend,
 I send nor Balmes, nor Cor'sives to your wound,
 Your fate hath found,
 A gentler, and more agile hand, to tend
 The Cure of that, which is but corporall,
 And doubtfull Dayes (which were nam'd *Criticall*,)
 Have made their fairest flight,
 And now are out of fight.
 Yet doth some wholesome Physick for the mind,
 Wrapt in this paper lie,
 Which in the taking if you mis-apply,
 You are unkind.

Your covetous hand,
 Happy in that faire honour it hath gain'd,
 Must now be rayn'd.
 True valour doth her owne renowne command
 In one full Action; nor have you now more
 To doe, then be a husband of that store.
 Thinke but how deare you bought,
 This fame which you have caught,
 Such thoughts wil make you more in love with truth
 Tis wisdom and that high,
 For men to use their fortune reverently,
 Even in youth.

An Ode.

Hellen, did Homer never see
 Thy beauties, yet could write of thee?
 Did Sappho on her seven-tongu'd Lute,
 So speake (as yet it is not mute)
 Of Phaos forme? or doth the Boy
 In whom Anacreon once did joy,
 Lie drawne to life, in his soft Verse,
 As he whom Maro did rehearse?
 Was Lesbia sung by learn'd Catullus?
 Or Delia's Graces, by Tibullus?
 Doth Cynthia, in Propertius song
 Shine more, then she the Stars among?
 Is Horace his each love so high
 Rap't from the Earth, as not to die?
 With bright Lycoris, Gallus choice,
 Whose fame hath an eternall voice.
 Or hath Corynna, by the name
 Her Ovid gave her, dimn'd the fame

Of *Cæsars* Daughter, and the line
 Which all the world then styl'd devine?
 Hath *Petrarch* since his *Laura* rais'd
 Equall with her? or *Ronsart* prais'd
 His new *Cassandra*, 'bove the old,
 Which all the Fate of *Troy* foretold?
 Hath our great *Sydney*, *Stella* set,
 Where never Star shone brighter yet?
 Or *Constables* Ambrosiack Muse,
 Made *Dian*, not his notes refuse?
 Have all these done (and yet I misse
 The Swan that so relish'd *Pancharis*)
 And shall not I my *Celia* bring,
 Where men may see whom I doe sing,
 Though I, in working of my song
 Come short of all this learned throng,
 Yet sure my tunes will be the best,
 So much my Subject drownes the rest.

A Sonnet.

To the noble Lady, the Lady

MARY WORTH.

I That have beene a lover, and could shew it,
 Though not in these, in rithmes not wholly dumbe,
 Since I exscribe your Sonnets, am become
 A better lover, and much better Poët.
 Nor is my Muse, or I asham'd to owe it.
 To those true numerous Graces; whereof some,
 But charme the Senses, others over-come
 Both braines and hearts; and mine now best doe know it;
 For in your verse all Cupids Armorie,
 His flames, his shafts, his Quiver, and his Bow,
 His very eyes are yours to overthrow.
 But then his Mothers sweets you so apply,
 Her joyes, her smiles, her loves, as readers take
 For Venus Ceston, every line you make.

A Fit of Rime against Rime.

Rime the rack of finest wits,
 That expresseth but by fits,
 True Conceipt
 Spoyling Senses of their Treasure,
 Cosening Judgement with a measure,
 But false weight.
 Wrestling words, from their true calling;
 Propping Verse, for feare of falling
 To the ground.
 Joynting Syllabes, drowning Letters,

Fastning

Fastning Vowells, as with fetters
They were bound !

Soone as lazie thou wert knowne,
All good Poëtrie hence was flowne,
And are banish'd.

For a thousand yeares together,
All *Pernassus* Greene did wither,
And wit vanish'd.

Pegasus did flie away,
At the Wells no Muse did stay,
But bewail'd.

So to see the Fountaine drie,
And *Apollo's* Musique die,
All light failed !

Starveling rimes did fill the Stage,
Not a Poët in an Age,
Worth crowning.

Not a worke deserving Baies,
Nor a lyne deserving praise,
Pallas frowning;

Greeke was free from Rimes infection;
Happy Greeke by this protection !
Was not spoyled.

Whilst the Latin, Queene of Tongues,
Is not yet free from Rimes wrongs,
But rests foiled.

Scarce the hill againe doth flourish,
Scarce the world a Wit doth nourish,
To restore,

Phæbus to his Crowne againe ;
And the Muses to their braine ;
As before.

Vulgar Languages that want
Words, and sweetnesse, and be scant
Of true measure,

Tyrans Rime hath so abused,
That they long since have refused,
Other ceasure ;

He that first invented thee,
May his joynts tormented bee,
Cramp'd forever ;

Still may Syllabes jarre with time,
Stil may reason warre with rime,
Resting never.

May his Sense when it would meet,
The cold tumor in his feet,
Grow unsounder.

And his Title be long foole,
That in rearing such a Schoole,
Was the founder.

* Presented
upon a plate
of Gold to
his son Rob.
E. of Salisbu-
ry, when he
was also Tre-
surer.

* *An Epigram*

On W I L L A M Lord Burl: Lo: high
Treasurer of England.

IF thou wouldst know the vertues of Man-kind
Read here in one, what thou in all canst find,
And goe no farther: let this Circle be
Thy Universe, though his *Epitome*
Cecill, the grave, the wise, the great, the good,
What is there more that can ennoble blood?
The *Orphans* Pillar, the true Subjects shield,
The poores full Store-house, and just servants field.
The only faithfull Watchman for the Realme,
That in all tempests, never quit the helme,
But stood unshaken in his Deeds, and Name,
And labour'd in the worke; not with the fame:
That still was good for goodnesse sake, nor thought
Upon reward, till the reward him sought.
Whose Offices, and honours did surprize,
Rather than meet him: And, before his eyes
Clos'd to their peace, he saw his branches shoot,
And in the noblest Families tooke root
Of all the Land, who now at such a Rate,
Of divine blessing, would not serve a State?

* For a poore
Man.

* *An Epigram.*

To T H O M A S Lo: E L S M E R E,
the last Terme he sate Chancellor.

SO justest Lord, may all your Judgements be
Lawes, and no change e're come to one decree:
So, may the King proclaime your Conscience is
Law, to his Law; and thinke your enemies his:
So, from all sicknesse, may you rise to health,
The Care, and wish still of the publike wealth,
So may the gentler Muses, and good fame
Still flie about the Odour of your Name;
As with the safetie, and honour of the Lawes,
You favour Truth, and me, in this mans Cause.

* For the
same.

* *Another to him.*

THe Judge his favour timely then extends,
When a good Cause is destitute of friends,
Without the pompe of Counsell; or more Aide,
Then to make falshood blush, and fraud afraid:

When

When those good few, that her Defenders be,
 Are there for Charitie, and not for fee.
 Such shall you heare to Day, and find great foes
 Both arm'd with wealth, and slander to oppose,
 Who thus long safe, would gaine upon the times
 A right by the prosperitie of their Crimes,
 Who, though their guilt, and perjurie they know,
 Thinke, yea and boast, that they have done it so
 Asthough the Court pursues them on the sent,
 They will come of, and scape the Punishment,
 When this appeares, just Lord, to your sharp sight,
 He do's you wrong, that craves you to doe right.

*An Epigram to the Councellour that
 pleaded, and carried the Cause.*

THat I hereafter, doe not thinke the Barre,
 The Seat made of a more then civill warre;
 Or the great Hall at *Westminster*, the field
 Where mutuall frauds are fought, and no side yeild;
 That henceforth, I beleeve nor bookes, nor men,
 Who 'gainst the Law, weave Calumnies my---
 But when I read or heare the names so rife
 Of hirelings, wranglers, stitchers-to of strife,
 Hook-handed *Harpies*, gowned Vultures, put
 Upon the reverend Pleaders, doe now shut
 All mouthes, that dare entitle them (from hence)
 To the Wolves studie, or Dogs eloquence;
 Thou art my Cause: whose manners since I knew,
 Have made me to conceive a Lawyer new.
 So dost thou studie matter, men, and times,
 Mak'st it religion to grow rich by Crimes!
 Dar'st not abuse thy wisdom, in the Lawes,
 Or skill to carry out an evill cause!
 But first dost vexe, and search it! If not found,
 Thou prov'st the gentler wayes, to clense the wound;
 And make the Scarre faire; If that will not be,
 Thou hast the brave scorne, to put back the fee!
 But in a businesse, that will bide the Touch,
 What use, what strength of reason! and how much
 Of Bookes, of Presidents, hast thou at hand?
 As if the generall store thou didst command
 Of Argument, still drawing forth the best,
 And not being borrowed by thee, but possessest.
 So comm'st thou like a Chiefe into the Court
 Arm'd at all peeces, as to keepe a Fort
 Against a multitude, and (with thy Stile
 So brightly brandish'd) wound'st, defend'st! the while
 Thy Adversaries fall, as not a word
 They had, but were a Reed unto thy Sword.

Then

Then com'st thou off with Victorie and Palme,
 Thy Hearers Nectar, and thy Clients Balme,
 The Courts just honour, and thy Judges love.
 And (which doth all Archievements get above)
 Thy sincere practise, breeds not thee a fame
 Alone, but all thy ranke a reverend Name.

*An Epigram.
 To the small Poxe.*

ENvious and foule Disease, could there not be
 One beautie in an Age, and free from thee?
 What did she worth thy spight? were there not store
 Of those that set by their false faces more
 Then this did by her true? she never sought
 Quarrell with Nature, or in ballance brought
 Art her false servant; Nor, for Sir *Hugh Plot*,
 Was drawne to practise other hue, then that
 Her owne bloud gave her: Shee ne're had, nor hath
 Any beliefe, in Madam Baud-bees bath,
 Or Turners oyle of Talck. Nor ever got
 Spanish receipt, to make her teeth to rot.
 What was the cause then? Thought'st thou in disgrace
 Of Beautie, so to nullifie a face,
 That heaven should make no more; or should amisse,
 Make all hereafter, had'st thou ruin'd this.
 I, that thy Ayme was; but her fate prevail'd:
 And scorn'd, thou'ast showne thy malice, but hast fail'd!

An Epitaph.

WHat Beautie would have lovely stilde,
 What manners prettie, Nature milde,
 What wonder perfect, all were fill'd,
 Upon record in this blest child.
 And, till the comming of the Soule
 To fetch the flesh, we keepe the Rowle;

A Song.

LOVER.

Come, let us here enjoy the shade,
 For love, in shadow best is made.
 Though Envie oft his shadow be,
 None brookes the Sun-light worse then he.

MISTRES.

Where love doth shine, there needs no Sunne;
All lights into his one doth run;
Without which all the world were darke;
Yet he himselfe is but a sparke.

ARBITER.

A Sparke to set whole world a-fire,
Who more they burne, they more desire,
And have their being, their waste to see;
And waste still, that they still might bee.

CHORVS.

Such are his powers, whom time hath stil'd;
Now swift, now slow, now tame, now wild;
Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now mild.
The eldest God, yet still a Child.

An Epistle to a friend.

Sir, I am thankfull, first, to heaven, for you;
Next to your selfe, for making your love true;
Then to your love, and gift. And all's but due.

You have unto my Store added a booke,
On which with profit, I shall never looke,
But must confesse from whom what gift I tooke.

Not like your Countrie-neighbours, that commit
Their vice of loving for a Christmasse fit,
Which is indeed but friendship of the spit:

But, as a friend, which name your selfe receave,
And which you (being the worthier) gave me leave
In letters, that mixe spirits, thus to weave.

Which, how most sacred I will ever keepe,
So may the fruitfull Vine my temples steepe,
And Fame wake for me, when I yeeld to sleepe:

Though you sometimes proclaime me too severe,
Rigid, and harsh, which is a Drug austere
In friendship, I confesse: But deare friend, heare.

Little know they, that professe Amicitie,
And seeke to scant her comelie libertie,
How much they lame her in her propertie.

And lesse they know, who being free to use
That friendship which no chance but love did chuse,
Will unto Licence that faire leave abuse.

It is an Act of tyrannie, not love
In practiz'd friendship wholly to reprove,
As flatt'ry with friends humours still to move.

From each of which I labour to be free,
Yet if with eithers vice I teynted be,
Forgive it, as my frailtie, and not me.

For no man lives so out of passions sway,
But shall sometimes be tempted to obey
Her furie, yet no friendship to betray.

An Elegie.

TIs true, I'm broke! Vowes, Oathes, and all I had
Of Credit lost. And I am now run madde.
Or doe upon my selfe some desperate ill;
This sadnesse makes no approaches, but to kill.
It is a Darknesse hath blockt up my sense,
And drives it in to eat on my offence,
Or there to sterue it, helpe O you that may
Alone lend succours, and this furie stay,
Offended Mistris, you are yet so faire,
As light breakes from you, that affrights despaire,
And fills my powers with perswading joy,
That you should be too noble to destroy.
There may some face or menace of a storme
Looke forth, but cannot last in such forme.
If there be nothing worthy you can see
Of Graces, or your mercie here in me
Spare your owne goodnesse yet; and be not great
In will and power, only to defeat.
God, and the good, know to forgive, and save.
The ignorant, and fooles, no pittie have.
I will not stand to justifie my fault,
Or lay the excuse upon the Vintners vault;
Or in confessing of the Crime be nice,
Or goe about to countenance the vice,
By naming in what companie 'twas in,
As I would urge Authoritie for sinne.
No, I will stand arraign'd, and cast, to be
The Subject of your Grace in pardoning me,
And (Stil'd your mercies Creature) will live more
Your honour now, then your disgrace before,
Thinke it was frailtie, Mistris, thinke me man,
Thinke that your selfe like heaven forgive me can,

Where weaknesse doth offend, and vertue grieve,
 There greatnesse takes a glorie to relieve.
 Think that I once was yours, or may be now,
 Nothing is vile, that is a part of you:
 Errour and folly in me may have crost
 Your just commands; yet those, not I be lost.
 I am regenerate now, become the child
 Of your compassion; Parents should be mild:
 There is no Father that for one demerit,
 Or two, or three, a Sonne will dis-inherit,
 That is the last of punishments is meant;
 No man inflicts that paine, till hope be spent:
 An ill-affected limbe (what e're it aile)
 We cut not off, till all Cures else doe faile:
 And then with pause, for sever'd once, that's gone,
 Would live his glory that could keepe it on:
 Doe not despaire my mending; to distrust
 Before you prove a medicine, is unjust;
 You may so place me, and in such an ayre
 As not alone the Cure, but scarre be faire.
 That is, if still your Favours you apply,
 And not the bounties you ha' done, deny:
 Could you demand the gifts you gave, againe!
 Why was't? did e're the Cloudes aske back their raine?
 The Sunne his heat, and light, the ayre his dew?
 Or winds the Spirit, by which the flower so grew?
 That were to wither all, and make a Grave
 Of that wise Nature would a Cradle have?
 Her order is to cherish, and preserve,
 Consumptions nature to destroy, and sterve:
 But to exact againe what once is given,
 Is natures meere obliquitie! as Heaven
 Should aske the blood, and spirits he hath infus'd
 In man, because man hath the flesh abus'd.
 O may your wisdom take example hence,
 God lightens not at mans each fraile offence,
 He pardons, slips, goes by a world of ills,
 And then his thunder frights more, then it kills.
 He cannot angrie be, but all must quake,
 It shakes even him, that all things else doth shake.
 And how more faire, and lovely looks the world
 In a calme skie; then when the heaven is horl'd
 About in Cloudes, and wrapt in raging weather,
 As all with storme and tempest ran together.
 O imitate that sweet Serenitie
 That makes us live, not that which calls to die
 In darke, and sullen mornes; doe we not say
 This looketh like an Execution day?
 And with the vulgar doth it not obtaine
 The name of Cruell weather, storme, and raine?

Be not affected with these markes too much
 Of crueltie, lest they doe make you such.
 But view the mildnesse of your Makers state,
 As I the penitents here emulate:
 He when he sees a sorrow such as this,
 Streight puts off all his Anger, and doth kisse
 The contrite Soule, who hath no thought to win
 Upon the hope to have another sin
 Forgiven him; And in that lync stand I
 Rather then once displease you more, to die
 To suffer tortures, scorne, and Infamie,
 What Fooles, and all their Parasites can apply,
 The wit of Ale, and *Genius* of the Malt
 Can pompe for; or a Libell without salt
 Produce; though threatening with a coale, or chalke
 On every wall, and sung where e're I walke.
 I number these as being of the Chore
 Of Contumelie, and urge a good man more
 Then sword, or fire, or what is of the race
 To carry noble danger in the face:
 There is not any punishment, or paine,
 A man should flie from, as he would disdain.
 Then Masters here, here let your rigour end,
 And let your mercie make me asham'd t' offend.
 I will no more abuse my vowes to you,
 Then I will studie falshood, to be true.
 O, that you could but by dissection see
 How much you are the better part of me;
 How all my Fibres by your Spirit doe move,
 And that there is no life in me, but love.
 You would be then most confident, that tho
 Publike affaires command me now to goe
 Out of your eyes, and be awhile away;
 Absence, or Distance, shall not breed decay.
 Your forme shines here, here fixed in my heart
 I may dilate my selfe, but not depart.
 Others by common Stars their courses run,
 When I see you, then I doe see my Sun,
 Till then 'tis all but darknesse, that I have,
 Rather then want your light, I wish a grave.

An Elegie.

TO make the Doubt cleare that no Woman's true,
 Was it my fate to prove it full in you.
 Thought I but one had breath'd the purer Ayre,
 And must she needs be false, because she's faire?
 It is your beauties Marke, or of your youth,
 Or your perfection not to studie truth,

Or thinke you heaven is deafe? or hath no eyes?
 Or thofe it has, winke at your perjuries;
 Are vowes fo cheape with women? or the matter
 Whereof they are made, that they are writ in water;
 And blowne away with wind? or doth their breath
 Both hot and cold at once, threat life and death?
 Who could have thought fo many accents sweet
 Tun'd to our words, fo many fighes should meet
 Blowne from our hearts, fo many oathes and teares
 Sprinkled among? All sweeter by our feares,
 And the Devine Impreffion of stolne kifles,
 That feal'd the reft, could now prove emptie bliffes?
 Did you draw bonds to forfeit? Signe, to breake,
 Or muft we read you quite from what you fpeake,
 And find the truth out the wrong way? or muft
 He firft defire you falfe, would wifh you juft?
 O, I prophane! though moft of women be,
 The common Monster, Love fhall except thee
 My deareft Love, how ever jealousie,
 With Circumftance might urge the contrarie.
 Sooner I'll thinke the Sunne would ceafe to cheare
 The teeming Earth, and that forget to beare;
 Sooner that Rivers would run back, or Thames
 With ribs of Ice in June would bind his ftreames:
 Or Nature, by whole ftrength the world indures,
 Would change her courfe, before you alter yours:
 But, O, that trecherous breaft, to whom, weake you
 Did trust our counfells, and we both may rue,
 Having his falshood found too late! 'twas he
 That made me caft you Guiltie, and you me.
 Whilft he black wretch, betray'd each fimple word
 We fpake unto the comming of a third!
 Curft may he be that fo our love hath flaine,
 And wander wretched on the earth, as *Cain*.
 Wretched as he, and not deserve leaft pittie
 In plaguing him let miferie be wittie.
 Let all eyes fhun him, and he fhun each eye,
 Till he be noyfoe as his infamie;
 May be without remorse deny God thrice,
 And not be trusted more on his foules price;
 And after all felfe-torment, when he dyes
 May Wolves teare out his heart, Vultures his eyes,
 Swyne eat his Bowels, and his falfer Tongue,
 That utter'd all, be to fome Raven flung,
 And let his carrion corfe be a longer feaft
 To the Kings Dogs, then any other beaft.
 Now I have curft, let us our love receive;
 In me the flame was never more alive:
 I could begin againe to court and praife,
 And in that pleasure lengthen the fhort dayes

Of my lifes lease; like Painters that doe take
 Delight, not in made workes, but whilst they make
 I could renew those times, when first I saw
 Love in your eyes, that gave my tongue the Law
 To like what you lik'd, and at Masques, or Playes,
 Commend the selfe-same Actors, the same wayes
 Aske how you did? and often with intent
 Of being officious, grow impertinent;
 All which were such lost pastimes, as in these
 Love was as subtly catch'd as a Disease.
 But, being got, it is a treasure, sweet,
 Which to defend, is harder then to get;
 And ought not be prophan'd on either part,
 For though 'tis got by chance, 'tis kept by art.

An Elegie.

THat Love's a bitter sweet, I ne're conceive
 Till the sower Minute comes of taking leave,
 And then I taste it. But as men drinke up
 In hast the bottome of a med'cin'd Cup,
 And take some firrup after; so doe I
 To put all relish from my memorie
 Of parting, drowne it in the hope to meet
 Shortly againe: and make our absence sweet.
 This makes me Mrs. that sometime by stealth
 Under another Name, I take your health;
 And turne the Ceremonies of those Nights
 I give, or owe my friends, into your Rites,
 But ever without blazon, or least shade
 Of vowes so sacred, and in silence made;
 For though Love thrive, and may grow up with cheare,
 And free societie, hee's borne else-where,
 And must be bred, so to conceale his birth,
 As neither wine doe rack it out, or mirth.
 Yet should the Lover still be ayrie and light
 In all his Actions ratified to spright
 Not like a *Midas* shut up in himselfe,
 And turning all he toucheth into pelfe,
 Keepe in reserv'd in his Dark-lanterne face,
 As if that ex'lent Dulnesse were Loves grace;
 No Masters no, the open merrie Man
 Moves like a sprightly River, and yet can
 Keepe secret in his Channels what he breeds
 'Bove all your standing waters, choak'd with weedes.
 They looke at best like Creame-bowles, and you soone
 Shall find their depth: they're sounded with a spoone.
 They may say Grace, and for Loves Chaplaines passe,
 But the grave Lover ever was an Ass;

Is fix'd upon one leg, and dares not come
 Out with the other, for hee's still at home;
 Like the dull wearied Crane that (come on land)
 Doth while he keepses his watch, betray his stand.
 Where he that knowes will like a Lapwing flie
 Farre from the Nest, and so himselfe belie.
 To others as he will deserve the Trust
 Due to that one, that doth believe him just.
 And such your Servant is, who vowes to keepe
 The Jewell of your name, as close as sleepe
 Can lock the Sense up, or the heart a thought,
 And never be by time, or folly brought,
 Weaknesse of braine, or any charme of Wine,
 The sinne of Boast, or other countermine
 (Made to blow up loves secrets) to discover
 That Article, may nor become our lover:
 Which in assurance to your brest I tell,
 If I had writ no word, but Deare, farewell.

An Elegie.

Since you must goe, and I must bid farewell,
 Heare Masters, your departing fervant tell
 What it is like: And doe not thinke they can
 Be idle words, though of a parting Man;
 It is as if a night should shade noone-day,
 Or that the Sun was here, but forc't away;
 And we were left under that Hemisphere,
 Where we must feele it Darke for halfe a yeare.
 What fate is this to change mens dayes and houres,
 To shift their seasons, and destroy their powers!
 Alas I ha' lost my heat, my blood, my prime,
 Winter is come a Quarter e're his Time,
 My health will leave me; and when you depart,
 How shall I doe sweet Mistris for my heart?
 You would restore it? No, that's worth a feare,
 As if it were not worthy to be there:
 O, keepe it still; for it had rather be
 Your sacrifice, then here remaine with me.
 And so I spare it, Come what can become
 Of me, I'll softly tread unto my Tombe;
 Or like a Ghost walke silent amongst men,
 Till I may See both it and you agen.

An Elegie.

Let me be what I am, as *Virgil* cold
 As *Horace* fat; or as *Anacreon* old;
 No Poets verses yet did ever move,
 Whose Readers did not thinke he was in love.

Who shall forbid me then in Rithme to bee
 As light, and Active as the youngest hee
 That from the Muses fountaines doth indorse
 His lynes, and hourelly fits the Poets horse
 Put on my Ivy Garland, let me see
 Who frownes, who jealous is, who taxeth me.
 Fathers, and Husbands, I doe claime a right
 In all that is call'd lovely: take my fight
 Sooner then my affection from the faire.
 No face, no hand, proportion, line, or Ayre
 Of beautie; but the Muse hath interest in:
 There is not worne that lace, purle, knot or pin,
 But is the Poets matter: And he must
 When he is furious love, although not lust.
 But then content, your Daughters and your Wives,
 (If they be faire and worth it) have their lives
 Made longer by our praises. Or, if not
 Wish, you had fowle ones, and deformed got;
 Curst in their Cradles, or there chang'd by Elves,
 So to be sure you doe enjoy your selves.
 Yet keepe those up in sackcloth too, or lether,
 For Silke will draw some sneaking Songster thither.
 It is a ryming Age, and Verses swarme
 At every stall; The Cittie Cap's a charme.
 But I who live, and have liv'd twentie yeare
 Where I may handle Silke, as free, and neere,
 As any Mercer; or the whale-bone man
 That quilts those bodies, I have leave to span:
 Have eaten with the Beauties, and the wits,
 And braveries of Court, and felt their fits
 Of love, and hate: and came so nigh to know
 Whether their faces were their owne, or no.
 It is not likely I should now looke downe
 Upon a Velvet Petticote, or a Gowne,
 Whose like I have knowne the Taylors Wife put on
 To doe her Husbands rites in, e're 'twere gone
 Home to the Customer: his Letcherie
 Being, the best clothes still to preoccupie.
 Put a Coach-mare in Tissue, must I horse
 Her presently? Or leape thy Wife of force.
 When by thy sordid bountie she hath on,
 A Gowne of that, was the Caparison?
 So I might dote upon thy Chaires; and Stooles
 That are like cloath'd, must I be of those fooles
 Of race accompted, that no passion have
 But when thy Wife (as thou conceiv'st) is brave?
 Then ope thy wardrobe, thinke me that poore Groome
 that from the Foot-man, when he was become
 An Officer there, did make most solemne love,
 To ev'ry Petticote he brush'd, and Glove

He did lay up, and would adore the shooc,
 Or slipper was left off, and kisse it too,
 Court every hanging Gowne, and after that,
 Lift up some one, and doe, I tell not what.
 Thou didst tell me; and wert o're-joy'd to peepe
 In a hole, and see these Actions creepe
 From the poore wretch, which though he play'd in prose,
 He would have done in verse, with any of those
 Wrung on the Withers, by Lord Loves despight,
 Had he had the facultie to reade, and write!
 Such Songsters there are store of; witnesse he
 That chanc'd the lace, laid on a Smock, to see
 And straight-way spent a Sonnet; with that other
 That (in pure Madrigall) unto his Mother
 Commended the French-hood, and Scarlet gowne
 The Lady Mayresse pass'd in through the Towne,
 Unto the Spittle Sermon. O, what strange
 Varietie of Silkes were on th'Exchange!
 Or in Moore-fields! this other night, sings one,
 Another answers, 'Lasse those Silkes are none
 In smiling *L'envoye*, as he would deride
 Any Comparison had with his Cheap-side.
 And vouches both the Pageant, and the Day,
 When not the Shops, but windowes doe display
 The Stuffs, the Velvets, Plushes, Fringes, Lace,
 And all the originall riots of the place:
 Let the poore fooles enjoy their follies, love
 A Goat in Velvet; or some block could move
 Under that cover; an old Mid-wives hat!
 Or a Close-stoole so cas'd, or any fat
 Bawd, in a Velvet scabberd! I envy
 None of their pleasures! nor will aske thee, why
 Thou art jealous of thy Wifes, or Daughters Case:
 More then of eithers manners, wit, or face!

An Execration upon Vulcan.

ANd why to me this, thou lame Lord of fire,
 What had I done that might call on thine ire?
 Or urge thy Greedie flame, thus to devoure
 So many my Yeares-labours in an houre?
 I ne're attempted *Vulcan*'gainst thy life;
 Nor made least line of love to thy loose Wife;
 Or in remembrance of thy afront, and scorne
 With Clownes, and Tradesmen, kept thee clos'd in horne.
 'Twas *Jupiter* that hurl'd thee headlong downe,
 And *Mars*, that gave thee a Lanthorne for a Crowne:
 Was it because thou wert of old denied
 By *Jove* to have *Minerva* for thy Bride.

That since thou tak'st all envious care and paine,
 To ruine any issue of the braine?
 Had I wrote treason there, or heresie,
 Imposture, witchcraft, charmes, or blasphemie?
 I had deserv'd then, thy consuming lookes,
 Perhaps, to have beene burned with my bookes.
 But, on thy malice, tell me, didst thou spie
 Any, least loose, or furrile paper, lie
 Conceal'd, or kept there, that was fit to be,
 By thy owne vote, a sacrifice to thee?
 Did I there wound the honours of the Crowne?
 Or taxe the Glories of the Church, and Gowne?
 Itch to defame the State? or brand the Times?
 And my selfe most, in some selfe-boasting Rimes?
 If none of these, then why this fire? Or find
 A cause before; or leave me one behind.
 Had I compil'd from *Amadis de Gaule*,
 Th' *Esplandians*, *Arthur's*, *Palmerins*, and all
 The learned Librarie of *Don Quixote*;
 And so some goodlier monster had begot,
 Or spun out Riddles, and weav'd fittie tomes
 Of *Logogripes*, and curious *Palindromes*,
 Or pomp'd for those hard trifles *Anagrams*,
 Or *Eteostichs*, or those finer flammes
 Of Egges, and Halberds, Cradles, and a Herse,
 A paire of Scisars, and a Combe in verse;
Acrostichs, and *Telestichs*, on jumpe names,
 Thou then hadst had some colour for thy flames;
 On such my serious follies; But, thou'lt say,
 There were some pieces of as base allay,
 And as false stampethere; parcels of a Play,
 Fitter to see the fire-light, then the day;
 Adulterate moneys, such as might not goe:
 Thou should'st have stay'd, till publike fame laid so.
 Shee is the Judge; Thou Executioner,
 Or if thou needs would'st trench upon her power,
 Thou mightst have yet enjoy'd thy crueltie
 With some more thrift, and more varietie:
 Thou mightst have had me perish, piece, by piece,
 To light Tobacco, or save roasted Geese.
 Sindrome Capons, or poore Pigges, dropping their eyes;
 Condemn'd me to the Ovens with the pics;
 And so, have kept me dying a whole age,
 Not ravish'd all hence in a minutes rage.
 But that's a marke, wherof thy Rites doe boast,
 To make consumption, ever where thou go'st;
 Had I fore-knowne of this thy least desire
 T' have held a Triumph, or a feast of fire,
 Especially in paper; that, that steame
 Had tickled your large Nosthrill: many a Reame

To redeeme mine, I had sent in enough,
 Thou should'st have cry'd, and all beene proper stufte.
 The *Talmud*, and the *Alcoran* had come,
 With pieces of the *Legend*; The whole summe
 Of errant Knight-hood, with the Dames, and Dwarfes;
 The charmed Boates, and the enchanted Wharfes;
 The *Tristram's*, *Lanc'lots*, *Turpins*, and the *Peer's*;
 All the madde *Rolands*, and sweet *Oliveer's*;
 To *Merlins* Marvailles, and his *Caballs* losse,
 With the *Chimæra* of the *Rosie-Crosse*,
 Their Seales, their Characters, Hermetique rings,
 Their Jemme of Riches, and bright Stone, that brings
 Invisibilitie, and strength, and tongues:
 The art of kindling the true Coale, by lungs
 With *Nicholas Pasquill's*, Meddle with your match,
 And the strong lines, that so the time doe catch,
 Or Captaine *Pamplets* horse, and foot; that sallie
 Upon th' Exchange, still out of Popes-head-Alley.
 The weekly Corrants, with *Pauls* Seale; and all
 Th'admir'd discourses of the Prophet *Ball*:
 These, had'st thou pleas'd either to dine, or sup,
 Had made a meale for *Vulcan* to lick up,
 But in my Deske, what was there to accite
 So ravenous, and vast an appetite?
 I dare not say a body, but some parts
 There were of searce, and mastery in the Arts.
 All the old *Venusine*, in *Poëtrie*,
 and lighted by the *Stagerite*, could spie,
 Was there mad English: with the Grammar too,
 To teach some that, their Nurses could doe.
 The puritie of Language; and among
 The rest, my journey into *Scotland* song,
 With all th' adventures, Three bookes not afraid
 To speake the fate of the *Sicilian* Maid
 To our owne Ladyes; and in storie there
 Of our fift *Henry*, eight of his nine yeare;
 Wherein was oyle, beside the succour spent,
 Which noble *Carew*, *Cotton*, *Selden* lent:
 And twice-twelve-yeares stor'd up humanitie;
 With humble Gleanings in Divinitie;
 After the Fathers, and those wiser Guides
 Whom Faction had not drawne to studie sides.
 How in these ruines *Vulcan*, thou dost lurke,
 All soote, and embers! odious, as thy worke!
 I now begin to doubt, if ever Grace,
 Or Goddesse, could be patient of thy face.
 Thou woo *Minerva*! or to wit aspire!
 'Cause thou canst halt, with us in Arts, and Fire!
 Sonne of the Wind! for so thy mother gone
 With lust conceiv'd thee; Father thou hadst none

When thou wert borne, and that thou look'st at best,
 She durst not kisse, but flung thee from her brest.
 And so did *Jove*, who ne're meant thee his Cup:
 No mar'le the Clownes of *Lemnos* tooke thee up.
 For none but Smiths would have made thee a God.
 Some Alchymist there may be yet, or odde
 Squire of the Squibs, against the Pageant day,
 May to thy name a *Vulcanale* say;
 And for it lose his eyes with Gun-powder,
 As th'other may his braines with Quicksilver.
 Well-fare the Wise-man yet, on the *Banckside*,
 My friends, the Watermen! They could provide
 Against thy furie, when to serve their needs,
 They made a *Vulcan* of a sheafe of Reedes,
 Whom they durst handle in their holy-day coates,
 And safely trust to dresse, not burne their Boates.
 But, O those Reeds! thy meere disdaine of them,
 Made thee beget that cruell Stratagem,
 (Which, some are pleas'd to stile but thy madde pranck)
 Against the *Globe*, the Glory of the *Banke*.
 Which, though it were the Fort of the whole Parish,
 Flanck'd with a Ditch, and forc'd out of a Marish,
 I saw with two poore Chambers taken in
 And raz'd, e're thought could urge, this might have beene!
 See the worlds Ruines! nothing but the piles
 Left! and wit since to cover it with Tiles.
 The Brethren, they streight nois'd it out for Newes,
 'Twas verily some Relique of the Stewes.
 And this a Sparkle of that fire let loose
 That was lock'd up in the *Winchestrian* Goose
 Bred on the *Banck*, in time of Poperie,
 When *Venus* there maintain'd in Misterie.
 But, others fell, with that conceipt by the eares,
 And cry'd, it was a threatning to the beares;
 And that accursed ground, the *Parish-Garden*:
 Nay, sigh'd, ah Sister 'twas the Nun, *Kate Arden*
 Kindled the fire! But, then did one returne,
 No Foole would his owne harvest spoile, or burne!
 If that were so, thou rather would'st advance
 The place, that was thy Wives inheritance.
 O no, cry'd all. *Fortune*, for being a whore,
 Scap'd not his Justice any jot the more:
 He burnt that Idoll of the *Revels* too:
 Nay, let *White-Hall* with Revels have to doe,
 Though but in daunces, it shall know his power;
 There was a Judgement shew'n too in an houre.
 Hee is true *Vulcan* still! He did not spare
Troy, though it were so much his *Venus* care.
 Foole, wilt thou let that in example come?
 Did not she save from thence, to build a *Rome*?

And what hast thou done in these pettie spights,
 More then advanc'd the houses, and their rites?
 I will not argue thee, from those of guilt,
 For they were burnt, but to be better built.
 'Tis true, that in thy wish they were destroy'd,
 Which thou hast only vented, not enjoy'd.
 So would'st th' have run upon the *Rolls* by stealth,
 And didst invade part of the Common-wealth,
 In those Records, which were all *Chronicles* gone,
 Will be remembred by *Six Clerkes*, to one.
 But, say all fixe, Good Men, what answer yee?
 Lyes there no Writ, out of the *Chancerie*
 Against this *Vulcan*? No Injunction?
 No order? no Decree? Though we be gone
 At *Common-Law*: Me thinkes in his despight
 A Court of *Equitie* should doe us right.
 But to confine him to the Brew-houses,
 The Glasse-house, Dye-fats, and their *Fornaces*?
 To live in Sea-coale, and goe forth in smoake;
 Or lest that vapour might the *Citie* choake,
 Condemne him to the *Brick-kills*, or some *Hill*-
 foot (out in *Sussex*) to an iron Mill;
 Or in small Fagots have him blaze about
 Vile Tavernes, and the Drunkards pisse him out;
 Or in the *Bell-Mans* Lanthorne like a spie,
 Burne to a snuffe, and then stinke out, and die:
 I could invent a sentence, yet were worse,
 But I'll conclude all in a civill curse.
 Pox on your flameship, *Vulcan*; if it be
 To all as fatall as 't hath beene to me,
 And to *Pauls-Steeple*; which was unto us
 'Bove all your Fire-workes, had at *Ephesus*,
 Or *Alexandria*; and though a Divine
 Losse, remaines yet, as unrepair'd as mine.
 Would you had kept your Forge at *Aetna* still,
 And there made Swords, Bills, Glaves, and Armes your fill,
 Maintain'd the trade at *Bilbo*; or else-where;
 Strooke in at *Millan* with the Cutlers there;
 Or stay'd but where the Fryar, and you first met,
 Who from the Divels-Arse did Guns beget,
 Or fixt in the *Low-Country's*, where you might
 On both sides doe your mischiefes with delight;
 Blow up, and ruine, myne, and countermyne,
 Make your Petards, and Granats, all your fine
 Engines of Murder, and receive the praise
 Of massacring Man-kind so many ways.
 We aske your absence here, we all love peace,
 And pray the fruites thereof, and the increase;
 So doth the *King*, and most of the *Kings men*
 That have good places: therefore once agen,

Pox on thee *Vulcan*, thy *Pandora's* pox,
 And all the Evils that flew out of her box
 Light on thee: Or if those plagues will not doo,
 Thy Wives pox on thee, and *B.Bs.* too.

A speech according to Horace.

WHy yet my noble hearts they cannot say,
 But we have Powder still for the Kings Day,
 And Ord'nance too: so much as from the Tower
 T'have wak'd, if sleeping, *Spaines* Ambassadour
 Old *Æsop* *Gundomar*: the French can tell,
 For they did see it the last tilting well,
 That we have Trumpets, Armour, and great Horse,
 Launces, and men, and some a breaking force.
 They saw too store of feathers, and more may,
 If they stay here, but till Saint *Georges* Day.
 All Ensignes of a Warre, are not yet dead,
 Nor markes of wealth so from our Nation fled,
 But they may see Gold-Chaines, and Pearle worne then,
 Lent by the *London* Dames, to the Lords men,
 Withall, the dirtie paines those Citizens take,
 To see the Pride at Court, their Wives doe make:
 And the returne those thankfull Courtiers yeeld
 To have their Husbands drawne forth to the field,
 And comming home, to tell what acts were done
 Under the Auspice of young *Swynnerton*.
 What a strong Fort old *Pimblicoe* had beene!
 How it held out! how (last) 'twas taken in!
 Well, I say thrive, thrive brave Artillerie yard,
 Thou Seed-plot of the warre, that hast not spar'd
 Powder, or paper, to bring up the youth
 Of *London*, in the Militarie truth,
 These ten yeares day; As all may sweare that looke
 But on thy practise, and the Posture booke:
 He that but saw thy curious Captaines drill,
 Would thinke no more of *Vlushing*, or the *Brill*;
 But give them over to the common care
 For that unnecessarie Charge they were
 Well did thy craftie Clerke, and Knight, Sir *Hugh*
 Supplant bold *Panton*; and brought there to view
 Translated *Ælian* tacticke to be read,
 And the Greeke Discipline (with the moderne) shed
 So, in that ground, as soone it grew to be
 The Cittie-Question, whether *Tilly*, or he,
 Were now the greater Captaine? for they saw
 The *Berghen* siege, and taking in *Breda*,
 So acted to the life, as *Maurice* might,
 And *Spinola* have blush'd at the sight.

O happie Art ! and wise Epitome
 Of bearing Armes ! most civill Soldierie !
 Thou canst draw forth thy forces, and fight drie
 The Battells of thy Aldermanitie ;
 Without the hazard of a drop of blood :
 More then the surfets, in thee, that day stood.
 Goe on, increast in vertue ; and in fame :
 And keepe the Glorie of the English name,
 Up among Nations. In the stead of bold
Beauchamps, and Nevills, Cliffords, Audley's old ;
 Inset thy *Hodges*, and those newer men. *Waller.*
 As *Stiles, Dike, Ditchfield, Millar, Crips, and Fen :*
 That keepe the warre, though now't be growne more tame
 Alive yet, in the noise ; and still the same
 And could (if our great men would let their Sonnes
 Come to their Schooles,) show'hem the use of Guns.
 And there instruct the noble English heires
 In Politique, and Militar Affaires ;
 But he that should perswade, to have this done
 For education of our Lordings ; Soone
 Should he heare of billow, wind, and storme,
 From the Tempestuous Grandlings, who'll informe
 Us, in our bearing, that are thus, and thus,
 Borne, bred, allied ? what's he dare tutor us ?
 Are we by Booke-wormes to be awde ? must we
 Live by their Scale, that dare doe nothing free ?
 Why are we rich, or great, except to show
 All licence in our lives ? What need we know ?
 More then to praise a Dog ? or Horse ? or speake
 The Hawking language ? or our Day to breake
 With Citizens ? let Clownes, and Tradesmen breed
 Their Sonnes to studie Arts, the Lawes, the Creed :
 We will beleeeve like men of our owne Ranke,
 In so much land a yeare, or such a Banke,
 That turnes us so much moneys, at which rate
 Our Ancestors impos'd on Prince and State.
 Let poore Nobilitie be vertuous : Wee,
 Descended in a rope of Titles, be
 From *Guy, or Bevis, Arthur*, or from whom
 The Herald will. Our blood is now become,
 Past any need of vertue. Let them care,
 That in the Cradle of their Gentic are ;
 To serve the State by Councils, and by Armes :
 We neither love the Troubles, nor the harmes.
 What love you then ? your whore ? what study ? gate,
 Carriage, and dressing. There is up of late ?
 The Academie, where the Gallants meet---
 What to make legs ? yes, and to smell most sweet,
 All that they doe at Playes. O, but first here
 They learne and studie ; and then practise there.

But why are all these Irons i' the fire
 Of severall makings? helps, helps, t' attire
 His Lordship. That is for his Band, his haire
 This, and that box his Beautie to repaire;
 This other for his eye-browes; hence, away,
 I may no longer on these pictures stay,
 These Carkasses of honour; Taylors blocks,
 Cover'd with Tissue, whose prosperitie mocks
 The fate of things: whilst totter'd vertue holds
 Her broken Armes up, to their emptie moulds.

*An Epistle to Master
 Arth: Squib.*

WHat I am not, and what I faine would be,
 Whilst I informe my selfe, I would teach thee,
 My gentle *Arthur*; that it might be said
 One lesson we have both learn'd, and well read;
 I neither am, nor art thou one of those
 That hearkens to a Jacks-pulse, when it goes.
 Nor ever trusted to that friendship yet
 Was issue of the Taverne, or the Spit:
 Much lesse a name would we bring up, or nurse,
 That could but claime a kindred from the purse.
 Those are poore Ties, depend on those false ends,
 'Tis vertue alone, or nothing that knits friends:
 And as within your Office, you doe take
 No piece of money, but you know, or make
 Inquirie of the worth: So must we doe,
 First weigh a friend, then touch, and trie him too:
 For there are many slips, and Counterfeits.
 Deceit is fruitfull. Men have Masques and nets,
 But these with wearing will themselves unfold:
 They cannot last. No lie grew ever old.
 Turne him, and see his Threds: looke, if he be
 Friend to himselfe, that would be friend to thee.
 For that is first requir'd, A man be his owne.
 But he that's too-much that, is friend of none.
 Then rest, and a friends value understand
 It is a richer Purchase then of land.

*An Epigram on Sir Edward Coke, when he was
 Lord chiefe Iustice of England.*

HE that should search all Glories of the Gowne,
 And steps of all rais'd servants of the Crowne
 He could not find, then thee of all that store
 Whom Fortune aided lesse, or vertue more,

Such, *Coke*, were thy beginnings, when thy good
 In others evill best was understood:
 When, being the Strangers helpe, the poore mans aide,
 Thy just defences made th' oppressor afraid.
 Such was thy Proceffe, when Integrity,
 And skill in thee, now, grew Authoritie;
 That Clients strove, in Question of the Lawes,
 More for thy Patronage, then for their Cause,
 And that thy strong and manly Eloquence
 Stood up thy Nations fame, her Crownes defence,
 And now such is thy stand; while thou dost deale
 Desired Justice to the publique Weale
 Like *Solons* selfe; explat' st the knottie Lawes
 With endlesse labours, whilst thy learning drawes
 No lesse of praise, then readers in all kinds
 Of worthiest knowledge, that can take mens minds.
 Such is thy All; that (as I sung before)
 None Fortune aided lesse, or Vertue more.
 Or if Chance must, to each man that doth rise
 Needs lend an aide, to thine she had her eyes.

*An Epistle answering to one that
 asked to be Sealed of the
 Tribe of BEN.*

MEn that are safe, and sure, in all they doe,
 Care not what trials they are put unto;
 They meet the fire, the Test, as Martyrs would;
 And though Opinion stampe them not, are gold,
 I could say more of such, but that I flie
 To speake my selfe out too ambitiously,
 And shewing so weake an Act to vulgar eyes;
 Put conscience and my right to compromise.
 Let those that meerely talke, and never thinke,
 That live in the wild Anarchie of Drinke
 Subject to quarrell only; or else such
 As make it their proficiencie, how much
 They've glutted in, and letcher'd out that weeke,
 That never yet did friend, or friendship seeke
 But for a Sealing: let these men protest.
 Or th' other on their borders, that will jeast
 On all Soules that are absent; even the dead
 Like flies, or wormes, which mans corrupt parts fed:
 That to speake well, thinke it above all sinne,
 Of any Companie but that they are in,
 Call every night to Supper in these fitts,
 And are receiv'd for the Covey of Witts;
 That censure all the Towne, and all th'affaires,
 And know whose ignorance is more then theirs;

Let these men have their wayes, and take their times
 To vent their Libels, and to issue rimes,
 I have no portion in them, nor their deale
 Of newes they get, to strew out the long meale,
 I studie other friendships, and more one,
 Then these can ever be; or else wish none.
 What is't to me whether the French Designe
 Be, or be not, to get the *Val-telline*?
 Or the States Ships sent forth belike to meet
 Some hopes of *Spaine* in their West-Indian Fleet?
 Whether the Dispensation yet be sent,
 Or that the Match from *Spaine* was ever meant?
 I wish all well, and pray high heaven conspire
 My Princes safetie, and my Kings desire,
 But if for honour, we must draw the Sword,
 And force back that, which will not be restor'd,
 I have a body, yet, that spirit drawes
 To live, or fall, a Carkasse in the cause.
 So farre without inquirie what the States,
Brunsfild, and *Mansfield* doe this yeare, my fates
 Shall carry me at Call, and I'll be well,
 Though I doe neither heare these newes, nor tell
 Of *Spaine* or *France*; or were not prick'd downe one
 Of the late Mysterie of reception,
 Although my Fame, to his, not under-heares,
 That guides the Motions, and directs the beares.
 But that's a blow, by which in time I may
 Lose all my credit with my Christmas Clay,
 And animated *Porc'lane* of the Court,
 I, and for this neglect, the courser sort
 Of earthen Jarres, there may molest me too:
 Well, with mine owne fraile Pitcher, what to doe
 I have decreed; keepe it from waves, and presse;
 Lest it be justled, crack'd made nought, or lesse:
 Live to that point I will, for which I am man,
 And dwell as in my Center, as I can
 Still looking too, and ever loving heaven;
 With reverence using all the gifts then given.
 'Mongst which, if I have any friendships sent
 Such as are square, wel-tagde, and permanent,
 Not built with Canvasse, paper, and false lights
 As are the Glorious Scenes, at the great fights;
 And that there be no fev'ry heats, nor colds,
 Oylie Expansions, or shrunke durtie folds,
 But all so cleare, and led by reasons flame,
 As but to stumble in her fight were shame.
 These I will honour, love, embrace, and serve:
 And free it from all question to preserve.
 So short you read my Character, and theirs
 I would call mine, to which not many Staires

Are asked to climbe. First give me faith, who know
My selfe a little. I will take you so,
As you have writ your selfe. Now stand, and then
Sir, you are Sealed of the Tribe of *Ben*.

The Dedication of the

Kings new Cellar.

To Bacchus.

Since, *Bacchus*, thou art father
Of Wines, to thee the rather
We dedicate this Cellar,
Where new, thou art made Dweller;
And seale thee thy Commission:
But 'tis with a condition,
That thou remaine here taster
Of all to the great Master.
And looke unto their faces,
Their Qualities, and races,
That both, their odour take him,
And relish merry make him.

For *Bacchus* thou art freer
Of cares, and over-seer,
Of feast, and merry meeting,
And still begin'st the greeting:
See then thou dost attend him
Lyæus, and defend him,
By all the Arts of Gladnesse
From any thought like sadnesse.

So mayst thou still be younger
Then *Phæbus*; and much stronger
To give mankind their eases,
And cure the Worlds diseases:

So may the Muses follow
Thee still, and leave *Apollo*
And thinke thy streame more quicker
Then *Hippocrenes* liquor:
And thou make many a Poet,
Before his braine doe know it;
So may there never Quarrell
Have issue from the Barrell;
But *Venus* and the Graces
Pursue thee in all places,
And not a Song be other
Then *Cupid*, and his Mother.

That when King *James*, above here
Shall feast it, thou maist love there
The causes and the Guests too,
And have thy tales and jests too.

Thy Circuits, and thy Rounds free
As shall the feasts faire grounds be.

Be it he hold Communion
In great Saint *Georges* Union;
Or gratulates the passage
Of some wel-wrought Embassage:
Whereby he may knit sure up
The wished Peace of *Europe*:
Or else a health advances,
To put his Court in dances,
And set us all on skipping,
When with his royall shipping
The narrow Seas are shadie,
And *Charles* brings home the *Ladie*.

Accessit fervor Capiti, Numerusq; Lucernis.

An Epigram
on
The Court Pucell.

DO's the Court-Pucell then so censure me,
And thinkes I dare not her? let the world see:
What though her Chamber be the very pit
Where fight the prime Cocks of the Game, for wit?
And that as any are strooke, her breath creates
New in their stead, out of the Candidates?
What though with Tribade lust she force a Muse,
And in an Epicæne fury can write newes
Equall with that, which for the best newes goes
As aërie light, and as like wit as those?
What though she talke, and cannot once with them,
Make State, Religion, Bawdrie, all a theame.
And as lip-thirstie, in each words expence,
Doth labour with the Phrase more then the sense?
What though she ride two mile on Holy-dayes
To Church, as others doe to Feasts and Playes,
To shew their Tires? to view, and to be view'd?
What though she be with Velvet gownes indu'd,
And spangled Petticotes brought forth to eye,
As new rewards of her old secrecie!
What though she hath won on Trust, as many doe,
And that her truster feares her? Must I too?
I never stood for any place: my wit
Thinkes it selfe nought, though she should vauw it.
I am no States-man, and much lesse Divine
For bawdry, 'tis her language, and not mine.
Farthest I am from the Idolatrie
To stufes and Laces, those my Man can buy.

And trust her I would least, that hath forswore
 In Contract twice, what can shee perjure more?
 Indeed, her Dressing some man might delight,
 Her face there's none can like by Candle light.
 Not he, that should the body have, for Case
 To his poore Instrument, now out of grace.
 Shall I advise thee *Pucell*? scale away
 From Court, while yet thy fame hath some small day;
 The wits will leave you, if they once perceive
 You cling to Lords, and Lords, if them you leave
 For Sermonceers: of which now one, now other,
 They say you weekly invite with fits o' th' Mother;
 And practise for a Miracle; take heed
 This Age would lend no faith to *Dorrels* Deed;
 Or if it would, the Court is the worst place,
 Both for the Mothers, and the Babes of grace,
 For there the wicked in the Chaire of scorne,
 Will call't a Bastard, when a Prophet's borne.

An Epigram.
To the honour'd
-----Countesse of-----

THe Wisdome Madam of your private Life,
 Where with this while you live a widowed wife,
 And the right wayes you take unto the right,
 To conquer rumour, and triumph on spight;
 Not only shunning by your act, to doe
 Ought that is ill, but the suspicion too,
 Is of so brave example, as he were
 No friend to vertue, could be silent here.
 The rather when the vices of the Time
 Are growne so fruitfull, and false pleasures climbe
 By all oblique Degrees, that killing height
 From whence they fall, cast downe with their owne weight.
 And though all praise bring nothing to your name,
 Who (herein studying conscience, and not fame)
 Are in your selfe rewarded; yet't will be
 A cheerefull worke to all good eyes, to see
 Among the daily Ruines that fall foule,
 Of State, of fame, of body, and of soule,
 So great a Vertue stand upright to view,
 As makes *Penelopes* old fable true,
 Whilst your *Ulisses* hath ta'ne leave to goe,
 Countries, and Climes manners, and mento know.
 Only your time you better entertaine,
 Then the great *Homers* wit, for her, could faine;
 For you admit no companie, but good,
 And when you want those friends, or neere in blood,

Or your Allies, you make your bookes your friends,
 And studie them unto the noblest ends,
 Searching for knowledge, and to keepe your mind
 The same it was inspir'd, rich, and refin'd.
 These Graces, when the rest of Ladyes view
 Not boasted in your life, but practis'd true,
 As they are hard, for them to make their owne,
 So are they profitable to be knowne:
 For when they find so many meet in one,
 It will be shame for them, if they have none.

Lord Bacon's Birth-day.

HAile happie *Genius* of this antient pile!
 How comes it all things so about the smile?
 The fire, the wine, the men! and in the midst,
 Thou stand'st as if some Mysterie thou did'st!
 Pardon, I read it in thy face, the day
 For whose returnes, and many, all these pray:
 And so doe I. This is the sixtieth yeare
 Since *Bacon*, and thy Lord was borne, and here;
 Sonne to the grave wise Keeper of the Seale,
 Fame, and foundation of the English Weale.
 What then his Father was, that since is hee,
 Now with a Title more to the Degree,
Englands high Chancellor: the destin'd heire
 In his soft Cradle to his Fathers Chaire,
 Whose even Thred the Fates spinne round, and full,
 Out of their Choyfest, and their whitest wooll.
 'Tis a brave cause of joy, let it be knowne,
 For 't were a narrow gladnesse, kept thine owne.
 Give me a deep-crown'd-Bowle, that I may sing
 In rayfing him the wisdom of my King.

A Poëme sent me by Sir William Burlase.

The Painter to the Poet.

TO paint thy Worth, if rightly I did know it,
 And were but Painter halfe like thee, a Poët,
 Ben, I would show it:
 But in this skill, m'unskillfull pen will tire,
 Thou, and thy worth, will still be found farre higher,
 And I a Lier.
 Then, what a Painter's here? or what an eater
 Of great attempts! when as his skil's no greater,
 And he a Cheater?
 Then what a Poët's here! whom, by Confession
 Of all with me, to paint without Digression
 There's no Expression.

*My Answer.
The Poet to the Painter.*

WHy? though I seeme of a prodigious waite,
I am not so voluminous, and vast,
But there are lines, wherewith I might b'embrac'd.

'Tis true, as my wombe swells, so my backe stoupes,
And the whole lumpe growes round, deform'd, and droupes,
But yet the Tun at *Heidelberg* had houpes.

You were not tied, by any Painters Law
To square my Circle, I confesse; but draw
My Superficies: that was all you saw.

Which if in compasse of no Art it came
To be described by a *Monogram*,
With one great blot, yo' had form'd me as I am.

But whilst you curious were to have it be
An *Archetype*, for all the world to see,
You made it a brave piece, but not like me.

O, had I now your manner, maistry, might,
Your Power of handling, shadow, ayre, and spright,
How I would draw, and take hold and delight.

Put, you are he can paint; I can but write:
A Poet hath no more but black and white,
Ne knowes he flatt'ring Colours, or false light.

Yet when of friendship I would draw the face
A letter'd mind, and a large heart would place
To all posteritie; I will write *Burlase*.

An Epigram.

To,

WILLIAM, Earle of Newcastle.

When first my Lord, I saw you backe your horse,
Provoke his mettall, and command his force
To all the uses of the field, and race,
Me thought I read the ancient Art of *Thrace*,
And saw a Centaure, past those tales of *Greece*,
So seem'd your horse; and you both of a peece!
You shew'd like *Perseus* upon *Pegasus*,
Or *Castor* mounted on his *Cyllarus*.

Or what we heare our home-borne Legend tell,
 Of bold Sir *Bevis*, and his *Arundell*:
 Nay, so your Seate his beauties did endorſe,
 As I began to wiſh my ſelfe a horſe:
 And ſurely had I but your Stable ſcene
 Before: I thinke my wiſh abſolv'd had beene,
 For never ſaw I yet the Muſes dwell,
 Nor any of their houſhold halfe ſo well.
 So well! as when I ſaw the floore, and Roome
 I look'd for *Hercules* to be the Groomie:
 And cri'd, away, with the *Cæſarian* bread,
 At theſe Immortall Mangers *Virgil* fed.

Epistle

To Mr. ARTHUR SQUIB.

I Am to dine, Friend, where I muſt be weigh'd
 For a juſt wager, and that wager paid
 If I doe loſe it: And, without a Tale
 A Merchants Wife is Regent of the Scale.
 Who when ſhee heard the match, concluded ſtreight,
 An ill commoditie! 'T muſt make good weight.
 So that upon the point, my corporall feare
 Is, ſhe will play Dame Juſtice, too ſevere,
 And hold me to it cloſe, to ſtand upright
 Within the ballance, and not want a mite;
 But rather with advantage to be found
 Full twentie ſtone, of which I lack two pound;
 That's fix in ſilver; now within the Socket
 Stinketh my credit, if into the Pocket
 It doe not come: One piece I have in ſtore,
 Lend me, deare *Arthur*, for a weeke five more,
 And you ſhall make me good, in weight, and faſhion,
 And then to be return'd, or proteſtation
 To goe out after ---- till when take this letter
 For your ſecuritie. I can no better.

To

Mr. JOHN BURGES.

Would God my *Burges*, I could thinke
 Thoughts worthy of thy gift, this Inke;
 Then would I promiſe here to give
 Verſe, that ſhould thee, and me out-live.
 But ſince the Wine hath ſteep'd my braine
 I only can the Paper ſtaine;
 Yet with a Dye, that feares no Moth,
 But Scarlet-like out-laſts the Cloth.

Epistle.

To my Lady C O V E L L.

YOU won not Verses, Madam, you won mee;
 When you would play so nobly, and so free:
 A booke to a few lynes: but, it was fit
 You won them too, your oddes did merit it,
 So have you gain'd a Servant, and a Muse:
 The first of which I feare, you will refuse;
 And you may justly, being a tardie cold,
 Unprofitable Chattell, fat and old,
 Laden with Bellie, and doth hardly approach
 His friends, but to breake Chaires, or cracke a Coach.
 His weight is twenty Stone within two pound;
 And that's made up as doth the purse abound.
 Marrie the Muse is one, can tread the Aire,
 And stroke the water, nimble, chaste, and faire,
 Sleepe in a Virgins bosome without feare,
 Run all the Rounds in a soft Ladyes eare,
 Widow or Wife, without the jealousie
 Of either Suitor, or a Servant by.
 Such, (if her manners like you) I doe send:
 And can for other Graces her commend,
 To make you merry on the Dressing stoole
 A mornings, and at afternoones to foole
 Away ill company, and helpe in rime,
 Your *Foane* to passe her melancholie time.
 By this, although you fancie not the man
 Accept his Muse; and tell, I know you can:
 How many verses, Madam, are your Due!
 I can lose none in tendring these to you.
 I gaine, in having leave to keepe my Day,
 And should grow rich; had I much more to pay!

To Master Iohn Burges.

FAther *Iohn Burges*,
 Necessitie urges
 My wofull crie,
 To *Sir Robert Pie*:
 And that he will venter
 To send my *Debentur*.
 Tell him his *Ben*
 Knew the time, when
 He lov'd the Muses;
 Though now he refuses,
 To take Apprehension
 Of a yeares Pension,

H h

And

And more is behind:
 Put him in mind
 Christmas is neere;
 And neither good Cheare,
 Mirth, fooling, nor wit,
 Nor any least fit
 Of gambol, or sport
 Will come at the Court,
 If there be no money,
 No Plover, or Coney
 Will come to the Table,
 Or Wine to enable
 The Muse, or the Poet,
 The Parish will know it.
 Nor any quick-warming-pan helpe him to bed,
 If the 'Chequer be emptie, so will be his Head.

Epigram, to my Book-seller.

THou, Friend, wilt heare all censures; unto thee
 All mouthes are open, and all stomacks free;
 Bee thou my Bookes intelligencer, note
 What each man sayes of it, and of what coat
 His judgement is; If he be wise, and praise,
 Thanke him: if other, hee can give no Bayes.
 If his wit reach no higher, but to spring
 Thy Wife a fit of laughter; a Cramp-ring
 Will be reward enough: to weare like those,
 That hang their richest jewells i' their nose;
 Like a rung Beare, or Swine: grunting out wit
 As if that part lay for a [] most fit!
 If they goe on, and that thou lov'st a-life
 Their perfum'd judgements, let them kisse thy Wife.

An Epigram.

To WILLIAM Earle of Newcastle.

THey talke of Fencing, and the use of Armes,
 The art of urging, and avoyding harmes,
 The noble Science, and the maistring skill
 Of making just approaches how to kill:
 To hit in angles, and to clash with time:
 As all defence, or offence we're a chime!
 I hate such measur'd, give me nettall'd fire
 That trembles in the blaze, but (then) mounts higher!
 A quick, and dazeling motion! when a paire
 Of bodies, meet like rarified ayre!

Their weapons shot out, with that flame, and force,
 As they out-did the lightning in the course;
 This were a spectacle! A sight to draw
 Wonder to Valour! No, it is the Law
 Of daring, not to doe a wrong, is true
 Valour! to sleight it, being done to you!
 To know the heads of danger! where 'tis fit
 To bend, to breake, provoke, or suffer it!
 All this (my Lord) is Valour! This is yours!
 And was your Fathers! All your Ancestours!
 Who durst live great, 'mongst all the colds, and heates,
 Of humane life! as all the frosts, and sweates
 Of fortune! when, or death appear'd, or bands!
 And valiant were, with, or without their hands.

An Epitaph, on HENRY

L. La-ware.

To the Passer-by.

IF, Passenger, thou canst but reade:
 Stay, drop a teare for him that's dead;
 Henry, the brave young Lord *La-ware*,
Minerva's and the *Muses* care!
 What could their care doe 'gainst the spight
 Of a Disease, that lov'd no light
 Of honour, nor no ayre of good?
 But crept like darknesse through his blood?
 Offended with the dazeling flame
 Of Vertue, got above his name?
 No noble furniture of parts,
 No love of action, and high Arts.
 No aime at glorie, or in warre,
 Ambition to become a Starre,
 Could stop the malice of this ill,
 That spread his body o're, to kill:
 And only, his great Soule envy'd,
 Because it durst have noblier dy'd.

An Epigram.

THAT you have scene the pride, beheld the sport,
 And all the games of Fortune, plaid at Court;
 View'd there the mercat, read the wretched rate
 At which there are, would sell the Prince, and State:
 That scarce you heare a publike voyce alive,
 But whisper'd Counsells, and those only thrive;
 Yet are got off thence, with cleare mind, and hands
 To lift to heaven: who is't not understands

Your happinesse, and doth not speake you blest,
 To see you set apart, thus, from the rest,
 T' obtaine of God, what all the Land should aske?
 A Nations sinne got pardon'd! 'twere a taske:
 Fit for a Bishops knees! O bow them oft,
 My Lord, till felt grieve make our stone hearts soft,
 And wee doe weepe, to water, for our sinne.
 He, that in such a flood, as we are in
 Of riot, and consumption knowes the way,
 To teach the people, how to fast, and pray,
 And doe their penance, to avert Gods rod,
 He is the Man, and Favorite of God.

An Epigram.

To K. CHARLES
 for a 100. pounds he sent me in
 my sicknesse.

[1629.]

Great CHARLES, among the holy gifts of grace
 Annexed to thy Person, and thy place,
 'Tis not enough (thy pietie is such)
 To cure the call'd *Kings Evill* with thy touch;
 But thou wilt yet a Kinglier mastrie trie,
 To cure the *Poets Evill*, Povertie:
 And, in these Cures, do'st so thy selfe enlarge,
 As thou dost cure our *Evill*, at thy charge.
 Nay, and in this, thou show'st to value more
 One *Poët*, then of other folke ten score.
 O pietie! so to weigh the poores estates!
 O bountie! so to difference the rates!
 What can the *Poët* wish his *King* may doe,
 But, that he cure the Peoples *Evill* too?

To K. CHARLES, and Q. MARY.
 For the losse of their first-borne,
An Epigram Consolatorie.

[1629.]

Who dares denie, that all first fruits are due
 To God, denies the God-head to be true:
 Who doubts, those fruits God can with gaine restore,
 Doth by his doubt, distrust his promise more.
 Hee can, he will, and with large int'rest pay,
 What (at his liking) he will take away.
 Then Royall CHARLES, and MARY, doe not grutch
 That the Almightyes will to you is such:

But

But thanke his greatnesse, and his goodnesse too;
And thinke all still the best, that he will doe.
That thought shall make, he will this losse supply
With a long, large, and blest posteritie!
For God, whose essence is so infinite,
Cannot but heape that grace, he will requite.

An Epigram.

To our great and good K. CHARLES

On his Anniversary Day.

HOW happy were the Subject! if he knew
Most pious King, but his owne good in you!
How many times, live long, CHARLES, would he say,
If he but weigh'd the blessings of this day?
And as it turnes our joyfull yeare about,
For safetie of such Majestie, cry out:
Indeed, when had great Brittain greater cause
Then now, to love the Sovereaigne, and the Lawes?
When you that raigne, are her Example growne,
And what are bounds to her, you make your owne?
When your assiduous practise doth secure
That Faith, which she professeth to be pure?
When all your life's a president of dayes,
And murmur cannot quarrell at your wayes?
How is she barren growne of love! or broke!
That nothing can her gratitude provoke!
O Times! O Manners! Surfet bred of ease,
The truly Epidemicall disease!
'T is not alone the Merchant, but the Clowne,
Is Banke-rupt turn'd! the Cassock, Cloake, and Gowne,
Are lost upon accompt! And none will know
How much to heaven for thee, great CHARLES they owe!

*An Epigram on the
Princes birth.*

1630.

AND art thou borne, brave Babe? Blest be thy birth?
That so hath crown'd our hopes, our spring, and earth,
The bed of the chaste Lilly, and the Rose!
What Month then May, was fitter to disclose
This Prince of flowers? Soone shoot thou up, and grow
The same that thou art promis'd, but be slow,
And long in changing. Let our Nephewes see
Thee, quickly the gardens eye to bee,
And there to stand so. Hast, now envious Moone,
And interpose thy selfe, ('care not how soone.)

And

And threat' the great Eclipse. Two houres but runne,
Sol will re-shine. If not, CHARLES hath a Sonne.

Non displicuisse meretur
Festinat Caesar qui placuisse tibi.

*An Epigram to the Queene,
then lying in.*

1630.

Haile *Mary*, full of grace, it once was said,
And by an Angell, to the blessed'st Maid
The Mother of our Lord: why may not I
(Without prophanenesse) yet, a Poët, cry
Haile *Mary*, full of honours, to my Queene,
The Mother of our Prince: When was there scene
(Except the joy that the first *Mary* brought,
Whereby the safetie of Man-kind was wrought.)
So generall a gladnesse to an Isle!
To make the hearts of a whole Nation smile,
As in this Prince? Let it be lawfull, so
To compare small with great, as still we owe
Glorie to God. Then, Haile to *Mary*! spring
Of so much safetie to the Realme, and King.

*An Ode, or Song,
by all the Muses.*

In celebration of her Majesties birth-day. 1630.

1. CLIO. **U**P publike joy, remember
This sixteenth of November,
Some brave un-common way:
And though the Parish-steeple
Be silent, to the people
Ring thou it Holy-day.

2. MEL. What, though the thriftie Tower
And Gunnes there, spare to poure
Their noises forth in Thunder:
As fearfull to awake
This Citie, or to shake
Their guarded gates asunder?

3. THAL. Yet, let our Trumpets sound;
And cleave both ayre and ground,
With beating of our Drum's:
Let every Lyre be strung,
Harpe, Lute, Theorbo sprung,
With touch of daintie thum's!

4. EVR.

4. EVR. That when the Quire is full,
The Harmony may pull
The Angels from their Spheares:
And each intelligence
May wish it selfe a sense;
Whilst it the Dittie heares:
5. TERP. Behold the royall Mary,
The Daughtrr of great Harry!
And Sister to iust Lewis!
Comes in the pompe, and glorie
Of all her Brothers storie,
And of her Fathers promesse!
6. ERAT. Shee shoves so farre above
The fained Queene of Love,
This sea-girt Isle upon:
As here no Venus were;
But, that sheeraigning here,
Had got the Ceston on!
7. CALLI. See, see our active King
Hath taken twice the Ring
Upon his pointed Lance:
Whilst all the ravish'd rout
Doe mingle in a shout,
Hay! for the flowre of France!
8. URA. This day the Court doth measure
Her joy in state, and pleasure;
And with a reverend feare,
The Revells, and the Play,
Summe up this crowned day,
Her two and twenti' th yeare!
9. POLY. Sweet! happy Mary! All
The People her doe call!
And this the wombe divine!
So fruitfull, and so faire,
Hath brought the Land an Heire!
And CHARLES & Caroline:

An Epigram,
To the House-hold.

1630.

W Hat can the cause be, when the K. hath given
His Poët Sack, the House-hold will not pay?
Are they so scanted in their store? or driven
For want of knowing the Poët, to say him nay?
Well, they should know him, would the K. but grant
His Poët leave to sing his House-hold true;
Hee'd frame such ditties of their store, and want,
Would make the very Greene-cloth to looke blew:

And

And rather wish, in their expence of Sack,
 So, the allowance from the King to use,
 As the old *Bard*, should no *Canary* lack,
 'T were better spare a Butt, then spill his *Muse*.
 For in the *Genius* of a *Poets* Verse
 The Kings fame lives: Go now, denie his *Teirce*.

Epigram.
To a Friend, and Sonne.

Sonne, and my Friend, I had not call'd you so
 To mee; or beene the same to you; if show,
 Profit, or Chance had made us: But I know
 What, by that name, wee each to other owe,
 Freedome, and Truth; with love from those begot.
 Wise-crafts, on which the flatterer ventures not.
 His is more safe commoditie, or none;
 Nor dares he come in the comparison.
 But as the wretched Painter, who so ill
 Painted a Dog, that now his subtler skill
 Was, t' have a Boy stand with a Club, and fright
 All live dogs from the lane, and his shops fight.
 Till he had sold his Piece, drawne so unlike:
 So doth the flatt' rer with farre cunning strike
 At a Friends freedome, proves all circling meanes
 To keepe him off; and how-so-e're he gleanes
 Some of his formes, he lets him not come neere
 Where he would fixe, for the distinctions feare.
 For as at distance, few have facultie
 To judge; So all men comming neere can spie,
 Though now of flattery, as of picture are
 More subtle workes, and finer pieces farre,
 Then knew the former ages: yet to life,
 All is but web, and painting; be the strife
 Never so great to get them: and the ends,
 Rather to boast rich hangings, then rare friends.

*To the immortall memorie, and friendship of
 that noble paire, Sir LUCIUS CARY,
 and Sir H. MORISON.*

The Turne.

BRave Infant of *Saguntum*, cleare
 Thy comming forth in that great yeare,
 When the Prodigious *Hannibal* did crowne
 His rage, with razing your immortall Towne.

Thou, looking then about,
E're thou wert halfe got out,
Wife child, did'st hastily returne,
And mad'st thy Mothers wombe thine urne.
How summ'd a circle didst thou leave man-kind
Of deepest lore, could we the Center find!

The Counter-turne.

Did wiser Nature draw thee back,
From out the horreur of that sack,
Where shame, faith, honour, and regard of right
Lay trampled on; the deeds of death, and night,
Urg'd, hurried forth, and horld
Upon th'affrighted world:
Sword, fire, and famine, with fell fury met;
And all on utmost ruine set;
As, could they but lifes miseries fore-see,
No doubt all Infants would returne like thee?

The Stand.

For, what is life, if measur'd by the space,
Not by the act?
Or masked man, if valu'd by his face,
Above his fact?
Here's one out-liv'd his Peeres,
And told forth fourescore yeares;
He vexed time, and busied the whole State;
Troubled both foes, and friends;
But ever to no ends:
What did this Stirrer, but die late?
How well at twentie had he falne, or stood!
For three of his foure-score, he did no good.

The Turne.

Hee entred well, by vertuous parts,
Got up and thriv'd with honest arts:
He purchas'd friends; and fame, and honours then;
And had his noble name advanc'd with men:
But weary of that flight,
Hee stoop'd in all mens sight
To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
And sunke in that dead sea of life
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup;
But that the Corke of Title boy'd him up.

The Counter-turne.

Alas, but *Morison* fell young:
Hee never fell, thou fall'st my tongue.
Hee stood, a Souldier to the last right end,
A perfect Patriot, and a noble friend,

But most a vertuous Sonne.
 All Offices were done
 By him, so ample, full, and round,
 In weight, in measure, number, sound,
 As though his age imperfect might appeare,
 His life was of Humanitie the Spheare.

The Stand.

Goe now, and tell out dayes summ'd up with feares,
 And make them yeares;
 Produce thy masse of miseries on the Stage,
 To swell thine age;
 Repeat of things a throng,
 To shew thou hast beene long,
 Not liv'd; for life doth her great actions spell,
 By what was done and wrought
 In season, and so brought
 To light: her measures are, how well
 Each syllab'e answer'd, and was form'd, how faire;
 These make the lines of life, and that's her ayre.

The Turne.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulke, doth make man better bee;
 Or standing long an Oake, three hundred yeare,
 To fall a logge, at last, dry, bold, and feare:
 A Lillie of a Day,
 Is fairer farre, in May,
 Although it fall, and die that night;
 It was the Plant, and flowre of light.
 In small proportions, we just beauties see:
 And in short measures, life may perfect bee.

The Counter-turne.

Call, noble *Lucius*, then for Wine,
 And let thy lookes with gladnesse shine:
 Accept this garland, plant it on thy head,
 And thinke, nay know, thy *Morison's* not dead.
 Hee leap'd the present age,
 Posselt with holy rage,
 To see that bright eternall Day:
 Of which we *Priests*, and *Poets* say
 Such truths, as we expect for happy men,
 And there he lives with memorie; and *Ben*.

The Stand.

Johnson, who sung this of him, e're he went
 Himselfe to rest,
 Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
 To have exprest,

In this bright *Asterisme*:

Where it were friendships schisme,
(Were not his *Lucius* Long with us to tarry)

To separate these two-

Lights, the *Dioscari*;

And keepe the one halfe from his *Harry*.

But fate doth so alternate the designe,

Whilst that in heav'n, this light on earth must shine.]

The Turne.

And shine as you exalted are;

Two names of friendship, but one *Starre*:

Of hearts the union. And those not by chance

Made, or indenture, or leas'd out t' advance

The profits for a time.

No pleasures vaine did chime,

Of rimes, or ryots, at your feasts,

Orgies of drinke, or fain'd protests:

But simple love of greatnesse, and of good;

That knits brave minds, and manners, more then blood!

The Counter-turne.

This made you first to know the *Why*

You lik'd, then after, to apply

That liking; and approach so one the tother,

Till either grew a portion of the other:

Each stiled by his end,

The Copie of his friend.

You liv'd to be the great surnames,

And titles, by which all made claimes

Unto the Vertue. Nothing perfect done,

But as a *CARY*, or a *MORISON*.

The Stand.

And such a force the faire example had,

As they that saw

The good, and durst not practise it, were glad

That such a Law

Was left yet to Man-kind;

Where they might read, and find

Friendship, indeed, was written, not in words:

And with the heart, not pen,

Of two so early men,

Whose lines her rowles were, and records.

Who, e're the first downe bloomed on the chin,

Had sow'd these fruits, and got the harvest in.

To the Right Honourable, the Lord high
Treasurer of England.

An Epistle Mendicant.

MY LORD;

Poore wretched states, prest by extremities,
Are faine to seeke for succours, and supplies
Of Princes aides, or good mens Charities.

Disease, the Enemie, and his Engineeres
Want, with the rest of his conceal'd compeeres,
Have cast a trench about mee, now five yeares.

And made those strong approaches, by False braies,
Reduicts, Halfe-moones, Horne-workes, and such close wayes,
The Muse not peepes out, one of hundred dayes.

But lyes block'd up, and straightned, narrow'd in,
Fix'd to the bed, and boords, unlike to win
Health, or scarce breath, as she had never bin.

Unlesse some saving-Honour of the Crowne,
Dare thinke it, to relieve, no lesse renowne,
A Bed-rid Wit, then a besieged Towne.

To the King.
On his Birth-day.

Novemb^r 19
1632.

An Epigram Anniversarie.

THIS is King CHARLES his Day. Speake it thou Towre
Unto the Ships, and they from tier, to tier,
Discharge it 'bout the Island, in an houle,
As lowd as Thunder, and as swift as fire.
Let Ireland meet it out at Sea, halfe way,
Repeating all Great Brittain's joy, and more,
Adding her owne glad accents, to this Day,
Like *Ecbat* playing from the other shore.
What Drum's or Trumpets, or great Ord'nance can,
The Poetrie of Steeples, with the Bells,
Three Kingdomes Mirth, in light, and aërie man,
Made lighter with the Wine. All noises else,
At Bonfires, Rockets, Fire-workes, with the Shoutes
That cry that gladnesse, which their hearts would pray,

Had

Had they but grace, of thinking, at these routes,
On th' often comming of this *Holy-day* :
And ever close the burden of the Song,
Still to have such a *CHARLES*, but this *CHARLES* long.

The wish is great ; but where the Prince is such,
What prayers(*People*) can you thinke too much !

*On the Right Honourable, and vertuous Lord
Weston, L. high Treasurer of England,
Upon the Day,
Hee was made Earle of Portland.*

17. Febr.
1632.

To the Envious.

Looke up thou seed of envie, and still bring
Thy faint, and narrow eyes, to reade the *King*
In his great Actions: view whom his large hand,
Hath rais'd to be the *Port* unto his *Land* !
WESTON ! That waking man ! that Eye of State !
Who seldome sleepest ! whom bad men only hate !
Why doe I irritate, or stirre up thee,
Thou sluggish spawne, that canst, but wilt not see !
Feed on thy selfe for spight, and shew thy *Kind* :
To vertue, and true worth, be ever blind.
Dreame thou could'st hurt it, but before thou wake,
T' effect it ; Feele, thou'ast made thine owne heartake.

*To the Right hon^{ble} Hierome, L. Weston.
An Ode gratulatorie.
For his Returne from
his Embassie.*

1632.

Such pleasure as the teeming Earth,
Doth take in easie Natures birth,
When shee puts forth the life of ev'ry thing :
And in a dew of sweetest Raine,
Shee lies deliver'd without paine,
Of the prime beautie of the yeare, the Spring.
The Rivers in their shores doe run ;
The Clowdes rack cleare before the Sun,
The rudest Winds obey the calmest Ayre :
Rare Plants from ev'ry banke doe rise,
And ev'ry Plant the sense surprize,
Because the order of the whole is faire !

The

The very verdure of her nest,
 Wherein she sits so richly drest,
 As all the wealth of Season, there was spread;
 Doth show, the Graces, and the Houres
 Have multipli'd their arts, and powers,
 In making soft her aromatique bed.
 Such joyes, such sweet's doth your Returne
 Bring all your friends, (faire Lord) that burne
 With love, to heare your modestie relate,
 The bus'nesse of your blooming wit,
 With all the fruit shall follow it,
 Both to the honour of the King and State.
 O how will then our Court be pleas'd,
 To see great Charles of Travaile eas'd,
 When he beholds a graft of his owne hand,
 Shoot up an Olive fruitfull, faire,
 To be a shadow to his Heire,
 And both a strength, and Beautie to his Land!

EPITHAL

EPITHALAMION; OR,

A SONG:

CELEBRATING THE NUPTIALS OF THAT NOBLE

Gentleman, M^r. *HIEROME WESTON*, Son,

and Heire, of the Lord *WESTON*, Lord high

Treasurer of *England*, with the Lady

FRANCES STUART,

Daughter of *ESME D.* of *Lenox* deceased,

and Sister of the Surviving Duke

of the same name.

EPITHALAMION.

THough thou hast past thy Summer standing, stay
A-while with us bright Sun, and helpe our light;
Thou can'st not meet more Glory, on the way,
Betweene thy Tropicks, to arrest thy sight,

Then thou shalt see to day:

We woo thee, stay

And see, what can be seene,

The bountie of a King, and beautie of his Queene!

See, the Procession! what a Holy day

(Bearing the promise of some better fate)

Hath filed, with *Cacoches*, all the way,

From *Greenwich*, hither, to *Row-hampton* gate!

When look'd the yeare, at best,

So like a feast?

Or were Affaires in tune,

By all the Spheares consent, so in the heart of June?

What Beautie of beauties, and bright youth's at charge

Of Summers Liveries, and gladding greene;

Doe boast their Loves, and Brav'ries so at large,

As they came all to see, and to be seene!

When

When look'd the Earth so fine,
 Or so did shine,
 In all her bloome, and flower;
 To welcome home a Paire, and deck the nuptiall bower?

It is the kindly Season of the time,
 The Month of youth, which calls all **Creatures** forth
 To doe their Offices in Natures Chime,
 And celebrate (perfection at the worth)
 Mariage, the end of life,
 That holy strife,
 And the allowed warre:
 Through which not only we, but all our *Species* are:

Harke how the Bells upon the waters play
 Their Sister-tunes, from *Thames* his either side;
 As they had learn'd new changes, for the day,
 And all did ring th'approches of the Bride;
 The Lady *Frances*, drest
 Above the rest
 Of all the Maidens faire,
 In gracefull Ornament of Garland, Gemmes, and Haire:

See, how she paceth forth in Virgin-white,
 Like what she is, the Daughter of a Duke,
 And Sister: darting forth a dazzling light
 On all that come her Simplesse to rebuke!

Her tresses trim her back,
 As she did lack
 Nought of a Maiden Queene,
 With Modestie so crown'd, and Adoration scene.

Stay, thou wilt see what rites the Virgins doe!
 The choifest Virgin-troup of all the Land!
 Porting the Ensignes of united Two,
 Both Crownes, and Kingdomes in their either hand;

Whose Majesties appeare,
 To make more cleare
 This Feast, then can the Day
 Although that thou, O Sun, at our intreaty stay!

See, how with Roses, and with Lillies shine,
 (Lillies and Roses, Flowers of either Sexe)
 The bright Brides paths, embelish'd more then thine
 With light of love, this Paire doth intertexe!

Stay, see the Virgins fow,
 (Where she shall goe)
 The Emblemes of their way.
 O, now thou smil'st, faire Sun, and shin'st, as thou wouldst stay!

With what full hands, and in how plenteous showers
Have they bedew'd the Earth, where she doth tread,
As if her ayrie steps did spring the flowers,
And all the Ground, were Garden, where she led!

See, at another doore,
On the same floore,
The Bridegroome meets the Bride
With all the pompe of Youth, and all our Court beside.

Our Court, and all the Grandees; now, Sun, looke,
And looking with thy best Inquirie, tell,
In all thy age of Journals thou hast tooke,
Saw'st thou that Paire, became these Rites so well,
Save the preceding Two?

Who, in all they doe,
Search, Sun, and thou wilt find
They are th' exampled Paire, and mirrour of their kind.

Force from the Phoenix then, no raritie
Of Sex, to rob the Creature; but from Man
The king of Creatures; take his paritie
With Angels, Muse, to speake these: Nothing can
Illustrate these, but they

Themselves to day,
Who the whole Act expresse;
All else we see beside, are Shadowes, and goe lesse.

It is their Grace, and favour, that makes seene,
And wonder'd at the bounties of this day:
All is a story of the King and Queene!

And what of Dignitie, and Honour may
Be duly done to those
Whom they have chose,
And set the marke upon

To give a greater Name, and Title to! Their owne!

Weston, their Treasure, as their Treasurer,
That Mine of Wisdome, and of Counsells deep,
Great Say-Master of State, who cannot erre,
But doth his Carract, and just Standard keepe
In all the prov'd assayes,
And legall wayes

Of Tryals, to worke downe
Mens Loves unto the Lawes, and Lawes to love the Crowne.

And this well mov'd the Judgement of the King
To pay with honours, to his noble Sonne
To day, the Fathers service; who could bring
Him up, to doe the same himselfe had done,
That farre-all-seeing Eye
Could soone espie

What kind of waking Man
He had so highly set; and, in what *Barbican*.

Stand there; for when a noble Nature's rais'd,
It brings Friends Joy, Foes Griefe, Posteritie Fame;
In him the times, no lesse then Prince, are prais'd,

And by his Rise, in active men, his Name

Doth Emulation stirre;

Toth' dull, a Spur

It is: to th' envious meant,

A meere upbraiding Griefe, and tort'ring punishment.

See, now the Chappell opens; where the King

And Bishop stay, to consummate the Rites:

The holy Prelate prayes, then takes the Ring,

Askes first, Who gives her (I *Charles*) then he plights

One in the others hand,

Whilst they both stand

Hearing their charge, and then

The Solemne Quire cryes, Joy, and they returne, Amen;

O happy bands! and thou more happy place,

Which to this use, wer't built and consecrate!

To have thy God to blesse, thy King to grace,

And this their chosen Bishop celebrate;

And knit the Nuptiall knot,

Which Time shall not,

Or canker'd Jealousie,

With all corroding Arts, be able to untie!

The Chappell empties, and thou may'st be gone

Now, Sun, and post away the rest of day:

These two, now holy Church hath made them one,

Doe long to make themselves, so, another way:

There is a Feast behind,

to them of kind,

Which their glad Parents taught

One to the other, long e're these to light were brought.

Haste, haste, officious Sun, and send them Night

Some houres before it should, that these may know

All that their Fathers, and their Mothers might

Of Nuptiall Sweets, at such a season, owe,

To propagate their Names,

And keepe their Fames

Alive, which else would die,

For Fame keepes Vertue up, and it Posteritie.

Th' Ignoble never liv'd, they were a-while

Like Swine, or other Cattell here on earth:

Their names are not recorded on the File

Of Life, that fall so; Christians know their birth.

Alone, and such a race,
We pray may grace,
Your fruitfull spreading Vine,
But dare, not aske our wish in Language *fescennine*.

Yet, as we may, we will, with chaste desires,
(The holy perfumes of the Mariage bed.)
Be kept alive, those Sweet, and Sacred fires
Of Love betweene you, and your Lovely-head;

That when you both are old,
You find no cold
There; but, renewed, say,
(After the last child borne,) This is our wedding day.

Till you behold a race to fill your Hall,
A *Richard*, and a *Hierome*, by their names
Upon a *Thomas*, or a *Francis* call;
A *Kate*, a *Frank*, to honour their Grand-dames,
And 'twene their Grandfires thighs,
Like pretty Spies,
Peepe forth a Gemme; to see
How each one playes his part, of the large Pedigree.

And never may there want one of the Stem,
To be a watchfull Servant for this State;
But like an Arme of Eminence 'mongst them,
Extend a reaching vertue, early and late:

Whilst the maine tree still found
Upright and sound,
By this Sun's Noone sted's made
So great; his Body now alone projects the shade.

They both are slip'd to Bed; Shut fast the Doore,
And let him freely gather Loves First-fruits,
Hee's Master of the Office; yet no more
Exacts then she is pleas'd to pay: no suits
Strifes, murmures, or delay,
Will last till day;
Night, and the sheetes will show,
The longing Couple, all that elder Lovers know.

*The humble Petition of poore Ben.
To th'best of Monarchs, Masters, Men,
King CHARLES.*

—Doth most humbly shew it,
To your Majestic your Poët:

THat whereas your royall *Father*
JAMES the blessed, pleas'd the rather,
Of his speciall grace to *Letters*,
To make all the *MUSES* debtors
To his bountie, by extension
Of a free Poëtique Pension,
A large hundred Markes annuitie,
To be given me in gratuitie
For done service, and to come:

And that this so accepted summe,
Or dispenc'd in bookes, or bread,
(For with both the *MUSE* was fed)
Hath drawne on me, from the times,
All the envie of the *Rymes*,
And the ratling pit-pat-noyse,
Of the lesse-Poëtique boyes;
When their pot-guns ayme to hit,
With their pellets of small wit,
Parts of me (they judg'd) decay'd,
But we last out, still unlay'd.

Please your Majestic to make
Of your grace, for goodnesse sake,
Those your *Fathers Markes*, your *Pounds*;
Let their spite (which now abounds)
Then goe on, and doe its worst;
This would all their envie burst:
And so warme the *Poëts* tongue
You'd reade a Snake, in his next Song.

*To the right Honourable, the Lord Treasurer
of England.*

An Epigram.

IF to my mind, great Lord, I had a state,
I would present you now with curious plate
Of *Noremburg*, or *Turkie*; hang your roomes
Not with the *Arras*, but the *Persian Loomes*,
I would, if price, or prayer could them get,
Send in, what or *Romano*, *Tintaret*,

Titian, or Raphael, Michael Angelo

Have left in fame to equal, or out-goe
The old Greek-hands in picture, or in stone.
This I would doe, could I know *Weston*, one
Catch'd with these Arts, wherein the Judge is wise
As farre as sense, and onely by the eyes.
But you, I know, my Lord; and know you can
Discerne betweene a Statue, and a Man;
Can doe the things that Statues doe deserve,
And act the businesse, which they paint, or carve;
What you have studied are the arts of life;
To compose men, and manners; stint the strife
Of murmuring Subjects; make the Nations know
What worlds of blessings to good Kings they owe:
And mightiest Monarchs feele what large increase
Of sweets, and safeties, they possesse by Peace.
These I looke up at, with a reverent eye,
And strike Religion in the standers-by;
Which, though I cannot as an Architect
In glorious Piles, or Pyramids erect
Unto your honour: I can tune in song
Aloud, and (happ'ly) it may last as long.

An Epigram

*To my MUSE, the Lady Digby, on her
Husband, Sir KENELME DIGBY.*

Tho', happy *Muse*, thou know my *Digby* well;
Yet read him in these lines: He doth excell
In honour, courtesie, and all the parts
Court can call hers, or Man could call his Arts.
Hee's prudent, valiant, just, and temperate;
In him all vertue is beheld in State:
And he is built like some imperiall roome
For that to dwell in, and be still at home.
His brest is a brave Palace, a broad Street
Where all heroique ample thoughts doe meet:
Where Nature such a large survey hath ra'en,
As other soules to his dwelt in a Lane:
Wirnesse his Action done at *Scanderone*,
Upon my Birth-day the eleventh of *June*;
When the Apostle *Barnabee* the bright
Unto our yeare doth give the longest light,
In signe the Subject, and the Song will live
Which I have vow'd posteritie to give.
Goe, *Muse*, in, and salute him. Say he be
Busie, or frowne at first; when he sees thee,
He will cleare up his forehead: thinke thou bring'st
Good Omen to him, in the note thou sing'st,

For he doth love my Verses, and will looke
 Upon them, (next to *Spenser's* noble booke.)
 And praise them too. O! what a fame 't will be?
 What reputation to my lines, and me,
 When hee shall read them at the Treasurers bord?
 The knowing *Weston*, and that learned Lord
 Allowes them? Then, what copies shall be had,
 What transcripts begg'd? how cry'd up, and how glad,
 Wilt thou be, *Muse*, when this shall them befall?
 Being sent to one, they will be read of all.

New yeares, expect new gifts: *Sister*, your Harpe,
 Lute, Lyre, Theorbo, all are call'd to day.
 Your change of Notes, the flat, the meane, the sharpe,
 To shew therites, and t' usher forth the way
 Of the New Yeare, in a new silken warpe.
 To fit the softnesse of our Yeares-gift: When
 We sing the best of Monarchs, Masters, Men;
 For, had we here said lesse, we had sung nothing then.

A New-yeares-Gift sung to King CHARLES, 1635.

Rector
 Chori. **T**o day old Janus opens the new yeare,
 And shuts the old. Haste, haste, all loyall Swaines,
 That know the times, and seasons when t' appeare,
 And offer your just service on these plaines;
 Best Kings expect first-fruits of your glad gaines.

1. P A N is the great Preserver of our bounds.
2. To him we owe all profits of our grounds.
3. Our milke. 4. Our fells. 5. Our fleeces. 6. and first Lambs.
7. Our teeming Ewes, 8. and lustie-mounting Rammes.
9. See where he walkes with M I R A by his side.

Chor. Sound, sound his praises loud, and with his, hers divide.

Of P A N wee sing, the best of Hunters, P A N,
 That drives the Hart to seeke unused wayes,
 Shep. And in the chase, more then S T L V A N U S can,
 Chor. Heare, o you Groves, and, Hills, resound his praise.

Of brightest M I R A, doe we raise our Song,
 Sister of P A N, and glory of the Spring:
 Nym. Who walkes on Earth as May still went along,
 Chor. Rivers, and Vallies, Eccho what wee sing.

Of P A N wee sing, the Chiefe of Leaders, P A N,
 That leades our flocks and us, and calls both forth
 To better Pastures then great P A L E S can; **Shep. Chor.**
 Heare, O you Groves, and, Hills, resound his worth.

Of brightest M I R A, is our Song; the grace
 Of all that Nature, yet, to life did bring; **Nymp. Chor.**
 And were shee lost, could best supply her place,
 Rivers, and Valleys Eccho what wee sing.

1. Where ere they tread th' enamour'd ground,
 The Fairest flowers are alwayes found;
2. As if the beauties of the yeare,
 Still waited on' hem where they were.

1. Hee is the Father of our peace;
2. Shee, to the Crowne, hath brought encrease.

1. Wee know no other power then his,
 P A N only our great Shep'ard is,
 Our great, our good. Where one's so drest **Chorus.**
 In truth of colours, both are best.

Haste, haste you hither, all you gentler Swaines,
 That have a Flock, or Herd, upon these plaines;
 This is the great Preserver of our bounds,
 To whom you owe all duties of your grounds;
 Your Milkes, your Fells, your Fleeces, and first Lambes,
 Your teeming Ewes, as well as mounting Rammes.
 Whose praises let's report unto the Woods,
 That they may take it eccho'd by the Floods:
 'Tis hee, 'tis hee, in singing hee,
 And hunting, P A N, exceedeth thee.
 Hee gives all plentie, and encrease,
 Hee is the author of our peace.

Where e're he goes upon the ground,
 The better grasse, and flowers are found.
 To sweeter Pastures lead hee can,
 Then ever P A L E S could, or P A N;
 Hee drives diseases from our Folds,
 The theefe from spoyle, his presence holds.
 P A N knowes no other power then his,
 This only the great Shep'ard is.
 'Tis hee, 'tis hee, &c.

Faire Friend, 't is true, your beauties move
 My heart to a respect:
 Too little to bee paid with love,
 Too great for your neglect.

I neither love, nor yet am free,
For though the flame I find
Be not intense in the degree,
'T is of the purest kind.

It little wants of love, but paine,
Your beautie takes my sense,
And lest you should that price disdaine,
My thoughts, too, fee the influence.

'Tis not a passions first accessse
Readie to multiply,
But like Loves calmest State it is
Possess with victorie.

It is like Love to Truth reduc'd
All the false value's gone,
Which were created, and induc'd
By fond imagination.

'T is either Fancie, or 't is Fate,
To love you more then I;
I love you at your beauties rate,
Lesse were an Injurie.

Like unstamp'd Gold, I weigh each grace,
So that you may collect,
Th' intrinsique value of your face,
Safely from my respect.

And this respect would merit love,
Were not so faire a sight
Payment enough; for, who dare move
Reward for his delight?

On the Kings Birth-day.

Rowse up thy selfe, my gentle Muse,
Though now our greene conceits be gray,
And yet once more doe not refuse
To take thy Phrygian Harp, and play
In honour of this cheerefull Day:
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of Crownes is such a love.

Make first a Song of Joy, and Love,
Which chastly flames in royall eyes,
Then tune it to the Spheares above,
When the benignest Stars doe rise,

And sweet Conjunctions grace the skies.

Long may, &c.

To this let all good hearts resound,
 Whilst Diadems invest his head;
 Long may he live, whose life doth bound
 More then his Lawes, and better led
 By high Example, then by dread.
 Long may, &c.

Long may he round about him see
 His Roses, and his Lillies blowne:
 Long may his only Deare, and Hee
 Joy in Ideas of their owne,
 And Kingdomes hopes so timely sowne.
 Long may they both contend to prove,
 That best of Crownes is such a love.

To my L. the King,
 On the Christning
 His second Sonne JAMES.

THat thou art lov'd of God, this worke is done,
 Great King, thy having of a second Sonne:
 And by thy blessing, may thy People see
 How much they are belov'd of God, in thee;
 Would they would understand it! Princes are
 Great aides to Empire, as they are great care
 To pious Parents, who would have their blood
 Should take first Seisin of the publique good,
 As hath thy JAMES; cleans'd from originall drosse,
 This day, by Baptisme, and his Saviours crosse:
 Grow up, sweet Babe, as blessed, in thy Name,
 As in renewing thy good Grandfires fame;
 Me thought, Great Brittain in her Sea, before,
 Sate safe enough, but now secured more.
 At land she triumphs in the triple shade,
 Her Rose, and Lilly, interwind, have made.

Oceano securo meo, securior umbris.

An Elegie

*On the Lady ANNE PAVLET,
Marchion: of Winton.*

WHat gentle Ghost, besprent with *April* deaw,
 Hayles me, so solemnly, to yonder Yewgh:
 And beckning wooes me, from the fatall tree
 To pluck a Garland, for her selfe, or mee:
 I doe obey you, Beautie! for in death,
 You seeme a faire one! O that you had breath,
 To give your shade a name! Stay, stay, I feele
 A horror in mee! all my blood is steele!
 Stiffe! starke! my joynts 'gainst one another knock!
 Whose Daughter? ha? Great *Savage* of the Rock?
 Hee's good, as great. I am almost a stone!
 And e're I can aske more of her shee's gone!
 Alas, I am all Marble! write the rest
 Thou wouldst have written, Fame, upon my brest:
 It is a large faire table, and a true,
 And the disposure will be something new,
 When I, who would the Poët have become,
 At least may beare th'inscription to her Tombe.
 Shee was the Lady *Fane*, and *Marchionisse*
 Of *Winchester*; the Heralds can tell this.
 Earle *Rivers* Grand-Child — serve not formes, good Fame,
 Sound thou her Vertues, give her soule a Name.
 Had I a thousand Mouthes, as many Tongues,
 And voyce to raise them from my brazen Lungs,
 I durst not aime at that: The dotes were such
 Thereof, no notion can expresse how much
 Their Carraët was! I, or my trump must breake,
 But rather I, should I of that part speake!
 It is too neere of kin to Heaven, the Soule,
 To be describ'd! Fames fingers are too foule
 To touch these Mysteries! We may admire
 The blaze, and splendor, but not handle fire!
 What she did here, by great example, well,
 t' inlive posteritie, her Fame may tell!
 And, calling truth to witnesse, make that good
 From the inherent Graces in her blood!
 Else, who doth praise a person by a new,
 But a fain'd way, doth rob it of the true.
 Her Sweetnesse, Softnesse, her faire Courtesie,
 Her wary guardes, her wise simplicitie,
 Were like a ring of Vertues, 'bout her set,
 And pietie the Center, where all met.

A reverend State she had, an awfull Eye;
 A dazling, yet inviting, Majestie:
 What Nature, Fortune, Institution, Fact
 Could summe to a perfection, was her Act!
 How did she leave the world? with what contempt?
 Just as she in it liv'd! and so exempt
 From all affection! when they urg'd the Cure
 Of her disease, how did her soule assure
 Her sufferings, as the body had beene away!
 And to the Torturers; her Doctors) say,
 Stick on your Cupping-glassses, feare not, put
 Your hottest Causticks to, burne, lance, or cut:
 'Tis but a body which you can torment,
 And I, into the world, all Soule, was sent!
 Then comforted her Lord! and blest her Sonne!
 Chear'd her faire Sisters in her race to runne!
 With gladnesse temper'd her sad Parents teares!
 Made her friends joyes, to get above their feares!
 And, in her last act, taught the Standers-by,
 With admiration, and applause to die!
 Let Angels sing her glories, who did call
 Her spirit home, to her originall!
 Who saw the way was made it! and were sent
 To carry, and conduct the Complement
 'Twixt death and life! Where her mortalitie
 Became her Birth-day to Eternitie!
 And now, through circumfused light, she lookes
 On Natures secrets, there, as her owne bookes:
 Speakes Heavens Language! and discovereth free
 To every Order, ev'ry Hierarchie!
 Beholds her Maker! and, in him, doth see
 What the beginnings of all beauties be;
 And all beatitudes, that thence doe flow:
 Which they that have the Crowne are sure to know!
 Goe now, her happy Parents, and be sad
 If you not understand, what Child you had.
 If you dare grudge at Heaven, and repent
 T' have paid againe a blessing was but lent,
 And trusted so, as it deposited lay
 At pleasure, to be call'd for, every day!
 If you can envie your owne Daughters blisse,
 And wish her state lesse happie then it is!
 If you can cast about your either eye,
 And see all dead here, or about to dye!
 The Starres, that are the Jewels of the Night,
 And Day, deceasing! with the Prince of light,
 The Sunne! great Kings! and mightiest Kingdomes fall!
 Whole Nations! nay Mankind! the World, with all
 That ever had beginning there, to'ave end!
 With what injustice should one soule pretend

T'escape this common knowne necessitie,
 When we were all borne, we began to die;
 And, but for that Contention, and brave strife
 The Christian hath t' enjoy the future life,
 Hee were the wretched'st of the race of men:
 But as he soares at that, he bruiſeth then
 The Serpents head: Gets above Death, and Sinne,
 And, ſure of Heaven, rides triumphing in.

E P H E M E

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EUPHEME;

O R, THE FAIRE FAME.

LEFT TO POSTERITIE

Of that truly-noble Lady, the Lady

VENETIA DIGBY, late Wife of Sir KE-

NELME DIGBY, Knight: A Gentleman

absolute in all Numbers;

Consisting of these

Ten Pieces.

The Dedication of her CRADLE.

The Song of her DESCENT.

The Picture of her BODY.

Her MIND.

Her being chosen a MUSE.

Her faire OFFICES.

Her happie MATCH.

Her hopefull IS SUE.

Her ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, or Relation to the Saints.

Her Inscription, or CROWNE.

Vivam amare voluptas, defunctam Religio.

Stat.

i.

The Dedication of her CRADLE.

Faire FAME, who art ordain'd to crowne
With ever-greene, and great renowne,
Their Heads, that ENVY would hold downe
With her, in shade

Of Death, and Darknesse; and deprive
Their names of being kept alive,
By THEE, and CONSCIENCE, both who thrive
By the just trade

of

Of Goodnesse still: Vouchsafe to take
This CRADLE, and for Goodnesse sake,
A dedicated Ensigne make
Thereof, to TIME.

That all Posteritie, as wee,
Who read what the CREPUNDIA bee,
May something by that twilight see
'Bove rattling Rime.

For, though that Rattles, Timbrels, Toyes,
Take little Infants with their noyse,
As prop'rest gifts, to Girles, and Boyes
Of light expence;

Their Corrals, Whistles, and prime Coates,
Their painted Maskes, their paper Boates,
With Sayles of filke, as the first notes
Surprize their sense:

Yet, here are no such Trifles brought,
No cobweb Call's; no Surcoates wrought
With Gold, or Claspes, which might be bought
On every Stall.

But, here's a Song of her DESCENT;
And Call to the high Parliament
Of Heaven; where SERAPHIM take tent
Of ord'ring all.

This, utter'd by an antient BARD,
Who claimes (of reverence) to be heard,
As comming with his Harpe, prepar'd
To chant her 'gree,

Is sung: as als' her getting up
By JACOBS Ladder, to the top
Of that eternall Port kept ope'
For such as SHEE.

2.

The Song of her DESCENT.

I Sing the just, and uncontrol'd Descent
Of Dame VENETIA DIGBY, styl'd The Faire;
For Mind, and Body, the most excellent
That ever Nature, or the later Ayre
Gave two such Houses as NORTHUMBERLAND,
And STANLEY, to the which shee was Co-heire.

Speake

Speake it, you bold *PENATES*, you that stand
 At either Stemme, and know the veines of good
 Run from your rootes; Tell, testifie the grand
 Meeting of Graces, that so swell'd the flood
 Of vertues in her, as, in short, shee grew
 The wonder of her Sexe, and of your Blood.
 And tell thou, *ALDE-LEGH*, None can tell more true
 Thy Neece's line, then thou that gav'st thy Name
 Into the Kindred, whence thy Adam drew
 Meschines honour with the Cestrian fame
 Of the first *Lupus*, to the Familie
 By Ranulph —————

The rest of this Song is lost,

3.
 The Picture of the *BODY*.

Sitting, and ready to be drawne,
 What makes these Velvets, Silkes, and Lawne,
 Embroderies, Feathers, Fringes, Lace,
 Where every lim takes like a face?

Send these suspected helpes, to aide
 Some Forme defective, or decay'd;
 This beautie without fallhood fayre,
 Needs nought to cloath it but the ayre.

Yet something, to the Painters view,
 Were fitly interpos'd; so new:
 Hee shall, if he can understand,
 Worke with my fancie, his owne hand.

Draw first a Cloud: all save her neck;
 And, out of that, make Day to breake;
 Till, like her face, it doe appeare,
 And Men may thinke, all light rose there.

Then let the beames of that, disperse
 The Cloud, and shew the Universe;
 But at such distance, as the eye
 May rather yet adore, then spy.

The Heaven design'd, draw next a Spring,
 With all that Youth, or it can bring:
 Foure Rivers branching forth like Seas,
 And Paradise confining these.

Last, draw the circles of this Globe,
 And let there be a starry Robe

Of Constellations 'bout her world;
And thou hast painted beauties world.

But, Painter, seethou doe not sell
A Copie of this peece; nor tell
Whose 'tis: but if it favour find,
Next sitting we will draw her mind.

4. *The MIND.*

PAinter yo' are come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon,
This worke I can performe alone;
And give you reasons more then one.

Not, that your Art I doe refuse:
But here I may no colours use.
Beside, your hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

You could make shift to paint an Eye,
An Eagle towring in the skye,
The Sunne, a Sea, or soundlesse Pit;
But these are like a Mind, not it.

No, to expresse a Mind to sense,
Would aske a Heavens Intelligence;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kinne to whence it came.

Sweet Mind, then speake your selfe, and say,
As you goe on, by what brave way
Our sense you doe with knowledge fill,
And yet remaine our wonder still.

I call you *Muse*; now make it true:
Hence-forth may every line be you,
That all may say, that see the frame,
This is no Picture, but the same.

A Mind so pure, so perfect fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine:
And so disdaining any tryer,
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There, high exalted in the Spheare,
As it another Nature were,

It moveth all; and makes a flight
As circular, as infinite.

Whose Notions when it will expresse
In speech; it is with that excesse
Of grace, and Musique to the care,
As what it spoke, it planted there.

The Voyce so sweet, the words so faire,
As some soft chime had stroak'd the ayre;
And, though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an Eccho in the sense.

But, that a Mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
It selfe to us, and come so nigh
Earths grossnesse, There's the how, and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And stuck in clay here, it would pull
Us forth, by some Celestiall flight
Up to her owne sublimed hight?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some Paradise, or Palace found
In all the bounds of beautie fit
For her t'inhabit? There is it.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so loftie forme, so streight;
So polisht, perfect, round, and even,
As it slid moulded off from Heaven.

Not swelling like the Ocean proud;
But stooping gently, as a Cloud,
As smooth as Oyle pour'd forth, and calme
As showers; and sweet as drops of Balme.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a floud
Where it may run to any good;
And where it stayes, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice, and gummes.

In action, winged as the wind,
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a banke, or field of flowers;
Begotten by that wind, and showers.

In thee, faire Mansion, let it rest,
Yet know, with what thou art posselt,
M m

Thou

Thou entertaining in thy brest,
But such a Mind, mak'st God thy Guest.

A whole quaternion in the midst of this Poem is lost, containing entirely the three next pieces of it, and all of the fourth (which in the order of the whole, is the eighth) excepting the very end: which at the top of the next quaternion goeth on thus:

BUt, for you (growing Gentlemen) the happy branches of two so illustrious Houses as these, where from your honour'd Mother, is in both lines descended; let me leave you this last Legacie of Counsell; which so soone as you arrive at yeares of mature Understanding, open you (Sir) that are the eldest, and read it to your Brethren, for it will concerne you all alike. Vowed by a faithfull Servant, and Client of your Familie, with his latest breath expiring it

B. I.

**To KENELME, I O H N,
G E O R G E.**

BOast not these Titles of your Ancestors;
(Brave Youths) th'are their possessions, none of yours;
When your owne Vertues, equall'd have their Names,
'T will be but faire, to leane upon their Fames;
For they are strong Supporters: But, till then,
The greatest are but growing Gentlemen.
It is a wretched thing to trust to reedes;
Which all men doe, that urge not their owne deeds
Up to their Ancestors; the rivers side,
By which yo'are planted, shew's your fruit shall bide:
Hang all your roomes, with one large Pedigree:
'Tis Vertue alone, is true Nobilitie.
Which Vertue from your Father, ripe, will fall;
Study illustrious Him, and you have all.

9.

Elegie on my Muse.

THe truly honoured Lady, the Lady V E N E T I A D I C-
E R, who living, gave me leave to call her so.
Being

Her ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, or Relation to the Saints,

Sera quidem tanto fruitur medicina dolori.

Elegie

An Elegie on my Muse.

T Were time that I dy'd too, now shee is dead;
 Who was my *Muse*, and life of all I sey'd.
 The Spirit that I wrote with, and conceiv'd,
 All that was good, or great in me she weav'd,
 And set it forth; the rest were Cobwebs fine,
 Spun out in name of some of the old *Nine*!
 To hang a window, or make darke the roome,
 Till swept away, th' were cancell'd with a broome!
 Nothing, that could remaine, or yet can stirre
 A sorrow in me, fit to wait to her!
 O! had I seene her laid out a faire Corse,
 By *Death*, on Earth, I should have had remorse
 On *Nature*, for her: who did let her lie,
 And saw that portion of her selfe to die.
 Sleepie, or stupid *Nature*, couldst thou part
 With such a *Raritie*, and not rowse *Art*
 With all her aydes, to save her from the seize
 Of *Vulture death*, and those relentlesse cleies?
 Thou wouldst have lost the *Phoenix*, had the kind
 Beene trusted to thee: not to 't selfe assign'd.
 Looke on thy sloth, and give thy selfe undone,
 (For so thou art with me) now shee is gone.
 My wounded mind cannot sustaine this stroke,
 It rages, runs, flies, stands, and would provoke
 The world to ruine with it; in her *Fall*,
 I summe up mine owne breaking, and wish all.
 Thou hast no more blowes, *Fate*, to drive at one:
 What's left a *Poët*, when his *Muse* is gone?
 Sure, I am dead, and know it not! I feele
 Nothing I doe; but, like a heavie wheele,
 Am turned with an others powers. My *Passion*
 Whoorles me about, and to blasphemie in fashion!
 I murmur against *God*, for having ta'en
 Her blessed Soule, hence, forth this valley vane
 Of teares, and dungeon of calamitie!
 I envie it the Angels amitie!
 The joy of Saints! the *Crowne* for which it lives,
 The glorie, and gaine of rest, which the place gives!
 Dare I prophane, so irreligious bee
 To greet, or grieve her soft *Euthanasie*!
 So sweetly taken to the Court of blisse,
 As spirits had stolne her *Spirit*, in a kisse,
 From off her pillow, and deluded bed;
 And left her lovely body unthought dead!
 Indeed, she is not dead! but laid to sleepe
 In earth, till the last *Trumpe* awake the *Sheepe*

And *Goates* together, whither they must come
 To heare their Judge, and his eternall doome:
 To have that finall retribution,
 Expected with the fleshes restitution.
 For, as there are three *Natures*, *Schoolemen* call
 One *corporall*, only; th'other *spirituall*,
 Like single; so, there is a third, commixt,
 Of *Body* and *Spirit* together, plac'd betwixt
 Those other two; which must be judg'd, or crown'd:
 This as it guilty is, or guiltlesse found,
 Must come to take a sentence, by the sense
 Of that great Evidence, the *Conscience*!
 Who will be there, against that day prepar'd,
 T' accuse, or quit all *Parties* to be heard!
 O *Day* of joy, and suretie to the just!
 Who in that feast of *Resurrection* trust!
 That great eternall *Holy-day* of rest,
 To *Body*, and *Soule*! where *Love* is all the guest!
 And the whole *Banquet* is full sight of *God*!
 Of joy the *Circle*, and sole *Period*!
 All other gladnesse, with the thought is barr'd;
Hope, hath her end! and *Faith* hath her reward!
 This being thus: why should my tongue, or pen
 Presume to interpell that fulnesse, when
 Nothing can more adorne it, then the seat
 That she is in, or, make it more compleat?
 Better be dumbe, then superstitious!
 Who violates the *God-head*, is most vitious
 Against the Nature he would worship. *Hee*
 Will honour'd be in all simplicitie!
 Have all his actions, wondred at, and view'd
 With silence, and amazement! not with rude,
 Dull, and prophane, weake, and imperfect eyes,
 Have busie search made in his mysteries!
Hee knowes, what worke h' hath done, to call this *Quest*,
 Out of her noble body, to this *Feast*:
 And give her place, according to her blood
 Amongst her *Peeres*, those *Princes* of all good!
Saints, *Martyrs*, *Prophets*, with those *Hierarchies*,
Angels, *Arch-angels*, *Principalities*,
 The *Dominations*, *Vertues*, and the *Powers*,
 The *Thrones*, the *Cherube*, and *Seraphick* bowers,
 That, planted round, there sing before the *Lamb*,
 A new Song to his praise, and great *I AM*:
 And she doth know, out of the shade of *Death*,
 What 't is t' enjoy, an everlasting breath!
 To have her captiv'd spirit freed from flesh,
 And on her Innocence, a garment fresh
 And white, as that, put on: and in her hand
 With boughs of *Palme*, a crowned *Victrice* stand!

And will you, worthy Sonne, Sir, knowing this,
 Put black, and mourning on? and say you misse
 A Wife, a Friend, a Lady, ora Love;
 Whom her Redeemer, honour'd hath above
 Her fellowes, with the oyle of gladnesse, bright
 In heav'n Empire, and with a robe of light?
 Thither, you hope to come, and there to find
 That pure, that pretious, and exalted mind
 You once enjoy'd: A short space severs yee,
 Compar'd unto that long eternitie,
 That shall re-joyne yee. Was she, then, so deare,
 When shee departed? you will meet her there,
 Much more desir'd, and dearer then before,
 By all the wealth of blessings, and the store
 Accumulated on her, by the Lord
 Of life, and light, the Sonne of God, the Word!
 There, all the happy soules, that ever were,
 Shall meet with gladnesse in one Theatre;
 And each shall know, there, one anothers face:
 By beatifick vertue of the Place.
 There shall the Brother, with the Sister walke,
 And Sons, and Daughters, with their Parents talke;
 But all of God; They still shall have to say,
 But make him *All in All*, their Theme, that Day:
 That happy Day, that never shall see night!
 Where Hee will be, all Beautie to the Sight;
 Wine, or delicious fruits, unto tee Taste;
 A Musique in the Eares, will ever last;
 Unto the Sent, a Spicerie, or Balme;
 And to the Touch, a Flower, like soft as Palme:
 Hee will all Glory, all Perfection be,
 God, in the Union, and the Trinitie!
 That holy, great, and glorious Myserie,
 Will there revealed be in Majestie!
 By light, and comfort of spirituall Grace;
 The vision of our Saviour, face, to face
 In his humanitie! To heare him preach
 The price of our Redemption, and to teach
 Through his inherent righteousness, in death,
 The safetie of our soules, and forfeit breath!
 What fulnesse of beatitude is here?
 What love with mercy mixed doth appeare?
 To style us Friends, who were, by Nature, Foes?
 Adopt us Heires, by grace, who were of those
 Had lost our selves: and prodigally spent
 Our native portions, and possessed rent;
 Yet have all debts forgiven us, and advance
 B' imputed right to an inheritance
 In his eternall Kingdome, where we sit
 Equall with Angels, and Co-heires of it.

Nor dare we under blasphemy conceive
 He that shall be our supreme Judge, should leave
 Himselfe so un-inform'd of his elect
 Who knowes the hearts of all, and can dissect
 The smallest Fibre of our flesh; he can
 Find all our Atomes from a point t' a span!
 Our closest Creekes, and Corners, and can trace
 Each line, as it were graphick, in the face.
 And best he knew her noble Character,
 For 't was himselfe who form'd, and gave it her.
 And to that forme, lent two such veines of blood
 As nature could not more increase the flood
 Of title in her! All Nobilitie
 (But pride, that schisme of incivilitie)
 She had, and it became her! she was fit
 T' have knowne no envy, but by suffering it!
 She had a mind as calme, as she was faire;
 Not tost or troubled with light Lady-aire;
 But, kept an even gate, as some streight tree
 Mov'd by the wind, so comely moved she.
 And by the awfull manage of her Eye
 She swaid all bus'nesse in the Familie!
 To one she said, Doe this, he did it; So
 To another, Move; he went; To a third, Go;
 He run; and all did strive with diligence
 T' obey, and serve her sweet Commandements,
 She was in one, a many parts of life;
 A tender *Mother*, a discreeter *Wife*,
 A solemne *Mistresse*, and so good a *Friend*,
 So charitable, to religious end,
 In all her petite actions, so devote,
 As her whole life was now become one note
 Of Pietie, and private holinesse.
 She spent more time in teares her selfe to dresse
 For her devotions, and those sad essayes
 Of sorrow, then all pompe of gaudy daies:
 And came forth ever cheered, with the rod
 Of divine Comfort, when sh' had talk'd with *God*.
 Her broken sighes did never misse whole sense:
 Nor can the bruised heart want eloquence:
 For, Prayer is the Incense most perfumes
 The holy Altars, when it least presumes.
 And hers were all Humilitie! they beat
 The doore of *Grace*, and found the *Mercy-Seat*.
 In frequent speaking by the pious Psalmes
 Her solemne houres she spent, or giving Almes,
 Or doing other deeds of Charitie,
 To cloath the naked, feed the hungry. Shee
 Would sit in an Infirmary, whole dayes
 Poring, as on a Map, to find the wayes

To that eternall Rest, where now sh'hath place
 By sure Election, and predestin'd grace !
 Shee saw her Saviour, by an early light,
 Incarnate in the Manger, shining bright
 On all the world ! Shee saw him on the Crosse
 Suffring, and dying to redeeme our losse !
 Shee saw him rise, triumphing over Death
 To justifie, and quicken us in breath !
 Shee saw him too, in glory to ascend
 For his designed worke the perfect end
 Of raising, judging, and rewarding all
 The kind of Man, on whom his doome should fall !
 All this by *Faith* she saw, and fram'd a Plea,
 In manner of a daily *Apostrophe*,
 To him should be her Judge, true God, true Man,
Jesus, the onely gotten *Christ* ! who can
 As being Redeemer, and Repairer too
 (Of lapsed Nature) best know what to doe,
 In that great Act of judgement: which the *Father*
 Hath given wholly to the Sonne (the rather
 As being the Sonne of *Man*) to shew his *Power*,
 His *Wisdome*, and his *Iustice*, in that houre,
 The last of houres, and shutter up of all;
 Where first his *Power* will appeare, by call
 Of all are dead to life ! His *Wisdome* show
 In the discerning of each conscience, &c !
 And most his *Iustice*, in the fitting parts,
 And giving dues to all Mankinds deserts !
 In this sweet *Extasie*, she was rapt hence.
 Who reads, will pardon my Intelligence,
 That thus have ventur'd these true straines upon;
 To publish her a *Saint*. My *Muse* is gone.

*In pietatis memoriam
 quam prestat
 Venetiae tuae illustrissimae
 Marit: dign: Digbeie
 Hanc ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΝ, tibi, tuisq; sacro.*

The Tenth, being her Inscription, or C R O W N E, is lost.

Vita

Vitæ Rusticæ Laudes.

BEatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
 Ut prisca gens mortalium,
 Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
 Solutus omni fœnore:
 Nec excitatur classico milestruci,
 Nec horret Iratum mare:
 Forumq; vitat, & superba Civium
 Potentiorum limina.
 Ergo aut adultâ vitium propagine
 Altas maritat Populos:
 Aut in reducta valle mugientium
 Prospektat erranteis Grege:
 Inutileisque falce ramos amputans,
 Fœliciores inserit:
 Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris,
 Aut tondet infirmis Oveis:
 Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
 Autumnus arvæ extulit:
 Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,
 Certantem & uvam Purpure,
 Quâ muneretur te, Priape, & te, Pater
 Sylvane, tutor finium!
 Libet jacere modò sub antiqua Illice:
 Modò in tenaci gramine.
 Labuntur altis interim ripis aque:
 Queruntur in Sylvis aves,
 Fontesque Lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
 Somnos quod invitet leveis.
 At cum tonantis annus hibernus Jovis
 Imbreis niveisque comparat,
 Aut trudit acreis hinc, & hinc multâ cane
 Apros in obstanteis plagas:
 Aut amite levi rara tendit retia;
 Turdis edacibus dolos,
 Pavidumque leporem, & advenam laqueo gruem
 Fucunda captat præmia:
 Quis non malorum, quas amor curas habet
 Hæc inter obliviscitur?
 Quòd si pudica Mulier in partem juvet
 Domum, atque dulces liberos,
 (Sabina qualis, aut perasta solibus
 Pernicis uxor Appuli
 Sacrum vetustis extruit lignis focum
 Lassi sub adventum viri)
 Claudensque textis cratibus latum pecus
 Distenta siccet ubera;

The praises of a Countrey life.

HAppie is he, that from all Businesse cleere,
 As the old race of Mankind were,
 With his owne Oxen tills his Sires left lands,
 And is not in the Usurers bands:
 Nor Souldier-like started with rough alarmes,
 Nor dreads the Seas intraged harmes:
 But flees the Barre and Courts, with the proud bords;
 And waiting Chambers of great Lords.
 The Poplar tall, he then doth marrying twine
 With the growne issue of the Vine;
 And with his hooke lops off the fruitlesse race,
 And sets more happy in the place:
 Or in the bending Vale beholds a-farre
 The lowing herds there grazing are:
 Or the prest honey in pure pots doth keepe
 Of Earth, and sheares the tender Sheepe:
 Or when that Autumne, through the fields lifts round
 His head, with mellow Apples crown'd,
 How plucking Peares, his owne hand grafted had,
 And purple-matching Grapes, hee's glad!
 With which, *Priapus*, he may thanke thy hands,
 And, *Sylvane*, thinethat keptst his Lands!
 Then now beneath some ancient Oke he may
 Now in the rooted Grasse him lay,
 Whilst from the higher Bankes doe slide the floods:
 The soft birds quarrell in the Woods,
 The Fountaines murmur as the streames doe creepe;
 And all invite to easie sleepe.
 Then when the thundring *Jove*, his Snow and showres
 Are gathering by the Wintry houres,
 Or hence, or thence, he drives with many a Hound
 Wild Bores into his toyles pitch'd round:
 Or straines on his small forke his subtile nets
 Forth' eating Thrush, or Pit-falls sets:
 And snares the fearfull Hare, and new-come Crane,
 And 'counts them sweet rewards so ta'en.
 Who (amongst these delights) would not forget
 Loves cares so evill, and so great?
 But if, to boot with these, a chaste Wife meet
 For household aid, and Children sweet;
 Such as the *Sabines*, or a Sun-burnt-blowse,
 Some lustie quick *Apulians* spouse,
 To deck the hallow'd Harth with old wood fir'd
 Against the Husband comes hometir'd;
 That penning the glad flock in hurdles by
 Their swelling udders doth draw dry:

Et horna dulci Vina promens dolio
 Dapes inemptas apparet;
 Non me Lucrina iuverint Conchyliis,
 Magisque Rhombus, aut Scari,
 Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus
 Hiems ad hoc vertat Mare:
 Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum:
 Non Attagen Ionicus
 Fecundior, quam lecta de pinguis
 Oliva ramis arborum:
 Aut herba Lapathi prata amanti, & gravi
 Malva salubres corpori:
 Vel Agna festis caesa Terminalibus:
 Vel Hædus ereptus Lupo.
 Has inter epulas, ut iuvat pastas Oveis
 Videre properantes domum!
 Videre fessos vomerem inversum Boves
 Collo trahentes languido;
 Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
 Circum renidentes Lareis!
 Hæc ubi locutus fenerator Alphius,
 Fam jam futurus rusticus,
 Omnem relegit lilibus pecuniam,
 Quarit Calendis ponere.

Ode 1.

Lib. quarto.

Ad Venerem.

INtermissa Venus diu,
 Rursus bella moves: parce precor, precor,
 Non sum qualis eram bonæ
 Sub regno Cynaræ: desine, dulcium
 Mater seva Cupidinum,
 Circa lustra decem flectere Mollibus
 Fam durum imperiis: abi
 Quò blanda Fuvenum te revocant preces.
 Tempestivius in domo
 Pauli purpureis ales oloribus,
 Comestabere Maximi,
 Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.
 Namque & nobilis, & decens,
 Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis.
 Et centum puer Artium,
 Latè Signa feret militia tuæ.
 Et quandoque potentior
 Largis muneribus riserit amuli,
 Albanos prope te lacus
 Ponet marmoream sub trabe Cyprea.

And from the sweet Tub Wine of this yeare takes,
 And unbought viands ready makes:
 Not Lucrine Oysters I could then more prize,
 Nor Turbot, nor bright Golden eyes:
 If with bright floods, the Winter troubled much;
 Into our Seas send any such:
 Th' Ionian God-wit, nor the Ginny hen
 Could not goe downe my belly then
 More sweet then Olives, that new gather'd be
 From fattest branches of the Tree:
 Or the herb Sorrell, that loves Meadows still,
 Or Mallowes loosing bodyes ill:
 Or at the Feast of Bounds, the Lambe then flaine,
 Or Kid forc't from the Wolfe againe.
 Among these Cates how glad the sight doth come
 Of the fed flocks approaching home!
 To view the weary Oxen draw, with bare
 And fainting necks, the turned Share!
 The wealthy household swarme of bondmen met,
 And 'bout the steeming Chimney set!
 These thoughts when Usurer *Alphius*, now about
 To turne more farmer, had spoke out
 'Gainst th' Ides, his moneys he gets in with paine,
 At th' Calends, puts all out againe.

Ode the first.
The fourth Booke.
To Venus.

Venus againe thou mov'st a warre
 Long intermitted, pray thee, pray thee spare:
 I am not such, as in the Reigne
 Of the good *Cynara* I was: Refraine,
 Sower Mother of sweet Loves, forbear
 To bend a man now at his fiftieth yeare
 Too stubborne for Commands, so slack:
 Goe where Youths soft intreaties call thee back.
 More timely hie thee to the house,
 With thy bright Swans of *Paulus Maximus*:
 There jest, and feast, make him thine host,
 If a fit livor thou dost seeke to toast;
 For he's both noble, lovely, young,
 And for the troubled Clyent fyl's his tongue,
 Child of a hundred Arts, and farre
 Will he display the Ensignes of thy warre.
 And when he smiling finds his Grace
 With thee 'bove all his Rivals gifts take place,
 He will thee a Marble Statue make
 Beneath a Sweet-wood Roofe, neere *Alba Lake*:

Illic plurima Naribus
Duces tura, lyraq, & Beretynthia
Delectabere tibia
Mistis carminibus non sine fistula.
Illic bis pueri die,
Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
Laudantes, pede candido
In mortem Salium ter quatiant humum.
Me nec femina, nec puer,
Fam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
Nec certare juvat mero:
Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.
Sed cur, heu Ligurine, cur
Manat rara meas lachryma per genos?
Cur facunda parum decoro
Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
Nocturnis te ego Somniis
Fam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor:
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dare, volubileis.

Ode ix. lib. 3. Ad *Lydiam*.
 Dialogus *Horatii & Lydiae*.

HOR. **D**onec gratus eram tibi,
 Nec quisquam potior brachia candida
 Cervici juvenis dabat;
 Persarum vigui rege beatior.

LYD. Donec non alia magis
 Arsisti, neque erat *Lydia* post *Chloen*.
 Multi *Lydia* nominis
 Romana vigui clarior *Ilia*.

HOR. Me nunc *Thressa Cloe* regit,
 Dulceis doctamodos, & *Cithara* sciens:
 Pro qua non metuum mori,
 Si parcent animae fata superstiti.

LYD. Me torret face mutua
Thurini Calais filius *Ornithi*:
 Pro quo bis patiar mori,
 Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

HOR. Quid si prisca redit *Venus*,
 Diductosque jugo cogit abeneo?
 Si flava excutitur *Chloe*
 Rejectaeque patet janua *Lydiae*:

LYD. Quamquam sidere pulchrior
 Ille est, tu levior *Cortice*, & improbo
 iracundior *Adria*,
 Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

There shall thy dainty Nostrill take
 In many a Gumme, and for thy soft cares sake
 Shall Verse be set to Harpe and Lute,
 And *Phrygian* Hau'boy, not without the Flute.
 There twice a day in sacred Laies,
 The Youths and tender Maids shall sing thy praise:
 And in the *Salian* manner meet
 Thrice 'bout thy Altar with their Ivory feet.
 Me now, nor Wench, nor wanton Boy,
 Delights, nor credulous hope of mutuall Joy,
 Nor care I now healths to propound;
 Or with fresh flowers to girt my Temple round.
 But, why, oh why, my *Ligurine*,
 Flow my thin teares, downe these pale cheeks of mine?
 Or why, my well-grac'd words among,
 With an uncomely silence failes my tongue?
 Hard-hearted, I dreame every Night
 I hold thee fast! but fled hence, with the Light,
 Whether in *Mars* his field thou bee,
 Or *Tybers* winding streames, I follow thee.

Ode IX. 3 Booke, to Lydia.
 Dialogue of Horace, and Lydia.

HOR. **W**Hilst, *Lydia*, I was lov'd of thee,
 And ('bout thy Ivory neck,) no youth did fling,
 His armes more acceptable free,
 I thought me richer then the Persian King.

LYD. Whilst *Horace* lov'd no Mistres more,
 Nor after *Cloë* did his *Lydia* sound;
 In name, I went all names before,
 The Roman *Iliæ* was not more renown'd.

HOR. 'T is true, I am *Thracian Chloes*, I
 Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning plaies,
 As, for her, I'd not feare to die,
 So Fate would give her life, and longer daies.

LYD. And, I am mutually on fire
 With gentle *Calais Thuringe*, *Orniths Sonne*;
 For whom I doubly would expire,
 So Fates would let the Boy a long thred run.

HOR. But, say old Love returne should make,
 And us dis-joyn'd force to her brazen yoke,
 That I bright *Cloë* off should shake;
 And to left-*Lydia*, now the gate stood ope.

LYD. Though he be fairer then a Starre;
 Thou lighter then the barke of any tree,
 And then rough *Adria*, angrier, farre;
 Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee.

Fragmentum Petron. Arbitr.

Fosda est in coitu, & brevis voluptas,
 Et tædet Veneris statim peracta.
 Non ergo ut pecudes libidinosa,
 Cæci protinus irruamus illuc :
 Nam languescit Amor peritq; Flamma.
 Sed sic, sic, sine fine feriat,
 Et tecum jaceamus osculantes :
 Hic nullus labor est, ruborq; nullus ;
 Hoc juvit, juvat, & diu juvabit :
 Hoc non deficit, incipitq; semper.

Epigramma Martialis.
 Lib. viii. Lxxvii.

Liber, amicorum dulcissima cura tuorum,
 Liber in æterna vivere digne rosâ ;
 Si sapis Assyrio semper tibi crinis amomo
 Splendeat, & cingant florea ferta caput :
 Candida nigrescant vetulo christalla Falerno,
 Et caleat blando mollis amore thorax.
 Qui sic, vel medio finitus vixit in ævo,
 Longior huic facta, quam data vita fuit.

The same translated.

DOing, a filthy pleasure is, and short;
And done, we straight repent us of the sport:
Let us not then rush blindly on unto it,
Like lustfull beasts, that onely know to doe it:
For lust will languish, and that heat decay,
But thus, thus, keeping endlesse Holy-day,
Let us together closely lie, and kisse,
There is no labour, nor no shame in this;
This hath pleas'd, doth please, and long will please; never
Can this decay, but is beginning ever.

The same translated.

Liber, of all thy friends, thou sweetest care,
Thou worthy in eternall Flower to fare,
If thou be'st wise, with *Syrian* Oyle let shine
Thy locks, and rosie garlands crowne thy head;
Darke thy cleare glasse with old *Falernian* Wine;
And heat, with softest love, thy softer bed.
Hee, that but living halfe his dayes, dies such,
Makes his life longer then 't was given him, much.

THE KINGS

ENTERTAINMENT

AT WELBECK,

IN

NOTTINGHAM-SHIRE,

A house of the Right Honourable, WILLIAM
Earle of Newcastle, Vicount Mansfield, Baron of
Botle, and Bolsover, &c.

At his going into Scotland.

1633.

His Ma^{tie} being set at Dinner,

A Song was sung :

A Dialogue betweene the *Passions*,
Doubt and Love.

DOUBT. *What softer sounds are these salute the Eare
From the large Circle of the Hemisphære,
As if the Center of all sweets met here!*

LOVE. *It is the breath, and Soule of every thing,
Put forth by Earth, by Nature, and the Spring,
To speake the Welcome, Welcome of the King.*

CHORUS.
Of
Affections,
Joy.
Delight, &c.

*The joy of plants. The spirit of flowers,
The smell, and verdure of the bowers,
The waters murmur; with the showers
Distilling on the new-fresh bowers :
The whistling winds, and birds, that sing
The Welcome of our great, good King.
Welcome, O Welcome, is the generall voyce,
Wherein all Creatures practize to rejoyce.*

The second Straine.

LOVE. *When was old Sherewood's head more quaintly curl'd?
Or look'd the Earth more greene upon the world?
Or Natures Cradle more inchas'd, and purld?*

When

When did the Aire so smile, the Winds so chime?
As Quiristers of Season, and the Prime!

Dou. If what they doe, be done in their due time.

CHORVS.

Hee makes the time for whom't is done,
From whom the warmth, heat, life, begun,
Into whose fostering armes doe run
All that haue being from the Sun.
Such is the fount of light, the King,
The heart, that quickens eu'ry thing,
And makes the Creatures language all one voyce;
In Welcome, Welcome, Welcome, to rejoyce:
Welcome is all our Song, is all our sound,
The Treble part, the Tenor, and the Ground.

After Dinner.

THe King, and the Lords being come downe, and ready to take horse,
In the Crowd were discover'd two notorious persons, and men of
businessse, as by their eminent dressing, and habits did soone appeare.

One in a costly Caslock of black Buckram girt unto him, whercon
was painted *Party-per pale*:

On the one side.

On the other side.

Noune.

Pronoune.

Verbe.

Participle.

declined

Aduerbe.

Conjunction.

Preposition.

Interjection.

Undeclined.

With his Hatt, Hat-band, Stockings, and Sandals futed, and marked,
A.B.C.&c.

The other in a Taberd, or Heralds Coat of *Azure*, and *Gules* quarter-
ly chang'd of Buckram; Linn'd with yellow, in stead of Gold, and pa-
sted over with old Records of the two Shires, and certaine fragments of
the Forrest, as a Coat of *Antiquitie*, and *President*, willing to be scene, but
heard to be read, and as loth to be understood, without the Interpreter,
who wore it: For the wrong end of the letters were turn'd upward, there-
fore was a labell fix'd to, *To the Curious Prier, aduersising*:

Looke not so neere, with hope to understand;
Oncept, Sir, you can read with the left hand.

Their Names were,
Accidence, Fitz-Ale.

Acci. **B**Y your faire leave Gentlemen of Court; for leave is ever faire being ask'd; and granted is as light, according to our English Proverbe, *Leave is light*. Which is the King I pray you?

Fitz. Or rather the Kings Lieutenant? For we have nothing to say to the King, till we have spoken with my Lord Lieutenant.

Acc. Of Nottinghamshire.

Fitz. And Darbyshire, for he is both. And we have businesse to both sides of him from either of the Counties.

Acc. As farre as his Command stretches.

Fitz. Is this he?

Acc. This is no great man by his *timber* (as we say i' the Forrest) by his *themas* he may. I'll venture a Part of Speech, two, or three at him; to see how hee is declin'd. My Lord, Pleaseth your good Lordship, I am a poore Neighbour, here, of your Honours, i' the Countie.

Fitz. Mr. A-B-Cee Accidence, my good Lord, Schoole-master of *Mansfield*, the painfull Instructor of our Youth in their Countrey elements, as appeareth by the signe of correction, in his hat, with the trust of the Towne-Pen-and-Inkehorn, committed to the Sure-tie of his Girdle, from the whole Corporation.

Acc. This is the more remarkeable man, my very good Lord; Father Fitz-ale, Herald of *Darbie*, Light, and Lanthorne of both Counties; the learned *Antiquarie* o' the North: Conserver of the Records of either Forrest, as witnesseth the brieft Tabard, or Coat Armour he carries, being an industrious Collection of all the written, or reported *Wonders* of the *Peake*.

SAint Anne of *Buxstons* boyling Well,
Or *Elden* bottomlesse, like Hell:
Pooles-hole, or *Satans* sumptuous Arse,
(Surreverence) with the Mine-mens Farce.
Such a light, and metall'd Dance
Saw you never yet in *France*.
And by Lead-men, for the nonce,
That turne round like grindlestons:
Which they dig out fro' the Delves,
For their Bairnes-bread, Wives, and sell's:
Whom the Whetstone sharpenes to eat,
And cry Millstones are good meat.
He can flie o're hills, and dales,
And report you more odde tales,
Of our Outlaw *Robinhood*
That revell'd here in *Sherewood*;
And more stories of him show
(Though he ne're shot in his Bow.)
Then au' men, or beleeve, or know.

FITZ. Stint, stint, your Court,
 Grow to be short,
 Throw by your Clatter,
 And handle the matter:
 We come with our Peeres,
 And crave your cares,
 To present a Wedding,
 Intended a bedding,
 Of both the Shires,
 Father *Fitz-ale*
 Hath a Daughter stale
 In *Darbie-Towne*,
 Knowne, up, and downe
 For a geat Antiquitie:
 And *Pem* she hight
 A solemne Wight
 As you should meet
 In any street,
 In that Ubiquitie.
 Her, he hath brought
 As having fought
 By many a draught
 Of Ale, and Craft;
 With skill to graft
 In some old Stock,
 O' the Yeoman block,
 And Forrest-blood,
 Of old *Sherewood*.
 And he hath found
 Within the ground,
 At last no Shrimpe,
 Whereon to impe,
 His jolly Club,
 But a bold Stub
 O' the right wood,
 A Champion good;
 Who here in place,
 Presents himselfe,
 Like doughtie Elfe,
 Of *Greenwood Chase*.

Here *Stub* the Bridegroom presented himselfe, being apparelled in a
 yellow Canvas Doublet, cut, a greene Jerkin, and Hose, like a Ranger.
 A Munmouth Cap, with a yellow Feather, yellow Stockings, and
 Shooes, for being to dance, he would not trouble himselfe with Bootes.

Stub of *Stub-hall*,
 Some doe him call;
 But most doe say
 Hee's *Stub*, will stay;

To run his race,
Not run away

Acc. At *Quintin*, hee,
In honour of this Bridaltee,
Hath challeng'd either wide Countee;
Come *Cut*, and *Long-tail*. For there be
Sixe Batchelers, as bold as hee,
Adjuting to his Companee,
And each one hath his Liverie;
Fitz. Sixe *Hoods* they are, and of the blood,
They tell of ancient *Robinhood*.

Here the sixe *Hoods* presented themselves severally, in their Livory
Hoods, whil'ft *Fitz-ale* spoke on.

	<i>Red-hood</i> the first that doth appeare In <i>Stamel</i> . Acc. <i>Scarlet</i> is too deare.	<i>Red-hood.</i>
Fitz.	Then <i>Green-hood</i> . Acc. He's in <i>Kendal Green</i> , As in the <i>Forrest</i> Colour seene.	<i>Green-hood.</i>
Fitz.	Next <i>Blew-hood</i> is, and in that hue Doth vaunt a heart as pure, and true As is the <i>Skie</i> ; (give him his due.)	<i>Blew-hood.</i>
Acc.	Of old <i>England</i> the <i>Yeoman</i> blew.	
Fitz.	Then <i>Tawney</i> fra' the <i>Kirke</i> that came.	<i>Tawney-hood.</i>
Acc.	And cleped was the <i>Abbots man</i> .	
Fitz.	With <i>Motley-hood</i> , the <i>Man of Law</i> .	<i>Motley-hood.</i>
Acc.	And <i>Russet-hood</i> keepes all in <i>Awe</i> . Bold Batchelers they are, and large, And come in at the <i>Countrey charge</i> , <i>Horse</i> , <i>Bridles</i> , <i>Saddles</i> , <i>Stirrups</i> , <i>Girts</i> , All reckon'd o' the <i>Countie skirts</i> ! And all their <i>Courses</i> , <i>misse</i> , or <i>hit</i> , Intended are, for the <i>Sheere-wit</i> , And so to be receiv'd. Their game Is <i>Countrey sport</i> , and hath a name From the <i>Place</i> that beares the cost, Else all the <i>Fat i' the Fire</i> were lost. Goe <i>Captaine Stub</i> , lead on, and show What house you come on, by the blow You give Sir <i>Quintin</i> , and the <i>Cuffe</i> , You scape o' th' <i>Sand-bags Counterbuffle</i> .	<i>Russet-hood.</i>

A Flourish.

Acc. O well run, *Yeoman Stub*!
Thou hast knock'd it, like a *Club*,
And made Sir *Quintin* know:
By this his race so good;
He himselfe is also wood;
As by his furious blow.

Flourish.

Red-hoods Course.

Fitz. Bravely run *Red-hood*,
There was a shock,
To have buff'd out the blood
From ought but a block.

Flourish.

Greene-hoods Course.

Acc. Well run *Green-hood*, got betweene,
Under the Sand-bag, he was seene,
Lowting low, like a For'ster greene:

Fitz. Hee knowes his tackle, and his treene.

Flourish.

Blew-hoods Course.

Acc. Gi' the old *England* Yeoman his due,
H' has hit Sir *Quin*: just i' the *Qu*:
Though that be black, yet he is blew:
It is a brave patch, and a new!

Flourish.

Tawny-hoods Course.

Fitz. Well run *Tawney*, the Abbots Churle
His Jade gave him a Jerk,
As he woul' have his Rider hurle
His Hood after the Kirke.
But he was wiser, and well behest,
For this is all, that he hath left.

Flourish.

Motley-hoods Course.

Fitz. Or the Saddle turn'd round, or the Girths brake,
For low on the ground (wo' for his fake)
The Law is found.

Acc. Had his paire of tongues, not so much good,
To keepe his head, in his *Motley-hood*:

Flourish.

Ruffet-hoods Course.

Fitz. *Ruffet* ran fast, though he be throwne,

Acc. He lost no stirrup, for he had none.

His

1. His horse, it is the Heralds weft.
2. No 'tis a mare, and hath a cleft.
3. She is Countrey-borrow'd, and no vaile,
But 's hood is forfeit to *Fitz-ale*.

Here *Accidence* did breake them of, by calling them to the Dance, and to the *Bride*, who was drest like an old *May-Lady*, with Skarfes, and a great wrought Handkerchiefe, with red, and blew, and other habiliments. Sixe Maids attending on her, attir'd, with Buckram Bride-laces beguile: White sleeves, and Stammell Petticotes, drest after the cleanliest Countrey guise; among whom Mistris *Alphabet*, Master *Accidence's* Daughter, did beare a prime fway.

The two Bride Squires, the *Cake-bearer*, and the *Boll-bearer*, were in two yellow leather Doublets, and russet Hose, like two twin-Clownes prest out for that office, with Livery Hatts, and Ribbands.

Acc. Come to the Bride; another fit,
Yet show, Sirs, o' your Countrey wit,
But o' your best. Let all the Steele
Of back, and braines fall to the heele;
And all the Quick-silver i' the mine
Run i' the foot-veines, and refine
Your *Firk-hum-Ferk-hum* to a Dance,
Shall fetch the Fiddles out of *France*;
To wonder at the Horne-pipes, here,
Of *Nottingham*, and *Darbishire*.

Fitz. With the Phant'sies of *Hey-troll*,
Trol about the Bride-all Boll,
And divide the broad Bride-Cake
Round about the Brides-stake.

Acc. With, here is to the fruit of *Pem*,

Fitz. Grafted upon *Stub* his Stem,

Acc. With the *Peakish* Nicetic,

Fitz. And old *Sherewoods* Vicetic.

The last of which words were set to a Tune, and sung to the Bagpipe, and Measure of their Dance; the Clownes, and companie of Spectators drinking, and eating the while.

The Song.

Let's sing about, and say, *Hey-trol*,
Troll to me the *Bridall Boll*,
And divide the broad *Bride-Cake*,
Round about the *Brides-stake*.
With, Here, is to the fruit of *Pem*,
Grafted upon *Stub* his stem;
With the *Peakish* Nicetic,
And old *Sherewoods* Vicetic.

But well daunc'd Pem upon record,
Above thy Yeoman, or May-Lord.

Here it was thought necessarie they should be broken off, by the coming in of an Officer, or servant of the *Lord Lieutenants*, whose face had put on, with his Clothes, an equall authoritie for the businesse.

Gentleman.

Give end unto your rudenesse: Know at length
Whose time, and patience you have urg'd, the *Kings*.
Whom if you knew, and truly, as you ought,
'T would strike a reverence in you, even to blushing,
That *King* whose love it is, to be your Parent!
Whose Office, and whose Charge, to be your Pastor!
Whose single watch, defendeth all your sleepes!
Whose labours, are your rests! whose thoughts and cares,
Breed you delights! whose bus'nesse, all your leasures!
And you to interrupt his serious houres,
With light, impertinent, unworthy objects,
Sights for your selves, and sav'ring your owne tast's;
You are too blame. Know your disease, and cure it,
Sports should not be obtruded on great Monarchs,
But wait when they will call for them as servants,
And meanest of their servants, since their price is
At highest, to be styl'd, but of their pleasures!
Our *King* is going now to a great worke
Of highest Love, Affection, and Example,
To see his Native *Countrey*, and his Cradle,
And find those manners there, which he suck'd in
With Nurses Milke, and Parents pietie!
O Sister *Scotland*! what hast thou deserv'd
Of joyfull *England*, giving us this *King*!
What Union (if thou lik'st) hast thou not made?
In knitting for Great *Brittaine* such a Garland?
And letting him, to weare it? Such a *King*!
As men would wish, that knew not how to hope
His like, but seeing him! A Prince, that's Law
Unto himselfe. Is good, for goodnesse-sake;
And so becomes the Rule unto his Subjects!
That studies not to seeme, or to show great,
But be! Not drest for others eyes, and cares,
With Vizors, and false rumours; but make Fame
Wait on his Actions, and thence speake his Name!
O blesse his Goings out, and Commings in,
Thou mighty God of Heaven, lend him long
Unto the Nations, which yet scarcely know him,
Yet are most happy, by his Government.
Blesse his faire *Bed-mate*, and their certaine *Pledges*,
And never may he want those nerves in Fate;

For

For sure Succession fortifies a State.
 Whilst he him selfe is mortall, let him feeke
 Nothing about him mortall, in his house;
 Let him approve his young increasing *Charles*,
 A loyall Sonne: and take him long to be
 An aid, before he be a Successor.
 Late, come that day, that Heaven will aske him from us:
 Let our Grand-child, and their issue, long
 Expect it, and not see it. Let us pray
 That Fortune never know to exercise
 More power upon him, then as *Charles* his servant,
 And his great *Brittaines* slave: ever to waite
 Bond-woman to the GENIUS of this State.

Perform'd, the xxi. of May.

1633.

LOVE

LOVES
VVEL-COME.
THE
KING AND QVEENES
ENTERTAINMENT

AT
BOLSOVER:

AT
The Earle of Newcastle,
The thirtieth of Iuly,

1634.

The Song at the Banquet; Sung by two
Tenors, and a Base.

IF Love be call'd a lifting of the Sense
To knowledge of that pure intelligence,
Wherein the Soule hath rest, and residence:

CHORUS.

1. TEN. When were the Senses in such order plac'd?

2. TEN. The Sight, the Hearing, Smelling, Touching, Taste,
All at one Banquet? BAS. Would it ever last!

1. Wee wish the same: who set it forth thus? BAS. Love!

2. But to what end, or to what object? BAS. Love!

1. Doth Love then feast it selfe? BAS. Love will feast Love!

2. You make of Love, a riddle, or a chaine,
A circle, a mere knott, untie't againe.

BAS. Love is a Circle, both the first, and last
Of all our Actions, and his knotts, too, fast.

1. *A true-love Knot, will hardly be unti'd,
And if it could, who would this Payre divide.*

2.
BAS. *God made them such, and Love. TEN. Who is a ring,
The likest to the yeare of anything,
And runs into it selfe. BAS. Then let us sing,
And run into one sound.*

CHORVS *Let Welcome fill
Our thoughts, hearts, voyces, and that one word trill,
Through all our Language, Welcome, Welcome still.*

Complement.

1. *Could we put on the beantie of all Creatures,
2. Sing in the Aire, and notes of Nightingales,
1. Exhale the sweets of Earth, and all her features,
2. And tell you, softer then in Silke, these tales,
BAS. Welcome should season all for Taste.*

CHORVS *And hence,
At every reall banquet to the Sense,
Welcome, true Welcome fill the Complements.*

*After the Banquet, the King and Queene
retir'd, were entertain'd with Coronell*

*Vitruvius his Oration to his Dance of
Mechanickes.*

VIT. *C*ome forth, boldly put forth, i' your Holy-day
Clothes, every Mothers Sonne of you. This is
the King, and Queenes, Majesticall Holy-day. My Lord has it
granted from them; I had it granted from my Lord: and doe
give it unto you gratis, that is *bonâ fide*, with the faith of a Sur-
veyour, your Coronell *Vitruvius*. Doe you know what a
Surveyour is now? I tell you a Supervisor! A hard word,
that; but it may be softned, and brought in, to signifie some-
thing. An Overseer! One that oversee-eth you. A busie man!
And yet I must seeme busier then I am, (as the Poet sings, but
which of them, I will not now trouble my selfe to tell you.)
O Captaine *Smith*! or Hammer-armed *Vulcan*! with your
three Sledges, you are our Musique, you come a little too tar-
die; but wee remit that, to your polt-foot, we know you are
lame. Plant your selves there, and beat your time out at the
Anvile. *Time*, and *Measure*, are the Father, and Mother of
Musique,

The first
Quaternio.
Captaine
Smith, or
Vulcan, with
three Cyclops.

Musique, you know, and your Coronell *Vitruvius* knowes a little. O *Chesil*! our curious Carver! and Master *Maul*, our Free-Mason; *Squire Summer*, our Carpenter, and *Twybil* his Man; stand you foure, there, i' the second ranke, worke upon that ground. And you *Dresser*, the Plomber; *Quarrel*, the Glasier; *Fret*, the Plaisterer; and *Beater*, the Morterman; put all you on i' the reere, as finishers in true footing, with Tune, and Measure. *Measure* is the Soule of a Dance, and *Tune* the Tickle-foot thereof. Use Holy-day legges, and have 'hem: Spring, Leape, Caper, and Gingle; Pumpes, and Ribbands, shall be your reward, till the Soles of your feet swell, with the surfet of your light and nimble Motion.

The second Quatern:
Chesil. The Carver.
Maul. The Free-Mason.
Sq. Summer. The Carpenter.
Twybil. His Man.
The third Quaternio.
Dresser. The Plomber.
Quarrel. The Glasier.
Fret. The Plaisterer.
Beater. The Morter-man.

Well done, my Musically, Arithmetically, Geometricall Gamesters! or rather my true Mathematicall Boyes! It is carried, in number, weight, and measure, as if the Aires were all Harmonie, and the Figures a well-tim'd Proportion! I cry still, Deserve Holy-dayes, and have 'hem. I'll have a whole Quarter of the yeare cut out for you in Holy-dayes, and lac'd with Statute-Tunes, and Dances; fitted to the activitie of your Treffels, to which you shall trust, Ladds, in the name of your *Iniquo Vitruvius*. Hay for the Lilly, for, and the blended Rose.

They begun to Dance

The Dance ended.

And the King, and Queene, having a second Banquet, set downe before them from the Cloudes by two Loves; One, as the Kings, the other as the Queenes; differenced by their Garlands only: His of White, and Red Roses, the other of Lilly's inter-weav'd, Gold, Silver, Purple, &c. With a bough of Palme (in his hand) cleft a little at the top. They were both arm'd, and wing'd: with Bowes and Quivers, Cassocks, Breeches, Buskins, Gloves, and Perukes alike. They stood silent awhile, wondring at one another, till at last the lesser of them began to speake.

Eros. Anteros.

ER. A Nother Cupid? AN. Yes, your second selfe,
 A Sonne of *Venus*, and as meere an elfe,
 And wagge as you. ER. *Eros*? AN. No, *Anteros*:
 Your Brother, *Cupid*, yet not sent to cross',
 Or spie into your favours, here, at Court.

EROS. What then? AN. To serve you, Brother, and report
 Your graces from the Queenes side to the Kings,
 In whose name I salute you. ER. Breake my wings
 I feare you will. AN. O be not jealous, Brother!
 What bough is this? ER. A Palme. AN. Give me't. ER. Another
 You may have. AN. I will this. ER. Divide it. AN. So.
 This was right Brother-like! The world will know

Anteros
 snatch'd at
 the Palme,
 but *Eros* di-
 vided it.

By

By this one Act, both natures. You are *Love*,
I Love, againe. In these two Spheares we move,
Eros, and *Anteros*. ER. We ha' cleft the bough,
 And struck a tallie of our loves, too, now.

AN. I call to mind the wisdom of our Mother
Venus, who would have *Cupid* have a Brother—

ER. To looke upon, and thrive. Mee seemes I grew
 Three inches higher sin' I met with you.
 It was the Counsell, that the *Oracle* gave
 Your Nurses the glad *Graces*, sent to crave
Themis advice. You doe not know (quoth shee)

The nature of this Infant. *Love* may be
 Brought forth thus little, live a-while alone,
 But ne're will prosper, if he have not one
 Sent after him to play with. ER. Such another
 As you are *Anteros*, our loving brother.

AN. Who would be alwayes, planted, in your eye;
 For *Love*, by *Love* increaseth mutually.

ER. Wee, either, looking on each other, thrive;

AN. Shoot up, grow galliard— ER. Yes, and more alive!

AN. When one's away, it seemes we both are lesse.

ER. I was a Dwarfe, an Urchin, I confesse,
 Till you were present. AN. But a bird of wing,
 Now, fit to flie before a Queene, or King.

ER. I ha' not one sick feather sin' you came,
 But turn'd a jollier *Cupid*. AN. Then I am.

ER. I love my Mothers braine, could thus provide
 For both in Court, and give us each our side,
 Where we might meet. AN. Embrace. ER. Circle each other.

AN. Conferre, and whisper. ER. Brother, with a Brother.

AN. And by this sweet Contention for the *Palme*,
 Unite our appetites, and make them calme.

ER. To will, and nill one thing. AN. And so to move
 Affection in our Wills, as in our *Love*.

ER. It is the place sure breeds it, where wee are,

AN. The King, and Queenes Court, which is circular,
 And perfect. ER. The pure schoole that we live in,
 And is of purer *Love*, a Discipline.

Philalethes.

NO more of your Poetrie (prettie *Cupids*) lest presuming on your lit-
 tle wits, you prophane the intention of your service. The Place
 I confesse, wherein by the Providence of your Mother *Venus*) you are
 now planted, is the divine Schoole of *Love*. An Academic, or Court,
 where all the true lessons of *Love* are throughly read and taught. The
 Reasons, the Proportions, and Harmonic, drawne forth in analytick Ta-
 bles, and made demonstrable to the *Senses*. Which if you (Brethren)
 should report, and sweare to, would hardly get credit above a Fable,
 here in the edge of *Darbyshire* (the region of *Ale*) because you relate in
 Rime.

Rime. O, that Rime is a shrewd disease, and makes all suspected it would perswade. Leave it, prettie *Cupids*, leave it. Rime will undoe you, and hinder your growth, and reputation in Court, more then any thing beside you have either mention'd, or fear'd. If you dable in Poëtrie once, it is done of your being believ'd, or understood here. No man will trust you in this Verge, but conclude you for a meere case of Canters, or a paire of wandring Gipsies.

Returne to your selves (little Deities) and admire the Miracles you serve, this excellent *King*, and his unparallel'd *Queene*, who are the Canons, the Decretals, and whole Schoole-Divinitie of Love. Contemplate, and studie them. Here shall you read *Hymen*, having lighted two Torches, either of which enflame mutually, but waste not. One Love by the others aspect increasing, and both in the right lines of aspiring. The Fates spinning them round and even threds, and of their whitest wooll, without brack, or purle. Fortune, and Time fetter'd at their feet with Adamantine Chaines, their wings deplum'd, for starting from them. All amiableness in the richest dresse of delight and colours, courting the season to tarry by them, and make the *Idea* of their Felicitie perfect; together with the love, knowledge, and dutie of their Subjects perpetuall. So wisheth the glad, and gratefull Client, seated here, the over-joy'd Master of the house; and prayeth that the whole Region about him could speake but his language. Which is, that first the Peoples love would let that People know their owne happinesse, and that knowledge could confirme their duties, to an admiration of your sacred Persons; discended, one from the most peacefull, the other the most warlike, both your pious, and just progenitors; from whom, as out of Peace came Strength, and out of the Strong came sweetnesse, alluding to the holy Riddle, so in you joyn'd by holy marriage in the flower and ripenesse of yeares, live the promise of a numerous Succession to your Scepters, and a strength to secure your owne Ilands, with their owne Ocean, but more your owne Palme-branches, the Types of perpetuall Victorie. To which, two words be added, a zealous *Amen*, and ever rounded, with a Crowne of *Welcome*. Welcome, Welcome.

* * *

MORTIMER

HIS

FALL.

A

TRAGEDIE,

VVRITTEN

BY

BEN. JOHNSON.

HOR. in Art. Poëtic.

Et docuit magnūq; loqui, nitiq; cothurno.

Printed M.DC.XL.

MORTIMER

HIS

FALL

A

TRAGEDIE

WRITTEN

BY

BEY. JONAS.

No. 1. in Art. Poetic.

Es decuit magnamq. sedmi. nitid. corpore.

Printed M.DC.XL.

The Persons Names.

MORTIMER. Earle of *March.*

ISABEL. Queene Mother.

ADAM D'ORLTON. B. of *Worc'ter.*

CHORUS. Of Ladies, Knights, and Squires.

EDWARD. 3. K. of *England.*

JOHN, the K. Brother. Earle of *Cornwall.*

HEN. the K. Cofin. Earle of *Lancaster.*

W. MOUNTACUTE. K. Servant.

R O. D'ELAND. Const. of *Not. Castle.*

NUNCIUS. Or a Herald.

Argu.

Arguments.

The first Act comprehends Mortimers pride and securitie, rayssed to the degree of an Earle, by the Queenes favour, and love; with the Counsell of Adam D'orlton, the politique B. of Worc'ter, against Lancaster.

The Chorus of Ladyes, celebrating the worthinesse of the Queene, in rewarding Mortimers services, and the Bishops.

The second Act shewes the Kings love, and respect to his Mother, that will heare nothing against Mortimers greatnesse, or beleve any report of her extraordinary favours to him, but imputes all to his Cousin Lancasters envie; and commands there-after, an utter silence of those matters.

The Chorus of Courtiers, celebrating the Kings worthinesse of Nature, and Affection to his Mother, who will heare nothing, that may trench upon her honour, though deliver'd by his Kinsman, of such neerenesse, and thereby take occasion to extoll the Kings pietie, and their owne happinesse under such a King.

The third Act relates (by the occasion of a vision, the blind Earle of L. had) to the Kings Brother E. of Cornwall, the horreur of their Fathers death, and the cunning making away of their Uncle, the Earle of K. by Mortimers hired practise.

The Chorus of Countrey Justices, and their Wives, telling how they were deluded, and made beleve, the old King liv'd, by the shew of him in Corfe Castle; and how they saw him eat, and use his knife, like the old King, &c. with the description of the feigned Lights, and Masques there, that deceiv'd hem, all which came from the Court.

The fourth Act expresseth by conference betweene the K. and his Brother a change, and intention to explore the truth of those reports, and a charge of employing W. Montacute, to get the keyes of the Castle of Nott. into the K. power, and draw the Constable, Sir Rob. D'Eland, to their party.

Mortimers securitie, scorne of the Nobilitie, too much familiaritie with the Queene, related by the Chorus, the report of the Kings surprizing him in his Mothers bed-chamber, a generall gladnesse, his being sent to execution.

The fifth Act, the Earle of Lancasters following the crie, and meeting the report. The Celebration of the Kings Justice.

MOR-

MORTIMER

HIS FALL.

Act I.

MORTIMER.

THis Rise is made, yet ! and we now stand, ranck'd,
To view about us, all that were above us !
Nought hinders now our prospect, all are even,
We walke upon a Levell. *Mortimer*
Is a great Lord of late, and a new thing ! ——— *A Prince, an Earle, and*
At what a divers price, doe divers men *Casie to the King.*
A& the same things ! Another might have had
Perhaps the Hurdle, or at least the Axe,
For what I have this Crownet, Robes, and Waxe.
There is a Fate, that flies with towring spirits
Home to the marke, and never checks at conscience.
Poore plodding Priests, and preaching Friars may make
Their hollow Pulpits, and the empty Iles
Of Churches ring with that round word : But wee
That draw the subtile, and more piercing ayre,
In that sublimed region of Court,
Know all is good, we make so, and goe on
Secur'd by the prosperity of our crimes.
To day, is *Mortimer* made Earle of *March*.
For what ? For that, the very thinking it
Would make a Citizen start ! some politique Tradesman
Curle with the Caution of a Constable !
But I, who am no common Councell man,
Knew, injuries of that darke nature done
Were to be thoroughly done, and not be left
To feare of a revenge. They are light offences
Which admit that. The great ones get above it.
Man doth not nurse a deadlier peece of follie
To his high temper, and brave soule, then that
Of fancying goodnesse, and a seale to live by
So differing from mans life. As if with Lyons,
Beares, Tigers, Wolves, and all those beasts of Prey,
He would affect to be a Sheepe ! Can man

Neglect

Neglect what is, so, to attaine what should be,
 As rather he will call on his owne ruine,
 Then worke t' assure his safetie: I should thinke
 When 'mongst a world of bad, none can be good,
 (I meane so absolutely good, and perfect,
 As our religious Confessors would have us)
 It is enough, we doe decline the rumour
 Of doing monstrous things: And, yet, if those
 Were of emolument, unto our ends,
 Even of those, the wiseman will make friends
 For all the brand, and safely doe the ill,
 As Usurers rob, or our Physicians kill.

ISABEL. MORTIMER.

My Lord ! sweet *Mortimer* ! MOR. My Q. my Mistresse !
 My Sovereigne ! nay, my Goddesse ! and my *Funno* !
 What name, or title, as a marke of Power
 Upon me, should I give you ? IS. A. *Isabel*,
 Your *Isabel*, and you my *Mortimer* :
 Which are the markes of Paritie, not power
 And these are titles, best become our love.

MOR. Can you fall under those ? IS. A. Yes, and be happie.
 Walke forth, my lov'd, and gentle *Mortimer*,
 And let my longing eyes enjoy their feast,
 And fill of thee ; my faire-shap'd, God-like man:
 Thou art a banquet unto all my Senses;
 Thy forme doth feast mine eye, thy voyce mine eare,
 Thy breath, my smell, thy every kisse my taste,
 And softnesse of thy skin, my very touch :
 As if I felt it daetile through my blood.
 I ne're was reconciled to these robes,
 This garbe of *England*, till I saw thee in them.
 Thou mak'st, they seeme not boistrous, nor rude,
 Like my rough haughty Lords *de Engle-terre*,
 With whom I have so many yeares beene troubled.

MOR. But now redeem'd, and set at libertie,
 Queene of your selfe, and them.

Left unfinished.

HORACE, HIS ART

OF

POETRIE.

MADE ENGLISH

BY

BEN. JOHNSON.

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HORATIUS

DE ARTE

POETICA.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
 Fungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas,
 Undiq; collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
 Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
 Spectatam admissi risum teneatis, amici?
 Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae fore librum
 Persimilem; cuius, velut agri somnia, vanae
 Fingentur species, ut nec pes, nec caput, uni
 Reddatur formae. Pictoribus, atq; Poëtis,
 Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas.
 Scimus; & hanc veniam petimusq; damusq; vicissim:
 Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
 Serpentes avibus gementar, tigribus agni.
 Incæptis gravibus plerunq; & magna professis,
 Purpureus latè qui splendeat unus & alter
 Assuitur pannus, cum lucus, & ara Dianæ,
 Et properantis aqua per amœnos ambitus agros,
 Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
 Sed nunc non erat his locus: & fortasse, cupressum
 Scis simulare. quid hoc, si fractis enatat ex spes
 Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cæpit
 Institui; currente rotâ, cur urceus exiit?
 Deniq; sit, quod vis, simplex duntaxat, & unum.

HORACE,

OF

THE ART

OF

POETRIE.

IF to a Womans head a Painter would
 Set a Horse-neck, and divers feathers fold
 On every limbe, ta'en from a severall creature,
 Presenting upwards, a faire female feature,
 Which in some swarthie fish uncomely ends:
 Admitted to the sight, although his friends
 Could you containe your laughter? Credit mee,
 This peece, my *Piso's*, and that booke agree,
 Whose shapes, like sick-mens dreames, are fain'd so vaine,
 As neither head, nor foot, one forme retaine.
 But equall power, to Painter, and to Poët,
 Of daring all, hath still beene given; we know it:
 And both doe crave, and give againe, this leave.
 Yet, not as therefore wild, and tame should cleave
 Together: not that we should Serpents see
 With Doves; or Lambes, with Tygres coupled be.

In grave beginnings, and great things profest,
 Ye have oft-times, that may ore-shine the rest,
 A Scarlet peece, or two, stitch'd in: when or
Diana's Grove, or Altar, with the bor-
 Dring Circles of swift waters that intwine
 The pleasant grounds, or when the River *Rhine*,
 Or Rainbow is describ'd. But here was now
 No place for these. And, Painter, hap'ly, thou
 Know'st only well to paint a Cipresse tree.
 What's this? if he whose money hireth thee
 To paint him, hath by swimming hopelesse scap'd,
 The whole fleet wreck'd: a great jarre to be shap'd,
 Was meant at first. Why forcing still about
 Thy labouring wheele, comes scarce a Pitcher out.
 In short; I bid, Let what thou work'st upon,
 Be simply quite throughout, and wholly one.

Maxima pars vatum, pater, & juvenes patre digni,
 Decipimur specie recti : Brevis esse laboro,
 Obscurus fio : Sectantem levia, nervi
 Deficiunt animiq; : professus grandia, turget :
 Serpit humi, tutus nimium, timidusq; procella.
 Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
 Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.
 In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.

Æmilium circa ludum faber imus, & ungueis
 Exprimet, & molleis imitabitur ære capillos;
 Infelix operis summa : quia ponere totum
 Nesciet. Hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,
 Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,
 Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroq; capillo.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, equam
 Viribus, & versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
 Quid valeant humeri. cui lecta potenter erit res,
 Nec facundia deserit hunc, nec lucidus ordo.
 Ordinis hæc virtus erit, & Venus, aut ego fallor,
 Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
 Pleraq; differat : & præsens in tempus omittat.
 Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis autor.

In verbis etiam tenuis cautusq; serendis,
 Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
 Reddiderit junctura novum. Si fortè necesse est,
 Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum;
 Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
 Continget, dabiturq; licentia, sumpta pudenter.
 Et nova fictaq; nupèr habebunt verba fidem, si
 Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta. Quid autem
 Cæcilio, Plautoq; dabit Romanus, ademptum
 Virgilio, Varioque ? ego cur acquirere pauca
 Si possum, invideor : cùm lingua Catonis, & Enni
 Sermone patrum ditaverit ; & nova rerum

Most Writers, noble Sire, and either Sonne,
 Are, with the likenesse of the truth, undone.
 My selfe for shortnesse labour, and I grow
 Obscure. This striving to run smooth, and flow,
 Hath neither soule, nor sinewes. Loftie he
 Professing greatnesse, swells: That low by lee
 Creepes on the ground; too safe, too afraid of storme.
 This seeking, in a various kind, to forme
 One thing, prodigiouſly, paints in the woods
 A Dolphin, and a Boare amid' the floods.
 So, shunning faults, to greater fault doth lead,
 When in a wrong, and artlesse way we tread.
 The worst of Statuaries, here about
 Th' *Æmilian* Schoole, in brasse can fashion out
 The nailes; and every curled haire disclose,
 But in the maine worke haplesse: since he knowes
 Not to designe the whole. Should I aspire
 To forme a worke, I would no more desire
 To be that Smith; then live, mark'd one of those,
 With faire black eyes, and haire; and a wry nose.

Take, therefore, you that write, still, matter fit
 Unto your strength, and long examine it,
 Upon your Shoulders. Prove what they will beare,
 And what they will not. Him whose choice doth reare
 His matter to his power, in all he makes,
 Nor language, nor cleere order ere forsakes.
 The vertue of which order, and true grace,
 Or I am much deceiv'd, shall be to place
 Invention. Now, to speake; and then differ
 Much, that mought now be spoke: omitted here
 Till fitter season. Now, to like of this;
 Lay that aside, the *Epicks* office is.

In using also of new words, to be
 Right spare, and warie: then thou speak'st to mee
 Most worthie praise, when words that common grew,
 Are, by thy cunning placing, made meere new.
 Yet, if by chance, in utt'ring things abstruse,
 Thou need new termes; thou maist, without excuse,
 Faine words, unheard of to the well-trust'd race
 Of the *Cethegi*; And all men will grace,
 And give, being taken modestly, this leave,
 And those thy new, and late-coyn'd words receive,
 So they fall gently from the *Grecian* spring,
 And come not too much wrested. What's that thing,
 A Roman to *Cacilius* will allow,
 Or *Plautus*, and in *Virgil* disavow,
 Or *Varius*? why am I now envi'd so,
 If I can give some small increase? When, loe,
Cato's and *Ennius* tongues have lent much worth,
 And wealth unto our language; and brought forth

*Nomina protulerit? Licuit, semperq̃, licebit,
Signatum presente notâ producere nomen.*

*Ut silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,
Prima cadunt; ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigentq̃.
Debemur morti nos, nostraq̃: sive receptus
Terrâ Neptunus, classes Aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus, sterilisve diu palus, aptaq̃, remis,
Vicinas urbes alit, & grave sentit aratrum:
Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis;
Doctus iter melius. Mortalia facta peribunt:
Nedum sermonum stet honos, & gratia vivax.
Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere, cadentq̃,
Quæ nunc sunt in honore, vocabula, si volet usus;
Quem penes arbitrium est, & vis, & norma loquendi.*

*Res gestæ regumq̃, ducumq̃, & tristia bella
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.
Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
Post etiâ inclusæ est voti sententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisit author,
Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub iudice lis est.
Musa dedit fidibus Divos puerosq̃, Deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.*

*Archilochum proprio rabies armavit Iambo.
Hanc socci cepere pedem, grandesq̃, cothurni,
Alternis aptum sermonibus, & populares
Vincentem strepitus, & natum rebus agendis.*

*Versibus exponi Tragicis res Comica non vult.
Indignatur item privatis, ac propè socco
Dignis carminibus celebrari cæna Thyestæ.
Singula quæq̃, locum teneant sortita decenter.
Descriptas servare vices operumq̃, colores,
Cur ego, si nequeo, ignoroq̃, Poëta salutor?
Cur nescire pudens pravè, quàm discere malo?
Interdum tamen, & vocem Comædia tollit,*

New names of things. It hath beene ever free,
And ever will, to utter termes that bee
Stamp'd to the time. As woods whose change appeares
Still in their leaves, throughout the sliding yeares,
The first-borne dying, so the aged state
Of words decay, and phrases borne but late
Like tender buds shoot up, and freshly grow.
Our selves, and all that's ours, to death we owe:
Whether the Sea receiv'd into the shore,
That from the North, the Navie safe doth store,
A kingly worke; or that long barren fen
Once rowable, but now doth nourish men
In neighbour-townes, and fees the weightie plough;
Or the wilde river, who hath changed now
His course so hurtfull both to graine, and seedes,
Being taught a better way. *All mortall deeds*
Shall perish: so farre off it is, the state,
Or grace of speech, should hope a lasting date.
Much phrase that now is dead, shall be reviv'd;
And much shall dye, that now is nobly liv'd,
If Custome please; at whose disposing will
The power, and rule of speaking resteth still.

The gests of Kings, great Captaines, and sad Warres,
What number best can fit, *Homer* declares.

In Verse unequall match'd, first sowre Laments,
After mens Wishes, crown'd in their events
Were also clos'd: But, who the man should be,
That first sent forth the dapper Elegie,
All the Grammarians strive; and yet in Court
Before the Judge, it hangs, and waites report.

Unto the Lyrick Strings, the Muse gave grace
To chant the Gods, and all their God-like race,
The conqu'ring Champion, the prime Horse in course,
Fresh Lovers businesse, and the Wines free source.
Th' Iambick arm'd *Archilochus* to rave,
This foot the socks tooke up, and buskins grave,
As fit t' exchange discourse; a Verse to win
On popular noise with, and doe businesse in.

The Comick matter will not be exprest
In tragick Verse; no lesse *Thyestes* feast
Abhorres low numbers, and the private straine
Fit for the sock: Each subject should retaine
The place allotted it, with decent thewes.
If now the turnes, the colours, and right hues
Of Poëms here describ'd, I can, nor use,
Nor know t' observe: Why (i' the Muses name)
Am I call'd Poët? wherefore with wrong shame,
Perverfly modest, had I rather owe
To ignorance still, then either learne, or know.
Yet, sometime, doth the Comedie excite

*Iratusq; Chremes timido delitigat ore,
 Et Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri
 Telephus, & Peleus, cum pauper, & exul uterq;
 Projicit ampullas, & sesquipedalia verba,
 Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.
 Non satis est pulchra esse poemata: dulcia sumo,
 Et quocunq; volent animum auditoris agunto.
 Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent
 Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est
 Primum ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia ledent
 Telephe, vel Pelu. Male si mandata loqueris,
 Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. Tristia mæstum
 Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum:
 Ludentem, lasciva: severum, seria dictu.
 Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem
 Fortunarum habitum: iuvat, aut impellit ad iram,
 Aut ad humum mærore gravi deducit, & angit:
 Post effert animi motus interprete linguâ.
 Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
 Romani tollent equites peditesq; cachinnum.
 Intererit multum, Davus ne loquatur, an heros:
 Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventâ
 Fervidus: an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix:
 Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli:
 Colchus, an Assyrius: Thebis nutritus, an Argis?
 Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge
 Scriptor. Honoratum si fortè reponis Achillem,
 Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
 Fura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
 Sit Medea ferox, invictaq; flebilis Ino,
 Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.
 Si quid inexpertum scena committis, & audes,
 Personam formare novam; servetur ad imum
 Qualis ad incæpto pro cesserit, & sibi constet.*

Her voyce, and angry *Chremes* chafes out-right
 With swelling throat: and, oft the tragick wight
 Complaines in humble phrased. Both *Telephus*,
 And *Peleus*, if they seeke to heart-strike us
 That are Spectators, with their miserie,
 When they are poore, and banish'd, must throw by
 Their bombard-phrased, and foot-and-halfe-foot words:
 'Tis not enough, th' elaborate Muse affords
 Her Poem's beautie, but a sweet delight
 To worke the hearers minds, still, to their plight.
 Mens faces, still, with such as laugh, are prone
 To laughter; so they grieve with those that mone.
 If thou would'st have me weepe, be thou first drown'd
 Thy selfe in teares, then me thy losse will wound,
Peleus, or *Telephus*. If you speake vile
 And ill-penn'd things, I shall, or sleepe, or smile.
 Sad language fits sad lookes; stuff'd menacings,
 The angry brow; the sportive, wanton things;
 And the severe, speech ever serious.
 For Nature, first within doth fashion us
 To every state of fortune; she helps on,
 Or urgeth us to anger; and anon
 With weightie sorrow hurles us all along,
 And tortures us: and, after by the tongue
 Her truch-man, she reports the minds each throw.
 If now the phrased of him that speakes, shall flow
 In sound, quite from his fortune; both the rout,
 And Roman Gentry, jearing, will laugh out.
 It much will differ, if a God speake, than,
 Or an *Heroe*; If a ripe old man,
 Or some hot youth, yet in his flourishing course;
 Where some great Lady, or her diligent Nourse;
 A ventring Merchant, or the Farmer free
 Of some small thankfull land: whether he bee
 Of *Cholchis* borne; or in *Assyria* bred;
 Or, with the milke of *Thebes*; or *Argus*, fed.
 Or follow fame, thou that dost write, or faine
 Things in themselves agreeing: If againe
 Honour'd *Achilles* chance by thee be seiz'd,
 Keepe him still active, angry, un-appeas'd,
 Sharpe, and contemning lawes, at him should aime,
 Be nought so 'bove him but his sword let claime.

Medea make brave with impetuous scorne;
Ino bewaild; *Ixion* false, forsworne;
 Poore *Jo* wandring; wild *Orestes* mad:
 If something strange, that never yet was had
 Unto the Scene thou bringst, and dar'st create
 A meere new person. Looke he keepe his state
 Unto the last, as when he first went forth,
 Still to be like himselfe, and hold his worth.

Difficile est propriè communia dicere; tuq;
 Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,
 Quàm si proferres ignota, indictaq; primus.
 Publica materies privati juris erit; si
 Nec circa vilem, patulumq; moraberis orbem:
 Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
 Interpres: nec desilies imitator in arctum,
 Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.
 Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim:
 Fortunam Priami cantabo, & nobile bellum.
 Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
 Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.
 Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur ineptè:
 Dic mihi Musa virum, capte post tempora Trojæ,
 Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, & urbeis.
 Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
 Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
 Antiphaten, Scyllamq; & cum Cyclope Charybdim:
 Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.
 Semper ad eventum festinat, & in medias res,
 Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: & quæ
 Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.
 Atq; ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
 Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet inum.
 Tu quid ego, & populus mecum desideret, audi.
 Si plausoris eges aulae manentis, & usq;
 Sessuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat,
 Aetatis cuiusq; notandi sunt tibi mores,
 Mobilibusq; decor naturis dandus, & annis.
 Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certo
 Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, & iram
 Colligit, ac ponit temerè, & mutatur in horas.
 Imberbis juvenis tandem custode remoto,
 Gaudet equis, canibusq;, & aprici gramine campi,
 Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,

'T is hard, to speake things common, properly:
 And thou maist better bring a *Rhapsody*
 Of *Homers*, forth in acts, then of thine owne,
 First publish things unspoken, and unknowne.
 Yet common matter thou thine owne maist make,
 If thou the vile, broad-troden ring forsake.
 For, being a Poet, thou maist feigne, create,
 Not care, as thou wouldst faithfully translate,
 To render word for word: nor with thy sleight
 Of imitation, leape into a streight,
 From whence thy Modestie, or Poëmes law
 Forbids thee forth againe thy foot to draw.
 Nor so begin, as did that Circler late,
 I sing a noble Warre, and *Priam's* Fate.
 What doth this Promiser such gaping worth
 Afford? The Mountaines travail'd, and brought forth
 A scorned Mousse! O, how much better this,
 Who nought assaies unaptly, or amisse?
 Speake to me, Muse, the Man, who after Troy was sack't,
 Saw many Townes, and Men, and could their manners tract.
 Hee thinkes not, how to give you smoake from light,
 But light from smoake; that he may draw his bright
 Wonders forth after: As *Antiphates*,
Scylla, *Charybdis*, *Polypheme*, with these.
 Nor from the brand, with which the life did burne
 Of *Meleager*, brings he the returne
 Of *Diomedes*; nor *Troyes* sad Warre begins
 From the two Egges, that did disclose the twins.
 He ever hastens to the end, and so
 (As if he knew it) rapps his hearer to
 The middle of his matter: letting goe
 What he despaires, being handled, might not show.
 And so well faines, to mixeth cunningly
 Falshood with truth, as no man can espie
 Where the midst differs from the first: or where
 The last doth from the midst dis-joyn'd appeare.
 Heare, what it is the People, and I desire:
 If such a ones applause thou dost require,
 That tarries till the hangings be ta'en downe,
 And sits, till the *Epilogue* saies Clap, or Crowne,
 The customes of each age thou must observe,
 And give their yeares, and natures, as they swerve,
 Fit rites. The Child, that now knowes how to say,
 And can tread firme, longs with like lads to play;
 Soone angry, and soone pleas'd, is sweet, or lowre,
 He knowes not why, and changeth every houre.
 Th' unbearded Youth, his Guardian once being gone,
 Loves Dogges, and Horses; and is ever one
 I' the open field; Is Waxe like to be wrought
 To every vice, as hardly to be brought.

*Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,
Sublimis, cupidusq̃, & amata relinquere pernix.*

*Conversis studiis ætas, animusq̃ virilis
Quærit opes, & amicitias : inservit honori :
Commisisse cavet, quod mox mutare laboret.*

*Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda, vel quod
Quærit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti :
Vel quod res omneis timidè gelideq̃ ministrat;
Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusq̃ futuri,
Difficilis, querulus, laudater temporis acti
Se puero : censor, castigatq̃ minorum.*

*Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum :
Multa recedentes adimunt. ne fortè seniles
Mudentur juveni partes, pueroq̃ viriles,
Semper in adjunctis, ævoq̃ morabimur aptis.*

*Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in scenam : multaq̃ tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet :
Aut humana palàm coquat exta nefarius Atreus :
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcumq̃, ostendit mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

*Nève minor, quinto, neu sit productior actus
Fabula quæ posci vult, & spectata reponi.
Nec Deus inter sit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit : nec quartæ loqui personæ laboret.*

*Autoris parteis chorus, officiumq̃ virile
Defendat, neu quid medios intercinat actus
Quod non proposito conducat, & hæreat aptè.
Ille bonis faveatq̃, & concilietur amicè.
Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentis.*

To endure counsell: A Provider flow
For his owne good, a carelesse letter-goe
Of money, haughtie, to desire soon mov'd,
And then as swift to leave what he hath lov'd.

These studies alter now, in one, growne man;
His better'd mind seekes wealth, and friendship: than
Lookes after honours, and bewares to act
What straight-way he must labour to retract.

The old man many evils doe girt round;
Either because he seekes, and, having found,
Doth wretchedly the use of things forbear,
Or do's all businesse coldly, and with feare;
A great deferrer, long in hope, growne numbe
With sloth, yet greedy still of what's to come:
Froward, complaining, a commender glad
Of the times past, when he was a young lad;
And still correcting youth, and censuring.

Mans comming yeares much good with them doe bring:
At his departing take much thence: lest, then,
The parts of age to youth be given; or men
To children; we must alwayes dwell, and stay
In fitting proper adjuncts to each day.

The businesse either on the Stage is done,
Or acted told. But, ever, things that run
In at the eare, doe stirre the mind more flow
Then those the faithfull eyes take in by show,
And the beholder to himselfe doth render.
Yet, to the Stage, at all thou maist not tender
Things worthy to be done within, but take
Much from the sight, which faire report will make
Present anone: *Medea* must not kill
Her Sonnes before the people; nor the ill-
Natur'd, and wicked *Atreus* Cooke, to th' eye,
His Nephews entrails; nor must *Progne* flie
Into a Swallow there; Nor *Cadmus* take,
Upon the Stage, the figure of a Snake.
What so is showne, I not beleeve, and hate.

Nor must the Fable, that would hope the Fate
Once seene, to be againe call'd for, and plaid,
Have more or lesse then just five Acts: nor laid,
To have a God come in; except a knot
Worth his untying happen there: And not
Any fourth man, to speake at all, aspire.

An Actors parts, and Office too, the Quire
Must maintaine manly; not be heard to sing
Betweene the Acts, a quite cleane other thing
Then to the purpose leades, and fitly 'grees.
It still must favour good men, and to these
Be wonne a friend; It must both sway, and bend
The angry, and love those that feare t' offend.

Praise

Ille dapeis laudet mensæ brevis : ille salubrem
 Fustitiam, legesq; & apertis otia portis.
 Ille tegat commissa, Deosq; precetur, & oret,
 Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.

Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vineta, tubaq;
 Æmula, sed tenuis, simplex foramine paucò
 Aspirare, & adesse choris erat utilis, atque
 Nondùm spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu.

Quò sanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
 Et frugi, castusq; verecundusq; coibat.

Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem
 Latior amplecti murus, Vinoq; diurno,
 Placari Genius festis impunè diebus,
 Accessit numerisq; modisq; licentia major.

Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberq; laborum,
 Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?

Sic prisca motumq;, & luxuriam addidit arti
 Tibicen, traxitq; vagus per pulpita vestem.

Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,

Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præcepit:

Utiliumq; sagax rerum, & divina futuri

Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.

Ignotum Tragicæ genus invenisse Camæna

Dicitur, & plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,

Quæ canerent agerentq; peruncti facibus ora.

Post hunc personæ pallaq; repertor honestæ

Æschylus, & modicis instravit pulpita tignis,

Et docuit magnumq; loqui nitiq; coturno.

Carmine qui Tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,

Mox etiam agresteis Satyros nudavit, & asper

Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit : eò quòd

Illecebris erat, & gratâ novitate morandus

Speçtator, functusq; sacris, & potus, & exlex.

Verùm ita risores, ita commendare dicaces

Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere seria ludo:

Ne, quicumq; Deus, quicumq; adhibebitur Heros,

Praise the spare diet, wholesome justice, lawes,
Peace, and the open ports, that peace doth cause
Hide faults, pray to the Gods, and wish aloud
Fortune would love the poore, and leave the proud.

The Hau'-boy, not as now with latten bound,
And rivall with the Trumpet for his sound,
But soft, and simple, at few holes breath'd time
And tune too, fitted to the *Chorus* rime,
As loud enough to fill the seates, not yet
So over-thick, but, where the people met,
They might with ease be numbred, being a few
Chaste, thriftie, modest folke, that came to view.
But, as they conquer'd, and enlarg'd their bound,
That wider Walls embrac'd their Citie round,
And they uncensur'd might at Feasts, and Playes
Steepe the glad *Genius* in the Wine, whole dayes,
Both in their tunes, the licence greater grew,
And in their numbers; For, alas, what knew
The Ideot, keeping holy-day, or drudge,
Clowne, Towns-man, base, and noble, mix'd, to judge?
Thus, to his antient Art the Piper lent
Gesture, and riot, whilst he swooping went
In his train'd Gowne about the Stage: So grew
In time to Tragedie, a Musicke new.
The rash, and head-long eloquence brought forth
Unwonted language; And that sense of worth
That found out profit, and foretold each thing
Now differ'd not from *Delphick* riddling.

Thespis is said to be the first found out
The Tragedie, and carried it about,
Till then unknowne, in Carts, wherein did ride
Those that did sing, and act: their faces dy'd
With lees of Wine. Next *Eschylus*, more late
Brought in the Visor, and the robe of State,
Built a small timbred Stage, and taught them talke
Loftie, and grave; and in the buskin stalke.
Hee too, that did in Tragick Verse contend,
For the vile Goat, soone after, forth did send
The rough rude Satyres naked; and would try,
Though sower, with safetie of his gravitie.
How he could jest, because he mark'd and saw
The free spectators, subject to no Law,
Having well eat, and drunke: the rites being done,
Were to be staid with softnesses, and wonne
With something that was acceptably new.
Yet so the scoffing Satyres to mens view,
And so their prating to present was best,
And so to turne all earnest into jest,
As neither any God, were brought in there,
Or Semi-god, that late was scene to weare

*Regali conspectus in auro nuper, & ostro,
Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas;
Aut, dum vitat humum, nubeis, & inania captet.*

*Effutire leveis indigna Tragedia versus:
Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,
Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.*

*Non ego inornata, & dominantia nomina solum,
Verbaq; Pisones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo:
Nec sic enitar Tragico differre colori
Ut nihil intersit, Davusne loquatur, an audax
Pythias emuncto lucrata Simone talentum;
An custos, fumulusq; dei Silenus alumni.*

*Ex noto fictum carmen sequar, ut sibi quisvis
Speret idem: sudet multum frustra, laboret
Ausus idem: tantum series juncturaq; pollet:
Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris.
Silvis deducti caveant, me iudice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis, ac penè forenses,
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent, ignominiosaq; dicta.
Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, & pater, & res:
Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat, & nucis emptor,
Aequis accipiunt animis, donant' ve corona.*

*Successit vetus his Comædia non sine multa
Laude, sed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim
Dignam lege regi. Lex est accepta, chorusq;
Turpiter obtinuit, sublato jure nocendi.*

*Syllaba longa brevi subjecta, vocatur Iambus
Pes citus: unde etiam trimetris accrescere jussit
Nomen Iambeis, cum senos redderet ictus,
Primus ad extremum similis sibi: non ita pridem
Tardior ut paulo graviorq; veniret ad aureis,
Spondcos stabiles in jura paterna recepit
Commodus, & patiens: non ut de sede secunda
Cederet, aut quarta socialiter. hic & in Acci
Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus: & Enni.*

A royall Crowne, and purple; be made hop
With poore base termes, through every baser shop:
Or whilst he shuns the Earth, to catch at Aire
And emptie Clowdes. For Tragedie is faire,
And farre unworthy to blurt out light rimes;
But, as a Matrone drawne at solemne times
To Dance, so she should, shamefac'd, differ farre
From what th' obscene, and petulant Satyres are.

Nor I, when I write Satyres, will so love
Plaine phrased, my *Piso's*, as alone t' approve
Meere raigning words: nor will I labour so
Quite from all face of Tragedie to goe,
As not make difference, whether *Dawns* speake;
And the bold *Pythias*, having cheated weak
Simo; and, of a talent wip'd his purse;
Or old *Silenus*, *Bacchus* guard, and Nurse.

I can out of knowne geare, a fable frame,
And so, as every man may hope the same;
Yet he that offers at it, may sweat much,
And toile in yaine: the excellence is such
Of Order, and Connexion; so much grace
There comes sometimes to things of meanest place.
But, let the *Faunes*, drawne from their Groves, beware,
Be I their Judge, they doe at no time dare
Like men street-borne, and neere the Hall, reherse
Their youthfull tricks in over-wanton verse:
Or crack out bawdie speeches, and uncleane.
The Roman Gentry, Men of Birth, and Meane
Will take offence, at this: Nor, though it strike
Him that buyes chiches blanch't, or chance to like
The nut-crackers throughout, will they therefore
Receive, or give it an applause, the more.
To these succeeded the old Comœdie,
And not without much praise; till libertie
Fell into fault so farre, as now they saw
Her licence fit to be restrain'd by law:
Which law receiv'd, the *Chorus* held his peace,
His power of foulely hurting made to cease.

Two rest's, a short and long, th' *Iambick* frame;
A foot, whose swiftnesse gave the Verse the name
Of *Trimeter*, when yet it was fixe-pac'd,
But meere *Iambicks* all, from first to last.
Nor is't long since, they did with patience take
Into their birth-right, and for fittnesse sake,
The steadie *Spondees*; so themselves doe beare
More flow, and come more weightrie to the care:
Provided, ne're to yeeld, in any case
Of fellowship, the fourth, or second place.
This foot yet, in the famous *Trimeters*
Of *Accius*, and *Ennius*, rare appears:

*In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus,
 Aut opera celeris nimium, curaque carentis,
 Aut ignorata premit artis crimine turpi:
 Non qui vis videt immodulata poemata iudex.
 Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis,
 Idcircone vager, scribamque licenter? an omnibus
 Visuros peccata putem mea? tutus, & intra
 Spem venia cautus? vitavi denique culpam,
 Non laudem merui. Vos exemplaria Græca
 Nocturnam versate manu, versate diurnam.*

*At nostri proavi Plautinos, & numeros, &
 Laudavere saleis: nimium patienter utrumque,
 Ne dicam stultè, mirati; si modò ego, & vos
 Scimus inurbanum lepidò seponere dicto,
 Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus, & aure.*

*Nil intentatum nostri liquere poeta,
 Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca
 Ausi deserere, & celebrare domestica facta:
 Vel qui Prætextas, vel qui docuere Togatas.*

*Nec vertute foret, clarisque potentius armis,
 Quam linguam, Latiam, si non offenderet unum-
 Quemque poetarum lima labor, & mora. Vos o
 Pompilius sanguis carmen reprehendite, quod non
 Multa dies, & multa litura coercuit, atque
 Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.*

*Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte
 Credit, & excludit sanos Helicone poetas
 Democritus, bona pars non ungueis ponere curas,
 Non barbam, secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.
 Nanciscetur enim pretium, nomenque poeta,
 Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
 Tonso Lycino commiserit. O ego larvus,
 Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam.
 Non alius faceret meliora poemata. verum,
 Nil tanti est: ergo fugar vice cotis, acutum*

So rare, as with some taxe it doth ingage
Those heavie Verses sent so to the Stage,
Of too much haste, and negligence in part,
Or a worse Crime, the ignorance of art.
But every Judge hath not the facultie
To note in Poëmes, breach of harmonie;
And there is given too, unworthy leave
To Roman Poëts. Shall I therefore weave
My Verse at randome, and licentiously?
Or rather, thinking all my faults may spie,
Grow a safe Writer, and be warie-driven
Within the hope of having all forgiven.
'T is cleare, this way I have got off from blame,
But, in conclusion, merited no fame.
Take you the Greeke Examples, for your light,
In hand, and turne them over day, and night.
Our Ancestors did *Plautus* numbers praise,
And jests; and both to admiration raise
Too patiently, that I not fondly say;
If either you, or I, know the right way
To part scurrilitie from wit: or can
A lawfull Verse, by th' eare, or finger scan.

Our Poëts, too, left nought unproved here;
Nor did they merit the lesse Crowne to weare,
In daring to forsake the *Grecian* tracts,
And celebrating our owne home-borne facts;
Whether the guarded *Tragedie* they wrought,
Or 't were the gowned *Comedy* they taught.

Nor had our *Italie* more glorious bin
In vertue, and renowne of armes, then in
Her language, if the Stay, and Care t' have mended;
Had not our every Poët like offended.
But you, *Pompilius* off-spring, spare you not
To taxe that Verse, which many a day, and blot
Have not kept in; and (left perfection faile)
Not ten times o're, corrected to the naile.
Because *Democritus* beleeves a wit
Happier then wretched art, and doth, by it,
Exclude all sober Poëts, from their share
In *Helicon*; a great sort will not pare
Their nailes, nor shave their beards, but to by-paths
Retire themselves, avoid the publike baths;
For so, they shall not only gaine the worth,
But fame of Poëts, they thinke, if they come forth,
And from the Barber *Licinus* conceale
Their heads, which three *Anticyra's* cannot heale.
O I left-witted, that purge every spring
For choller! If I did not, who could bring
Out better Poëms? But I cannot buy
My title, at the rate, I'ad rather, I,

Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi.

Munus & officium nil scribens ipse docebo;

Unde parentur opes : quid alat formetq; Poëtam :

Quid deceat, quid non : quò virtus, quò ferat error.

Scribendi rectè, sapere, est & principium & fons.

Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ :

Verbaq; provisam rem non invita sequentur.

Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis :

Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, & hospes :

Quod sit conscripti, quod iudicis officium : quæ

Partes in bellum missi ducis : ille profectò

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuiq;.

Respicere exemplar vitæ, morumq; jubebo

Doctum imitatore, & veras hinc ducere voces.

Interdum speciosa locus, morataq; rectè

Fabula, nullius Veneris, sine pondere, & arte,

Valdius oblectat populum, meliusq; moratur,

Quàm versus inopes rerum, nugæq; canoræ.

Graiiis ingenium, Graiiis dedit ore rotundo

Musa loqui, præter laudem, nullius arvaris.

Romani pueri longis rationibus assent

Discunt in parteis centum diducere. Dicat

Filius Albini, Si de quincunce remota est

Uncia, quid superat ? poterat dixisse triens. ea,

Rem poteris servare tuam. reddit uncia : quid fit ?

semis. ad hæc animos ærugo, & cura peculi,

Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi

Posse linenda cedro, & levi servanda cupresso ?

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poëta,

Aut simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ.

Silvestres homines sacer, interpretq; Deorum,

Cadibus & victu sædo deterruit Orpheus,

Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres, rapidosq; leones :

Be like a Whet-stone, that an edge can put
On Steele, though 't selfe be dull, and cannot cut.
I writing nought my selfe, will teach them yet
Their Charge, and Office, whence their wealth to fet,
What nourisheth, what formed, what begot
The Poët, what becommeth, and what not:
Whether truth may, and whether error bring.

The very root of writing well, and spring
Is to be wise; thy matter first to know;
Which the *Socratick* writings best can show:
And, where the matter is provided still,
There words will follow, not against their will.
Hee, that hath studied well the debt, and knowes
What to his Countrey, what his friends he owes,
What height of love, a Parent will fit best,
What brethren, what a stranger, and his guest,
Can tell a States-mans dutie, what the arts
And office of a Judge are, what the parts
Of a brave Chiefe sent to the warres: He can,
Indeed, give fitting dues to every man.
And I still bid the learned Maker looke,
On life, and manners, and make those his booke,
Thence draw forth true expressions. For, sometimes,
A Poëme, of no grace, weight, art, in rimes
With specious places, and being humour'd right,
More strongly takes the people with delight,
And better stayes them there, then all fine noise
Of verse meere-matter-lesse, and tinckling toies.

The Muse not only gave the *Greek's* a wit
But a well-compass'd mouth to utter it.
Being men were covetous of nought, but praise;
Our Roman Youths they learne the subtle wayes
How to divide, into a hundred parts,
A pound, or piece, by their long computing arts:
There's *Albin's* sonne will say, Subtract an ounce
From the five ounces; what remains? pronounce
A third of twelve, you may: foure ounces. Glad,
He cries, Good boy, thou'lt keepe thine owne. Now, adde
An ounce, what makes it then? The halfe pound just;
Sixe ounces. O, whence once the canker'd rust,
And care of getting, thus, our minds hath stain'd,
Thinke wee, or hope, there can be Verses fain'd,
In juyce of *Cedar*, worthy to be steep'd,
And in smooth *Cypresse* boxes to be keep'd:
Poëts would either profit, or delight,
Or mixing sweet, and fit, reach life the right.

Orpheus, a priest, and speaker for the Gods
First frighted men, and wildly liv'd, at ods,
From slaughters, and foule life; and for the same
Was Tigers, said, and Lyons fierce, to tame.

*Dictus & Amphion Thebanæ conditor arcis
 Saxo movere sono testudinis, & prece blanda
 Dacere quo vellet. Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
 Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis,
 Concubitu prohibere vago : dare jura maritis,
 Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.
 Sic honor, & nomen divinis vatibus, atq;
 Carminibus venit. post hos insignis Homerus,
 Tyrtæusq; mares animos in tristia bella
 Versibus exacuit. dicta per carmina sortes,
 Et vita monstrata via est, & gratia regum
 Pieriis tentata modis, ludusq; repertus,
 Et longorum operum finis. ne forte pudori
 Sit tibi Musa lyra solers, & cantor Apollo.*

*Quicquid præcipies esto brevis : ut citò dicta
 Percipiant animi dociles, teneantq; fideles.
 Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.*

*Ficta, voluptatis causâ, sint proxima veris.
 Nec quodcunq; volet, poscat sibi fabula credi :
 Neu prænse Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.
 Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis :
 Celsi prætereunt austera poemata Rhamnes.
 Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,
 Lectorem delectando, pariterq; monendo.
 Hic meret æra liber Sotii : hic & mare transit,
 Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.*

*Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignovisse velimus.
 Nam neq; chorda sonum reddit, quem vult manus & mens,
 Poscentiq; gravem, persaperemittit acutum :
 Nec semper feriet, quodcunq; minabitur arcas.
 Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
 Offendar maculis, quas ant incuria fudit,
 Aut humana parum cavit natura. quid ergo?
 Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usq;
 Quamvis est monitus, venia caret & citharædus
 Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem:*

Amphion, too, that built the *Theban* towres,
Was said to move the stones, by his Lutes powers,
And lead them with soft songs, where that he would.
This was the wisdom, that they had of old,
Things sacred, from profane to separate;
The publike, from the private; to abate
Wild raging lusts; prescribe the marriage good;
Build Townes, and carve the Lawes in leaves of wood.
And thus at first, an honour, and a name
To divine Poets, and their Verses came.
Next these great *Homer* and *Tyrtæus* set
On edge the Masculine spirits, and did whet
Their minds to Warres, with rimes they did rehearse;
The Oracles, too, were given out in Verse;
All way of life was shewen; the grace of Kings
Attempted by the Muses tunes, and strings;
Playes were found out; and rest, the end, and crowne
Of their long labours, was in Verse set downe:
All which I tell, lest when *Apollo*'s nam'd,
Or *Muse*, upon the Lyre, thou chance b' asham'd.

Be brieft, in what thou wouldst command, that so
The docile mind may soon thy precepts know,
And hold them faithfully; For nothing rests,
But flowes out, that ore-swelleth in full breasts.

Let what thou fain'st for pleasures sake, be neere
The truth; nor let thy Fable thinke, what e're
It would, must be: lest it alive would draw
The Child, when *Lamia*' has din'd, out of her maw.
The *Poems* void of profit, our grave men
Cast out by voyces; want they pleasure, then
Our Gallants give them none, but passe them by:
But he hath every suffrage can apply
Sweet mix'd with sowre, to his Reader, so
As doctrine, and delight together go.
This booke will get the *Sossi* money; This
Will passe the Seas, and long as nature is,
With honour make the farre-knowne Author live.

There are yet faults, which we would well forgive,
For, neither doth the String still yeeld that sound
The hand, and mind would, but it will resound
Oft-times a Sharpe, when we require a Flat:
Nor alwayes doth the loosed Bow, hit that
Which it doth threaten. Therefore, where I see
Much in the *Poème* shine, I will not bee
Offended with few spots, which negligence
Hath shed, or humane frailtie not kept thence.
How then? Why, as a Scrivener, if h' offend
Still in the same, and warned will not mend,
Deserves no pardon; or who'd play, and sing
Is laugh'd at, that still jarreth on one string:

*Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Cherilus ille,
 Quem bis terq; bonum cum risu miror, & idem
 Indignor. quandoq; bonus dormitat Homerus.
 Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.*

*Ut pictura, poësis erit: quæ, si proprius stes,
 Te capiet magis, & quædam, si longius abstes.
 Hæc amat obscurum: volet hæc sub luce videri,
 Fudicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.
 Hæc placuit semel: hæc decies repetita placebit.*

*O major juvenum, quamvis & voce paternâ
 Fingeris ad rectum, & per te sapis, hoc tibi dictum
 Tolle memor: certis medium, & tolerabile rebus
 Rectè concedi. consultus juris, & actor
 Causarum mediocris, abest virtute disertæ
 Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cacellius Aulus:
 Sed tamen in pretio est. Mediocribus esse poëtis
 Non homines, non Dii, non concessere columna.*

*Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,
 Et crassum unguentum, & Sardo cum melle papaver,
 Offendunt; poterat duci quia cæna sine istis:
 Sic animis natum inventumq; poema juvandis,
 Si paulum summo discessit, vergit ad imum.*

*Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,
 Indoctusq; pilæ, discivæ, trochivæ, quiescit,
 Ne spissæ risum tollant impune corona.*

Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere: quid ni?

Liber, & ingenius, præsertim census equestrem

Summam nummorum, vitioq; remotus ab omni.

Tu nihil invitâ dices, faciesq; Minervâ.

Id tibi iudicium est, cæmens, si quid tamen olim

Scripseris, in Metii descendat iudicis aures,

Et patris, & nostras, nonumq; prematur in annum.

Membranis intus positis delere licebit,

Quod non ædideris. Nescit vox missa reverti.

Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,

Quæsitum est. ego nec studium sine divite vena,

So he that flaggeth much, becomes to me
A *Charilus*, in whom if I but see
Twice, or thrice good, I wonder: but am more
Angry. Sometimes, I heare good *Homer* snore.
But, I confesse, that, in a long worke, sleepe
May, with some right, upon an Author creepe.

As Painting, so is Poësie. Some mans hand
Will take you more, the neerer that you stand;
As some the farther off: This loves the darke;
This, fearing not the subtlest Judges marke
Will in the light be view'd: This once, the sight
Doth please; this, ten times over, will delight.

You Sir, the elder brother, though you are
Informed rightly, by your Fathers care,
And, of your selfe too, understand; yet mind
This saying: To some things there is assign'd
A meane, and toleration, which does well:
There may a Lawyer be, may not excell;
Or Pleader at the Barre, that may come short
Of eloquent *Messalla's* power in Court,
Or knowes not what *Cassellius Aulus* can;
Yet, there's a value given to this man.
But neither, Men, nor Gods, nor Pillars meant,
Poëts should ever be indifferent.

As jarring Musique doth, at jolly feasts,
Or thick grosse ointment, but offend the Guests:
As Poppie, and *Sardane* honey; 'cause without
These, the free meale might have beene well drawne out:
So, any *Poëme*, fancied, or forth-brought
To bettring of the mind of man, in ought,
If ne're so little it depart the first,
And highest; sinketh to the lowest, and worst.

Hee, that not knowes the games, nor how to use
His armes in *Mars* his field, he doth refuse;
Or, who's unskillfull at the Coit, or Ball,
Or trundling Wheele, he can sit still, from all;
Left the throng'd heapes should on a laughter take:
Yet who's most ignorant, dares Verses make.
Why not? I'm gentle, and free-borne, doe hate
Vice, and, am knowne to have a Knights estate.
Thou, such thy judgement is, thy knowledge too,
Wilt nothing against nature speake, or doe:
But, if hereafter thou shalt write, not feare
To send it to be judg'd by *Metius* care,
And, to your Fathers, and to mine; though't be
Nine yeares kept in, your papers by, yo'are free
To change, and mend, what you not forth doe set.
The Wit, once out, never returned yet.

'Tis now inquir'd, which makes the nobler Verse,
Nature, or Art. My Judgement will not pierce

*Nec rude quid profit video ingenium; alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amice.*

*Qui studet aptatam cursu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitq; puer: sudavit, & alsit,
Abstinet Venere, & vino. qui Pythica cantat
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitq; magistrum.
Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira Poëmata pango:
Occupet extremum scabies, mihi turpe relinqui est,
Et quod non didici, sanè nescire fateri.*

*Ut præco ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas,
Assentatores jubet ad lucrum ire Poëta
Dives agris, dives positus in fœnore nummis.
Si verò est, unctum qui rectè ponere possit,
Et spondere levi pro paupere, & eripere atris
Litibus implicitum; mirabor, si sciet inter-
Noscere mendacem verumq; beatus amicum.
Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui,
Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
Lætitiæ. clamabit enim, Pulchrè, benè, rectè:
Pallefcit super his: etiam stillabit amicis
Ex oculis rorem, saliet, tundet pede terram.
Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt,
Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus ex animo: sic
Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur.*

*Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant,
An sit amicitia dignus. si carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.*

*Quintilio, si quid recitares, corrige, sodes,
Hoc aiebat, & hoc. melius te posse negares,
Bis, terq; expertum frustra; delere jubebat,
Et malè tornatos incudi reddere versus.
Si defendere delictum, quàm vertere malles,
Nulla ultra verbum, aut operam sumebat inanem,
Quin sine rivali teq; & tua solus amares.*

Into the Profits, what a meere rude braine
Can; or all toile, without a wealthie veine:
So doth the one, the others helpe require,
And friendly should unto one end conspire.

Hee, that's ambitious in the race to touch
The wished goale, both did, and suffer'd much
While he was young, he sweat; and freez'd againe:
And both from Wine, and Women did abstaine.
Who, since, to sing the *Pythian* rites is heard,
Did learne them first, and once a Master fear'd.
But, now, it is enough to say; I make
An admirable Verse. The great Scurfe take
Him that is last, I scorne to come behind,
Or, of the things, that ne're came in my mind
To say, I'm ignorant. Just as a Crier
That to the sale of Wares calls every Buyer;
So doth the Poet, who is rich in land,
Or great in money's out at use, command
His flatterers to their gaine. But say, he can
Make a great Supper; or for some poore man
Will be a suretie; or can helpe him out
Of an entangling suit; and bring 't about:
I wonder how this happie man should know,
Whether his soothing friend speake truth, or no.
But you, my *Piso*, carefully beware,
(Whether yo' are given to, or giver are.)
You doe not bring, to judge your Verses, one;
With joy of what is given him, over-gone:
For hee'll cry, *Good, brave, better, excellent!*
Looke pale, distill a showre (was never meant)
Out at his friendly eyes, leape, beat the groun'.
As those that hir'd to weepe at Funeralls, swoune,
Cry, and doe more then the true Mourners: so
The Scoffer, the true Praiser doth out-goe.

Rich men are said with many cups to plie,
And rack, with Wine, the man whom they would try,
If of their friendship he be worthy, or no:
When you write Verses, with your judge do so:
Looke through him, and be sure, you take not mocks
For praises, where the mind conceales a foxe.

If to *Quintilius*, you recited ought:
Hee'd say, Mend this, good friend, and this; 'T is naught.
If you denied, you had no better straine,
And twice, or thrice had 'ssayd it, still in vaine:
Hee'd bid, blot all: and to the anvile bring
Those ill-torn'd Verses, to new hammering.
Then: If your fault you rather had defend
Then change. No word, or worke, more would he spend
In vaine, but you, and yours, you should love still
Alone, without a rivall, by his will.

*Vir bonus & prudens, versus reprehendit inerteis,
 Culpabit duros, incomptis allinet atrum
 Transverso calamo signum, ambitiosa recidet
 Ornamenta, parum claris lucem dare coget:
 Arguet ambigüe dictum, mutanda notabit:
 Fiet Aristarchus, nec dicet, Cur ego amicum
 Offendam in nugis? hæ nuga seria ducent
 In mala, semel derisum, exceptamq; sinistrè.*

*Ut mala quam scabies, aut morbus regius urget,
 Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana,
 Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntq; Poetam
 Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautiq; sequuntur.
 Hic, dum sublimeis versus ructatur, & errat,
 Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
 In puteum, foveamve, licet succurrite longum
 Clamet Iò cives, non sit qui tollere curet.
 Si quis curet opem ferre, & demittere funem,
 Qui scis, an prudens huc se dejecerit, atq;
 Servari nolit? dicam, Siculiq; Poetæ
 Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi
 Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
 Insiluit. Sit jus, liceatq; perire Poetis.
 Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.
 Nec semel hoc fecit: nec si retractus erit, jam
 Fiet homo: & ponet famosa mortis amorem.*

*Nec satis apparet, cur versus factitet: utrum
 Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
 Moverit incestus: certè furit, ac, velut ursus,
 Objectos cavea valuit, si frangere clathros
 Indoctum, doctumq; fugat recitator acerbus.
 Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occiditq; legendo,
 Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.*

FINIS.

A wise, and honest man will cry out shame
On artlesse Verse; the hard ones he will blame;
Blot out the carelesse, with his turned pen;
Cut off superfluous ornaments; and when
They're darke, bid cleare this: all that's doubtfull wrote
Reprove; and, what is to be changed, note:
Become an *Aristarchus*. And, not say,
Why should I grieve my friend, this trifling way?
These trifles into serious mischiefs lead
The man once mock'd, and suffer'd wrong to tread.

Wise, sober folke, a frantick *Poet* feare,
And shun to touch him, as a man that were
Infected with the leprosie, or had
The yellow Jaundies, or were furious mad
According to the Moone. But, then the boyes
They vexe, and follow him with shouts, and noise,
The while he belcheth loftie Verses out,
And stalketh, like a Fowler, round about,
Busie to catch a Black-bird; if he fall
Into a pit, or hole; although he call,
And cry aloud, Helpe gentle Countrey-men,
There's none will take the care, to helpe him then;
For, if one should, and with a rope make haste
To let it downe, who knowes, if he did cast
Himselfe there purposely, or no; and would
Not thence be sav'd, although indeed he could?
I'll tell you but the death, and the disease
Of the Sicilian Poët *Empedocles*,
Hee, while he labour'd to be thought a God
Immortall, tooke a melancholique, odde
Conceit, and into burning *Aetna* leap'd.
Let Poëts perish, that will not be kept.
Hee that preserves a man, against his will,
Doth the same thing with him, that would him kill,
Nor did he doe this once; for if you can
Recall him yet, hee'd be no more a man:
Or love of this so famous death lay by.

His cause of making Verses none knowes why
Whether he piss'd upon his Fathers grave;
Or the sad thunder-stroken thing he have
Defiled, touch'd; but certaine he was mad,
And, as a Beare, if he the strength but had
To force the grates, that hold him in, would fright
All; So this grievous Writer puts to flight
Learn'd and unlearn'd; holding, whom once he takes;
And, there an end of him, reciting makes:
Not letting goe his hold, where he drawes food,
Till he drop off, a Horse-leech, full of blood.

FINIS.

A wife, and honest man will cry out shame;
 On artless Verse; the hand once he will blame;
 Blot out the careless, with his turned pen;
 Out of superfluous ornaments; and when
 They're dark, bid clear this: all that's doubtful wrote
 Reprove, and what is to be charged, note;
 Become an answerer. And, not say,
 Why should I grieve my friend, this musing way?
 There's a man, a serious mischief lead
 The man once mock'd, and suffer'd wrong to tread.
 While, to be folk, a frantic fear
 And then to touch him, as a man that were
 Infected with the leprosy, or mad
 The yellow jaundies, or were furious mad
 According to the Moon. But, then the boys
 They vex, and follow him with shows, and noise;
 The while he belcheth forth Verse out,
 And talketh, like a Fowler, round about,
 Bane to catch a Black-bird, if he fall
 Into a pit, or hole, although he call,
 And cry aloud, Help, gentle Country-men,
 There's none will take the care, to help him then;
 For, if one should, and with a rope in his hand
 To let it down, who knows, if he did call
 Himself there purposefully, or no, and would
 Not hence be lay'd, although he could?
 I tell you but the death, and the disease
 Of the Sicilian Poet Ennius;
 That while he labour'd to be thought a God
 Immortal, took a melancholic, odd
 Conception, and into burning veins laid
 Let Poets perish, that will not be kept;
 He that gives a man, against his will,
 Both the same thing with him, that would him kill,
 Nor did he do this once, for you can
 Recall him yet, he'd be no more a man;
 Or love of this to famous death, by
 The case of making Verse, shows why
 Whether he bid upon his death to give;
 Or he had chunder-fallen thing he gave
 Defted, to be, but certain he was mad
 And as a Bear, if he be strong, but mad
 To force the gates, that hold him in, would fight
 All so this gives us, what puts to fight
 I am, and understand, holding, whom once he takes;
 And, there and of him, taking makes;
 Nothing goes his hold, which he was food;
 Till he drop off a Hole-leech, full of blood.

THE
ENGLISH
GRAMMAR.

MADE

BY

BEN. JOHNSON.

For the benefit of all Strangers, out of his observation of the English Language now spoken, and in use.

*Consuetudo, certissima loquendi Magistra, utendumq;
planè sermone, ut nummo, cui publica
forma est. Quint.*

Printed M.DC.XL.

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*Non obstant hæ discipline per illas euntibus sed circa illas
hærentibus. Quint.*

*Major adhuc restat labor, sed sanè sit cum veniâ, si gratiâ
carebit: Boni enim artificis partes sunt, quàm paucissi-
ma possit omittere.*

Scalig. lib. I. c. 25.

*Neq; enim optimi artificis est, omnia persequi.
Gallenus.*

*Expedire Grammatico, etiam, si quedam nesciat.
Quintil.*

THE PREFACE.

THe profit of *Grammar* is great to Strangers, who are to live in communion, and commerce with us ; and, it is honourable to our selves. For, by it we communicate all our labours, studies, profits, without an Interpreter.

Wee free our Language from the opinion of Rudenesse, and Barbarisme, wherewith it is mistaken to be diseas'd ; We shew the Copie of it, and Matchablenesse, with other tongues ; we ripen the wits of our owne Children, and Youth sooner by it, and advance their knowledge.

Confusion of Language, a Curse.

Experience breedeth Art : Lacke of Experience, Chance.

Experience, Observation, Sense, Induction, are the fower Tryers of Arts. It is ridiculous to teach any thing for undoubted Truth, that Sense, and Experience, can confute. So *Zeno* disputing of *Quies*, was confuted by *Diogenes*, rising up and walking.

In Grammer, not so much the Invention, as the Disposition is to be commended : Yet we must remember, that the most excellent creatures are not ever borne perfect ; to leave Beares, and Whelps, and other failings of Nature.

Iul. Cæsar Scaliger. *de caus. ling. Lat.*

Grammatici unus finis est rectè loqui. Neq̃, necesse habet scribere. Accidit enim Scriptura voci, neq̃, aliter scribere debemus, quàm loquamur.

Ramus in definit. pag. 30.

Grammatica est ars bene loquendi.

(b) *Veteres, ut Varro, Cicero, Quinctilianus, Etymologiam in notatione vocum statuere.*

(c) *Diſtionis natura prior est, posterior orationis. Ex usu veterum Latinorum, Vox, pro diſtione scripta accipitur: quoniam vox esse possit. Est articulata, quæ scripto excipi, atq̃, exprimi valeat: inarticulata, quæ non. Articulata vox dicitur, quæ genus humanum utitur distinctim, à cæteris animalibus, quæ muta vocantur: non, quòd sonum non edant; sed quia soni eorum nullis exprimantur propriè Literarum notis.*

Smithus de recta, & amend. L. Latin. script.

(d) *Syllaba est elementum sub accentu. Scalig. lib. 2.*

(e) *Litera est pars diſtionis indivisibilis. Nam, quamquam sunt literæ quædam duplices, una tamen tantum litera est, sibi quæq̃, sonum unum certum servans. Scalig.*

Et Smithus, ibid. Litera pars minima vocis articulata.

(f) *Natura literæ tribus modis intelligitur; nomine, quo pronunciatur; potestate, quæ valet; figurâ, quæ scribitur. At potestas est sonus ille, quo pronunciari, quem etiam figura debet imitari; ut his Prosodiam, Orthographia sequatur. Asper.*

(g) *Prosodia autem, & Orthographia partes non sunt; sed, ut sanguis, & spiritus per corpus universum fusæ. Scal. ut supra. Ramus, pag. 31.*

(h) *Litera, à lineando; unde, linere, lineatura, litera, & litura. Neq̃, enim à lituris literæ quia delerentur; prius enim factæ, quàm deletæ sunt. At forma potius, atq̃, ratio, rationem, quàm interitum, habeamus. Scal. ibid.*

(i) *Litera genus quoddam est, cujus species primaria duæ, vocalis, & Consonans, quarum natura, & constitutio non potest percipi, nisi prius cognoscantur differentia formales, quibus factum est, ut inter se non convenirent. Scal. ibid.*

Literæ differentia generica est potestas, quam nimis rudi consilio veteres, Accidens appellarunt. Est enim forma quædam ipse flexus in voce, quasi in materia, propter quem flexum fit; ut vocalis per se possit pronunciari: Muta, non possit. Figura autem est accidens ab arte institutum; potestq̃, attributa mutari. Iul. Cæs. Scal. ibidem. De vi, ac potestate literarum tum accuratè scripsèrunt Antiqui, quàm de quavis aliâ suæ professionis parte. Elaborarunt in hoc argumento Varro, Priscianus, Appion, ille, qui cymbalum dicebatur mundi: & inter rhetores non postremi iudicii, Dionysius Halicarnassæus, Caius quoq̃, Cæsar, & Octavius Augustus. Smith, ibid.

(l) *Literæ, quæ per seipsas possint pronunciari, vocales sunt; quæ non, nisi cum aliis, consonantes.*

Vocalium nomina simplici sono, nec differente, à potestate proferantur.

Consonantes, additis vocalibus, quibusdam præpositis; aliis postpositis.

(m) *Ex consonantibus, quorum nomen incipit à Consonante, Mutæ sunt; quarum à vocali, semivocales: Mutas non inde appellatas, quòd parum sonarent, Sed quòd nihil.*

(n) *Omnes*

CHAPTER I.

Of Grammar, and the Parts.

(a) **G**rammar is the art of true, and well speaking a Language: the writing is but an Accident.

The parts of Grammar are

(b) *Etymologie*, } which is { the true notation of words.
Syntaxe, } { the right ordering of them.

(c) A *Word*, is a part of speech, or note, whereby a thing is knowne, or called: and consisteth of one, or more *Syllables*.

(d) A *Syllabe* is a perfect sound in a word, and consisteth of one, or more *Letters*.

(e) A *Letter* is an indivisible part of a *Syllabe*, (f) whose *Profodie*, or right founding is perceiv'd by the power; the *Orthography*, or right writing by the forme.

(g) *Profodie*, and *Orthography*, are not parts of *Grammar*, but diffus'd, like the blood, and spirits through the whole.

CHAPTER II.

(h) Of Letters, and their powers.

IN our Language we use these twentie, and foure *Letters*. A.B.C.D. E.F.G.H.I.K.L.M.N.O.P.Q.R.S.T.V.W.X.Y.Z. a.b.c.d.e.f.g. h.i.k.l.m.n.o.p.q.r.s.t.v.w.x.y.z. The great *Letters* serve to begin Sentences, with us, to lead proper names, and expresse numbers. The lesse make the fabricke of speech.

Our numerall Letters are,

I.		1.
V.		5.
X.		10.
L.	for	50.
C.		100.
D.		500.
M.		1000.

(i) All *Letters* are either *Vowells*, or *Consonants*: and, (k) are principally knowne by their powers. The *Figure* is an Accident.

(l) A *Vowell* will be pronounced by it selfe: A *Consonant*, not without the helpe of a *Vowell*, either before, or after.

The received *Vowells* in our tongue, are

a. e. i. o. u.

Consonants be either *Mutes*, and close the sound, as b.c.d.g.k.p.q.t. Or, *Halfe Vowells*, and open it, as f.l.m.n.r.s.x.z.

H. Is rarely other then an *aspiration* in power, though a *Letter* in forme. W. and Y. have shifting, and uncertaine seates, as shall bee showne in their places.

CHAP. III.

Of the Vowels.

ALL our (*n*) Vowels are founded doubtfully. In quantitie, (which is Time) long, or short. Or, in accent, (which is Tune) sharp, or, flat. Long in these words, and their like:

Debating. congeling. expiring. opposing. enduring.

Short, in these: *Stomaching. severing. vanquishing. ransoming. picturing.*

Sharpe, in these: *Hâte. mète. bite. note. pûle.*

Flat, in these: *Hât. mêt. bit. nôl. pûl.*

(*o*)

A,

With us, in most words is pronounced lesse, then the French *à*, as in,

art. act. apple. ancient.

But, when it comes before *l*. in the end of a Syllabe, it obtaineth the full French (*p*) sound, and is utter'd with the mouth, and throat wide open'd, the tongue bent backe from the teeth, as in

al. smal. gal. fal. tal. cal.

So in the Syllables, where a Consonant followeth the *l*. as in

Salt. malt. balme. calme.

(*q*)

E,

Is pronounced with a meane opening the mouth, the tongue turn'd to the inner rooffe of the palate, and softly striking the upper great teeth. It is a Letter of divers note and use: and either soundeth, or is silent. When it is the last letter, and soundeth, the sound is sharp, as in the French *i*. Example in *mé. sé. agré. yé. shé.* in all, saving the Article, *thè*.

Where it endeth, and soundeth obscure, and faintly, it serves as an accent, to produce the Vowell preceding: as in *mâde. stème. stripe. ôre. cûre.* which else would sound, *màd. stèm. strip. òr. cùr.*

It altereth the power of *e. g. s.* so plac'd, as in *hence*, which else would sound *henc*. *Swinge*, to make it differ from *swing*. *Use*, to distinguish it from *us*.

It is meere silent in words, where *l*. is coupled with a Consonant in the end; as *Whistle. gristle. brittle. fickle. thimble, &c.*

Or after *v* Consonant, or double *ß*. as in

love. glove. move. redresse. crosse. losse.

Where it endeth a former Syllable, it soundeth longish, but flat: as in

dérive. prépare. résoudre.

Except in *Derivatives*, or *Compounds* of the sharp *e*, and then it answers the *primitive*, or *simple* in the first sound; as

Agreeing, of agree: fore-seeing, of fore-see: being, of bee.

Where it endeth a last Syllable, with one, or mo Consonants after it, it either soundeth flat, and full: as in *Descent. intent. amend. offend. rest. best.*

Or, it passeth away obscur'd, like the faint *i*. as in these,

Written. gotten. open. saith divel, &c.

(*r*) Which two letters *e*. and *i*. have such a neereneffe in our tongue, as often times they interchange places: as in

enduce, for induce: endite, for indite: her, for hir.

(*s*) Is

(n) Omnes Vocales ancipites sunt (i.e.) modo longæ, modo breves: eodem tamen modo semper depictæ, (nam scriptura est imitatio sermonis, ut pictura corporis. Scriptio vocum pictura. (Smithus) & eodem sono pronuntiata. Nisi, quod vocalis longa bis tantum temporis in effando retinet, quam brevis. Ut rectè cecinit ille de Vocalibus.

Temporis unius brevis est, ut longa duorum.

A,

(o) Littera hujus sonus est omnium Gentium ferè communis. Nomen autem, & figura multis nationibus est diversa. Scalig. & Ramus.
Dionysius ait a. esse εὐφρονότατον ex plenitudine vocis.

(p)

Terent. Maurus.

A, prima locum littera sic ab ore sumit,

Immunia, rictu patulo, tenerè labra;

Linguamq; necesse est ita pandulam reduci,

Ut nixus in illam valeat subire vocis,

Nec partibus ullis aliquos ferire dentes,

(q)

E,

Triplicem differentiam habet: primam, mediocris rictus: secundam, lingua, eamq; duplicem; alteram, interioris, nempe inflexæ ad interius cælum palati; alteram genuinos prementis. Tertia est labri inferioris.

Ramus, lib. 2.

Duas primas Terentianus notavit;
tertiam tacuit.

Terentianus 1.

E, quæ sequitur, vocula dissona est priori: quia deprimit altum modico tenore rictum, & remotos premit hinc, & hinc molares.

(r) Apud Latinos, e. latius sonat in Adverbio benè, quàm in Adverbio herè: hujus enim posteriorem vocalem exilius pronunciabant; ita, ut etiàm in maximè exilem sonum transierit heri. Id, quod latius in multis quoq; patet: Ut ab Eo, verbo, deductum, ire: iis, & eis: Diis, & Deis: Febrem, febrim: Turrem, turrim: Priore, & priori. Ram. & Scalig.

Et propter hanc vicinitatem (ait Quint.) e. quoq; loco i. fuit: ut Menerva, leber. Magister: pro Minerva, liber, Magister.

(s) I. por-

(s)

I.

Porrigit ictum genuino propè ad ipsos
Minimumq; renidet supero tenuis labello.

Terent.

I. Vocalis sonos habet tres: suum, exilem: alterum, latierem proprioremq;
ipsi e; & tertium, obscuriorem ipsius u, inter quæ duo Y græcæ vocalis sonus
continetur: ut non inconsultò Victorinus ambiguam illam quam adduximus vo-
cem, per Y scribendam esse putarit, Optimus.

Scalig.

Ante Consonantem I. semper est Vocalis.

(t) Ante Vocalem ejusdem syllabæ Consonans.

(u) Apud Hebræos I. perpetuò est Consonans, ut apud Græcos Vocalis.

(w) Ut in Giacente. Giesù. Gioconda. Giustitia.

O.

(x) O Pronunciatur rotundo ore, linguâ ad radices Hypoglossis reductâ.
ὦ μίχρον, & ὦ μέγα, unicâ tantum notâ, sono differenti.

(y) Profertur, ut ω.

(z) Ut oo. vel ou. Gallicum.

Una quoniam sat habitum est notare forma,
Pro temporibus quæ gremium ministret usum.
Igitur sonitum reddere voles minori,
Retrorsus adactam modicè teneto linguam,
Rictu neq; magno sat erit patere labra,
At longior alto tragicum sub oris antro
Molita, rotundis acuit sonum labellis.

Terent.

Differentiam o. parvi valde distinctam Franci tenent: sed scripturâ valde
confundunt. O, scribunt perinde ut proferunt. At ω scribunt modo per au.
modo per ao. quæ sonum talem minimè sonant, qui simpliciter, & rotundo motu oris
proferri debet.

(a) Quanta sit affinitas (o.) cum (u.) ex Quint. Plinio, Papyriano notum
est. Quid enim o. & u. permutatæ invicem, ut Hecobe, & Notrix, Cul-
chides, & Pulixena, scriberentur? sic nostri præceptores, Cervom, Ser-
vomq; u. & o. litteris scripsêrunt; Sic dedêrunt, probaverunt, Romanis olim
fuêre. Quint. lib. i.

Deniq; o. teste Plinio, apud Priscianum aliquot Italiæ Civitates non habebant;
sed loco ejus ponebant u. & maxime Umbri, & Tusci. Atq; u. contrâ, teste
apud eundem Papyriano, multis Italiæ populis, in usu non erat; sed utebantur o.
unde Romanorum quoq; vetustissimi in multis dictionibus, loco ejus o. posuêrunt:
ut poblicum, pro publicum; polcrum, pro pulcrum; colpam, pro culpam.

Quam

(s)

I,

Is of a narrower sound then *e*, and uttered with a lesse opening of the mouth; the tongue brought backe to the palate, and striking the teeth next the cheeke-teeth.

It is a *Letter* of a double power.

As a *Vowel* in the former, or single Syllables, it hath sometimes the sharpe accent; as in

binding. minding. pining. whining. wiving. thriving. mine. thine.

Or, all words of one Syllable qualified by *e*. But, the flat in more, as in these, *bill. bitter. giddy. little. incident.* and the like.

In the Derivatives of sharpe *Primitives*, it keepeth the sound, though it deliver over the *Primitive Consonant* to the next Syllable; as in

divi-ning. requi-ring. repi-ning.

For, a *Consonant* falling betweene two *Vowells* in the word, will bee spell'd with the latter. In Syllables, and words, compos'd of the same *Elements*, it varieth the sound, now sharpe, now flat: as in

give, gîve. alive, live. drive, driven. title, tîtle.

But these, use of speaking, and acquaintance in reading, will teach, rather then rule.

(t) *I*. in the other power is meerely another *Letter*, and would aske to enjoy an other *Character*. For, where it leads the sounding *Vowel*, and beginneth the Syllable, it is ever a *Consonant*: as in

Fames. Fohn. jest. jump. conjurer. perjur'd.

And before *Dipthongs*: as *Fay. joy. juyce.* as, having the force of the *Hebrewes* (u) *Fod*, and the *Italians* (w) *Gi*.

O,

(x) Is pronounced with a round mouth, the tongue drawne back to the root: and is a *Letter* of much change, and uncertaintie with us.

In the long time it naturally soundeth sharp, and high: as in

(y) *chósen. hósen. hóly. fóly.*

ópen. óver. nóte. thróte.

In the short time more flat, and a kin to *u*. as

(z) *còsen. dòsen. mòther.*

bróther. lòve. pròve.

In the *Dipthong*, sometimes it soundeth out: as

óught. sóught. nóught.

wróught. mów. sów.

But oftner upon the *u*: as in *sòund. bòund. hòw. nòw. thòu. còw.*

In the last Syllables before *n*. and *w*. it frequently looseth: as in

persòn. actiòn. willow. billow.

It holds up, and is sharpe, when it ends the word, or Syllable: as in

gó. fró. só. nó.

except in *tò*, the *Preposition*. *Twò*, the numerall. *Dò*, the *Verbe*, and the compounds of it; as *undò*: and the Derivatives; as *Dòing*.

It varieth the sound in Syllables of the same *Character*, and proportion: as in

shòve. shóve. glòve. gróve.

Which double sound it hath from the *Latine*: as

(a) *Voltus, vultus. vultis, vultis.*

v,
(*b*) Is sounded with a narrower, and meane compasse, and some depression of the middle of the tongue, and is like our *i*. a letter of a double power. As a *Vowel* it soundeth thin and sharpe, as in *use*; thicke and flat, as in *us*.

It never endeth any word for the nakednesse, but yeeldeth to the termination of the *Diphthong ew*, as in *new*, *trew*, *knew*, &c. or the qualifying *e*, as in *sue*, *due*; and the like.

(*c*) When it leadeth a sounding *Vowel* in the Syllabe, it is a *Consonant*: as in *save*, *reve*, *prove*, *love*, &c.

Which double force is not the unstedfastnesse of our tongue, or incertaintie of our writing, but falne upon us from the *Latine*.

w,
(*d*) Is but the *v*. geminated in the full sound, and though it have the seate of a *Consonant* with us, the power is alwayes *Vowelish*, even where it leades the *Vowel* in any Syllabe: as if you marke it, pronounce the two *u*. like *u*. quicke in passage, and these words:

u-ine, *u-ant*, *u-ood*, *u-ast*, *su-ing*, *su-am*.

Will sound, *Wine*, *want*, *wood*, *wast*, *swing*, *swam*.

So put the aspiration afore, and these words:

hu-at, *hu-ich*, *hu-eele*, *hu-ether*.

Will be *What*, *which*, *wheele*, *whether*.

In the *Diphthongs* there will be no doubt: as in *draw*, *straw*, *sow*, *know*.

Nor in *Derivatives*: as *knowing*, *sowing*, *drawing*.

Whether the double *w*. is of necessitie used, rather then the single *u*. lest it might alter the sound, and be pronounced *knowing*, *sowing*, *drawing*.

As in *saving*, *having*.

y,
Is also meere *Vowelish* in our tongue, and hath only the power of an *i*. even where it obtaines the Seat of a *Consonant*: as in *Young*, *Younker*.

Which the *Dutch*, whose Primitive it is, write *Iunk*, *Iunker*.

And so might we write

Iouth, *ies*, *ioke*, *ionder*, *iard*, *ielke*.

Youth, *yes*, *yoke*, *yonder*, *yard*, *yelke*.

But that we choose *y*. to distinguish from *j*. *Consonant*.

In the *Diphthong* it sounds alwayes *i*. as in

may, *say*, *way*, *joy*, *toy*, *they*.

And in the ends of words: as in

deny, *reply*, *defy*, *cry*.

Which sometimes are written by *i*. but qualified by *e*.

But where two *i*. are sounded, the first will be ever a *y*. as in *Derivatives*:

denying, *replying*, *defying*.

(*f*) Only in the words received by us from the *Greeke*, as *Syllabe*, *Tyran*, and the like, it keepes the sound of the thin, and sharpe *u*. in some proportion; And this we had to say of the *Vowells*.

V,

Quam scribere Graius, nisi jungat Y. nequibit
 Hanc edere vocem quoties paramus ore,
 Nitamur ut U. dicere sic citetur ortus.
 Productius autem coeuntibus labellis
 Natura soni pressi altius meabit. Terentian.

Et alibi.

Græca diptongus & literis tamen nostris vacat,
 Sola vocalis quod u. complet hunc satis sonum.

Ut intitulis, fabulis Terentii prepositis. Græca Menandru: Græca Apollodoru, pro Μενανδρος, & Απολλοδωρος. & quidem, ne quis de potestate vocalis hujus addebitare possit, etiam à mutis animalibus iestimonium Plautus nobis exhibuit è Pencilo Menechmi. ME. Egon' dedi? PE. tu, tu, inquam, vin' afferri noctuam,
 Quæ tu, tu, usq; dicat tibi: nam nos, jam nos defessi sumus.

Ergò ut ovium balatus ita literæ sonum: sic noctuarum cantus, & cuculi apud Aristophanem sonum hujus vocalis vindicabit. Nam, quando u. liquefit, ut in quis, & fanguis habet sonum communem cum Y græcâ, & ὦπὸς ὁ κόκκυς ἐπὶ κόκκυ. Et quando Coccyx dixerit Cocy.

(c) Consonans ut u. Gallicum, vel Digamma profertur

Hanc & modo quam diximus J. simul jugatas

Verum est spacium sumere, vimq; Consonantum,

Ut quæque tamen constiterit loco priore:

Nam si juga quis nominet, J. consona fiet. Terent. Versâ vice sit prior V. sequatur illa, ut in vide.

W,

(d) Ut Itali proferunt Edoardo in Edouardo, & Galli, ou-y. Suavis, suadeo, etiam Latini, ut s-a-vis, &c. At quid attinet duplicare, quod simplex queat sufficere? Proinde W. pro copiâ Characterum non reprehendo, pro novâ literâ certè non agnosco. Veteresq; Anglo-Saxones pro eâ, quando nos W. solemus uti, figuram istius modi p. solebant conscribere, quæ non multum differt ab eâ, quâ & hodiè utimur v. simplici, dum verbum inchoet.

Smithus de rect. & amend. L.A. Script.

(f) Siquidem eandem pro v. græco retinet: certè aliam, quam i. omni in loco reddere debebat sonum.

(g) Nobis

B

(g) *Nobis cum Latinis communis. Smith.*

Nam muta jubet comprimi labella,

Vocalis at intus locus exitum ministrat. Terent.

B. *Labris per spiritus impetum reclusis edicimus. Mart. cap.*

C

(h) *Litera Androgyne, naturâ nec mas, nec fœmina, & utrumq; est neutrum. Monstrum literæ, non litera; Ignorantia specimen, non artis. Smithus.*

Quomodo nunc utimur vulgò, aut nullas, aut nimias habet vires: nam, modo k. sonat, modo s. At si litera sit à k. & s. diversa, suum debet habere sonum. Sed nescio quod monstrum, aut Empulsa sit, quæ modo mas, modo fœmina, modo serpens, modo cornix, appareat; & per ejusmodi imposturas, pro suo arbitrio, tam s. quàm k. exigat aëibus, & fundis suis: ut jure possint hæc duæ literæ contendere cum c. per edictum, unde vi: Neq; dubito quin, ubi sit Prætor æquus facile c. cadet causa.

(i) *Apud Latinos c. eandem habuit formam, & Characterem; quem Σίγμα apud Græcos veteres.*

An hæc fuit occasio, quod ignorantia, confusioq; eundem, quod imperitos dederit sonum C. quem S. nolo affirmare.

(k) *Vetustæ illius Anglo-Saxonice linguae, & scriptionis peritiores contendunt, apud illos atavos nostros Anglo-Saxones, C. literam, maximè ante e. & i. eum habuisse sonum, quem, & pro tenui τ Chi. sono agnoscimus: & Itali, maximè Hetrusci, ante e. & i. hodiè usurpant. Idem ibidem.*

(l) *C. molaribus super lingua extrema appulsis exprimitur.*

Mart. Cap.

Terentianus.

C. pressius urget; sed, & hinc, hincq; remittit,

Quo vocis adherens sonus explicetur ore.

D.

D *Appulsu lingua circa dentes superiores innascitur.*

Terentianus.

(m) *At portio dentes quotiens suprema lingua*

Pulsaverit imos, modiceq; curva summas

Tunc D. sonitum perficit, explicatq; vocem.

F.

(n) *Litera à gracâ φ. recedit lenis, & hebes sonus.*

Idem.

(o) *Vau consona Varrone, & Dydimio, testibus, nominata est F. figura à Claudio Cæsare facta etiam est. Vis ejus, & potestas est eadem, quæ Digamma Aeolici, ut ostendit Terentianus in v. consona.*

V. vade, veni, refer; teneto vultum:

Crevisse sonum perspicis, & coisse crassum,

Unde Aeoliis litera fingitur Digammos.

F. quasi & contrarium F. quæ sonat φ.

CHAP. III.
Of the Consonants.

B

Hath the same sound with us, as it hath with the *Latine*, alwayes one, and is utter'd with (g) closing of the lips.

C

Is a letter, which our Fore-fathers might very well have spar'd in our tongue: but since it hath obtained place, both in our Writing, and Language, we are not now to quarrell *Orthographie*, or *Custom*; but to note the powers.

Before *a. u.* and *o.* it plainly sounds *k. Chi.* or *Kappa*, as in
cable. coble. cudgell.

Or before the *Liquids. l.* and *r.* as in
clod. crust.

Or, when it ends a former Syllabe before a *Consonant*: as in
acquaintance. acknowledgement. action.

In all which it sounds strong.

(i) Before *e.* and *i.* it hath a weake sound, and hisseth, like *s.* as in
certaine. center. civill. citiZen. whence.

Or, before the *Diphthongs*: as in
cease. deceive.

(k) Among the *English-Saxons* it obtain'd the weaker force of *Chi.* or the *Italians C.* as in
Capel. cance. cild. cyrce.

Which were pronounced

Chapel. chance. child. church.

(l) It is sounded with the top of the tongue, striking the upper teeth, and rebounding against the Palate.

D

Hath the same sound, both before, and after a *Vowel* with us, as it hath with the *Latines*: and is pronounc'd softly, (m) the tongue a little affecting the teeth, but the nether teeth most.

F

Is a Letter of two forces with us: and in them both sounded with the nether-lip rounded, and a kind of blowing out: but gentler in the one, then the other.

The more generall sound is the softest; (n) and expresseth the *Greek* φ as in *Faith. field. feight. force.*

Where it sounds *ef.*

(o) The other is *ev.* or *van.* the *Digamma* of *Claudius*: as in
cleft. of cleave. left, of leave.

The difference will best be found in the word *of.* which as a preposition sounds

ev. of. him.

As the Adverbe of Distance.

off, farre off.

G

(*p*) Is likewise of double force in our tongue, and is sounded with an impression made on the mid'st of the palate.

Before *a. o.* and *u.* strong; as in these,

gate. got. gut.

Or, before the *Aspirate h.* or, *Liquids l.* and *r.* as in

ghost. glad. grant.

Or in the ends of words: as in

long. song. ring. swing.

eg. leg. lug. dug.

Except the qualifying *e.* follow; and then the sound is ever weak; as in

age. stage. hedge.

sledge. judge. drudge.

Before *u.* the force is double: as in

guile. guide. guest. guise.

Where it soundeth like the *French gu.* And in

guin. guerdon. languish. anguish.

Where it speakes the *Italian gu.*

Likewise, before *e.* and *i.* the powers are confus'd; and utter'd, now strong, now weak: as in

get. geld. give. Gitterne. finger. } long.

In

genet. gentle. gin. gibe. ginger. } weak.

But this *use* must teach: the one sound being warranted to our Letter, from the *Greeke*: the other from the *Latine* throughout.

Wee will leave *H.* in this place; and come to

K,

(*q*) Which is a Letter the *Latines* never acknowledged, but only borrow'd in the word *Kalenda*. They used *qu.* for it. Wee found it as the *Greeke x.* and as a necessarie Letter it precedes, and followes all *Vowells* with us.

It goes before no *Consonants* but *n.* as in

knave. knel. knot. &c.

And *l.* with the quiet *e.* after: as in

mickle. pickle. trickle. fickle.

Which were better written without the *c.* if that which wee have received for *Orthographie*, would yet be contented to be altered. But that is an *emendation*, rather to be wished, then hoped for, after so long a raigne of *ill-custome* amongst us.

It followeth the *s.* in many words: as in

skape. skoure. skirt.

skirmish. skrape. skuller.

Which doe better so sound, then if written with *c.*

L

(*r*) Is a Letter *halfe-vowellish*: which, though the *Italians* (especially the *Florentines*) abhorre, we keepe entire with the *Latines*, and so pronounce.

G.

(p)

Spiritus cum palato. Mart. Cap.

De sono quidem hujus literæ satus constat : sed distinctionis causâ Charactèrem illi dedèrunt aliqui hunc 3. ut secernatur à G. Nam ut Græci in secundâ Conjugatione tres habent literas, γ. γ̄. χ. tenuem, mediam, densam; Angli quatuor habent, ratâ proportionē sibi respondentes, ka. ga. ce. 3e. Illæ simplices, & apertæ; hæ stridulæ, & compressæ: illæ mediæ linguæ officio sonantur; hæ summâ linguâ ad interiores illis, superiorum dentium gingivas efflantur. Quodq; est ka. ad ga. idem est ce. ad 3. Smithus, ibid.

Voces tamen pleraq;, quas Meridionales Angli per hunc sonum 3. pronunciamus in fine: Boreales, per G. proferunt: ut in voce Pons, nos bri3: illi brig. In rûpturâ, brec: illi brek. Maturam avem ad volandum, nos flî3: illi flig. ibid.

Apud Latinos proximum ipsi C. est G. Itaq; Cneum, & Gneum, dicebant: Sic Curculionem, & Gurgulionem: appulsâ enim ad palatum linguâ, modicello relicto intervallo, spiritu tota pronunciatur.

Scal. de caus. L. L.

Et Terentianus.

Sic amurca, quæ vetustè sæpè per c. scribitur,

Esse per g. proferendum credidèrunt plurimi

Quando ἀμύρκα Græca vox est; γάρμα origo præferat.

Apud Germanos semper profertur γ.

K.

(q) Cùm Kalendæ, Græcam habebant diductionem & sonum, καλῆ Græcam sunt mutuati literam Romani, ut eas exprimerent. Et, credo tamen, fecerant eâ formâ, ut, & C. Romanum efformarent, quod haberet adjunctum, quasi retrò bacillum, ut robur ei adderent istâ formâ K. nam C. Romanum stridulum quiddam, & molliùs sonat, quàm K. Græcum.

Est & hæc litera Gallis planè supervacanea, aut certè quæ est. Nam, qui quæ. quod. quid. nullâ pronunciant differentiâ, ne minimâ quidem à ki. ke. kod. kid. faucibus, palatoq; formatur. Capel.

Romani in suâ seriè non habebunt.

L

(r) Linguâ, palatoq; dulcescit. M. Cap.

Et sic Dionysius γλοῦτάτων, dulcissimam literam nominat.

Qui nescit, quid sit esse Semi-vocalem, ex nostrâ linguâ facillè poterit discere: ipsa enim litera L quandam, quasi Vocalem, in se videtur continere, ita

ita ut junctæ Mutæ sine Vocali sonum faciat; ut
abl. stabl. fabl. &c.

Quæ nos scribimus cum e. in fine, vulgò
able. stable. fable.

Sed certè illud e. non tam sonat hic, quàm fuscum illud, & fæmininum Fran-
corum e. Nam nequicquàm sonat.

Alii hæc scribunt

abil. stabil. fabul.

Tanquam à fontibus

habilis. stabulis. fabula.

Verius, sed nequicquàm proficiunt. Nam, consideratiùs auscultanti, nec i.
nes u. est, sed tinnitus quidam, vocalis naturam habens, quæ naturalitèr his li-
quidis inest.

M

(s) Libris imprimitur. M. Capella.

Mugit intus abditum, ac cæcum sonum. Terent.

Triplex sonus hujus literæ M. Obscurum, in extremitate dictionum sonat,
ut templum: Apertum, in principio, ut magnus: Mediocre, in mediis ut um-
bra Prisc.

(t)

N

Quarta sonitus fingitur usq; sub palato,

Quo spiritus anceps coëat naris, & oris. Terentian.

Lingua dentibus appulsâ collidit. Mart. Capella.

Splendidissimo sono in fine; & subtremulo pleniore in principiis; mediocri in
medio. Jul. C. Scal.

(u)

P

Labris spiritu erumpit. Mar. Cap.

Pellit sonitum de mediis foras labellis.

Ter. Maurus.

Q

(w) Est litera mendica, supposititia, verè servilis, manca, & decrepita;
& sine u. tanquàm bacillo nihil potest: & cum u. nihil valet ampliùs quàm k.
Qualis, qualis est, hanc jam habemus, sed semper cum precedente suâ u. an-
teilla superbâ. Smithus.

Namq; Q. præmissâ semper u. simul mugit sibi,

Syllabam non editura, ni comes sit tertia

Qualibet vocalis. Ter. Mau.

Diomedes ait Q. esse compositam ex c. & u.

Appulsu palati ore restricto { profertur. M. Cap.

R

(x) Vibrat tremulis ictibus aridum sonorem. Ter. M.

— Sonat hic de nâre caninâ

Litera. —

Perf. Sat. I.

R Spiritum, lingua crispante corraditur.

M. Cap.

Dionysius τῶν ὁμογενέων γεναιώτατον γένος.

è congeneribus generosissimam appellavit.

S.

(y) S promptus in ore, agiturq; ponè dentes,
Sic lenis & unum ciet auribus susurrum.

It melteth in the sounding, and is therefore call'd a *liquid*, the tongue striking the root of the palate gently.

It's seldome doubled, but where the *Vowel* sounds hard upon it: as in
bell. bell. kill.

shrill. trull. full.

And, even in these, it is rather the haste, and superfluitie of the pen, that cannot stop it selfe upon the single *l*. then any necessitie we have to use it. For, the letter should be doubled only for a following Syllabe's sake: as in

killing. beginning. begging. Swimming.

M

(*s*) Is the same with us in sound, as with the *Latines*. It is pronounc'd with a kind of humming inward, the lips clos'd. Open, and full in the beginning: obscure in the end: and meanly in the midd'ft.

N

(*t*) Ringeth somewhat more in the lips and nose: the tongue striking back on the palate, and hath a threefold sound, *shrill* in the end: *full* in the beginning, and *flat* in the mid'ft.

They are Letters neere of kin, both with the *Latines*, and us.

P

(*u*) Breaketh softly through the lips, and is a Letter of the same force with us, as with the *Latines*.

Q

(*w*) Is a Letter we might very well spare in our *Alphabet*, if we would but use the serviceable *k*. as he should be, and restore him to the right of reputation he had with our Fore-fathers. For, the *English-Saxons* knew not this halting *Q*. with her waiting-woman *u*. after her, but exprest

quaile. knaile.

quest. kuest.

quick by kuick.

quil. knil.

Till *custome* under the excuse of expressing enfranchis'd words with us, intreated her into our Language, in

quality, quantity,

quarel, quintessence, &c.

And hath now given her the best of *ks*. possessions.

R

(*x*) Is the *Dogs* Letter, and hurreth in the sound; the tongue striking the inner palate, with a trembling about the teeth. It is founded firme in the beginning of the words, and more *liquid* in the middle, and ends: as in

rarer. riper.

And so in the *Latine*.

S

(*y*) Is a most easie, and gentle Letter, and softly hisseth against the teeth in the prolation. It is called the *Serpents* Letter, and the chiefe of the *Consonants*. It varieth the powers much in our pronounciation, as in the beginning

beginning of words it hath the sound of weake *e*. before *Vowells*, *Diphthong*, or *Consonant* : as,

Salt. say. small. sell.

shrik shift. soft. &c.

Sometime it inclineth to *z*. as in these,

Muse. use. rose.

nose. wise.

And the like: where the latter *Vowell* serves for the marke, or accent of the formers production.

So, after the *Halfe-Vowells*, or the obscure *e*. as in

Bels. gems. wens. burs.

Chimes. rimes. games.

Where the *Vowell* fits hard, it is commonly doubled.

T,

(*x*) Is sounded with the tongue striking the upper teeth, and hath one constant power, save where it precedeth; and that followed by a *Vowell*, as in

Faction. action. generation. corruption.

Where it hath the force of *s*. or *c*.

x,

(*y*) Is rather an abbreviation, or way of short writing with us, then a Letter. For, it hath the sound of *k*. and *s*. It begins no word with us, that I know, but ends many: as

Ax. kex. fix. fox. box.

Which sound the same with these,

Backs. knacks. knocks. locks. &c.

Z,

(*z*) Is a Letter often heard amongst us, but seldome seene: borrow'd of the *Greekes* at first, being the same with *ζ*. and foundeth a double *β*. with us it hath obtained another sound; but in the end of words: as

Muse. maze. nose.

Hose. gaze. as.

Never in the beginning, save with rustick people, that have,

zed. zay. zit. zo. zome.

And the like, for

Said. say. sit. so. some.

Or in the body of words indenison'd; as

azure. zeale. zephyre. &c.

H,

(*h*) Whether it be a Letter or no, hath beene much examined by the Ancients, and by some, too much, of the *Greeke* partie condemned, and throwne out of the *Alphabet*, as an *Aspirate* meerely, and in request only before *Vowells* in the beginning of words, and after *x*. where it added a strong Spirit, which the *Welsh* retaine after many *Consonants*. But, be it a Letter, or Spirit, we have great use of it in our tongue, both before, and after *Vowells*. And though I dare not say, she is, (as I have heard one call her) the *Queene mother of Consonants*: yet she is the life, and quickening of them.

What

Quare non est merita, ut à Pindaro diceretur Σανκίβηλόν. Dionysius quoque cum ipsum expellit, rejicitque ad Serpentes, maluit canem irritatam imitari, quam arbores naturales susurros sequi. Scal.

Ram. Est Consonantium prima, & fortissima hæc litera, ut agnoscit Terentianus.

Vivida est hæc inter omnes, atque densa litera.

Sibilum facit dentibus verberatis. M. Cap.

Quoties litera media Vocalium longarum, vel subjecta longis esset, geminabitur; ut Caussa. Cassus. Quintil.

T.

(x) T quâ superis dentibus intima est origo

Summa satis est ad sonitum ferire linguâ.

Terren.

T appulsu linguæ, dentibusque appulsis excuditur.

M. Cap.

Latinè factio. actio. generatio. corruptio. vitium. otium. &c.

X.

(y) X potestatem habet cs, & gs. ut

ex. crux. & frux, appareat.

Quorum obliqui casus sunt

Crucis & Frugis.

Ram. in Gram. ex Varrone.

X quicquid c. & s. formavit, exhibilat. Capell.

Neque Latini, neque Nos illâ multum utimur.

Z.

(z) Z verò idcirco Appius Claudius detestabatur; quod dentes mortui, dum exprimitur, imitatur. M. Capel.

Z compendium duarum literarum est σ.δ. in unâ notâ, & compendium Orthographiæ, non Prosodiæ; quia hîc in voce non una litera effertur, sed due distinguuntur. Compendium inelegantèr, & fallacitèr inventum. Sonus enim, notâ illâ significatus, in unam Syllabam non perpetuò concluditur, sed dividitur, aliquando. Ut in illo Plauti loco: Non Atticicissat, sed Sicilissat, pro ἀττικίζει, σικελίζει, Græcis; & ubi initium facit, est δσ. non σσ. sicuti ζεδς, non σσεδς, sed δσεδς. Ram. in lib. 2.

(a)

H,

Nulli dubium est, faucibus emicet quod ipsis

H litera, si ve est nota, quæ spiret anhelum. Ter.

H, contractis paulum faucibus, ventus exhalat.

Mar. Cap.

Vocalibus aptè, sed & anteposita cunctis

Hastas, Hederas, quum loquor, Hister. Holpes. Hujus.

Solum patitur quatuor ante Consonantes,

Græcis quoties nominibus Latina forma est,

Si quando Choros. Phillida. Rhamnes. Thima. dico.

Rectè quidem in hac parte Græcissant nostri Walli.

Smithus.

H. verò *ἤσπρω* aspiratio vocatur. Est enim omnium literarum spirituosissima, vel spiritus potius ipse. Nullius, aut quàm minimum egens officii eorum, quæ modo nominavimus instrumenta literarum formandarum.

H. extrinsecus ascribitur Vocalibus, ut minimum sonet, Consonantibus autem intrinsecus, ut plurimum.

Ch.

(b) Omnis litera, sive vox, plus sonat ipsa sese, cum postponitur, quàm cum anteponitur. Quod Vocalibus accidens esse videtur: nec si tollatur ea, perit etiam vis significationis: ut, si dicam Erennius, absq; aspiratione, quamvis vitium videar facere, intellectus tamen integer permanet. Consonantibus autem, si coheret, ut ejusdem penitus substantia sit, & si auferatur, significationis vim minuat prorsus: ut, si dicam Cremes, pro Chiemes. Unde hac consideratâ ratione, Græcorum doctissimi singulas fecerunt eas quoq; literas, ut pro

th. θ. pro ph. φ. pro chi. χ. Ram.

Gh.

(c) Sonum illius g. querant, quibus ita libet scribere: aures profecto meae nunquam in his vocibus sonitum & g. poterant haurire.

Smithus de rect. & emend.

Ph. & Rh.

(d) Litera φ. apud Græcos P. aspirata.

Sh.

(e) Si quis error in literis ferendus est, cum corrigi queat, nusquam in ullo sono tolerabilior est, quàm in hoc, si scribatur Sh. & in p. si scribatur per th. Nam hæc duæ quandam violentiam grandiore spiritus in proferendo requirunt, quàm cætera literæ. ibid.

Th.

(f) Hæc litera sive charactere, quam spinam, id est, porne, nostri Proavi appellabant: Avi nostri, & qui proximè ante librorum impressionem vixerunt, sunt abusi, ad omnia ea scribenda, quæ nunc magno Magistrorum errore per th. scribimus: ut,

p^c · p^{ou} · p^{at} · p^{em} · p^{ecfe} · pick.

Sed ubi mollior exprimebatur sonus, supernè scribebant; ubi durior, in eodem sulco: molliorem appello illum, quem Anglo-Saxones per *ð*. Durior, quem per *p*. exprimebant. Nam illud Saxonum *ð*. respondet illi sono, quem vulgaris Græca lingua facit, quando pronunciant suum *δ*. aut Hispani *d*. literam suam molliorem, ut cum veritatem, verdad appellant. Spina autem illa *p*. videtur referre prorsus Græcorum *θ*. At *th*. sonum *θ*. non rectè dat. Nam si *θ*. non esset alia deflexio vocis, nisi aspirationis addita, equè facile fuit Græcis *τῶ*. *τ'*. aspirationem adjungere, quàm *τῶ*. *φ*.

What

What her powers are before *Vowells* and *Diphthongs*, will appeare in
hal. heale. hill. hot. how. hew. hoiday. &c.

In some it is written, but sounded without power: as
host. honest. humble.

Where the *Vowell* is heard without the *Aspiration*, *ost. onest. umble.*

After the *Vowell* it sounds; as in *ah*, and *oh*.

Beside, it is coupled with divers *Consonants*, where the force varies, and is particularly to be examin'd.

Wee will begin with *Ch*.

Ch

(*b*) Hath the force of the *Greeke* χ . or κ . in many words derived from the *Greeke*: as in *Charact. Christian. Chronicle.*

Archangel. Monarch.

In meere *English* words, or fetch'd from the *Latine* the force of the *Italian* *c*.

Chaplain. chaste. chest. chops.

chin. chuse. churle.

Gh

(*c*) Is only a piece of ill writing with us: if we could obtaine of *Custom* to mend it, it were not the worse for our *Language*, or us: for the *g*. sounds just nothing in *trough. cough.*

might. night. &c.

Only, the writer was at leisure, to adde a superfluous *Letter*, as there are too many in our *Pseudographie*.

Ph. & Rh

(*d*) Are used only in *Greeke* infranchis'd words: as

Philip. Physick. Rhetorick. Rhodes. &c.

Sh

(*e*) Is meerely *English*; and hath the force of the *Hebrew* ψ . *shin*, or the *French* *ch*. as in

shake. shed. shine. show.

shrinke. rush. blush.

Th

(*f*) Hath a double, and doubtfull sound, which must be found out by use of speaking; sometimes like the *Greeke* θ . as in

thief. thing. lengthen. strengthen. loveth. &c.

In others, like their δ . or the *Spanish* *d*. as

this. that. then. thence.

those. bathe. bequeath.

And in this consists the greatest difficultie of our *Alphabet*, and true writing: since wee have lost the *Saxon* Characters $\eth$. and $\p$. that distinguished the

$\eth$.

pick.

$\p$.

pin.

$\eth$.

pred.

$\eth$.

prive.

Wh

Hath beene inquir'd of in *w*. and this for the *Letters*.

CHAP. V.

Of the Diphthongs.

(g) **D**iphthongs are the complexions, or couplings of *Vowells*, when the two Letters send forth a joynt sound, so as in one Syllabe both sounds be heard: as in

Ai. or Ay.

Aide. maide. said. pay. day. way.

Au. or Aw.

audience. author. aunt. law. saw. draw.

Ea.

Earle. Pearle. meate. seate. sea. flea.

To which adde *Yea*, and *plea*; and you have at one view all our words of this termination.

Ei.

sleight. streight. weight.

theirs. peint. feint.

Ew.

Few. strew. dew.

anew.

Oi. or, Oy.

Point. joynt. soile. koile.

joy. toy. boy.

OO.

good. food. moode. brood. &c.

Ou. or, Ow.

rout. stout. how.

now. bow. low.

Vi. or, Vy.

buye. or buie. juice. or juyce.

These nine are all I would observe: for to mention more, were but to perplexe the Reader. The *Oa.* and *Ee.* will be better supplied in our *Orthographie* by the accenting *e.* in the end: as in

brôde. lôde. côte.

bôte. quêne. sêne.

Neither is the double *ee.* to be thought on, but in *derivatives*; as *trees*, *sees*, and the like: where it is as two Syllables. And for *eo.* it is found but in three words in our tongue.

Yeoman. people. jeopard.

Which were truer written

Ye-man. péple. jépard.

And thus much shall suffice for the *Diphthongs*.

The *Triphthong* is of a complexion, rather to be fear'd than lov'd: and would fright the young *Grammarian* to see him. I therefore let him passe, and make haste to the *notion*.

CHAPTER. VI.

Of the Syllables.

A Syllabe is a part of a word, that may of it selfe make a perfect sound; and is sometimes of one only letter, sometimes of more.

Of one, as in every first *Vowell* in these words:

a. abated.

e. ecclipsed.

i. imagin'd.

o. omitted.

u. usurped.

A Syllabe of more letters is made, either of *Vowells* only, or of *Consonants* joyned with *Vowells*.

Of *Vowells* only, as the *Diphthongs*

Ai. in Aiton. Ayding.

Au. in Austere. Audients.

Ea. in Easy. Eating.

Ei. in Eirie of Hawkes.

Ew. in Ewer. &c. and in the

Triphong Yea.

Of the *Vowells* mixt; sometimes but with one *Consonant*, as *to*: sometimes two, as *try*: sometimes three, as *best*: or foure, as *nefts*: or five, as *stumps*: other-while fixe, as the latter *Syllabe* in *re-straints*. At the most they can have but seven, as *strengths*.

Some *Syllables*, as

The. then. there. that.

with. and. which.

Are often compendiously, and shortly written: as

e en ere t

y. y. y. y.

th ch

w. & w.

Which, whose list may use: but *Orthographie* commands it not. A man may forbear it, without danger of falling into *Premunire*.

Here order would require to speake of the *Quantitie* of *Syllables*, their speciall *Prerogative* among the *Latines* and *Greekes*: whereof so much as is constant, and derived from *Nature*, hath beene handled already. The other which growes by *Position*, and placing of letters, as yet (not through default of our *Tongue*, being able enough to receive it, but our owne carelesnesse, being negligent to give it) is ruled by no *Art*. The principall cause whereof seemeth to be this; because our *Verses* and *Rythmes* (as it is almost with all other people, whose *Language* is spoken at this day) are naturall, and such whereof *Aristotle* speaketh, *ἐκ τῆς αὐτοσχιδίας μᾶλλον*, that is, made of a naturall, and voluntarie composition, without regard to the *Quantitie* of *Syllables*.

This would aske a larger time and field, then is here given, for the examination: but since I am assigned to this Province; that it is the lot of my
age,

age, after thirty yeares conversation with men, to be *elementarius Senex*: I will promise, and obtaine so much of my selfe, as to give, in the heele of the booke, some spurre and incitement to that which I so reasonably seeke. Not that I would have the *vulgar*, and *practis'd* way of making, abolish'd and abdicated, (being both sweet and delightfull, and much taking the eare) but, to the end our *Tongue* may be made equall to those of the renowned Countries, *Italy*, and *Greece*, touching this particular. And, as for the difficultie, that shall never withdraw, or put me off, from the Attempt: For, neither is any excellent thing done with ease, nor the compassing of this any whit to be despaired: Especially, when *Quintilian* hath observ'd to me, by this *naturall Rythme*, that we have the other *Artificiall*, as it were by certaine *Markes*, and *footing*, was first traced, and found out. And the *Grecians* themselves before *Homer*, as the *Romans* likewise before *Livius Andronicus*, had no other *Meters*. Thus much therefore shall serve to have spoken concerning the *Parts* of a *Word*, in a *Letter*, and a *Syllabe*.

It followeth to speake of the common *affections*, which unto the *Latines*, *Greekes*, and *Hebrewes*, are two; the *Accent*, and *Notation*. And first

CHAPTER VII.

Of the Accent

THe *Accent* (which unto them was a *tuning* of the voyce, in lifting it up, or letting it downe) hath not yet obtained with us any signe; which notwithstanding were most needfull to be added; not wheresoever the force of an *Accent* lieth, but where for want of one, the word is in danger to be *mis-tuned*: as in

abased. excessive. besotted,
obtaine. ungodly. surrender.

But the use of it will be seene much better by collation of words, that according unto the divers place of their *Accent*, are diversly pronounc'd, and have divers significations. Such are the words following, with their like; as

differ, différ. désert, désert. présent, présent.
refuse, refuse. object, object. incense, incense.
convert, convert. torment, torment. &c.

In originall *Nounes* *Adjective*, or *Substantive*, derived according to the rule of the writer of *Analogie*, the *Accent* is intreated to the first: as in

fátherlinesse. mótherlinesse.
péremptory. háberdasher.

Likewise, in the *Adverbs*:

brótherly. sísterly.

All *Nounes* *Disyllabick*, simple in the first, as

béleefe. hónor. crédit.
sílver. síurety.

All *Nounes* *trisyllabick*, in the first:

cóuntenance, jéopardye. &c.

All *Nounes* compounded in the first, of how many *Syllables* soever they be: as *Ténnis-court-keeper. Chimney-sweeper.*

Words

Words simple in *able*, draw the *Accent* to the first, though they be of foure *Syllables* : as

Sociable. tolerable.

When they be compounded, they keepe the same *Accent* : as
insociable. intolerable.

But in the way of comparison, it altereth thus : Some men are *sociable*, some *insociable* ; some *tolerable*, some *intolerable*. For, the *Accent* fits on the *Syllable* that puts difference : as

Sincerity. insincerity.

Nounes ending in *tion*, or *sion* ; are accented in *antepenultima* : as
condition, infusion. &c.

In *ty*, à *Latinis*, in *antepenultima* : as
vérité. charité. simplicité.

In *ence*, in *antepenultima* : as
péstilence. abstinence.
sustenance. conséquence.

All Verbes *dissyllables*, ending in *er. el. ry.* and *ish.* accent in *prima* : as
cóver, cáncel. cárry. búry.
lévy. rávish. &c.

Verbes made of Nounes, follow the *Accent* of the Nounes : as
to blánket. to básquet.

All Verbes comming from the *Latine*, either of the *Supine*, or otherwise ; hold the *Accent*, as it is found in the first person present of those *Latine* Verbes : as from

ánimo. áimate.
célebro, célebrate.

Except words compound of *fac. o* : as
liquefacio, liquefi.

And of *statuo.* *constituo, constitúte.*

All variations of Verbes hold the *Accent* in the same place, as the *Theme*,

I áimate : thou áimatest. &c.

And thus much shall serve to have opened the fountaine of *Orthographie*. Now let us come to the *notation* of a word.

CHAPTER. VIII.

The Notation of a Word

IS, when the originall thereof is sought out, and consisteth in two things ; the *Kind*, and the *Figure*.

The *Kind* is to know, whether the word bee a *Primitive*, or *Derivative*, as

Man. love

Are *Primitives* :

Manly. lover

Are *Derivatives*.

The *Figure* is to know, whether the word bee *simple*, or *compounded* ; as,

Are *simple* : *learned. say*
unlearned. gain-say are *compounded*.

In

Compositio.

In which kind of composition, our *English* tongue is above all other very hardy, and happy; joyning together, after a most eloquent manner, fundry words of every kind of Speech:

Sapè tria coagmen: Nom.

A foot-ball-plaier.

A Tennis-court-keeper.

Sapissimè duo Substant: ut

Hand-ker-chit Rain-bow.

Eye-sore. Table-napkin.

Head-ach. κεφαλαλγία.

Substantivum cum verbo:

Wood-bind.

Pronomen cum Substantivo:

ut Self-love. φιλαυτία.

self-freedom. αυτονομία.

Verbum cum Substantivo: ut

a Puff-cheeke. φυστιγνάθος.

Draw-well. Draw-bridge.

Adjectivum cum Substantivo:

ut

New-ton. νεάπολις.

Handi-craft. χειροσοφία.

Adverbium cum Substantivo:

ut

Downfall.

Adverbium cum Participio:

ut

Vp-rising. Downe-

lying.

as

Mil-horse. lip-wise. self-love.

twy-light. there-about.

not-with-standing. by-cause.

cut-purse. never-the-lesse.

These are the common affections of a word: His divers sorts now follow. A word is of *Number*, or *without Number*. Of *Number*, that word is termed to be, which signifieth a number *singular*, or *plurall*.

Singular, which expresseth one only thing: as

tree. bookes. teachers.

Againe, a word of number is *finite*, or *infinite*. *Finite*, which varieth his number with certaine ends: as

man. run. horse.

Infinite, which varieth not: as

true. strong running.

Moreover, a word of number is a *Noune*, or a *Verbe*. But, here it were fit, we did first number our Words, or parts of Speech, of which our Language consists.

CHAP. IX.

Of the Parts of Speech.

IN our *English* speech, we number the same parts with the *Latines*.

Noune.

Adverbe.

Pronoune.

Conjunction.

Verbe.

Preposition.

Participle.

Interjection.

Only, we adde a ninth, which is the *Article*: And that is two-fold,

Finite. as *The*.

Infinite. as *A*.

The *finite* is set before *Nounes Appellatives*: as

The Horse. *The* Tree.

The Earth. or specially

The nature of the Earth.

Proper Names, and *Pronounes* refuse *Articles*, but for *Emphasis* sake: as

The Henry of *Henries*.

The only *Hee* of the *Towne*.

Where *Hee* stands for a *Noune*, and signifies *Man*.

The *Infinite* hath a power of declaring, and designing uncertaine, or infinite things: as

A man. *A* house.

This *Article A*. answers to the *Germane Ein*. or the *French*, or *Italian Articles*, deriv'd from one, not *Numerall*, but *Prepositive*: as

A House. Ein Hause.
Un Maison. Una Casa.

The is put to both numbers, and answers to the Dutch Article.

Der. die. das.

Save, that it admits no inflexion.

CHAP. X.

Of the Noun.

ALL Nounes are words of Number, Singular, or Plurall.

They are $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{common.} \\ \text{proper.} \\ \text{personall.} \end{array} \right\}$ And are all $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Substantive.} \\ \text{or,} \\ \text{Adjective.} \end{array} \right\}$

Their Accidents are,

Gender. Case. Declension.

Of the Genders there are sixe. First, the Masculine, which comprehendeth all Males, or what is understood under a Masculine species: as Angels, Men, Starres: and (by Prosopæia) the Moneth's, winds, almost all the Planets. Second, the Feminine, which compriseth Women, and femal species: Islands. Countries. Cities.

1. Masculine.

2. Feminine.

And some Rivers with us: as

Severne, Avon, &c.

Third, the Neuter, or feined Gender: whose notion conceives neither Sexe; under which are compriz'd all inanimate things; a ship excepted: of whom we say, shee sayles well, though the name be Hercules, or Henry, the Prince. As Terence call'd his Comedie Eunuchus, per vocabulum Artis.

3. Neuter.

Fourth, the Promiscuous, or Epicene, which understands both kindes: especially, when we cannot make the difference; as, when we call them Horses, and Dogges, in the Masculine, though there be Bitches, and Mares amongst them. So to Fowles for the most part, we use the Feminine, as of Eagles, Hawkes; we say, shee flies well; and call them Geese, Ducks, and Doves, which they flye at.

4. Epicene.

Fift, the Common, or rather Doubtfull gender, wee use often, and with elegance: as in

5. Doubtfull.

Cosin, Gossip, friend, Neighbour,
Enemie, Servant, Theefe, &c.

When they may be of either Sexe.

Sixt, is the Common of three Genders: by which a Noun is divided into Substantive, and Adjective. For a Substantive is a Noun of one only Gender, or (at the most) of two. And an Adjective is a Noun of three Genders, being alwayes infinite.

6. Common of three.

CHAP. XI.
Of the Diminution of Nounes.

THe common Affection of Nounes is *Diminution*. A *Diminutive* is a Noun, noting the *diminution* of his *Primitive*.

The *diminution* of *Substantives* hath these foure divers terminations :

Ell, part, parcell. cocke, cockrell.

Et, capon, caponet. poke, poket. Baron, Baronet.

Ock, Hill, hillock. Bull, bullock.

Ing, Goose, gosling. Duck, duckling.

So from the *Adjective*, *Deare, darling.*

Many *Diminutives* there are, which rather be abusions of speech, then any proper *English* words. And such for the most part are *Mens*, and *Womens* Names : Names, which are spoken in a kind of flatterie, especially among familiar friends and lovers : as

Richard, Dick. William, Will.

Margery, Madge. Mary, Mal.

Diminution of *Adjectives* is in this one end, *ish* : as

White, Whitish. Greene, greenish.

After which manner certain *Adjectives* of *likenesse* are also formed from their *Substantives* : as

Diuel, diuelish. Theefe, theevish.

Coult, coultish. Elf, elvish.

Some *Nounes* steale the forme of *Diminution*, which neither in signification shew it, nor can derive it from a *Primitive* : as

Gibbet. Doublet. peevish.

CHAP. XII.

Of Comparisons.

THese then are the *common Affections*, both of *Substantives*, and *Adjectives* : there follow certaine other, not generall to them both, but proper and peculiar to each one. The *proper affection* therefore of *Adjectives* is *Comparison* ; of which, after the *Positive*, there be two degrees reckoned, namely, the *Comparative*, and the *Superlative*.

The *Comparative* is a degree declared by the *Positive*, with this Adverbe *more* ; as

Wiser, more wise.

The *Superlative* is declared by the *Positive* with this Adverbe *most* : as

Wiseſt, moſt wiſe.

Both which degrees are formed of the *Positive* : the *Comparative*, by putting to *er* : the *Superlative* by putting to *eſt* : as in these examples :

Learned, learnedeſt, learnedeſt.

Simple, ſimpler, ſimpleſt.

Trew, trewer, treweſt.

Black, blacker, blackeſt.

From this generall rule a few speciall words are excepted: as

Good. better. best.

Ill. worse. worst.

Little. lesse. least.

Much. more. most.

Many Words have no comparison; as

Reverend. Puissant.

Victorious. Renowned.

Other have both degrees; but lacke the *Positive*: as *former. formost.*

Some are formed of Adverbs: as

Wisely. wiselier. wiseliest.

Justly. justlier. justliest.

Certaine Comparisons, forme out of themselves: as

Lesse. lesser.

Worse. worser.

CHAP. XIII.

Of the First Declension.

And thus much concerning the proper Affection of Adjectives: The proper Affection of Substantives followeth: And that consisteth in Declining.

A Declension is the varying of a Noun Substantive into divers terminations. Where besides the Absolute, there is, as it were a Genitive Case, made in the Singular number by putting to *s*.

Of Declensions there be two kindes: the first maketh the Plurall of the Singular, by adding thereunto *s*. as

Tree. Trees.

Thing. things.

Steeple. Steeples.

So with *s*. by reason of the neere affinitie of these two Letters, whereof we have spoken before:

Parke, Parkes. Bucke, Buckes.

Dwarfe, Dwarfes: Path, pathes.

And in this first Declension, the Genitive plurall is all one with the plurall absolute.

Singular { *Father.* } Plur. { *Fathers.*
 { *Father.* } { *Fathers.*

General exceptions: Nounes ending in *z. s. sh. g. and ch.* in the declining take to the genitive singular *i.* and to the plurall *e.* as

Sing. { *Prince,* } Plur. { *Princes.*
 { *Princes.* } { *Princes.*

So, *rose. bush. age. breech. &c.* Which distinctions, not observed, brought in first the monstrous Syntaxe of the Pronounne, *his*, joyning with a Noun, betokening a Possessor; as, the Prince his house; for, the Princes house.

Many words ending in Diphthongs, or Vowells, take neither *z.* nor *s.* but only change their Diphthongs or Vowells, retaining their last Consonant: as

Mouse. Mice, or Meece.
Louse. Lyce, or Leece.
Goose, Geese. Foot, Feet.
Tooth. Teeth.

Exception of number: Some Nounes of the *first Declension* lacke the *Plurall*: as

Rest. Gold. Silver. Bread.

Other the *Singular*: as

Riches. Goods.

Many being in their principall signification *Adjectives* are here declined, and in the *plurall* stand in stead of *Substantives*: as

Other, others. One, ones.
Hundred, hundreds. Thousand, thousands.
Necessarie, necessaries: and such like.

CHAPTER XIII. of the second Declension.

THe *second Declension* formeth the *Plurall* from the *Singular*, by putting to *n*. which notwithstanding it have not so many Nounes, as hath the former, yet lacketh not his difficultie, by reason of sundry exceptions, that cannot easily be reduced to one generall head. Of this former are,

Oxe, Oxen. Horse, Horses.

Exceptions. *Man*, and *Woman*, by a contraction make *men* and *women*, or *wemen*, in stead of *manen* and *womenen*. *Cow*, makes *Kine*, or *keene*: *Brother*, for *Bretheren*, hath *Brithren*, and *Brethern*. *Child* formeth the plurall by adding *r*. besides the root; for we say not *children*, which according to the Rule given before, is the right formation; but *childern*, because that sound is more pleasant to the eares.

Here the genitive plurall is made by adding *s*. unto the Absolute: as

Sing. { *childe* } Plur. { *childern.* }
 { *childes.* } { *childerns.* }

Exceptions from both Declensions: Some Nounes have the plurall of both Declensions: as

House. houses. housen.
Eyes. eye. eyen.
Shoe. shooes. shooen.

CHAPTER. XV.

Of Pronounes.

A Few irregular Nounes, varying from the generall precepts, are commonly termed *Pronounes*: whereof the first foure in stead of the Genitive have an Accusative case: as.

I. } Plur. { We. Thou. } Plur. { You.
Me. } Us. Thee. } Yee.

Hee. shee. That. All three make in the Plurall, *They. Them.*

Four Possessives: *My, or Myne.* Plurall: *Our, ours.* *Thy, thine.* Plurall, *Your, yours.* *His, Hers,* both in the plurall making, *Their, theirs:* As many Demonstratives. *This, plurall, These.* *That, plurall Those:* *yonne, or yonder same.*

Three Interrogatives, whereof one requiring both Genitive, and Acculative, and taken for a Substantive: *who? whose? whom?* The other two Infinite, and Adjectively used, *what. whether.*

Two Articles in gender, and number infinite, which the Latines lacke: *A. The.*

One Relative, *which:* One other signifying a Reciprocation, *self. pl. selves:* Composition of Pronounes is more common:

My-self. our-selves.

Thy-self. your-selves.

Him-self.

Her-self.

It-self.

Plurall: *Them-selves.*

This-same, that-same. yonne-same, yonder-same, self-same.

CHAP. XVI.

Of a Verbe.

Hitherto we have declared the whole Etymologie of Nounes: which in easinesse, and shortnesse, is much to be preferred before the Latines, and the Grecians. It remaineth with like brevitie, if it may be, to prosecute the Etymologie of a Verbe. A Verbe is a word of number, which hath both Tyme, and Person. Tyme is the difference of a Verbe, by the present, past, and future, or to come. A Verbe finite therefore hath three only Tymes, and those alwayes imperfect.

The first is the present: as

Amo, Love.

The second is the Tyme past: as

Amabam, loved.

The third is the Future: as

Ama, amato: Love, love.

The other Tymes both imperfect: as

Amem, amarem, amabo.

And also perfect: as

Amavi, amaverim, amaveram,

Amavissim, amavero.

Wee use to expresse by a Syntaxe, as shall be seene in the proper place.

The future is made of the present, and is the same alwayes with it.

Of this future ariseth a Verbe infinite, keeping the same termination:

as

as likewise of the *present*, and the *Tyme past*, are formed the *Participle present* by adding of *ing*: as

Love, loving.

The other is all one with the *Tyme past*.

The *Passive* is expressed by a *Syntaxe*, like the *tymes* going before, as hereafter shall appeare.

A *Person* is the speciall difference of a *verball* number, whereof the *present*, and the *Tyme past*, have in every number three.

The second, and third person singular of the present are made of the first, by adding *est*, and *eth*; which last is sometime shortned into *z*. or *s*.

The *tyme past* is varied, by adding in like manner in the second person singular *est*: and making the third like unto the first.

The *future* hath but only two persons; the second, and the third, ending both alike.

The persons Plurall, keepe the termination of the first person Singular. In former times, till about the reigne of King Henry the eighth, they were wont to be formed, by adding *en*: thus,

Loven. sayen. complainen.

But now (whatsoever is the cause) it hath quite growne out of use, and that other so generally prevailed, that I dare not presume to set this a-foot againe. Albeit, (to tell you my opinion) I am perswaded, that the lacke hereof well considered, will be found a great blemish to our tongue. For, seeing *time*, and *person* be, as it were, the right, and left hand of a *Verbe*; what can the mayming bring else, but a lameness to the whole body?

And by reason of these two differences, a *Verbe* is divided two manner of wayes. First, in respect of persons, it is called *personall*, or *impersonall*. *Personall*, which is varied by three persons: as

Love, lovest, loveth.

Impersonall, which onely hath the third person: as

behoveth. yrketh.

Secondly, in consideration of the *times*, we terme it *active*, or *neuter*: *Active*, whose *Participle past* may be joyned with the *Verbe am*: as,

I am loved. Thou art hated.

Neuter, which cannot be so coupled: as

Pertaine. Dye. Live.

This therefore is the generall forming of a *Verbe*, which must to every speciall one hereafter be applied.

CHAP. XVII.

Of the first Conjugation.

THE varying of a *Verbe* by persons, and times, both *finite*, and *infinite*, is termed a *Conjugation*. Whereof there bee two sorts. The first fetcheth the *time past* from the *present*, by adding *ed*: and is thus varied

Pr. *Love, lovest, loveth.*

Pl. *Love, love, love.*

Pa. *Loved, loved'st, loved.*

Pl. *Loved, loved, loved.*

Fu. *Love, love.*

Pl. *Love, love.*

Inf.

Inf. Love.
Part. pr. Loving.
Part. past. Loved.

Verbes are oft-times shortned: as

Sayest, seest. would, woud.
Should, shoud. holpe, hope.

But, this is more common in the leaving out of *e*. as

Loved'st, for lovedest.
Rubbed, rub'd. tookest, took'st.

Exception of the *time-past*, for *ed*. have *t*. as

Licked, lick't. leaved, left.
Gaped, gap't. Blushed, blush't.

Where *Verbes* ending with *d*. for avoyding the concourse of two many Consonants, doe cast it away: as

Lend, lent. Spend, spent. Gyrd, gyrt.

Make by a rare contraction is here turned into *Made*. Many *Verbes* in the *time past* vary not at all from the *present*: such are

Cast. hurt. cost. burst. &c.

CHAP. XVIII.

Of the second Conjugation.

AND so much for the *first Conjugation*; being indeed the most usuall forming of a *Verbe*, and thereby also the common Inne to lodge every strange, and forraine guest. That which followeth for any thing, I can find (though I have with some diligence searched after it,) intertaineth none, but naturall, and home-borne words, which though in number they be not many, a hundred and twenty, or thereabouts; yet in variation are so divers, and uncertaine, that they need much the stampe of some good *Logick*, to beat them into proportion. We have set downe that, that in our judgement agreeth best with reason, and good order. Which, notwithstanding, if it seeme to any to be too rough hewed, let him plane it out more smoothly, and I shall not only not envy it, but, in the behalfe of my Countrey, most heartily thanke him for so great a benefit; hoping that I shall be thought sufficiently to have done my part, if in towling this Bell, I may draw others to a deeper consideration of the matter: for touching my selfe, I must needs confesse, that after much painfull churning, this only would come, which here we have devised.

The *second Conjugation* therefore turneth the *present* into the *time past*, by the only change of his Letters, namely of *Vowells* alone, or *Consonants* also.

Verbes changing *Vowells* only, have no certaine termination of the *Participle past*, but derive it as well from the *present*, as the *time past*, and that otherwhile differing from either, as the examples following do declare.

The change of *Vowells* is, either of *simple Vowells*, or of *Diphthongs*; whereof the first goeth by the order of *Vowells*, which we also will observe.

An *a*. is turned into *oo*..

Pres.

Pref.	Shake, shakest, shaketh.	Plur. Shake, shake, shake.
Past.	Shooke, shookest, shooke.	Pl. Shooke, shooke, shooke.
Fut.	Shake, shake.	Plur. Shake, shake.
Inf.	Shake.	
Part. pre.	Shaking.	
Part. pa.	Shaken.	

This forme doe the Verbes, take, wake, forsake, and hang, follow, but hang, in the time past maketh hung; not, hangen.

Hereof the Verb, am, is a speciall exception, being thus varied:

Pr. Am, art, is. Pl. are, are, are; or, Be, be, be, of the unused word, Bee, beest, beeth, in the singular.

Past. Was, wast, was. or, Were, wert, were. Pl. Were, were, were.

Fut. Be, be. Plur. Be, be.

Inf. Be.

Part. pr. Being.

Part. past. Bene.

Ea. maketh first e. short:

Pr. Leade. Past. Ledde. Part. pa. Ledde.

The rest of the times and persons, both singular, and plurall in this, and the other Verbs that follow, because they jumpe with the former examples, and rules, in every point, we have chosen rather to omit, then to thrust in needlesse words.

Such are the Verbs, eate, beate, (both making Participles past: besides ette, and bette; eaten, and beaten) spread, shead, dreade, sweate, shreade, treade.

Then a, or o. indifferently;

Pr. Breake.

Past. Brake, or broke.

Par. pa. Broke, or broken.

Hither belong, speake, sweare, teare, cleave, weare, steale, beare, sheare, weave. So, gett, and helpe: but halpe, is seldome used, save with the Poets.

i. is changed into a.

Pr. give.

Past. gave.

Par. pa. given.

So, bid, and sit.

And here sometimes i. is turned into a. and o. both.

Pr. Winne.

Past. Wanne, or Wonne.

Par. pa. Wonne.

Of this sort are sling, ring, wring, sing, sting, stick, spinne, strick, drinke, sinke, spring, begin, stinke, shrink, swing, swimme.

Secondly, long i. into e.

Pr. reede.

Pa. read.

Par. pa. read.

Also feed, meet, breed, bleed, speed.

Then into o.

Pr. Seeth.

Pa. sodde.

Par. pa. sodde, or sodden.

Lastly,

Lastly, it makes, *aw*.

Pr. *see.*
Pa. *saw.*
Par. Pa. *seene.*

O. hath *a*.

Pr. *come.*
Pa. *came.*
Par. Pa. *come.*

And here it may besides keepe his proper *Vowel*.

Pr. *runne.*
Pa. *ranne, or runne.*
Par. pa. *runne.*

oo. maketh *o*.

Pr. *choofe.*
Pa. *chofe.*
Par. pa. *chofen.*

And one more, *shoote*, *shotte*, in the *Participle*.

past. *shott*, or *shotten*.

Some pronounce the *Verbs* by the *Diphthong*, *ew*. *chewfe*, *shewte*, and that is *Scottish-like*.

CHAP. XIX.

Of the third Conjugation.

THe change of *Diphthongs* is of *ai*. and *y*. or *aw*. and *ow*. All which are changed into *ew*.

ai. { Pr. *slay.*
Pa. *slew.*
Par. pa. *slaine.*

y. { Pr. *Fly.*
Pa. *flew.*
Par. pa. *flyne, or flowne.*

aw. { Pr. *dram.*
Pa. *drew.*
Par. pa. *drawne.*

ow. { Pr. *know.*
Pa. *knew.*
Par. pa. *knowne.*

This forme commeth oftener, then the three former: *snaw*, *grow*, *throw*, *blow*, *crow*.

Secondly, *y*. is particularly turned, sometimes into the *Vowells* *i*. and *o*.

i. { Pr. *Byte.*
Pa. *Bitte.*
Par. pa. *Bitte, or bitten.*

Likewise, *hyde*, *quyte*, *chyde*, *stride*, *syde*.

o. { Pr. *Hyght.*
Pa. *Hoght.*
Par. pa. *Hoght.*

So, *Shine, strive, thrive.*

And, as *r*. severally frameth either; so may it joyntly have them both:

Pr. *Ryse.*

Past. *Rise, or rose.*

Par. pa. *Rise, or risen.*

To this kind pertaine: *Smyte, wryte, byde, ryde, clyme, dryve, clyve.*

Sometimes, into the *Diptongs, ai, and ou.*

ai. { Pr. *Lye.*
Pa. *lay.*
Par. pa. *lyne, or layne.*

ou. { Pr. *Fynd.*
Pa. *found.*
Par. pa. *found.*

So, *bynde, grynde, wynde, fyght.*

Last of all; *aw, and ow*; doe both make *e*.

aw. { Pr. *Fall.*
Pa. *fell.*
Par. pa. *fallen.*

Such is the *Verbe, fraught*: which *Chaucer* in the *Man of Lawes tale*:

This Merchants have done, freight their ships new.

ou. { Pr. *Howld.*
Pa. *Held.*
Par. pa. *Held, or howlden.*

Exceptions of the *Time past*.

Some that are of the *first Conjugation*, only have in the *Participle past*, besides their owne, the forme of the second, and the third: as

Hew, hewed, and hewne.

Mow, mowed, and mowen.

Load, loaded, and loaden.

CHAP. XX.

Of the fourth Conjugation.

Verbs that convey the *Time past* for the *present*, by the change both of Vowells and Consonants, following the terminations of the first Conjugation, end in *d*. or *t*.

Pr. *Stand.*

Pa. *Stood.*

Such are these words,

Pr. *Wolfe, wolt, wolfe.*

Pa. *wolde, or woulde. wouldest, would.*

Fut. *wolle, woll.*

The *infinite Times* are not used:

Pr. { *Can, canst, can.*

Pa. { * *Colde, or could.*

Pr. { *Sholle, sholt, sholl.*

Pa. { *Sholde, or shoulde.*

* An old English word, for which now we commonly use, *shall*, or *shawll*.

The other Times of either *Verbe* are lacking.

Pr. } *Heare.*

Pa. } *Heard.*

Pr. } *Sell.*

Pa. } *Sold.*

So, *Tell, told.*

Of the other sort are these, and such like:

Pr. } *Feele.*

Pa. } *felt.*

So, *creepe, sleepe, weepe, keepe, sweepe, meene.*

Pr. } *Teach.*

Pa. } *Taught.*

To this forme belong: *thinke, retch, seake, reach, catch, bring, worke, and buy, and owe*, which make, *bought, and ought.*

Pr. } *Dare, darest, dare.*

Pa. } *Durst, durst, durst.*

Pr. } *May, mayst, may.*

Pa. } *Might, mightest, might.*

These two *Verbs* want the other Times.

A generall exception from the former Conjugations. Certaine *Verbs* have the forme of either Conjugation: as

Hang, hanged, and hung.

Reach, reach't, and rought.

So, *cleave, sheare, sting, clyme, cetch, &c.*

CHAP. XXI.

Of Adverbes.

Thus much shall suffice for the *Etymologie* of *Words*, that have number, both in a *Noune*, and a *Verbe*: whereof the former is but short, and easie: the other longer, and wrapped with a great deale more difficultie. Let us now proceed to the *Etymologie* of words without number.

A *Word* without number is that, which without his principall signification noteth not any number. Whereof there be two kindes, an *Adverbe*, and a *Conjunction*.

An *Adverb* is a word without number, that is joyned to another word: as

Well-learned.

Hee fighteth valiantly.

Hee disputeth very subtilly.

So that an *Adverbe* is as it were an *Adjective* of *Nonnes, Verbes*; yea, and *Adverbs* also themselves.

Adverbs are either of *Quantitie*, or *Qualitie*. Of *Quantitie*: as

Enough, too-much, altogether.

Adverbs of *Qualitie* be of divers sorts:

First of *Number*: as *Once, twice, thrice.*

Secondly, of *Time*: as *To day, yesterday, then.*

By, and by ever, when.

Thirdly of *Place*: as *Here, there, where, yonder.*

Fourthly, in affirmation, or negation: as

I. yes. indeed. no. not. nay.

Fiftly, in wishing, calling, and exhorting: wishing, as

O. If.

Calling; as, *Ho. firrah.* Exhorting: as *so, so. there, there.*

Sixtly in similitude, and likenesse: as

So. even so. Likewise, even as.

To this place pertaine *Adverbs* of qualitie whatsoever, being formed from Nounes, for the most part, by adding *ly*: as

Fast, justly. True, truly.

Strong, strongly. Name, namely.

Here also *Adjectives*, as well *positive*, as *compared* stand for *Adverbs*:

When he least weeneth, soonest shall he fall.

Interjections, commonly so termed, are in right *Adverbs*, and therefore may justly lay title to this roome. Such are these, that follow, with their like: as

Ah. alas. wo. fie. tush. ha, ha, he.

st. a note of silence. *Rr.* that serveth to set dogges together by the eares. *Hrr*, to chase birds away.

Prepositions are also a peculiar kind of *Adverbs*, and ought to be referred hither. *Prepositions* are separable, or inseparable. *Separable* are for the most part of *Time*, and *Place*: as

Among. according. without.

Afore. after. before. behind.

Under. upon. beneath. over.

Against. besides. neere.

Inseparable Prepositions are they, which signifie nothing, if they be not compounded with some other word: as.

re. un. in Release. unlearned.

CHAP. XXII.

Of Conjunctions.

A *Conjunction* is a word without number, knitting divers speeches together: and is *declaring*, or *reasoning*. *Declaring*, which uttereth the parts of a Sentence: And that againe is *gathering*, or *separating*. *Gathering*, whereby the parts are affirmed to be true together, which is *coupling*, or *conditioning*. *Coupling*, when the parts are severally affirmed: as

And. also. neither.

Conditioning, by which the part following dependeth, as true, upon the part going before; as *If. unlesse. except.*

A *separating conjunction* is that, whereby the parts (as being not true together) are separated; and is

Severing,

or,

sundring.

Severing, when the parts are separated only in a certaine respect, or reason: as

But. although. notwithstanding.

Sundring,

Sundring, when the parts are separated indeed, and truly, so as more then one cannot be true: as

Either. whitker. or.

Reasoning Conjunctions are those which conclude one of the parts by the other, whereof some render a reason; and some doe inferre.

Rendring are such, as yeeld the cause of a thing going before: as

For. because.

Inferring, by which a thing that commeth after, is concluded by the former: as

Therefore. Wherefore.

So that. insomuch that.

THE

THE SECOND BOOKE, OF THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR. *Of Syntaxe.*

CHAP. I.

Of Apostrophus.

AS yet we have handled *Etymologie*, and all the parts thereof. Let us come to the consideration of the *Syntaxe*.

The Latines
and Hebrewes
have none.

Syntaxe is the second part of *Grammar*, that teacheth the Construction of words; whereunto *Apostrophus*, an affection of words coupled, and joyned together, doth belong.

Apostrophus is the rejecting of a Vowell from the beginning, or ending of a Word. The note whereof, though it many times, through the negligence of Writers and Printers, is quite omitted, yet by right should, and of the learned sort hath his signe and marke, which is such a *Semi-circle* placed in the top.

In the end a Vowell may be cast away, when the word next following beginneth with another: as

Th' outward man decayeth:

So th' inward man getteth strength.

If ye' utter such words of pure love, and friendship,

What then may wee looke for, if ye' once begin to hate?

Gower. lib. 1. de confess. Amant.

If thou' art of his company, tell forth, my sonne.

It is time to' awake from sleepe.

Vowells suffer also this *Apostrophus* before the Consonant *h*.

Chaucer in the 3. Booke of *Troilus*.

For of Fortunes sharpe adversitie,

The worst kind of infortune is this:

A man to' have beene in prosperitie,

And it to remember when it passed is.

The first kind then is common with the *Greekes*; but that which followeth, is proper to us, which though it bee not of any, that I know,
either

either in Writing, or Printing, usually express'd : Yet considering that in our common speech, nothing is more familiar, (upon the which all Precepts are grounded, and to the which they ought to be referred) who can justly blame me, if, as neere as I can, I follow Natures call.

This rejecting therefore, is both in Vowells, and Consonants, going before,

Gower, lib. 4. *There is no fire, there is no sparke,
There is no dore, which may charke.*

Who answered, that he was not privy to it, and in excuse seem'd to be very sore displeased with the matter, that his men of Warre had done it without his commandement, or consent.

CHAP. II.

Of the Syntaxe of one Noun with another.

Syntaxe appertaineth, both to words of number, and without number, where the want, and superfluity of any part of speech are two generall, and common exceptions. Of the former kind of Syntaxe is that of a Noun, and Verbe.

The Syntaxe of a Noun, with a Noun, is in number, and gender : as

*Esau could not obtaine his fathers blessing, though he sought it with
teares.*

Jesabel was a wicked woman, for she slew the Lords Prophets.

An Idol is no god, for it is made with hands.

In all these examples yee see *Esa*, and *hee*; *Jesabel*, and *shee*; *Idol*, and *it*, to agree in the singular number. The first example also in the Masculine gender : the second in the Feminine : the third, in the Neuter. And in this Construction (as also throughout the whole English Syntaxe) order, and the placing of words is one especiall thing to be observed. So that when a Substantive, and an Adjective, are immediatly joyned together, the Adjective must goe before : as

Plato shut Poets out of his Common-wealth, as effeminate Writers, unprofitable members, and enemies to vertue.

When two Substantives come together, whereof one is the name of a Possessor, the other of a thing possessed, then hath the name of a Possessor the former place, and that in the Genitive :

All mans righteousness is like a defiled cloth.

Gower, lib. 1.

*An Owle flieth by night,
Out of all other birds sight.*

But if the thing possess'd goe before, then doth the Preposition *of*, come betweene :

Ignorance is the mother of error.

Gower, lib.

*So that it proveth well therefore
The strength of man is sone lore.*

Which

Which Preposition may be coupled with the thing possessed, being in the Genitive.

Nort. in Arsan.

A road made into Scanderbech's Countrey by the Duke of Myfia's men; for the Dukes men of Myfia.

Here the absolute serveth sometimes in stead of a Genitive:

All trouble is light, which is endured for righteousnesse sake.

Otherwise, two Substantives are joyned together by apposition; Sir Thomas More in King Richards Storie: George Duke of Clarence, was a Prince at all points fortunate. Where if both be the names of Possessors, the latter shall be in the Genitive.

Foxe in the 2. Volume of Acts and Monuments:

King Henry the Eight, married with the Lady Katherine his Brother, Prince Arthurs wife.

The generall exceptions:

The Substantive is often lacking: Sir Thomas More.

Sometime without small things, greater cannot stand.

Chaucer. *For some folke woll be wonne for riches,*

And some folke for strokes, and some folke for gentlenesse.

Likewise the Adjective:

It is hard in prosperitie to preserve true Religion, true godlinesse, and true humilitie.

Lidgate, lib. 8. speaking of Constantine,

That whilome had the divination

As chiefe Monarch, chiefe Prince, and chiefe President

Over all the world, from East to Occident.

In Greek, and Latine this want were barbarous: the Hebrewes notwithstanding use it.

But the more notable lacke of the Adjectives is in the want of the relative;

In the things, which we least mistrust, the greatest danger doth often lurke.

Gower, lib. 2.

For thy the wise-men ne demen

The things after that their they semen.

But, after that, which they know, and finde.

Ps. 118. 22. *The stone, the builders refused, for, which the builders refused.*

And here besides the common wanting of a Substantive, whereof we spake before; there is another more speciall, and proper to the Absolute, and the Genitive.

Chaucer in the 3. booke of Fame.

This is the mother of tydings,

As the Sea is mother of Wells, and is mother of Springs.

Rebecca clothed Jacob with garments of his brothers

Superfluity also of Nounes is much used:

Sir Tho: More, whose death King Edward (although he commanded it) when he wist it was done, pitiously bewailed it, and sorrowfully repented it.

Chaucer in his Prologue to the Man of Lawes tale.

*Such law, as a man yeveth another wight,
He should himself usen it by right.*

Gower,

Gower, l. i. *For, whose wolle another blame,
Hee seeketh oft his owne shame.*

Speciall exceptions, and first of *Number*. Two Singulars are put for our Plurall:

*All Authority, and Custome of men, exalted against the word of
God, must yeeld themselves prisoners.*

Gower. *In thine aspect are all alich,
The poore man, and eke the rich.*

The second Person plurall is for reverence sake to one singular thing:

Gower, lib. i. *O good Father deare,
Why make ye this heavie cheare.*

Where also after a *Verbe* plurall, the singular of the *Noun* is reteined:
*I know you are a discreet, and faithfull man, and therefore am come to aske
your advice.*

Exceptions of *Genders*.

The Articles *hee*, and *it*, are used in each others *Gender*.

Sir Tho. More. *The south wind sometime swelleth of himselfe before a tem-
pest.*

Gower of the earth.

*And for thy men it delve, and ditch,
And earen it, with strength of plough:
Where it bath of himselfe enough,
So that his need is least.*

It, also followeth for the *Feminine*: Gower, lib. 4.

*He swore it should nought be let,
That, if she have a daughter bore,
That it ne should be forlore.*

CHAP. III.

Of the Syntaxe of a Pronoun with a Noun.

THe Articles *a*. and *the*, are joyned to Substantives common never to proper names of men: *William Lambert in the Perambulation of Kent.*

The cause only, and not the death maketh a Martyr.

Yet, with a proper name used by a *Metaphor*, or borrowed manner of speech, both Articles may be coupled:

*Who so avoucheth the manifest, and knowne truth, ought not there-
fore to be called a Goliath, that is a monster, and impudent fellow, as
he was.*

Jewell against Harding:

*You have adventured your selfe to be the noble David, to conquer
this Giant.*

Nort. in Arsan. *And if ever it were necessarie, now it is, when many an
Athanasius, many an Atticus, many a noble Prince, and godly Per-
sonage lyeth prostrate at your feet for succour.*

Where this *Metaphor* is expounded. So, when the proper name is used to note ones parentage, which kind of Nounes the *Grammarians* call *Patroni-
micks*: Nort. in Gabriells Oration to Scanderbech.

For you know well enough the wiles of the Ottomans.

Perkin Warbeck, a stranger borne, fained himselfe to be a Plantaginet.

When a Substantive, and an Adjective are joyned together, these Articles are put before the Adjective:

A good conscience is a continuall feast.

Gower, lib. 1. *For false semblant bath evermore*

Of his counsell in companie,

The darke untrue Hypocrisie.

Which Construction in the Article, *A*, notwithstanding some Adjectives will not admit:

Sir Tho: More. *Such a Serpent is ambition, and desire of vain-glory.*

Chaucer. *Under a Shepheard false, and negligent,*

The Wolfe hath many a Sheepe, and Lamb to rent.

Moreover, both these Articles are joyned to any cases of the Latines, the Vocative only excepted: as,

A man saith. The strength of a man.

I sent to a man. I hurt a man.

I was sued by a man.

Likewise, the Apostle testifieth: The zeale of the Apostle; Give eare to the Apostle: Follow the Apostle: Depart not from the Apostle.

So that in these two Pronounes the whole Construction almost of the Latines is contained. *The*, agreeth to any number: *A*, only to the singular, save when it is joyned with those Adjectives, which doe of necessity require a Plurall:

The Conscience is a thousand witnesses.

Lidgate, lib. 1.

Though for a season they sit in high cheares,

Their fame shall fade within a few yeares.

A, goeth before words beginning with Consonants, and before all Vowells, (*Diphthongs*, whose first letter is *y*. or *w*. excepted) it is turn'd into *An*:

Sir Tho: More:

For men use to write an evill turne in marble stone; but a good turne they write in the dust.

Gower, lib. 1.

For all shall dye; and all shall passe

As well a Lyon, as an Asse.

So may it be also before *h*.

Sir Tho: More. *What mischief worketh the proud enterprize of an high heart.*

A, hath also the force of governing before a Noun:

Sir Tho: More:

And the Protector had layd to her for manner sake, that she was a Councell with the Lord Hastings to destroy him.

Chaucer, 2. booke of Troylus:

And on his way fast homeward he sped,

And Troylus he found alone in bed.

Likewise,

Likewise, before the Participle present, *an*, hath the force of a *Gerund*:
Nort.in Arsan.

But there is some great tempest a brewing towards us.

Lidgate, lib. 7.

The King was slaine, and ye did assent

In a Forrest an hunting, when that he went.

The Article, *The*, joyned with the Adjective of a Noun proper may follow, after the Substantive:

Chaucer.

— *Their Chaunticleer the faire*

Was wont, and eke his Wives to repaire.

Otherwise it varieth from the common Rule. Againe, this Article by a *Synecdoche* doth restraints a generall, and common name to some certaine and speciall one:

Gower in his Prologue:

The Apostle writeth unto us all,

And saith, that upon us his fall,

Th' end of the world. for Paul.

So by the *Philosopher*, *Aristotle*. By the *Poet*, among the *Grecians*, *Homer*: with the *Latines*, *Virgill*, is understood.

This, and *that*, being Demonstratives; and *what*, the Interrogative, are taken for Substantives:

Sir *John Cheeke*, in his Oration to the Rebels:

Ye rise for Religion: What Religion taught you that?

Chaucer, in the reves tale:

And this is very sooth, as I you tell.

Ascham, in his Discourse of the Affaires of *Germanie*. A wonderfull folly in a great man himselfe, and some peece of miserie in a whole Common-wealth, where fooles chiefly, and flatterers, may speake freely *what* they will; and good men shall commonly be shent, if they speake *what* they should.

What, also for an Adverbe of Partition:

Lambert. *But now, in our memorie, what* by decay of the haven, and *what* by overthrow of Religious Houses, and losse of Calice, it is brought in manner to miserable nakednesse, and decay.

Chaucer. 3. booke of *Troilus*:

Then wot I well, shee might never faile

For to beene holpen, what at your instance?

What at your other friends governance.

That, is used for a Relative:

Sir, *John Cheeke*. *Sedition* is an *Apostame*, which, when it breaketh inwardly, putteth the State in great danger of Recovery; and corrupteth the whole Common-wealth, with the rotten furie, *that* it hath putrefied with. For, *with which*

They, and *those*, are sometimes taken, as it were, for Articles:

Fox, 2. Volume of *Acts*:

That no kind of disquietnesse should be procured against them of Bern, and Zurich.

Gower, lib. 2.

My brother hath us all sold

To them of Rome. —

In th' other
tongues, *quid*,
n, have not
the force of
partition, nor
illud ex quo,
of a Relative.

The *Pronoun*, *These*, hath a rare use being taken for an *Adjective* of similitude: *It is, neither the part of an honest man to tell these tales: nor if a wise man to receive them.*

Lidgate, lib. 5. *Lo, how these Princes proud, and retchlesse,
Have shamefull ends, which cannot live in peace.*

Him, and *Them*, be used reciprocally for the *Compounds*, *himselfe*, *themselves*:

Fox. *The Garrison desired, that they might depart with bagge,
and baggage.*

Chaucer in the *Squires tale*:

*So deepe in graine he dyed his colours,
Right, as a Serpent hideth him under flowers.*

His, *their*, and *theirs*, have also a strange use; that is to say, being *Possessives*, they serve instead of *Primitives*:

Chaucer: *And shortly so farre forth this thing went,
That my will, was his wills instrument.*

Which in *Latine* were a *solecisme*; for there we should not say, *sua voluntatis*, but *voluntatis ipsius*.

Pronounes have not the *Articles* *a*, and *the*, going before *which*, the *Relative*, *selfe*, and *same*, only excepted: The *same* lewd cancred Carle, practiseth nothing, but how he may overcome, and oppresse the Faith of Christ, for the which, you, as you know, have determined to labour and travell continually.

The *Possessives*, *My*, *thy*, *our*, *your*, and *their*, goe before words: as, *my land*: *thy goods*; and so in the rest: *Myne*, *thyne*, *ours*, *yours*, *hers*, and *theirs*, follow, as it were, in the *Genitive* case: as *these lands are mine*, *thine*, &c.

His, doth indifferently goe before, or follow after: as, *his house is a faire one*; and, *this house is his*.

CHAP. III.

Of the Syntaxe of Adjectives.

Adjectives of Qualitie are coupled with *Pronounes* *Accusative* cases: Chaucer. *And he was wise, hardy, secret, and rich,
Of these three points, nas none him lych.*

Certaine Adjectives include a *Partition*: *From the head doth life and motion flow to the rest of the members.*

The *Latines* Comparative governeth an *Ablative*; their *Superlative* a *Genitive* plurall: The *Greekes*, both *Comparative*, and *Superlative* hath a *Genitive*; but in neither tongue is a signe going betwene.

The *Comparative* agreeth to the parts compared, by adding this *Preposition*, *than*: Chaucer, 3. booke of *Fame*.

*What did this Æolus, but he
Tooke out his blacke trumpe of brasse,
That blacker than the Divell was.*

The *Superlative* is joyned to the parts compared by this *Preposition*, of:

Gower, lib. 1. *Pride is of every misse the prick:
Pride is the worst vice of all wick.*

Jewell. *The friendship of truth is best of all.*

Oftentimes both Degrees are expressed by these two *Adverbs*, *more*, and

and *most*: as, *more excellent, most excellent*. Whereof the latter seemeth to have his proper place in those that are spoken in a certaine kind of excellencie, but yet without Comparison: *Hector was a most valiant man*; that is, *inter fortissimos*.

Furthermore, these Adverbs, *more*, and *most*, are added to the Comparative, and Superlative degrees themselves, which should before the Positive:

Sir Tho. More. Forasmuch as she saw the Cardinall more readier to depart, then the remnant; For, not only the high dignitie of the Ciuill Magistrate, but the most basest handycrafts are holy, when they are directed to the honour of God.

And, this is a certaine kind of English Atticisme, or eloquent Phrase of speech, imitating the manner of the most ancientest, and finest Grecians, who, for more *emphasis*, and vehemencies sake used to speake.

Positives are also joyned with the Preposition, *of*, like the Superlative:

Elias was the only man of all the Prophets that was left alive.

Gower. lib. 4. The first point of slouth I call Lachesse, and is the chiefe of all.

CHAPTER. V.

Of the Syntaxe of a Verbe with a Nounne.

Hitherto we have declared the Syntaxe of a Nounne: The Syntaxe of a Verbe followeth, being either of Verbe with a Nounne; or, of one Verbe with another.

The Syntaxe of a Verbe with a Nounne is in *number*, and *person*: as

I am content. You are mis-inform'd.

Chaucer 2. booke of Fame.

For, as flame is but lighted smoke;

Right so is sound ayr ybroke.

I my selfe, and *your selves*, agree unto the first person: *You, thou, it, thy selfe, your selves*, to the second: All other Nounnes and Pronounes (that are of any person) to the third: Againe, *I, we, thou, he, she, they, who*, doe ever governe: unlesse it be in the Verbe, *am*, that requireth the like case after it, as is before it, *Mee, us, thee, her, them, him, whom*, are govern'd of the Verbe. The rest, which are Absolute, may either governe, or bee governed.

A Verbe *impersonall* in Latine is here expressed by an English *impersonall*, with this Article, *it*, going before: as, *oportet, it behoveth: decet, it becommeth*. Generall Exceptions:

The person governing is oft understood by that went before: *True Religion glorifieth them that honour it; and is a target unto them that are a buckler unto it.*

Chaucer. Womens counsells brought us first to woe,

And made Adam from Paradise to goe.

But this is more notable, and also more common in the future; where-
in

in for the most part we never expresse any person, not so much as at the first:

Feare God. Honour the King.

Likewise the *Verbe* is understood by some other going before:

Nort. in Arsan.

*When the danger is most great, naturall strength most feeble,
and divine ayde most needfull.*

Certaine Pronounes, governed of the *Verbe*, doe here abound. Sir Thomas More. *And this I say, although they were not abused, as now they be, and so long have beene, that I feare me ever they will be.*

Chaucer, 3. booke of Fame:

*And as I wondred me, ywis
Upon this house.*

Idem in Thisbe:

*She rist her up with a full dreary heart:
And in cave with dreadfull fate she start.*

Speciall Exceptions.

Nounes signifying a multitude, though they be of the Singular number, require a *Verbe* plurall.

Lidgate, lib. 2. *And wise men rehearse in sentence*

Where folke be drunken, there is no resistance.

This exception is in other Nounes also very common; especially when the *Verbe* is joyned to an Adverbe, or Conjunction: *It is preposterous to execute a man, before he have beene condemned.*

Gower, lib. 1.

*Although a man be wise himselfe,
Yet is the wisdom more of twelve.*

Chaucer:

*Therefore I read you this counsell take,
Forsake sinne, ere sinne you forsake.*

In this exception of number, the *Verbe* sometime agreeth not with the governing Noun of the plurall number, as it should, but with the Noun governed: as, *Riches is a thing oft-times more hurtfull, then profitable to the owners.* After which manner the Latines also speake: *omnia pontus erat.*

The other speciall * exception is not in use.

* Which notwithstanding the Hebrewes use very strangely, Kullain tazububoina, Job. 17. 10. All they returne ye and come now.

CHAP. VI.

Of the Syntaxe of a Verbe, with a Verbe.

WHen two *Verbes* meet together, whereof one is governed by the other, the latter is put in the infinite, and that with this signe to, comming betweene; as *Good men ought to joyne together in good things.*

But, *will, doe, may, can, shall, dare,* (when it is in Transitive) *must,* and *lett,* when it signifieth a sufferance, receive not the signe:

Gower. *To God no man may be fellow.*

This signe set before an infinite, not govern'd of a *Verbe*, changeth it into the nature of a Noun.

Nort. in Arsan. *To winne is the benefit of Fortune: but to keepe is the power of wisdom.*

Generall

Generall Exceptions.

The Verbe governing is understood: *Nort. in Arsan. For if the head, which is the life, and stay of the body, betray the members, must not the members also needs betray one another; and so the whole body, and head goe altogether to utter wreck, and destruction?*

The other generall exception is * wanting.

The Speciall exception. Two Verbes, *have*, and *am*, require alwayes a Participle *past* without any signe: as, *I am pleased. Thou art hated. Save* when they import a necessitie, or conveniencie of doing any thing: In which case they are very * eloquently joyned to the *infinite*, the signe comming betweene: *By the example of Herod, all Princes are to take heed how they give eare to flatterers.*

Lidgate, lib. 1.

*Truth, and falsnesse in what they have done,
May no while assemble in one person.*

And herethose Times, which in *Etymologie* we remembred to be wanting, are set forth by the *Syntaxe* of Verbes joyned together. The *Syntaxe* of imperfect Times in this manner:

The Presents by the *infinite*, and the Verbe, *may*, or *can*, as for, *Amem*, *Amarem*: *I may love: I might love.* And againe, *I can love: I could love.*

The futures are declared by the *infinite*, and the Verbe, *shall*, or *will*: as *Amabo*: *I shall, or, will love.*

Amavero addeth thereunto, *have*, taking the nature of two divers Times; that is, of the future, and the Time past:

*I shall have loved: or,
I will have loved.*

The perfect Times are expressed by the Verbe, *have*: as, *Amavi. Amaveram.*

I have loved. I had loved.

Amaverim, and *Amavissim* adde might unto the former Verbe: as, *I might have loved.*

The *infinite past*, is also made by adding, *have*: as, *Amavisse*, to have loved.

Verbes *Passive* are made of the Participle *past*, and, *am*, the Verbe. *Amor*, and *Amabar*, by the only putting to of the Verbe: as,

Amor, I am loved.

Amabar, I was loved.

Amer, and *Amarer*, have it governed of the Verbe *may*, or *can*: as, *Amer, I may be loved: or, I can be loved.*

Amarer, I might be loved, or, I could be loved.

In *Amabor*, it is governed of *shall*, or, *will*: as, *I shall, or, will be loved.*

CHAP. VII.

Of the Syntaxe of Adverbes.

This therefore is the *Syntaxe* of words, having *number*, there remaineth that of words *without number*, which standeth in *Adverbs*, or *Conjunctions*. *Adverbs* are taken one for the other; that is to say, *Adverbs* of likenesse, for *Adverbs* of Time. As he spake those words, he gave up the ghost.

Gower,

* So in Greek and Latine, but in Hebrew this exception is of ten. *Esai. 6. 9.* which hebraisme the new Testament is

went to retaine by turning the Hebrew infinite, either into a verbal, *ἀχούω*

ἀκούσας. *Matth. 13. 14.* or a Participle, *ἰδὼν*

εἰδὼν. Act. 7.

34 A phrase proper unto our tongue, save that the Hebrews seem to have the former. *Job*

20. 23. When he is to fill his belly.

Gower, lib. i.

Anone, as he was meeke, and tame.

He found towards his God the same.

The like is to be seene in *Adverbs of Time*, and *Place*, used in each others stead, as among the *Latines*, and the *Grecians*.

Nort. in Arrian.

Let us not be ashamed to follow the counsell, and example of our enemies, where it may doe us good.

Adverbs stand instead of Relatives :

Lidgate, lib. i.

And little worth is fairenesse in certaine

In a person, where no vertue is seene.

Nort. to the Northerne Rebels.

Few women storme against the marriage of Priests, but such as have beene Priests harlots, or faine would be.

Chaucer in his Ballad.

But great God disposeth,

And maketh casuall by his Providence

Such things as fraile man purposeth. For, those things, which.

Certaine *Adverbs* in the Syntaxe of a Substantive, and an Adjective meeting together, cause, a, the Article to follow the Adjective.

Sir John Cheeke: *O! with what spite was sundred so noble a body, from so godly a mind.*

Jewell.

It is too light a labour to strive for names.

Chaucer.

Thou art at ease, and hold thee well therein.

As great a praise is to keepe well, as win.

* The Greeke Article is set before the positive also: Theocrit. *ἔιδ. γ. τιτὺ ἔμιν τὸ χαλὸν περιχαμένη.*

Adjectives * compared, when they are used *Adverbially*, may have the Article *the*, going before.

Jewell. *The more enlarged is your libertie, the lesse cause have you to complaine.*

Adverbs are wanting. Sir Tho. More. *And how farre be they off that would helpe, as God send grace, they hurt not; for, that they hurt not.*

Often-times they are used without any necessitie, for greater vehemencie sake; as, Then-afterward, Againe, once more.

Gower.

*Hee saw also the bowes spread
Above all earth, in which were
The kinde of all birds there.*

Prepositions are joyned with the * Accusative cases of Pronounes:

Sir Thomas More. *I exhort, and require you, for the love that you have borne to me; and, for the love that I have borne to you; and for the love, that our Lord beareth to us all.*

Gower, lib. i. *For Lucifer, with them that fell,
Bare Pride with him into Hell.*

They may also be coupled with the Possessives: *Myne, thyne, ours, yours, his, hers, theirs.* Nort. to the Rebels. *Thinke you, her Majestie, and the wisest of the Realme, have no care of their owne soules, that have charge both of their owne, and yours?*

* The Hebrewes set them alwayes before.

These * *Prepositions* follow sometimes the Nounes they are coupled with: *God hath made Princes, their Subjects guides, to direct them in the way, which they have to walke in.*

But, *ward*, or *wards*; and, *toward*, or, *towards*, have the same Syntaxe, that

that *versus*, and *adversus*, have with the *Latines*: that is, the latter coming after the Noun, which it governeth, and the other contrarily: *Nort. in Paul Angells Oration to Scanderbech. For, his heart being unclean to God-ward, and spitefull towards men, doth alwayes imagine mischief.*

Lidgate, lib. 7.

And south-ward runneth to Caucasus,

And folke of Scythie, that bene laborious.

Now, as before in two Articles, *a*, and *the*, the whole construction of the *Latines*, was contain'd: so their whole rection is by *Prepositions* neere-hand declared: where the *Preposition of*, hath the force of the Genitive; *to*, of the Dative; *from*, *of*, *in*, *by*, and such like of the Ablative: as, *the praise of God. Be thankfull to God. Take the cock of the hoope. I was saved from you, by you, in your house.*

Prepositions matched with the * *Participle present*, supply the place of * *Gerundes*: as, *In loving, of loving, by loving with loving, from loving, &c.*

Prepositions doe also governe * *Adverbs*.

Lidgate, lib. 9. *Sent from above, as shee did understand.*

Generall exceptions: Divers *Prepositions* are very often wanting, whereof it shall be sufficient to give a taste in those, that above the rest, are most worthy to be noted.

Of, in an Adjective of Partition: Lidgate, lib. 5.

His Lieges eche one being of one assent

To live, and dye with him in his intent.

The *Preposition*, *touching*, *concerning*, or some such like doth often want, after the manner of the Hebrew *Lamed*:

Gower. *The privities of mans heart*

They speaken, and sound in his eare,

As though they loude windes were.

Riches, and inheritance, they be given by Gods providence, to whom of his wisdom hee thinketh good: For, touching, riches, and inheritance; or some such like Preposition.

If, is somewhat strangely lacking: *Nort. in Arsan. Unwise are they, that end their matters with, Had I wist.*

Lidgate, lib. 1. *For, ne were not this prudent ordinance,*

Some, to obey, and above to gye

Destroyed were all worldly Policie.

The superfluitie of *Prepositions* is more rare: Jewell. *The whole Universitie, and City of Oxford.*

Gower. *So that my Lord touchend of this*

I have answered, how, that it is.

CHAP. VIII.

Of the Syntaxe of Conjunctions.

THe Syntaxe of *Conjunctions* is in order only; *Neither*, and *either*, are placed in the beginning of words: *Nor*, and *or*, coming after: *Sir Thomas More: Hee can be no Sanctuary-man, that hath neither discretion to desire it, nor malice to deserve it.*

L

Sir,

* The like nature in Greeke, and Hebrew have *Prepositions* matched with the infinite, as *ἐν τῷ ἀγαπᾷ*.
* This in Hebrew is very common: from now, that is, from this time, whence proceed those hebraismes in the New Testament; and *τότε, ἀπὸ τότε, &c.*

Sir John Cheeke. Either by ambition you seeke Lordlinesse, much unfit for you; or by covetousnesse, ye be insatiable, a thing likely enough in you: or else by folly, ye be not content with your estate, a fancie to be pluckt out of you.

Lidgate, lib. 2. Wrong, clyming up of states, and degrees,
Either by murder, or by false treasons
Asketh a fall, for their finall guerdons.

Here, for *nor* in the latter member, *ne* is sometime used: Lambert.
But the Archbishop set himselfe against it, affirming plainly, that hee neither could, *ne* would suffer it.

The like Syntaxe is also to be marked in *so*, and *as*, used comparatively: for, when the comparison is in quantitie, then *so* goeth before, and *as* followeth. Ascham. He hateth himselfe, and hasteth his owne hurt, that is content to heare none *so* gladly, as either a foole, or a flatterer.

Gower, lib. 1. Men wist in thilk time none
So faire a wight, as she was one.

Sometime for *so*, as commeth in. Chaucer, lib. 5. Troil.

And said, I am, albeit to you no joy,
As gentle a man, as any wight in Troy.

But if the Comparison be in qualitie, then it is contrary: Gower;

For, as the fish, if it be dry
More in default of water dye;
Right so, without ayre, or live,
No man, ne beast, might thrive.

And, in the beginning of a sentence, serveth in stead of an Admirati-
on: And, what a notable signe of patience was it in Job, not to murmure against
the Lord?

Chaucer 3. booke of Fame.

What, quoth shee, and be ye wood!
And, wene ye for to doe good,
And, for to have of that no fame?

Conjunctions of divers sorts are taken one for another: as, *But*, a sever-
ing Conjunction, for a conditioning: Chaucer in the man of lawes tale.

But it were with the ilk eyen of his minde,
With which men seen' after they ben blinde.

Sir Thomas More. Which, neither can they have, but you give it: neither
can you give it, if ye agree not.

The selfe-same Syntaxe as in *And*, the coupling Conjunction; The Lord
Berners in the Preface to his translation of Froisart: What knowledge should
we have of ancient things past, and historie were not.

Sir John Cheeke. Yee have waxed greedie now upon Cities, and have attempt-
ed mightie spoiles to glut up, and you could your wasting hunger.

On the other side, *for*, a cause-renderer, hath sometime the force of a
severing one.

Lidgate, lib. 3. But it may fall a Drewry in his right,
To outrage a Giant for all his great might.

Here the two generall exceptions are termed, *Asyndeton*, and *Polysynde-
ton*. *Asyndeton*, when the Conjunction wanteth: The Universities of Christen-
dome are the eyes, the lights, the leaven, the salt, the seasoning of the world.

Gower. To whom her heart cannot heale,
Turne it to woe, turne it to weale.

Here the *sundring Conjunction*, or, is lacking; and in the former example, and, the coupler.

Polysyndeton is in doubling the *Conjunction* more then it need to be: I

Gower, lib. 4. So, whether that he frieze, or sweat,

Or 't' be in, or 't' be out,

Hee will be idle all about.

CHAPTER IX.

Of the Distinction of Sentences.

ALL the parts of *Syntaxe* have already beene declared. There resteth one generall Affection of the whole, dispersed thorow every member thereof, as the bloud is thorow the body; and consisteth in the breathing, when we pronounce any *Sentence*; For, whereas our breath is by nature so short, that we cannot continue without a stay to speake long together; it was thought necessarie, as well for the speakers ease, as for the plainer deliverance of the things spoken, to invent this meanes, whereby men pausing a pretty while, the whole speech might never the worse be understood.

These Distinctions are, either of a *perfect*, or *imperfect* Sentence. The distinctions of an *imperfect* Sentence are two, a *sub distinction*, and a *Comma*.

A *Sub-distinction* is a meane breathing, when the word serveth indifferently, both to the parts of the Sentence going before, and following after, and is marked thus (;)

A *Comma* is a distinction of an *imperfect* Sentence, wherein with somewhat a longer breath, the Sentence following; and is noted with this shorter semicircle (,).

Hither pertaineth a *Parentthesis*, wherein two *Comma's* include a Sentence:

Jewell. Certaine falshoods (by meane of good utterance) have sometime more likely-hood of truth, then truth it selfe.

Gower, lib. 1. Division. (the Gospel saith)

One house upon another laith.

Chaucer 3. booke of Fame.

For time, ylost (this know ye)

By no way may recovered be.

These imperfect distinctions in the *Syntaxe* of a Substantive, and an Adjective give the former place to the Substantive: Ascham. Thus the poore Gentleman suffered grieve; great for the paine; but greater for the spite.

Gower. lib. 2. Speaking of the envious person:

Though he a man see vertuous,

And full of good condition,

Thereof maketh he no mention.

The Distinction of a perfect Sentence hath a more full stay, and doth rest the spirit, which is a *Pause*, or a *Period*.

A *Pause* is a Distinction of a Sentence, though perfect in it selfe, yet joyned to another, being marked with two pricks. (:)

A *period* is the Distinction of a Sentence, in all respects perfect, and is marked

* The Hebrewes have no peculiar note to discern this *Parentthesis* by, nor the *Interrogation*, and *Admirati-on* following.

marked with one full prick, over against the lower part of the last letter, thus (.)

If a Sentence be with an Interrogation, we use this note (?)

Sir John Cheeke. Who can perswade, where treason is above reason; and might ruleth right; and it is had for lawfull, whatsoever is lustfull; and Commotioners are better then Commissioners; and common woe is named Commonwealth?

Chaucer, 2. booke of Fame.

*Loe, is it not a great mischance,
To let a foole have governance,
Of things, that he cannot demayne?*

Lidgate, lib. 1.

*For, if wives be found variable,
Where shall husbands find other stable?*

If it be pronounced with an Admiration, then thus (!) *Sir Tho. More.*

O Lord God, the blindnesse of our mortall nature!

Chaucer, 1. booke of Fame.

*Alas! what harme doth apparence,
When it is false in existence!*

These Distinctions (whereof the first is commonly neglected) as they best agree with nature: so come they neere to the ancient staies of Sentences among the Romans, and the Grecians. An example of all foure to make the matter plaine, let us take out of that excellent Oration of Sir John Cheeke, against the Rebels, whereof before we have made so often mention: *When common order of the law can take no place in unruly, and disobedient subjects: and all men will of wilfulnesse resist with rage, and thinke their owne violence, to be the best justice: then be wise Magistrates compelled by necessitie, to seeke an extreme remedy, where meane salves helpe not, and bring in the Martiall Law, where none other law serveth.*

The End.

TIMBER:

OR,

DISCOVERIES;

MADE VPON MEN
AND MATTER: AS THEY

have flow'd out of his daily Read-
ings; or had their refluxe to his
peculiar Notion of the Times.

By

BEN: JOHNSON.

Tecum habita, ut noris quam sit tibi curta supellex.
Pers. sat. 4.

LONDON,

Printed M.DC.XLI.

SYLVA.

Rerum, & sententiarum, quasi Y^m dicta à multiplici
 materiâ, & varietate, in iis contentâ. Quemadmo-
 dum enim vulgò solemus infinitam arborum nascentium indiscri-
 minatam multitudinem Sylvam dicere: Ità etiam libros suos in
 quibus variae, & diversa materiae opuscula temerè congesta erant,
 Sylvas appellabant Antiqui: Tymber-trees.

X.

EXPLORATA:

OR,
DISCOVERIES.

Ill *Fortune* never crush't that man, whom good *Fortune* deceived not. *Fortuna.*
I therefore have counselled my friends, never to trust to her fairer side, though she seem'd to make peace with them: But to place all things she gave them so, as she might aske them againe without their trouble; she might take them from them, not pull them: to keepe alwayes a distance betwene her, and themselves. He knowes not his own strength, that hath not met Adversity. Heaven prepares good men with crosses; but no ill can happen to a good man. Contraries are not mixed. Yet, that which happens to any man, may to every man. But it is in his reason what hee accounts it, and will make it.

Change into extremity is very frequent, and easie. As when a beggar suddenly growes rich, he commonly becomes a Prodigall; for to, obscure his former obscurity, he puts on riot and excesse. *Casus.*

No man is so foolish, but may give an other good counsell sometimes; and no man is so wise, but may easily erre, if hee will take no others counsell, but his owne. But very few men are wise by their owne counsell; or learned by their owne teaching. For hee that was onely taught by himselfe, had a foole to his Master. *Consilia.*

A Fame that is wounded to the world, would bee better cured by another's *Apologie*, then its owne: For few can apply medicines well themselves. Besides, the man that is once hated, both his good, and his evill deeds oppresse him. Hee is not easily emergent. *Autodidactus.*

In great *Affaires* it is a worke of difficulty to please all. And oft times wee lose the occasion of carrying a *business* well, and thoroughly, by our too much haste. For *Passions* are spirituall Rebels, and raise sedition against the understanding. *Fama.*

There is a *Necessity* all men should love their countrey: He that professeth the contrary, may be delighted with his words, but his heart is there. *Negotia.*

Natures that are hardned to *evill*, you shall sooner breake, then make straight; they are like poles that are crooked, and dry: there is no attempting them. *Amor Patrie.*

Wee praise the things wee heare, with much more willingnesse, then those wee see: because wee envy the present, and reverence the past; thinking our selves instructed by the one, and over-laid by the other. *Ingenia.*

Opinion is a light, vaine, crude, and imperfect thing, settled in the Imagination; but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtaine the tincture of *Reason*. Wee labour with it more then Truth. There is much more holds us, then presseth us. An ill fact is one thing, an ill fortune is another: Yet both often times sway us alike, by the error of our thinking. *Applausus.*

Many men beleieve not themselves, what they would perswade others; and lesse doe the things, which they would impose on others: but least of all, know what they themselves most confidently boast. Only they set the signe of the Crosse over their outer doores, and sacrifice to their gut, and their groyne in their inner Closets. *Impositura.*

*Iactura
vite.*

What a deale of cold busines doth a man mis-spend the better part of life in ! in scattering *complements*, tendring *visits*, gathering and venting *newes*, following *Feasts* and *Playes*, making a little winter-love in a darke corner.

Hypocrita.

Puritanus Hypocrita est Hæreticus, quem opinio propriæ perspicaciæ, quâ sibi videtur, cum paucis in Ecclesiâ dogmatibus, errores quosdam animadvertisse, de statu mentis deturbavit: unde sacro furore percitus, phreneticè pugnat contra Magistratus, sic ratus, obedientiam præstare Deo.

*Mutua
auxilia.*

Learning needs rest: Sovereignty gives it. Sovereignty needs counsell: Learning affords it. There is such a Confociation of offices, betweene the *Prince*, and whom his favour breeds, that they may helpe to sustaine his power, as hee their knowledge. It is the greatest part of his Liberality, his Favour: And from whom doth he heare discipline more willingly, or the Arts discours'd more gladly, then from those, whom his owne bounty, and benefits have made able and faithfull?

*Cognit. uni-
versi.*

In being able to counsell others, a Man must be furnish'd with an universall store in himselfe, to the knowledge of all *Nature*: That is the matter, and seed-plot; There are the seats of all Argument, and Invention. But especially, you must be cunning in the nature of Man: There is the variety of things, which are as the *Elements*, and *Letters*, which his art and wisdom must ranke, and order to the present occasion. For wee see not all letters in single words; nor all places in particular discourses. That cause seldome happens, wherein a man will use all Arguments.

*Consiliarii
adjunct.
Probitas.
Sapientia.*

The two chiefe things that give a man reputation in counsell, are the opinion of his *Honesty*; and the opinion of his *Wisdom*: The authority of those two will perswade, when the same Counsels utter'd by other persons lesse qualified, are of no efficacy, or working.

Wisdom without *Honesty* is meere craft, and coofinage. And therefore the reputation of *Honesty* must first be gotten; which cannot be, but by living well. A good life is a maine Argument.

*Vita recta.
Obsequen-
tia.
Humani-
tas.
Solicitude.*

Next a good life, to beget love in the persons wee counsell, by dissembling our knowledge of ability in our selves, and avoyding all suspicion of arrogance, ascribing all to their instruction, as an *Ambassadour* to his Master, or a *Subject* to his *Soveraigne*; seasoning all with humanity and sweetnesse, onely expressing care and sollicitude. And not to counsell rashly, or on the suddaine, but with advice and meditation: (*Dat nox consilium.*) For many foolish things fall from wise men, if they speake in haste, or be *extemporall*. It therefore behooves the giver of counsell to be circumspect; especially to beware of those, with whom hee is not thoroughly acquainted, lest any spice of rashnesse, folly, or selfe-love appeare, which will be mark'd by new persons, and men of experience in affaires.

*Modestia.
Parrhesia.*

And to the *Prince*, or his *Superiour*, to behave himselfe modestly, and with respect. Yet free from *Flattery*, or *Empire*. Not with insolence, or precept; but as the *Prince* were already furnished with the parts hee should have, especially in affaires of *State*. For in other things they will more easily suffer themselves to be taught, or reprehended: They will not willingly contend. But heare (with *Alexander*) the answer the *Musician* gave him, *Abstine Rex, ut tu melius hæc scias, quàm ego.*

A man

A man should so deliver himselfe to the nature of the subject, whereof hee speaks, that his hearer may take knowledge of his discipline with some delight: and so apparell faire, and good matter, that the studious of elegancy be not defrauded; redeeme Arts from their rough, and braky feates, where they lay hid, and over-growne with thornes, to a pure, open, and flowry light: where they may take the eye, and be taken by the hand.

*Plutarc. in
vita Alex.
Perspicui-
tas.
Elegantia.*

I cannot thinke *Nature* is so spent, and decay'd, that she can bring forth nothing worth her former yeares. She is alwayes the same, like her selfe: And when she collects her strength, is abler still. Men are decay'd, and *studies*: Shee is not.

*Natura non
effata.*

I know *Nothing* can conduce more to letters, then to examine the writings of the *Ancients*, and not to rest in their sole Authority, or take all upon trust from them; provided the plagues of *Iudging*, and *Pronouncing* against them, be away; such as are *envy*, *bitternesse*, *precipitation*, *impudence*, and *scurrile scoffing*. For to all the observations of the *Ancients*, wee have our owne experience: which, if wee will use, and apply, wee have better meanes to pronounce. It is true they open'd the gates, and made the way that went before us; but as Guides, not Commanders: *Non Domini nostri, sed Duces fuere*. Truth lyes open to all; it is no mans severall. *Patet omnibus veritas; nondum est occupata. Multum ex illa, etiam futuris relictum est.*

*Non nimi-
um creden-
dum anti-
quitati.*

If in some things I dissent from others, whose *Wit*, *Industry*, *Diligence*, and *Iudgement* I looke up at, and admire: let me not therefore heare presently of *Ingratitude*, and *Rashnesse*. For I thanke those, that have taught me, and will ever: but yet dare not thinke the *scope* of their labour, and enquiry, was to envy their posterity, what they also could adde, and find out.

*Dissentire
licet:*

If I erre, pardon me: *Nulla ars simul & inventa est, & absoluta*. I doe not desire to be equall to those that went before; but to have my reason examin'd with theirs, and so much faith to be given them, or me, as those shall evict. I am neither *Author*, or *Fautor* of any sect. I will have no man addict himselfe to mee; but if I have any thing right, defend it as *Truth's*, not mine (save as it conduceth to a common good.) It profits not me to have any man fence, or fight for me, to flourish, or take a side. Stand for *Truth*, and 'tis enough.

*Sed cum ra-
tione.*

Arts that respect the mind, were ever reputed nobler, then those that serve the body: though wee lesse can bee without them. As *Tillage*, *Spinning*, *Weaving*, *Building*, &c. without which, wee could scarce sustaine life a day. But these were the workes of every hand; the other of the braine only, and those the most generous, and exalted wits, and spirits that cannot rest, or *acquiesce*. The mind of man is still fed with labour: *Opere pascitur*.

*Sed verita-
ti.
Scientie
liberales.*

There is a more secret *Cause*: and the power of liberall studies lyes more hid, then that it can bee wrought out by profane wits. It is not every mans way to hit. They are men (I confesse) that set the *Caract*, and *Value* upon things, as they love them; but *Science* is not every mans *Mistresse*. It is as great a spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by a wrong person, as can be done to a noble nature.

*Non vulgi
sunt.*

If divers men seeke *Fame*, or *Honour*, by divers wayes; so both bee honest,

*Honesta
Ambitio.*

honest, neither is to be blam'd: But they that seeke *Immortality*, are not onely worthy of leave, but of praise.

Maritus improbus.

Hee hath a delicate Wife, a faire fortune, and family to goe to be welcome; yet hee had rather be drunke with mine Host, and the Fiddlers of such a Towne, then goe home.

Afflictio pia Magistra.

Affliction teacheth a wicked person sometime to pray: *Prosperity* never.

Deploratis facilis descensus

Many might goe to heaven with halfe the labour they goe to hell, if they would venture their industry the right way: But the Divell take all (quoth he) that was choak'd i' the Mill-dam, with his foure last words

Averni.

The Divell take all.

A Cripple in the way out-travels a Foot-man, or a Post out of the way.

Aegidium cursu superat.

Bags of money to a prodigall person, are the same that Cherry-stones are with some boyes, and so throwne away.

Prodigo nummi nunci.

A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more carelesse about her house.

Munda et sordida.

Of this *Spilt water*, there is little to bee gathered up: it is a desperate debt.

Debitum deploratum.

The *Theife* * that had a longing at the Gallows to commit one Robbery more, before hee was hang'd.

Latro sesquipedalis.

And like the *German-Lord*, when hee went out of *New-gate* into the Cart, tooke order to have his *Armes* set up in his last Herborough: Said he was taken, and committed upon suspition of Treason; no witnesse appearing against him: But the Judges intertain'd him most civilly, discours'd with him, offer'd him the court'sie of the racke; but he confessed, &c.

* with a great belly.

Com. de schortenbien

Calumnie fructus.

I am beholden to *Calumny*, that shee hath so endeavor'd, and taken paines to bely mee. It shall make mee set a surer Guard on my selfe, and keepe a better watch upon my *Actions*.

Impertinens.

A tedious person is one a man would leape a steeple from; gallop down any steepe Hill to avoid him; forsake his meat, sleepe, nature it selfe, with all her benefits to shun him. A meere *Impertinent*: one that touch'd neither heaven nor earth in his discourse. Hee open'd an entry into a faire roome; but shut it againe presently. I spake to him of *Garlicke*, hee answered *Asparagus*: consulted him of marriage, hee tels mee of hanging; as if they went by one, and the same *Destiny*.

Bellum scribentium.

What a sight it is, to see *Writers* committed together by the cares, for Ceremonies, Syllables, Points, Colons, Comma's Hyphens, and the like: fighting, as for their fires, and their Altars; and angry that none are frighted at their noyles, and loud brayings under their asses skins?

Differentia inter

There is hope of getting a fortune without digging in these quarries. *Sed meliore (in omne) ingenio, animoq, quam fortunâ, sum usus.*

Pingue solum lassat: sed juvat ipse labor.

Doctos et Sciolos.

Wits made out their severall expeditions then, for the discovery of Truth, to find out great and profitable *Knowledges*, had their severall instruments for the disquisition of Arts. Now there are certaine *Scioli*, or smatterers, that are busie in the skirts, and out-sides of Learning, and

and have scarce any thing of solide literature to commend them. They may have some edging, or trimming of a Scholler, a welt, or so: but it is no more.

Imposture is a specious thing; yet never worse, then when it faines to be best, and to none discover'd sooner, then the simplest. For *Truth* and *Goodnesse* are plaine, and open; but *Imposture* is ever asham'd of the light. *Impostorum fucus.*

A *Puppet-play* must be shadow'd, and seene in the darke: For draw the Curtaine, *Et sordet gesticulatio.*

There is a great difference in the understanding of some Princes, as in the quality of their Ministers about them. Some would dresse their Masters in gold, pearle, and all true Jewels of Majesty: Others furnish them with feathers, bells, and ribbands; and are therefore esteemed the fitter servants. But they are ever good men, that must make good the times: if the men be naught, the times will be such. *Finis expectandus est in unoquoque hominum; animali, ad mutationem promptissimo.* *Icumenolorum morio. Principes, et Administri.*

It is a quick saying with the Spaniards: *Artes inter haeredes non dividi.* Yet these have inherited their fathers lying, and they brag of it. Hee is an narrow-minded man, that affects a Triumph in any glorious study: but to triumph in a lye, and a lye themselves have forg'd, is frontlesse. *Scitum Hispanicum.*

Folly often goes beyond her bounds; but *Impudence* knowes none. *Envy* is no new thing, nor was it borne onely in our times. The Ages past have brought it forth, and the comming Ages will. So long as there are men fit for it, *quorum odium virtute relictâ placet,* it will never be wanting. It is a barbarous envy, to take from those mens vertues, which because thou canst not arrive at, thou impotently despair'st to imitate. Is it a crime in me that I know that, which others had not yet knowne, but from me? or that I am the Author of many things, which never would have come in thy thought, but that I taught them? It is a new, but a foolish way you have found out, that whom you cannot equall, or come neere in doing, you would destroy, or ruine with evill speaking: As if you had bound both your wits, and natures prentises to slander, and then came forth the best Artificers, when you could forme the foulest calumnies. *Non nova res livor.*

Indeed, nothing is of more credit, or request now, then a petulant paper, or scoffing verses; and it is but convenient to the times and manners wee live with; to have then the worst writings, and studies flourish, when the best begin to be despis'd. *Nil gratius protervo lib.*

The time was, when men would learne, and study good things; not envie those that had them. Then men were had in price for learning: now, letters onely make men vile. Hee is upbraydingly call'd a Poet, as if it were a most contemptible Nick-name. But the Professors (indeed) have made the learning cheape. Rayling, and tinckling *Rimers*, whose Writings the vulgar more greedily reade; as being taken with the scurrility, and petulancie of such wits. Hee shall not have a Reader now, unlesse hee jeere and lye. *Iam littere sordent.* It is the food of mens natures: the diet of the times! Gallants cannot sleepe else. The Writer must lye, and the gentle Reader rests happy, to heare the worthiest workes mis-interpreted; the clearest actions obscured; the innocent'st life traduc'd; And in such a licence of lying, a field so fruitfull of slanders, how can there be matter wanting to his laughter? Hence comes the Epidemicall Infection. For how

how can they escape the contagion of the Writings, whom the virulency of the calumnies hath not stav'd off from reading.

*Sed seculi
morbis.*

Nothing doth more invite a greedy Reader, then an unlook'd for subject. And what more unlook'd for, then to see a person of an unblam'd life, made ridiculous, or odious, by the Artifice of lying: but it is the disease of the Age: and no wonder if the world, growing old, begin to be infirm: Old age it selfe is a disease. It is long since the sick world began to doate, and talke idly: Would she had but doated still; but her dotage is now broke forth into a madnesse, and become a meere phrensy.

*Alastoris
malitia.*

This *Alastor*, who hath left nothing unsearch'd, or unassay'd, by his impudent, and licentious lying in his aguish writings (for he was in his cold quaking fit all the while:) what hath he done more, then a troublesome base curre: bark'd, and made a noyse a farre off: had a foole, or two to spit in his mouth, and cherish him with a musty bone: But they are rather enemies of my fame, then me, these Barkers.

*Mali chora-
li fuere.*

It is an Art to have so much judgement, as to apparrell a Lye well, to give it a good dressing; that though the nakednesse would shew deform'd and odious, the suiting of it might draw their Readers. Some love any Strumpet (be shee never so shop-like, or meritorious) in good clothes. But these nature could not have form'd them better, to destroy their owne testimony; and over-throw their calumny.

*Heare-say
newes.*

That an *Elephant*, 630. came hither Ambassadour from the great *Mogull*, (who could both write and reade) and was every day allow'd twelve cast of bread, twenty Quarts of *Canary Sack*; besides Nuts and Almonds the Citizens wives sent him. That hee had a *Spanish Boy* to his Interpreter, and his chiefe negotiation was, to conferre or practise with *Archy*, the principall foole of *State*, about stealing hence *Windsor Castle*, and carrying it away on his back if he can.

*Lingua sa-
pientis.*

A wise tongue should not be licentious, and wandring; but mov'd, and (as it were) govern'd with certaine raines from the heart, and bottome of the brest: and it was excellently said of that Philosopher; that there was a Wall, or Parapet of teeth set in our mouth, to restrain the petulancy of our words: that the rashnesse of talking should not only bee retarded by the guard, and watch of our heart; but be fenced in, and defended by certaine strengths, placed in the mouth it selfe, and within the lips. But you shall see some, so abound with words without any seasoning or taste of matter, in so profound a security, as while they are speaking, for the most part, they confesse to speake they know not what.

*Potius
quam lo-
quens:*

Of the two (if either were to bee wisht) I would rather have a plaine downe-right wisdom, then a foolish and affected eloquence. For what is so furious, and *Bet'lem* like, as a vaine sound of chosen and excellent words, without any subject of sentence, or science mix'd?

Optanda.

Whom the disease of talking still once possesseth, hee can never hold his peace. Nay, rather then hee will not discourse, hee will hire men to heare him. And so heard, not hearkn'd unto, hee comes off most times like a *Mountebanke*, that when hee hath prais'd his med'cines, finds none will take them, or trust him. Hee is like *Homers Thersites*.

*Thersites
Homeri.*

A'ust.

Ἀμετροπῆς Ἀκριτόμοτος : speaking without judgement, or measure.

Loquax magis, quam facundus.

Salust.

Satis loquentia, sapientia parum.

Γλώσσης τοι θησαυρὸς ἐν ἀνθρώποις ἄριστος

Hesiodus.

Φειδωλῆς πλείη δὲ χάρις κατὰ μέτρον ἰούσης.

Optimus est homini linguae thesaurus, & ingens

Gratia, quae parvis mensurat singula verbis.

Vlysses in *Homer*, is made a long thinking man, before hee speaks; and *Epaminondas* is celebrated by *Pindar*, to be a man, that though he knew much, yet hee spoke but little. *Demacatus*, when on the Bench he was long silent, and said nothing; one asking him, if it were folly in him, or want of language? hee answer'd: *A foole could never hold his peace.* For too much talking is ever the *Indice* of a foole.

Dum tacet indoctus, poterit cordatus haberi;

Is morbos animi namq, tacendo tegit.

Vid. Zenxi-
dis pict.

Nor is that worthy speech of *Zeno* the Philosopher to be past over, without the note of ignorance: who being invited to a feast in *Athens*, where a great Princes Ambassadors were entertain'd, and was the onely person had said nothing at the table; one of them with courtesie asked him; What shall we returne from thee, *Zeno*, to the Prince our Master, if hee aske us of thee? Nothing, he replyed, more, but that you found an old man in *Athens*, that knew to be silent amongst his cups. It was nere a Miracle, to see an old man silent; since talking is the disease of Age: but amongst cups makes it fully a wonder.

serm. ad
Megabizum
Plutarch.

It was wittily said upon one that was taken for a great, and grave man, so long as hee held his peace: This man might have beene a Counsellor of State till he spoke: But having spoken, not the Beadle of the Ward *Ἐχεμυθία. Pythag. quam laudabilis!* γλώσσης πρὸ τῶν ἄλλων κράτει, θεοῖς ἐπὶ μένος. *Linguam cohibe, prae aliis omnibus, ad Deorum exemplum, * Digito com- pesce labellum.*

Argute 'di-
ctum.

Vide Apu-
leium.

* Juvenal.

There is almost no man, but hee sees clearer, and sharper, the vices in a speaker, then the virtues. And there are many, that with more ease, will find fault with what is spoken foolishly, then that can give allowance to wherein you are wise silently. The treasure of a foole is alwayes in his tongue (said the witty comick Poet) and it appears not in any thing more, then in that nation; whereof one when hee had got the inheritance of an unlucky old *Grange*, would needs sell it; and to draw buyers, proclaim'd the virtues of it. *Nothing* ever thriv'd on it (saith he.) *No owner* of it, ever dyed in his bed; some hung, some drown'd themselves; some were banisht, some starv'd; the trees were all blasted; the Swyne dyed of the *Measles*, the Cattell of the *Murren*, the Sheepe of the *Rot*; they that stood, were ragg'd, bare, and bald as your hand; nothing was ever rear'd there; not a Duckling, or a Goose. *Hospitium fuerat calamitatis.* Was not this man like to sell it?

Acutius
cernuntur
vitia, quam
virtutes.

Plautus.

Trin. Act.
2. Scan. 6.

Sim. Mart.
lib. 1. ep. 85.

Expectation of the *Vulgar* is more drawne, and held with newnesse, then goodnesse; wee see it in *Fencers*, in *Players*, in *Poets*, in *Preachers*, in all, where *Fame* promiseth any thing; so it be new, though never so naught, and depraved, they run to it, and are taken. Which shewes, that the only decay, or hurt of the best mens reputation with the people, is, their wits

Vulgi expe-
ctatio.

have out-liv'd the peoples palats. They have beene too much, or too long a feast.

Claritas
Patria.

Greatnesse of name in the Father, oft times helps not forth, but o'rewhelmes the Sonne: they stand too neere one another. The shadow kills the growth; so much, that wee see the Grand-child come more, and oftner to be the heire of the *first*, then doth the *second*: He dies betweene; the Possession is the *thirds*.

Eloquen-
tia.

Eloquence is a great, and diverse thing: Nor did he yet ever favour any man so much, as to become wholly his. Hee is happy, that can arrive to any degree of her grace. Yet there are, who prove themselves Masters of her, and absolute Lords: but I beleieve, they may mistake their evidence: For it is one thing to be *eloquent* in the *Schooles*, or in the *Hall*; another at the *Barre*, or in the *Pulpit*. There is a difference betweene *Mooting*, and *Pleading*; betweene *Fencing*, and *Fighting*. To make Arguments in my Study, and confute them is easie; where I answer my selfe, not an Adversary. So, I can see whole *volumes* dispatch'd by the *umbraticall* Doctors on all sides: But draw these forth into the just lists; let them appeare *sub dio*, and they are chang'd with the place, like bodies bred i' the *shade*; they cannot suffer the *Sunne*, or a *Showre*; nor beare the open Ayre: they scarce can find themselves, that they were wont to domineere so among their Auditors: but indeed I would no more chuse a *Rhetorician*, for reigning in a *Schoole*; then I would a *Pilot*, for rowing in a Pond.

Amor, et
odium.

Love, that is ignorant, and *Hatred* have almost the same ends: many foolish *Lovers* wish the same to their friends, which their enemies would: As to wish a friend *banish't*, that they might accompany him in *exile*: or some great want, that they might relieve him: or a disease, that they might sit by him. They make a *Cawsway* to their countrey by Injury; as if it were not honest to do nothing, then to seek a way to doe good by a *Mischiefe*.

Injuria.

Injuries doe not extinguish courtesies: they only suffer them not to appeare faire. For a man that doth me an injury after a courtesie, takes not away the courtesie, but defaces it: As he that writes other verses upon my verses, takes not away the first Letters, but hides them.

Beneficia.

Nothing is a courtesie, unlesse it be meant us; and that friendly, and lovingly. Wee owe no thanks to *Rivers*, that they carry our boats; or *Winds*, that they be favouring, and fill our sayles; or meats, that they be nourishing. For these are, what they are *necessarily*. Horses carry us, Trees shade us; but they know it not. It is true, some man may receive a Courtesie, and not know it; but never any man received it from him, that knew it not. Many men have beene cur'd of diseases by Accidents; but they were not Remedies. I my selfe have knowne one help'd of an Ague, by falling into a water; another whip'd out of a *Fever*: but no man would ever use these for med'cines. It is the mind, and not the event, that distinguisheth the courtesie from wrong. My Adversary may offend the Judge with his pride, and impertinences, and I win my cause: but he meant it not me, as a Courtesie. I scap'd *Py-rats*, by being ship-wrack'd; was the wrack a benefit therefore? No: The doing of *Courtesies* aright, is the mixing of the respects for his owne sake, and for mine. He that doth them meerly for his owne sake, is like one that feeds his Cattell to sell them: he hath his Horse well drest for *Smithfield*.

The

The price of many things is farre above, what they are bought and sold for. *Life*, and *Health*, which are both inestimable, we have of the *Physician*: As *Learning*, and *Knowledge*, the true tillage of the *mind*, from our *Schoole-masters*. But the fees of the one, or the *salary* of the other, never answer the *value* of what we received; but serv'd to gratifie their labours.

Memory of all the *powers* of the *mind*, is the most *delicate*, and *fraile*: it is the first of our *faculties*, that *Age* invades. *Seneca*, the father, the *Rhetorician*, confesseth of himselfe, hee had a miraculous one; not only to receive, but to hold. I my selfe could in my youth, have repeated all, that ever I had made, and so continued, till I was past fortie: Since, it is much decay'd in me. Yet I can repeate whole books that I have read, and *Poems*, of some selected friends, which I have lik'd to charge my memory with. It was wont to be faithfull to me, but shaken with *age* now, and *sloath* (which weakens the strongest abilities) it may performe somewhat, but cannot promise much. By exercise it is to be made better, and serviceable. Whatsoever I pawn'd with it, while I was young, and a boy, it offers me readily, and without stops: but what I trust to it now, or have done of later yeares, it layes up more negligently, and often times loses; so that I receive mine owne (though frequently call'd for) as if it were new, and borrow'd. Nor doe I alwayes find presently from it, what I doe seek; but while I am doing another thing, that I labour'd for, will come: And what I sought with trouble, will offer it selfe, when I am quiet. Now in some men I have found it as happy as nature, who, whatsoever they reade, or pen, they can say without booke presently; as if they did then write in their mind. And it is more a wonder in such, as have a swift stile; for their *memories* are commonly slowest; such as torture their writings, and go into counsell for every word, must needs fixe somewhat, and make it their owne at last, though but through their owne vexation.

Suffrages in Parliament are numbred, not weigh'd: nor can it bee otherwise in those publike *Councils*, where nothing is so unequall; as the equality: for there, how odde soever mens braines, or wisdomes are, their power is alwayes even, and the same.

Some Actions be they never so beautifull, and generous, are often obscured by base, and vile mis-constructions; either out of envy, or ill nature, that judgeth of others, as of it selfe. Nay, the times are so wholly growne, to be either partiall, or malicious; that, if hee be a friend, all sits well about him; his very vices shall be vertues: if an enemy, or of the contrary *faction*; nothing is good, or tolerable in him: insomuch, that wee care not to discredit, and shame our judgements, to sooth our passions.

Man is read in his face: *God* in his creatures, but not as the *Philosopher*, the creature of glory reads him: But, as the *Divine*, the servant of *humility*: yet even hee must take care, not to be too curious. For to utter Truth of *God* (but as hee thinkes onely) may be dangerous; who is best knowne, by our not knowing. Some things of him, so much as hee hath revealed, or commanded, it is not only lawfull, but necessary for us to know: for therein our ignorance was the first cause of our wickednesse.

Truth is mans proper good, and the onely *immortall* thing, was given to our mortality to use. No good *Christian*, or *Ethnick*, if he be honest, can see.

can misse it: no *States-man*, or *Patriot* should. For without truth all the Actions of man-kind, are craft, malice, or what you will, rather then Wisdome. *Homer* sayes, hee hates him worse then hell-mouth, that utters one thing with his tongue, and keepes another in his brest. Which high expression was grounded on divine Reason. For a lying mouth is a stinking pit, and murders with the contagion it venteth. Beside, nothing is lasting that is fair'd; it will have another face then it had, ere long. As *Euripides* saith: *No lye ever growes old.*

*Nullum
vitium sine
patrocinio.*

It is strange, there should be no vice without his patronage, that (when wee have no other excuse) wee will say, wee love it; wee cannot forsake it. As if that made it not more a fault. Wee cannot, because wee thinke wee cannot: and wee love it, because wee will defend it. Wee will rather excuse it, then be rid of it. That wee cannot, is pretended; but that wee will not, is the true reason. How many have I knowne, that would not have their vices hid? Nay, and to bee noted, live like *Antipodes*, to others in the same *Citie*; never see the Sunne rise, or set, in so many yeares; but be as they were watching a Corps by Torch-light; would not sinne the common way; but held that a kind of *Rusticity*; they would doe it new, or contrary, for the infamy? They were ambitious of living backward; and at last arrived at that, as they would love nothing but the vices; not the vitious customes. It was impossible to reforme these natures; they were dry'd, and hardned in their ill. They may say, they desir'd to leave it; but doe not trust them: and they may thinke they desir'd it, but they may lye for all that; they are a little angry with their follies, now and then; marry they come into grace with them againe quickly. They will confesse, they are offended with their manner of living: like enough, who is not? When they can put me in security, that they are more then offended; that they hate it: then Ile hearken to them; and, perhaps, beleeeve them: But many now a dayes, love and hate their ill together.

*De vere
Argutis.*

I doe heare them say often: Some men are not witty; because they are not every where witty; then which nothing is more foolish. If an eye or a nose bee an excellent part in the face, therefore be all eye or nose? I thinke the eye-brow, the fore-head, the cheek, chyn, lip, or any part else, are as necessary, and naturall in the place. But now nothing is good that is naturall: Right and naturall language seeme to have least of the wit in it; that which is writh'd and tortur'd, is counted the more exquisite. Cloath of Bodkin, or Tissue, must be imbroidered; as if no face were faire, that were not pouldred, or painted? No beauty to be had, but in wresting, and writhing our owne tongue? Nothing is fashionable, till it bee deform'd; and this is to write like a *Gentleman*. All must bee as affected, and preposterous as our Gallants cloathes, sweet bags, and night-dressings: in which you would thinke our men lay in, like *Ladies*; it is so curious.

*Censura de
Poetis.*

Nothing in our Age, I have observ'd, is more preposterous, then the running Iudgements upon Poetry, and Poets; when wee shall heare those things commended, and cry'd up for the best writings, which a man would scarce vouchsafe, to wrap any wholesome drug in; hee would never light his Tobacco with them. And those men almost nam'd for *Miracles*, who yet are so vile, that if a man should goe about, to examine, and correct

correct them, hee must make all they have done, but one blot. Their good is so intangled with their bad, as forcibly one must draw on the others death with it. A Sponge dipt in Inke will doe all :

Comitetur punica librum

Spongia. —

Et paulò post,

Non possunt multa, una litura potest.

Mart. l. 4.

epig. 10.

Yet their vices have not hurt them : Nay, a great many they have profited; for they have beene lov'd for nothing else. And this false opinion growes strong against the best men: if once it take root with the Ignorant. *Cestius* in his time, was preferr'd to *Cicero*; so farre, as the Ignorant durst. They learn'd him without booke, and had him often in their mouthes: But a man cannot imagine that thing so foolish, or rude, but will find, and enjoy an Admirer; at least, a Reader, or *Spectator*. The Puppets are seene now in despite of the Players: *Heath's Epigrams*, and the *Skullers Poems* have their applause. There are never wanting, that dare preferre the worst *Preachers*, the worst *Pleaders*, the worst *Poets*: not that the better have left to write, or speake better, but that they that heare them judge worse; *Non illi pejus dicunt, sed hi corruptius judicant*. Nay, if it were put to the question of the Water-rimers workes, against *Spencers*; I doubt not, but they would find more *Suffrages*; because the most favour common vices, out of a Prerogative the vulgar have, to lose their judgements; and like that which is naught.

Cestius.

Cicero.

Heath.

Taylor.

Spencer.

Poetry in this latter Age, hath prov'd but a meane *Mistresse*, to such as have wholly addicted themselves to her; or given their names up to her family. They who have but saluted her on the by; and now and then tendred their visits, shee hath done much for, and advanced in the way of their owne professions (both the *Law*, and the *Gospel*) beyond all they could have hoped, or done for themselves, without her favour. Wherein she doth emulate the judicious, but preposterous bounty of the times *Grandes*: who accumulate all they can upon the *Parasite*, or *Fresh-man* in their friendship; but thinke an old Client, or honest servant, bound by his place to write, and starve.

Indeed, the multitude commend Writers, as they doe Fencers; or Wraistlers; who if they come in robustiously, and put for it, with a deale of violence, are received for the *braver-fellowes*: when many times their owne rudenesse is a cause of their disgrace; and a slight touch of their Adversary, gives all that boisterous force the foyle. But in these things, the unskillfull are naturally deceiv'd, and judging wholly by the bulke, thinke rude things greater then polish'd; and scatter'd more numerous, then compos'd: Nor thinke this only to be true in the fordid multitude but the neater sort of our *Gallants*: for all are the multitude; only they differ in cloaths, not in judgement or understanding.

I remember, the Players have often mentioned it as an honour to *Shakespeare*, that in his writing, (whatsoever he penn'd) hee never blotted out line. My answer hath beene, would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who choose that circumstance to commend their friend by,

De Shakespeare.

speare.

nostrat.

*Augustus
in Hat.*

by, wherein he most faulted. And to justifie mine owne candor, (for I lov'd the man, and doe honour his memory (on this side Idolatry) as much as any.) Hee was (indeed) honest, and of an open, and free nature: had an excellent *Phantisie*; brave notions, and gentle expressions: wherein hee flow'd with that facility, that sometime it was necessary he should be stop'd: *Sufflaminandus erat*; as *Augustus* said of *Haterius*. His wit was in his owne power, would the rule of it had beene so too. Many times hee fell into those things, could not escape laughter: As when hee said in the person of *Cesar*, one speaking to him; *Cesar thou dost me wrong*. Hee replyed: *Cesar did never wrong, but with just cause*: and such like; which were ridiculous. But hee redeemed his vices, with his vertues. There was ever more in him to be prayesd, then to be pardoned.

*Ingeniorum
discrimina.
Not. 1.*

In the difference of wits, I have observ'd; there are many notes: And it is a little *Maistry* to know them: to discern, what every nature, every disposition will beare: For, before wee sow our land, we should plough it. There are no fewer formes of minds, then of bodies amongst us. The variety is incredible; and therefore wee must search: Some are fit to make *Divines*, some *Poets*, some *Lawyers*, some *Physicians*; some to be sent to the plough, and trades.

Not. 2.

There is no doctrine will doe good, where nature is wanting. Some wits are swelling, and high; others low and still: Some hot and fiery; others cold and dull: One must have a bridle, the other a spur.

** A wit-
stand.*

There be some that are forward, and bold; and these will doe every little thing easily: I meane that is hard by, and next them; which they will utter, unretarded without any shamefastnesse. These never performe much, but quickly. They are, what they are on the sudden; they shew presently like *Graine*, that scatter'd on the top of the ground, shoots up, but takes no root; has a yellow blade, but the eare empty. They are wits of good promise at first, but there is an ** Ingeni-stitium*: They stand still at sixteene, they get no higher.

Not. 3.

You have others, that labour onely to ostentation; and are ever more busie about the colours, and surface of a worke, then in the matter, and foundation: For that is hid, the other is seene.

Not. 4.

*Martial.
lib. 11. epig.
91.*

Others, that in composition are nothing, but what is rough, and broken: *Qua per salebras, altaq; saxa cadunt*. And if it would come gently, they trouble it of purpose. They would not have it run without rubs, as if that stile were more strong and manly, that stroke the eare with a kind of unevenesse. These men erre not by chance, but knowingly, and willingly; they are like men that affect a fashion by themselves, have some singularity in a Ruffe, Cloake, or Hat-band; or their beards, specially cut to provoke beholders, and set a marke upon themselves. They would be reprehended, while they are look'd on. And this vice, one that is in authority with the rest, loving, delivers over to them to be imitated: so that oft-times the faults which he fell into, the others seeke for: This is the danger, when vice becomes a *Precedent*.

Not. 5.

Others there are, that have no composition at all; but a kind of tuning, and riming fall, in what they vwrite. It runs and slides, and onely makes a sound. *Womens-Poets* they are call'd. as you have *womens-Taylors*.

They

*They write a verse, as smooth, as soft, as creame;
In which there is no torrent, nor scarce streame.*

You may sound these wits, and find the depth of them, with your middle finger. They are *Cream-bowle*, or but puddle deepe.

Some that turne over all bookes, and are equally searching in all papers, *Not. 6.* that write out of what they presently find or meet, without choice, by which meanes it happens, that what they have discredited, and impugned in one worke, they have before, or after extolled the same in another. Such are all the *Essayists*, even their Master *Montaigne*. These in *Mic. de Montaigne.* all they write, confesse still what bookes they have read last; and therein their owne folly, so much, that they bring it to the *Stake* raw, and undigested: not that the place did need it neither; but that they thought themselves furnished, and would vent it.

Some againe, who (after they have got authority, or, which is lesse, opinion, by their writings, to have read much) dare presently to faine whole bookes, and Authors, and lye safely. For what never was, will not easily be found; not by the most *curious*. *Not. 7.*

And some, by a cunning protestation against all reading, and false veneration of their owne *naturals*, thinke to divert the *sagacity* of their Readers from themselves, and coole the sent of their owne *fox-like* thefts; when yet they are so ranke, as a man may find whole pages together usurp'd from one Author. Their necessities compelling them to read for present use, which could not be in many books, and so come forth more ridiculously, and palpably guilty, then those; who because they cannot trace, they yet would slander their industry. *Not. 8.*

But the Wretcheder are the obstinate contemners of all helpes, and Arts: such as presuming on their owne *Naturals* (which perhaps are excellent) dare deride all diligence, and seeme to mock at the termes, when they understand not the things; thinking that way to get off wittily, with their Ignorance. These are imitated often by such, as are their Peeres in negligence, though they cannot be in nature: And they utter all they can thinke, with a kind of violence, and *indisposition*; unexamined, without relation, either to person, place, or any fitnessse else; and the more wilfull, and stubborne, they are in it, the more learned they are esteem'd of the *multitude*, through their excellent vice of Judgement: Who thinke those things the stronger, that have no Art: as if to breake, were better then to open; or to rent asunder, gentler then to loose. *Not. 9.*

It cannot but come to passe, that these men, who commonly seeke to doe more then enough, may sometimes happen on some thing that is good, and great; but very seldome: And when it comes, it doth not recompence the rest of their ill. For their jests, and their sentences (which they onely, and ambitiously seeke for) sticke out, and are more eminent; because all is sordid, and vile about them; as lights are more discern'd in a thick darkenesse, then a faint shadow. Now because they speake all they can (how ever unfitly) they are thought to have the greater copy; Where the learned use ever election, and a meane; they looke back to what they intended at first, and make all an even, and proportion'd body. The true Artificer will not run away from nature, as hee

were

were afraid of her; or depart from life, and the likenesse of Truth; but speake to the capacity of his hearers. And though his language differ from the vulgar somewhat; it shall not fly from all humanity, with the *Tamerlanes*, and *Tamer-Chams* of the late Age, which had nothing in them but the *scenicall* strutting, and furious vociferation, to warrant them to the ignorant gapers. Hee knowes it is his onely Art, so to carry it, as none but Artificers perceive it. In the meane time perhaps hee is call'd barren, dull, leane, a poore Writer (or by what contumelious word can come in their cheeks) by these men, who without labour, judgement, knowledge, or almost sense, are received, or preferr'd before him. Hee gratulates them, and their fortune. Another Age, or juster men, will acknowledge the vertues of his studies: his wisdom, in dividing: his subtilty, in arguing: with what strength hee doth inspire his Readers; with what sweetnesse hee strokes them: in inveighing, what sharpenesse; in Jest, what urbanity hee uses. How he doth raigne in mens affections; how invade, and breake in upon them; and makes their minds like the thing he writes. Then in his Elocution to behold, what word is proper: which hath ornament: which height: what is beautifully translated: where figures are fit: which gentle, which strong to shew the composition *Manly*. And how hee hath avoyded faint, obscure, obscene, sordid, humble, improper, or effeminate *Phrase*; which is not only prais'd of the most, but commended, (which is worse) especially for that it is naught.

*Ignorantia
anime.*

I know no disease of the Soule, but Ignorance; not of the Arts, and Sciences, but of it selfe: Yet relating to those, it is a pernicious evill: the darkner of mans life: the disturber of his Reason, and common Confounder of Truth: with which a man goes groping in the darke, no otherwise, then if hee were blind. Great understandings are most wrack'd and troubled with it: Nay, sometimes they will rather choose to dye, then not to know the things they study for. Thinkethen what an evill it is; and what good the contrary.

Scientia.

Knowledge is the action of the Soule; and is perfect without the senses, as having the seeds of all Science, and Vertue in its selfe; but not without the service of the senses: by those Organs, the Soule workes: She is a perpetuall Agent, prompt and subtile; but often flexible, and erring; intangling her selfe like a Silke-worme: But her Reason is a weapon with two edges, and cuts through. In her Indagations oft-times new Sents put her by; and shee takes in errors into her, by the same conduits she doth Truths.

Orium.

Ease, and relaxation, are profitable to all studies. The mind is like a Bow, the stronger by being unbent. But the temper in Spirits is all, when to command a mans wit; when to favour it. I have known a man vehement on both sides; that knew no meane, either to intermit his studies, or call upon them againe. When hee hath set himselfe to writing, hee would joyne night to day; presse upon himselfe without release, not minding it, till hee fainted: and when hee left off, resolve himselfe into all sports, and looseresse againe; that it was almost a despair to draw him to his booke: But once got to it, hee grew stronger, and more earnest by the ease. His whole Powers were renew'd: he would worke out of himselfe, what hee desired; but with such excesse, as his study

Studiorum.

study could not bee rul'd: hee knew not how to dispose his owne Abilities. *Studiosum.* hee was of that immoderate power against himselfe. Nor was hee only a strong, but an absolute *Speaker*, and *Writer*: but his subtilty did not shew it selfe; his judgement thought that a vice. For the ambush hurts more that is hid. Hee never forc'd his language, nor went out of the high way of *speaking*; but for some great necessity, or apparent profit. For hee denied *Figures* to be invented for ornament, but for ayde; and still thought it an extreme madnesse to bend, or wrest that which ought to be right.

It is no *Wonder*, mens eminence appeares but in their owne way. *Et stili cmi-* *Virgils* felicity left him in prose, as *Tullies* forsooke him in verse. *Salusts nentia. Vir-* *Orations* are read in the honour of *Story*: yet the most eloquent *Plato's* *gil. Tully.* speech, which he made for *Socrates*, is neither worthy or the *Patron*, or the *Salust.* *Person* defended. Nay, in the same kind of *Oratory*, and where the matter *Plato.* is one, you shall have him that reasons strongly, open negligently: another that prepares well, not fit so well: and this happens, not onely to braines, but to bodies. One can wrastle well; another runne well; a third leape, or throw the barre; a fourth lift, or stop a *Cart* going: Each hath his way of strength. So in other creatures, some dogs are for the *Deere*: some for the wild *Boare*: some are *Fox-hounds*: some *Otter-hounds*. Nor are all horses for the *Coach*, or *Saddle*; some are for the *Cart*, and *Panniers*.

I have knowne many excellent men, that would speake suddenly, to the *De claris* admiration of their hearers; who upon study, and premeditation have *Oratoribus* beene forsaken by their owne wits; and no way answered their fame: Their eloquence was greater, then their reading: and the things they uttered, better then those they knew. Their fortune deserved better of them, then their care. For men of present spirits, and of greater wits, then study, doe please more in the things they invent, then in those they bring. And I have heard some of them compell'd to speake, out of necessity, that have so infinitely exceeded themselves, as it was better, both for them, and their *Auditory*, that they were so surpriz'd, not prepar'd. Nor was it safe then to crosse them, for their adversary, their anger made them more eloquent. Yet these men I could not but love, and admire, that they return'd to their studies. They left not diligence (as many doe) when their rashnesse prosper'd. For diligence is a great ayde, even to an indifferent wit; when wee are not contented with the examples of our owne Age, but would know the face of the former. Indeed, the more wee conferre with, the more wee profit by, if the persons be chosen.

One, though hee be excellent, and the chiefe, is not to bee imitated *Dominus* alone. For never no *Imitator*, ever grew up to his *Author*; likenesse is *Verulanus* alwayes on this side *Truth*: Yet there hapn'd, in my time, one noble *Speaker*, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, (where hee could spare, or passe by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more presly, more weightily, or suffer'd lesse emptinesse, lesse idlenesse, in what hee utter'd. No member of his speech, but consisted of the owne graces. His hearers could not cough, or looke aside from him, without losse. Hee commanded where hee spoke; and had his *Judges* angry, and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affe-

affections more in his power. The feare of every man that heard him, was, lest hee should make an end.

Scriptorum Catalogus. Cicero is said to bee the only wit, that the people of Rome had equall'd to their Empire. *Ingenium par imperio.* We have had many, and in their severall Ages, (to take in but the former *Seculum.*) Sir Thomas Moore, the elder Wiat, Henry, Earle of Surrey; Chaloner, Smith, Cliot, B. Gardiner, were for their times admirable: and the more, because they began Eloquence with us. Sir Nico: Bacon, was singular, and almost alone, in the beginning of Queene Elizabeths times. Sir Philip Sidney, and Mr. Hooker (in different matter) grew great Masters of wit, and language; and in whom all vigour of Invention, and strength of judgement met. The Sir Thomas Earle of Essex, noble and high; and Sir Walter Rawleigh, not to be contemn'd, either for judgement, or stile. Sir Henry Savile grave, and truly letter'd; Sir Edwin Sandes, excellent in both: Lo: Egerton, the Chancellor, a grave, and great Orator; and best, when hee was provok'd. But his learned, and able (though unfortunate) Successor is he, who hath fill'd up all numbers, and perform'd that in our tongue, which may be compar'd, or preferr'd, either to insolent Greece, or haughty Rome. In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits borne, that could honour a language, or helpe study. Now things daily fall: wits grow downe-ward, and Eloquence growes back-ward: So that hee may be nam'd, and stand as the marke, and ἀκμή of our language.

Rob. Earle of Essex. I have ever observ'd it, to have beene the office of a wise Patriot, among the greatest affaires of the State, to take care of the Common-wealth of Learning. For Schooles, they are the Seminaries of State: and nothing is worthier the study of a States-man, then that part of the Republicke, which wee call the advancement of Letters. Witnesse the care of Julius Caesar; who in the heat of the civill warre, writ his bookes of Analogie, and dedicated them to Tully. This made the late Lord S. Albane, entitle his worke, *novum Organum.* Which though by the most of superficial men; who cannot get beyond the Title of *Nominals*, it is not penetrated, nor understood: it really openeth all defects of Learning, whatsoever; and is a Booke.

Qui longum noto scriptori porriget ævum.

De Augmentis scientiarum. My conceit of his Person was never increased toward him, by his place, or honours. But I have, and doe reverence him for the greatness, that was onely proper to himselfe, in that hee seem'd to mee ever, by his worke one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had beene in many Ages. In his adversity I ever prayed, that God would give him strength: for Greatnesse hee could not want. Neither could I condole in a word, or syllable for him; as knowing no Accident could doe harme to vertue; but rather helpe to make it manifest.

There cannot be one colour of the mind; an other of the wit. If the mind be staid, grave, and compos'd; the wit is so, that vitiated, the other is blowne, and deflowr'd. Doe wee not see, if the mind languish, the members are dull? Looke upon an effeminate person: his very gate confesseth him. If a man be fiery, his motion is so: if angry, 'tis troubled, and violent. So that wee may conclude: Wheresoever, manners, and

and fashions are corrupted; Language is. It imitates the publicke riot. The excesse of Feasts, and apparell, are the notes of a sick State; and the wantonnesse of language, of a sick mind.

If wee would consider, what our affaires are indeed, not what they are call'd, wee should find more evils belong us, then happen to us. How often doth that, which was call'd a calamity, prove the beginning, and cause of a mans happinesse? And on the contrary: that which hapned, or came to an other with great gratulation, and applause, how it hath lifted him, but a step higher to his ruine! As, if hee stood before, where hee might fall safely.

*De rebus
mundanis.*

The vulgar are commonly ill-natur'd; and alwayes grudging against their Governours: which makes, that a Prince has more busines, and trouble with them, then ever *Hercules* had with the Bull, or any other beast: by how much they have more heads, then will be rein'd with one bridle. There was not that variety of beasts in the Arke, as is of beastly natures in the multitude; especially when they come to that iniquity, to censure their Sovereign's actions. Then all the Counsels are made good, or bad by the events. And it falleth out, that the same facts receive from them the names; now of diligence; now, of vanity; now of Majesty; now of fury: where they ought wholly to hang on his mouth; as hee to consist of himselfe; and not others counsels.

*Vulgi mo-
res.*

*Morbus
Comitialis.*

After God, nothing is to be lov'd of man like the Prince: He violates nature, that doth it not with his whole heart. For when hee hath put on the care of the publike good, and common safety; I am a wretch, and put of man, if I doe not reverence, and honour him: in whose charge all things *divine* and *humane* are plac'd. Doe but aske of nature, why all living creatures are lesse delighted with meat, and drinke, that sustaines them, then with *Venery*, that wastes them. And she will tell thee, the first respects but a private; the other, a common good, *Propagation*.

Princeps.

De eodem.

Hee is the Arbiter of life, and death: when hee finds no other subject for his mercy, hee should spare himselfe. All his punishments are rather to correct, then to destroy. Why are prayers with *Orpheus* said to be the daughters of *Iupiter*; but that Princes are thereby admonished, that the petitions of the wretched, ought to have more weight with them, then the Lawes themselves.

*Orpheus
hymn.*

It was a great accusation to his Majesties deserved prayse; that men might openly visit, and pittie those, whom his greatest prisons had at any time received, or his Lawes condemned.

*De opt. Re-
ge Jacobo.*

Wise, is rather the Attribute of a Prince, then learned, or good. The learned man profits others, rather then himselfe: the good man, rather himselfe then others: But the Prince commands others, and doth himselfe. The wise *Licurgus* gave no Law, but what himselfe kept. *Sylla*, and *Lysander*, did not so: the one living, extreameely dissolute himselfe, enforced frugality by the Lawes: the other permitted those Licences to others, which himselfe abstained from. But the Princes Prudence is his chiefe Art, and safety. In his Counsels, and deliberations hee foresees the future times. In the equity of his judgement, hee hath remembrance of the past; and knowledge of what is to bee done, or avoyded for the present. Hence the *Persians* gave out their *Cyrus*, to have beene nurs'd by a Bitch, a creature to encounter it: as of sagacity to seeke out good,

*De Princ:
adjunctis.*

*— Sed verè
prudens*

*hand concil-
pi possit*

Princeps,

*nisi—simul
& bonus.*

Licurgus.

*Sylla. Ly-
sander.*

Cyrus.

shewing that *Wisdom*e may accompany fortitude, or it leaves to be, and puts on the name of *Rashnesse*.

De malignis studentium. There be some men are borne only to sucke out the poyson of bookes: *Habent venenum pro victu: imò, pro deliciis.* And such are they that only relish the obscene, and foule things in *Poets*: Which makes the profession taxed. But by whom? men, that warch for it, (and had they not had this hint) are so unjust valuers of Letters; as they thinke no Learning good, but what brings in gaine. It shewes they themselves would never have beene of the professions they are; but for the profits and fees. But, if an other Learning, well used, can instruct to good life, inform manners; no lesse perswade, and leade men, then they threaten, and compell, and have no reward, is it therefore the worse study? I could never thinke the study of *Wisdom*e confin'd only to the Philosopher: or of *Poetry* to the *Divine*: or of *State* to the *Politicke*. But that he which can faine a *Common-wealth* (which is the *Poet*) can gowne it with *Counsels*, strengthen it with *Laws*, correct it with *Iudgements*, informe it with *Religion*, and *Morals*; is all these. Wee doe not require in him meere *Elocution*; or an excellent faculty in verse; but the exact knowledge of all vertues; and their Contraries; with ability to render the one lov'd, the other hated, by his proper embattaling them. The Philosophers did insolently, to challenge only to themselves that which the greatest *Generals*, and gravest *Counsellors* never durst. For such had rather doe, then promise the best things.

Controvers. scriptores. Some *Controversers* in Divinity are like Swaggerers in a Taverne, that catch that which stands next them; the candlesticke, or pots; turne every thing into a weapon: oft times they fight blind-fold; and both beate the Ayre. The one milkes a Hee-goat, the other holds under a Sive. Their Arguments are as fluxive as liquour spilt upon a Table; which with your finger you may draine as you will. Such *Controversies*, or *Disputations*, (carried with more labour, then profit) are odious: where most times the Truth is lost in the midst; or left untouch'd. And the fruit of their fight is; that they spit one upon another, and are both defil'd. These Fencers in Religion, I like not.

Morbi. The Body hath certaine diseases, that are with lesse evill tolerated, then remov'd. As if to cure a *Leprosie*, a man should bathe himselfe with the warme blood of a murthered Child: So in the Church, some errors may be dissimuled with lesse inconvenience, then can be discover'd.

Iactantia intempestiva. Men that talke of their owne benefits, are not beleev'd to talke of them, because they have done them: but to have done them, because they might talke of them. That which had beene great, if another had reported it of them, vanisheth; and is nothing, if hee that did it speake of it. For men, when they cannot destroy the deed, will yet be glad to take advantage of the boasting, and lessen it.

Adulatio. I have seene, that *Poverty* makes men doe unfit things; but honest men should not doe them: they should gaine otherwise. Though a man bee hungry, hee should not play the Parasite. That houre, wherein I would repent me to be honest: there were wayes enow open for me to be rich. But *Flattery* is a fine Pick-lock of tender cares: especially of those, whom fortune hath borne high upon their wings, that submit their dignity, and authority to it, by a soothing of themselves. For indeed men could

never

never be taken, in that abundance, with the Sprindges of others *Flattery*, if they began not there; if they did but remember, how much more profitable the bitterneſſe of *Truth* were, then all the honey diſtilling from a whoriſh voice; which is not praiſe, but poyſon. But now it is come to that extreme folly, or rather madneſſe with ſome: that he that flatters them modeſtly, or ſparingly, is thought to maligne them. If their friend conſent not to their vices, though hee doe not contradict them; hee is nevertheleſſe an enemy. When they doe all things the worſt way, even then they looke for praiſe. Nay, they will hire fellowes to flatter them with ſuites, and ſuppers, and to prostitute their judgements. They have *Livery-friends*, friends of the diſh, and of the *Spit*, that waite their turnes, as my Lord has his feaſts, and gueſts.

I have conſidered, our whole life is like a *Play*: Wherein every man forgetfull of himſelfe, is in travaile with expreſſion of another. Nay, wee ſo inſiſt in imitating others, as wee cannot (when it is neceſſary) returne to our ſelves: like Children, that imitate the vices of *Stammerers* ſo long, till at laſt they become ſuch; and make the habit to another nature, as it is never forgotten. *De vita humana.*

Good men are the Stars the Planets of the Ages wherein they live, and illuſtrate the times. God did never let them be wanting to the world: As *Abel*, for an example, of Innocency; *Enoch* of Purity, *Noah* of Truſt in Gods mercies, *Abraham* of Faith, and ſo of the reſt. Theſe ſenſuall men thought mad, becauſe they would not be partakers, or practiſers of their madneſſe. But they plac'd high on the top of all vertue, look'd downe on the Stage of the world, and contemned the Play of *Fortune*. For though the moſt be Players, ſome muſt be *Spectators*. *De piis & probis.*

I have diſcovered, that a fain'd familiarity in great ones, is a note of certaine uſurpation on the leſſe. For great and popular men, faine themſelves to bee ſervants to others, to make thoſe ſlaves to them. So the Fiſher provides baits for the Trowte, Roch, Dace, &c. that they may be food to him. *Mores Antici.*

The Complaint of *Caligula*, was moſt wicked, of the condition of his times: when hee ſaid; They were not famous by any publike calamity, as the reigne of *Augustus* was, by the defeat of *Varus*, and the Legions; and that of *Tiberius*, by the falling of the Theater at *Idena*: whiſt his oblivion was eminent, through the proſperity of his affaires. As that other voice of his, was worthier a headſ-man, then a head; when hee wiſhed the people of *Rome* had but one neck. But he found (when he fell) they had many hands. A Tyranne, how great and mighty ſoever hee may ſeeme to Cowards and Sluggards; is but one creature, one *Animal*. *Impiorum querela. Augustus, Varus, Tiberius.*

I have mark'd among the *Nobility*, ſome are ſo addicted to the ſervice of the Prince, and Common-wealth, as they looke not for ſpoyle; ſuch are to be honour'd, and lov'd. There are others, which no obligation will faſten on; and they are of two ſorts. The firſt are ſuch as love their owne eaſe: or, out of vice, of nature, or ſelfe-direction, avoide buſines and care. Yet, theſe the Prince may uſe with ſafety. The other remove themſelves upon craft, and deſigne (as the *Architects* ſay) with a premeditated thought to their owne, rather then their Princes profit. Such let the Prince take heed of, and not doubt to reckon in the Liſt of his open enemies. *Nobilium Inſignia.*

There

Principum
varia.
— Firmissi-
ma vero
omnium ba-
sis jus here-
ditarium
Principis--

There is a great variation betweene him, that is rais'd to the *Soveraigni-ty*, by the favour of his Peeres; and him that comes to it by the suffrage of the people. The first holds with more difficulty; because hee hath to doe with many, that thinke themselves his equals; and rais'd him for their owne greatnesse, and oppression of the rest. The latter hath no up-braiders; but was rais'd by them, that sought to be defended from oppression: whose end is both the easier, and the honestest to satisfie. Beside, while he hath the people to friend, who are a multitude, he hath the lesse feare of the *Nobility*, who are but few. Nor let the common Proverbe of (Hee that builds on the people, builds on the dirt) discredit my opinion: For that hath only place, where an ambitious, and private person, for some popular end, trusts in them against the publike Justice, and Magistrate. There they will leave him. But when a *Prince* governs them, so as they have still need of his Administration (for that is his Art) hee shall ever make, and hold them faithfull.

Clementia.

Macchia-
vell.

A *Prince* should exercise his cruelty, not by himselfe, but by his Ministers: so hee may save himselfe, and his dignity with his people, by sacrificing those, when he list, saith the great *Doctor of State*, *Macchiavell*. But I say, he puts off man, and goes into a beast, that is cruell. No vertue is a *Princes* owne; or becomes him more, then this *Clemency*: And no glory is greater, then to be able to save with his power. Many punishments sometimes, and in some cases as much discredit a *Prince*, as many Funerals a *Physician*. The state of things is secur'd by *Clemency*; Seve-

* Hand in-
fima ars in
Principe,
ubi lenitas,
ubi severi-
tas — plus
polleat in
commune
bonum cal-
lere.

ritie represseth a few, but it irritates more. * The lopping of trees makes the boughes shoote out thicker; And the taking away of some kind of enemies, increaseth the number. It is then, most gracious in a *Prince* to pardon, when many about him would make him cruell; to thinke then, how much he can save, when others tell him, how much he can destroy: not to consider, what the impotence of others hath demolish'd; but what his owne greatnesse can sustaine. There are a *Princes* vertues; And they that give him other counsels, are but the *Hangmans* Factors.

Clementia
tutelat opi-
ma. St. Ni-
colas.

Hee that is cruell to halves, (saith the said *St. Nicolas*) looseth no lesse the opportunity of his cruelty, then of his benefits: For then to use his cruelty, is too late; and to use his favours will be interpreted feare and necessity; and so hee looseth the thanks. Still the counsell is cruelty. But *Princes* by harkning to cruell counsels, become in time obnoxious to the Authors, their Flatterers, and Ministers; and are brought to that, that when they would, they dare not change them: they must goe on, and defend cruelty with cruelty: they cannot alter the Habit. It is then growne necessary, they must be as ill, as those have made them: And in the end, they will grow more hatefull to themselves, then to their Subjects. Whereas, on the contrary, the mercifull *Prince* is safe in love, not in feare. Hee needs no Emissaries, Spies, Intelligencers, to intrap true Subjects. Hee feares no Libels, no Treasons. His people speake, what they thinke; and talke openly, what they doe in secret. They have nothing in their breasts, that they need a Cipher for. He is guarded with his owne benefits.

Religio. Pal-
ladium Ho-
meri.

The strength of Empire is in Religion. What else is the *Palladium*, (with *Homer*) that kept *Troy* so long from sacking? Nothing more commends the *Soveraigne* to the Subject, then it. For hee that is religious, must

must be mercifull and just necessarily. And they are too strong ties upon mankind. Justice is the vertue, that *Innocence* rejoyceth in. Yet even that is not alwayes so safe; but it may love to stand in the fight of mercy. For sometimes misfortune is made a crime, and then *Innocence* is succor'd, no lesse then vertue. Nay, often times vertue is made Capitall: and through the condition of the times, it may happen, that that may be punish'd with our praise. Let no man therefore murmur at the Actions of the Prince, who is plac'd so farre above him. If hee offend, he hath his Discoverer. God hath a height beyond him. But where the *Prince* is good, *Euripides* saith: *God is a Guest in a humane body.*

There is nothing with some *Princes* sacred above their Majesty; or *Tyranni*. prophane, but what violates their Scepters. But a Prince with such Counsell, is like the *God Terminus*, of Stone, his owne Land-marke; or (as it is in the Fable) a crowned Lyon. It is dangerous offending such an one; who being angry, knowes not how to forgive. That cares not to doe any thing, for maintaining, or enlarging of *Empire*; kils not men, or Subjects; but destroyeth whole Countries, Armies, mankind, male, and female; guilty or not guilty, holy or prophane: Yea, some that have not seene the light. All is under the Law of their spoyle, and licence. But *Princes* that neglect their proper office thus, their fortune is often times to draw a *Scianus*, to be neere about him; who will at last affect to get above him, and put them in a worthy feare, of rooting both them out, and their family. For no men hate an evill *Prince* more, then they, that help'd to make him such. And none more boastingly, weepe his ruine, then they, that procur'd and practis'd it. The same path lead to ruine, which did to rule, when men professe a *Licence* in governing. A good King is a publike Servant.

A Prince without Letters, is a Pilot without eyes. All his Government is groping. In *Soveraignty* it is a most happy thing, not to be compelled; but so it is the most miserable not to be counsell'd. And how can he be counsell'd that cannot see to read the best Counsellors (which are books.) For they neither flatter us, nor hide from us: Hee may heare, you will say. But how shall he alwayes be sure to heare Truth? or be counsell'd the best things, not the sweetest? They say *Princes* learne no Art truly, but the Art of *Horse-manship*. The reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer. Hee will throw a *Prince*, as soone, as his Groome. Which is an Argument, that the good Counsellors to Princes are the best instruments of a good Age. For though the *Prince* himselfe be of most prompt inclination to to all vertue: Yet the best *Pilots* have need of *Mariners*, beside Sayles, Anchor, and other Tackle.

If men did know, what shining fetters, guilded miseries, and painted happinesse, Thrones and Scepters were. There would not bee so frequent strife about the getting, or holding of them. There would be more *Principalities*, then *Princes*. For a *Prince* is the Pastor of the people. Hee ought to sheere, no to flea his sheepe; to take their fleeces, not their fells. Who were his enemies before, being a private man, become his children, now hee is publike. Hee is the soule of the Commonwealth; and ought to cherish it, as his owne body. *Alexander* the Great was wont to say: *Hee hated that Gardiner, that pluck'd his herbes, or flowers up by the roots.* A man may milke a beast, till the blood come: Churne

Churne milke, and it yeeldeth butter: but wring the nose, and the blood followeth. Hee is an ill *Prince*, that so puls his Subjects feathers, as hee would not have them grow againe: that makes his *Exchequer* a receipt for the spoyles of those hee governs. No, let him keepe his owne, not affect his Subjects: strive rather to be call'd just, then powerfull. Not, like the *Romans Tyrans*, affect the Surnames that grow by humane slaughters: Neither to seeke warre in peace, or peace in warre; but to observe faith given, though to an Enemy. Study Piety toward the Subject: Shew care to defend him. Bee slow to punish in diverse cases; but be a sharpe, and severe Revenger of open crimes. Breake no decrees, or dissolve no orders, to slacken the strength of Lawes. Choose neither Magistrates *civill*, or *Ecclesiastick*, by *favour*, or *Price*: but with long disquisition, and report of their worth, by all Suffrages. Sell no honours, nor give them hastily; but bestow them with counsell, and for reward; If hee doe acknowledge it, (though late) and mend it. For *Princes* are easie to be deceiv'd. And what wisdom can escape it; where so many *Court-Arts* are studied? But above all, the *Prince* is to remember, that when the great day of Account comes, which neither Magistrate, nor *Prince* can shunne, there will be requir'd of him a reckoning for those, whom hee hath trusted; as for himselfe, which hee must provide. And if *Piety* be wanting in the *Priests*, *Equity* in the Iudges, or the *Magistrate* be found rated at a price; what Iustice or Religion is to be expected? which are the only two Attributes make *Kings* a kinne to *Gods*; and is the *Delphick* sword, both to kill Sacrifices, and to chastise offenders.

*De Gratio-
fis.*

When a vertuous man is rais'd, it brings gladnesse to his friends: grieve to his enemies, and glory to his Posterity. Nay his honours are a great part of the honour of the times: when by this meanes he is growne to active men, an example; to the sloathfull, a spurre; to the envious, a Punishment.

Divites.

Hee, which is sole heire to many rich men, having (beside his Fathers, and Vncles) the states of diverse his kindred come to him by accession; must needs bee richer then Father, or *Gran-father*: So they which are left heires *ex Asse*, of all their Ancestors vices; and by their good husbandry improve the old, and daily purchase new; must needs be wealthier in vice, and have a greater revenue, or stock of ill to spend on.

*Heredes ex
Asse.*

*Fures Pub-
lici.*

The great theeves of a State are lightly the officers of the Crowne; they hang the lesse still; play the Pikes in the Pond; eate whom they list. The Net was never spread for the Hawke or Buzzard that hurt us, but the harmelesse birds, they are good meate.

Juvenalis.

Dat veni am corvis, vexat censura columbas.

Plautus.

Non rete Accipitri tenditur, neq. miluo.

Lewis xi.

But they are not alwayes safe, though especially, when they meet with wise Masters. They can take downe all the huffe, and swelling of their lookes; and like dexterous Auditors, place the Counter, where he shall value nothing. Let them but remember *Lewis* the eleventh, who to a *Clarke* of the *Exchequer*, that came to be Lord *Treasurer*, and had (for his device) represented himselfe sitting upon fortunes wheele: told him, hee might

might doe well to fasten it with a good strong nayle, lest turning about, it might bring him, where hee was againe. As indeed it did.

A good man will avoide the spot of any sinne. The very asperſion is grievous: which makes him chooſe his way in his life, as hee would in his journey. The *Ill-man* rides through all confidently; hee is coated, and booted for it. The oftner hee offends, the more openly; and the fowler, the fitter in fashion. His modesty like a riding Coat, the more it is worne, is the lesse car'd for. It is good enough for the durt still; and the wayes he travels in. *An Innocent* man needs no *Eloquence*: his *Innocence* is in stead of it: else I had never come off so many times from these *Precipices*, whether mens malice hath pursued me. It is true, I have beene accus'd to the Lords, to the *King*, and by great ones: but it hap'ned my accusers had not thought of the Accusation with themselves; and so were driven for want of crimes, to use invention, which was found slander: or too late, (being entred so farre) to seeke starting holes for their rashnesse, which were not given them. And then they may thinke, what accusation that was like to prove, when they, that were the *Ingineers*, fear'd to be the Authors. Nor were they content, to faine things against mee, but to urge things fain'd by the Ignorant, against my profession; which though from their hired, and mercenary impudence, I might have past by, as granted to a Nation of Barkers, that let out their tongues to lick others sores; yet I durst not leave my selfe undefended, having a paire of eares unskilfull to heare lyes; or have those things said of me, which I could truly prove of them. They objected, making of verses to me, when I could object to most of them, their not being able to reade them, but as worthy of scorne. Nay, they would offer to urge mine owne Writings against me, but by pieces, (which was an excellent way of malice) as if any mans Context, might not seeme dangerous, and offensive, if that which was knit, to what went before, were defrauded of his beginning; or that things by themselves utter'd, might not seeme subject to Calumnie, which read entire, would appeare most free. At last they upbraided my poverty; I confesse, shee is my Domestick; sober of diet, simple of habit; frugall, painefull; a good Counsellor to me; that keepes me from Cruelty, Pride, or other more delicate impertinences; which are the Nurse-children of Riches. But let them looke over all the great, and monstrous wickednesse, they shall never find those in poore families. They are the issue of the wealthy *Giants*, and the mighty Hunters: Whereas no great worke, or worthy of praise, or memory, but came out of poore cradles. It was the ancient poverty, that founded Common-weales; built Cities, invented Arts, made wholesome Lawes; armed men against vices; rewarded them with their owne vertues; and preserv'd the honour, and state of Nations, till they betray'd themselves to Riches.

Money never made any man rich, but his mind. He that can order himselfe to the Law of nature, is not onely without the sense, but the feare of poverty. O! but to strike blind the people with our wealth, and pompe, is the thing! what a wretchednesse is this, to thrust all our riches outward, and be beggars within: to contemplate nothing, but the little, vile, and sordid things of the world; not the great, noble, and pretious: wee serve our avarice, and not content with the good of the Earth, that

is offer'd us, wee search, and digge for the evill that is hidden. *God* offer'd us those things, and plac'd them at hand, and neere us, that hee knew were profitable for us; but the hurtfull hee laid deepe, and hid. Yet doe wee seeke onely the things, whereby wee may perish; and bring them forth, when *God* and nature hath buried them. Wee covet super-fluous things; when it were more honour for us, if wee could contemne necessary. What need hath nature of silver dishes, multitudes of Waiters, delicate Pages, perfum'd Napkins? She requires meat only, and hunger is not ambitious. Can wee thinke no wealth enough, but such a state, for which a man may be brought into a *Præmunire*, beg'd, proscrib'd, or poyson'd? O! if a man could restraine the fury of his gullet, and groyne, and thinke how many fires, how many kitchens, Cookes, Pastures, and plough'd Lands; what Orchards, Stewes, Ponds, and Parkes, Coupes, and Garners he could spare: What Velvets, Tissues, Imbroderies, Laces he could lacke; and then how short, and uncertaine his life is; Hee were in a better way to happinesse, then to live the Emperour of these delights; and be the *Dictator* of fashions? But wee make our selves slaves to our pleasures; and wee serve *Fame*, and Ambition, which is an equall slavery. Have not I seen the pompe of a whole Kingdome, and what a forraigne King could bring hither. Also to make himselfe gaz'd, and wonder'd at, laid forth as it were to the shew, and vanish all away in a day? And shall that which could not fill the expectation of few houres, entertaine, and take up our whole lives? whenever it appear'd as superfluous to the Possessors, as to me that was a Spectator. The bravery was shewne, it was not possess'd while it boasted it selfe, it perish'd. It is vile, and a poor thing to place our happinesse on these desires. Say we wanted them all. *Famine ends famine.*

*De molli-
bus &
offaminatis.*

There is nothing valiant, or solid to bee hop'd for from such, as are alwayes kempt'd, and perfum'd; and every day smell of the Taylor. The exceedingly curious, that are wholly in mending such an imperfection in the face, in taking away the Morpew in the neck, or bleaching their hands at Mid-night, gumming, and bridling their beards, or making the waste small, binding it with hoopcs, while the mind runs at waste: Too much pickcdnesse is not manly. Not from those that will jeast at their owne outward imperfections, but hide their ulcers within, their Pride, Lust, Envie, ill nature, with all the art and authority they can. These persons are in danger; For whilst they thinke to justifie their ignorance by impudence; and their persons by clothes, and outward ornaments, they use but a Commission to deceive themselves. Where, if wee will looke with our understanding, and not our senses, wee may behold vertue, and beauty, (though cover'd with rags) in their brightnesse; and vice, and deformity so much the fowler, in having all the splendor of riches to guild them, or the false light of honour and power to helpe them. Yet this is that, wherewith the world is taken, and runs mad to gaze on: Clothes and Titles, the Birdlime of *Fools*.

De stultitia.

What petty things they are, wee wonder at: like children, that esteeme every trifle; and preferre a *Fairing* before their Fathers: what difference is betweene us, and them? but that we are dearer Fooles, Cockscornes, at a higher rate? They are pleas'd with Cockleshells, Whistles, Hobby-horses, and such like: wee with Statues, marble Pillars,

Pillars, Pictures, gilded Roofes, where under-neath is Lath, and Lyme; perhaps Lome. Yet, wee take pleasure in the lye, and are glad; wee can coufen our selves. Nor is it onely in our wals, and feelings; but all that wee call happinesse, is meere painting, and guilt: and all for money: what a thinne Membrane of honour that is: and how hath all true reputation falne, since money began to have any: yet the great heard, the multitude; that in all other things are divided; in this alone conspire, and agree: To love money. They wish for it, they embrace it, they adore it; while yet it is posselt with greater stirre, and torment, then it is gotten.

Some men, what losses soever they have, they make them greater: *De sibi mo-* and if they have none, even all, that is not gotten, is a losse. *lestis.* Can there be creatures of more wretched condition, then these; that continually labour under their owne misery, and others envie? A man should study other things, not to covet, not to feare, not to repent him: To make his Base such, as no Tempest shall shake him: to be secure of all opinion; and pleasing to himselfe, even for that, wherein he displeaseth others. For the worst opinion gotten for doing well, should delight us: would'st not thou be just, but for fame; thou ought'st to be it with infamy: Hee that would have his vertue published, is not the servant of vertue, but glory.

It is a dangerous thing, when mens minds come to sojourne with their affections, and their diseases eat into their strength: that when too much desire, and greedinesse of vice, hath made the body unfit, or unprofitable; it is yet gladded with the sight, and spectacle of it in others: and for want of ability to be an Actor; is content to be a Witnessse. It enjoyes the pleasure of sinning, in beholding others sinne; as in Dicing, Drinking, Drabbing, &c. Nay, when it cannot doe all these, it is offended with his owne narrownesse, that excludes it from the universall delights of Man-kind; and oft times dies of a Melancholy, that it cannot be vitious enough.

I am glad, when I see any man avoid the infamy of a vice; but to shun the vice it selfe were better. Till hee doe that, he is but like the Pretense, who being loth to bee spied by his Master, comming forth of *Falsa species fugien-* Black-Lucis, went in againe; to whom his Master cried; the more thou runnest that way to hide thy selfe, the more thou art in the Place. So are those, that keepe a Taverne all day; that they may not bee seene at night. I have knowne Lawyers, Divines; yea, great ones of this Heresy.

There is a greater Reverence had of things remote, or strangetous, *Decipimus specie.* then of much better, if they bee neerer, and fall under our sense. Men, and almost all sort of creatures, have their reputation by distance. Rivers, the farther they runne, and more from their spring, the broader, they are, and greater. And where our originall is knowne, we are the lesse confident: Among strangers wee trust fortune. Yet a man may live as renown'd at home, in his owne countrey, or a private Village, as in the whole world. For it is vertue that gives glory: That will enderizon a man every where. It is onely that can naturalize him. A native, if hee be vitious, deserves to bee a stranger, and cast out of the Common-wealth, as an Alien.

*Dejectio
Aulic.*

A dejected countenance, and meane clothes, beget often a contempt; but it is with the shallowest creatures: *Courtiers* commonly looke up even with them in a new suite, you get above them streight. Nothing is more short-liv'd then Pride: It is but while their clothes last; stay but while these are worne out, you cannot wish the thing more wretched, or dejected.

*Poesis, et
Pictura.
Plutarch.*

Poetry, and *Picture*, are Arts of a like nature; and both are busie about imitation. It was excellently said of *Plutarch*, *Poetry* was a speaking Picture, and *Picture* a mute Poesie. For they both invent, faine, and devise many things, and accommodate all they invent to the use, and service of nature. Yet of the two, the Pen is more noble, then the Pencill. For that can speake to the Understanding; the other, but to the Sense. They both behold pleasure, and profit, as their common Object; but should abstaine from all base pleasures, lest they should erre from their end: and while they seeke to better mens minds, destroy their manners. They both are borne *Artificers*, not made. Nature is more powerfull in them then study.

De Pictura.

Whosoever loves not *Picture*, is injurious to Truth: and all the wisdom of *Poetry*. *Picture* is the invention of Heaven: the most ancient, and most a kinne to Nature. It is it selfe a silent worke: and alwayes of one and the same habit: Yet it doth so enter, and penetrate the inmost affection (being done by an excellent Artificer) as sometimes it orecomes the power of speech, and oratory. There are diverse graces in it; so are there in the Artificers. One excels in care, another in reason, a third in easinesse, a fourth in nature and grace. Some have diligence, and comelinesse: but they want Majesty. They can expresse a humane forme in all the graces, sweetnesse, and elegancy; but they misse the Authority. They can hit nothing but smooth cheeks; they cannot expresse roughnesse, or gravity. Others aspire to Truth so much, as they are rather Lovers of likenesse, then beauty. *Zeuxis*, and *Parrhasius*, are said to be contemporaries: The first, found out the reason of lights, and shadowes in *Picture*: the other, more subtilly examined the lines.

*De Stylo.
Pliny.*

In *Picture*, light is requir'd no lesse then shadow: so in stile, height, as well as humblenesse. But beware they be not too humble; as *Pliny* pronounc'd of *Regulus* writings. You would thinke them written, not on a child, but by a child. Many, out of their owne obscene Apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words; as *occupie*, *nature*, and the like: So the curious industry in some of having all alike good, hath come neerer a vice, then a vertue.

*De progress.
Pictura.
Parrhasius.*

Picture tooke her faining from *Poetry*: from *Geometry* her rule, compasse, lines, proportion, and the whole *Symmetry*. *Parrhasius* was the first wan reputation, by adding *Symmetry* to *Picture*: hee added subtilty to the countenance, elegancy to the haire, love-lines to the face; and, by the publike voice of all Artificers, deserved honour in the outer lines.

Eupompus.

Eupompus gave it splendor by numbers, and other elegancies. From the *Opticks* it drew reasons; by which it considered, how things plac'd at distance, and a farre off, should appeare lesse: how above, or beneath the head, should deceive the eye, &c. So from thence it tooke shadowes, recessor, light, and heightrings. From morall *Philosophy* it tooke the foule, the expression of Senses, Perturbations, Manners, when they would

would paint an angry person, a proud, an inconstant, an ambitious, a brave, a magnanimous, a just, a mercifull, a compassionate, an humble, a dejected, a base, and the like. They made all heightnings bright, all shadows darke, all swellings from a plane, all solids from breaking. See

* where he complains of their painting *Chimera's*, by the vulgar unaptly called *Grottesque*: Saying, that men who were borne truly to study, and emulate nature, did nothing but make monsters against nature; which ^a *Horace* so laugh at. The Art *Plasticke* was moulding in clay, or potters earth anciently. This is the Parent of *Statuary* sculpture, *Graving* and *Picture*; cutting in brasse, and marble, all serve under her. ^b *Socrates* taught *Parrhasius*, and *Clito* (two noble Statuaries) first to expresse manners by their looks in Imagery. ^c *Polygnotus*, and *Aglaophon* were ancients. After them ^d *Zeuxis*, who was the Law-giver to all Painters: after ^e *Parrhasius*. They were contemporaries, and liv'd both about *Philips* time, the Father of *Alexander* the Great. There liv'd in this latter Age six famous Painters in *Italy*: who were excellent, and emulous of the Ancients: ^f *Raphael de Urbino*, *Michel Angelo Buonarota*, *Titian*, *Antonie of Correggio*, *Sebastian of Venice*, *Julio Romano*, and *Andrea Sartorio*.

* *Plin. lib.*
35. c. 2. 5. 6
& 7.
Vitruv. li. 8.
& 7.
^a *Horat. in*
arte Poet.
^b *Socrates.*
Parrhasius.
Clyto.
^c *Polygno-*
tus.
Aglaophon
^d *Zeuxis.*
^e *Parrhasius.*
^f *Raphael de*

These are Flatterers for their bread, that praise all my oraculous Lord do's or sayes, be it true or false: invent tales that shall please: make baits for his Lordships eares: and if they be not receiv'd in what they offer at, they shift a point of the Compasse, and turne their tale presently tacke about; deny what they confest, and confesse what they denied; fit their discourse to the persons, and occasions. What they snatch up, and devoure at one table, utter at another: and grow suspected of the Master, hated of the servants, while they inquire, and reprehend, and compound, and delate busines of the house they have nothing to doe with: They praise my Lords wine, and the sauce he likes; observe the Cooke, and Bottle-man, while they stand in my Lords favour, speake for a pension for them: but pound them to dust upon my Lords least distaste, or change of his palate.

urbino.
Mich: An-
gel.
Buonarota.
Titian.
Antonie
de Correg.
Sebast: de
Venet.
Julio
Romano.
Andrea
Sartorio.
* *Parasiti*
ad mensam.

How much better is it, to bee silent; or at least, to speake sparingly! For it is not enough to speake good, but timely things. If a man be asked a question, to answer, but to repeat the Question, before hee answer, is well, that hee be sure to understand it, to avoid absurdity. For it is lesse dishonour, to heare imperfectly, then to speake imperfectly. The eares are excus'd, the understanding is not. And in things unknown to a man, not to give his opinion, lest by affectation of knowing too much, hee lose the credit hee hath by speaking, or knowing the wrong way, what hee utters. Nor seeke to get his Patrons favour, by imbarcking himselfe in the Factions of the Family: to inquire after domestick similties, their sports, or affections. They are an odious, and vile kind of creatures, that fly about the house all day; and picking up the filth of the house, like Pies or Swallowes, carry it to their nest (the Lords eares) and oftentimes report the lyes they have fain'd, for what they have seene and heard.

These are call'd instruments of grace, and power, with great persons; *Imò servi* but they are indeed the Organs of their impotencie, and markes of *les.* weaknesse. For sufficient Lords are able to make these Discoveries themselves. Neither will an honourable person inquire, who eats, and
drinks

drinckes together, what that man playes, whom this man loves; with whom such a one walkes; what discourse they held, who sleepest, with whom. They are base, and servile natures, that busie themselves about these disquisitions. How often have I seene, (and worthily) these Censors of the family, undertaken by some honest *Rustick*, and cudgel'd thriftily? These are commonly the off-scowring, and dregs of men, that doe these things, or caluminate others: Yet I know not truly which is worse; hee that malignes all, or that praises all. There is as great a vice in praising, and as frequent, as in detracting.

It pleas'd your Lordship of late, to aske my opinion, touching the education of your sonnes, and especially to the advancement of their studies. To which, though I return'd somewhat for the present; which rather manifested a will in me, then gave any just resolution to the thing propounded: I have upon better cogitation call'd those ayds about mee, both of mind, and memory; which shall venter my thoughts clearer, if not fuller, to your Lordships demand. I confesse, my Lord, they will seeme but petty, and minute things I shall offer to you, being writ for children, and of them. But studies have their Infancie, as well as creatures. Wee see in men, even the strongest compositions had their beginnings from milke, and the Cradle; and the wisest tarried sometimes about apting their mouthes to Letters, and syllables. In their education therefore, the care must be the greater had of their beginnings, to know, examine, and weigh their natures; which though they bee proner in some children to some disciplines; yet are they naturally prompt to taste all by degrees, and with change. For change is a kind of refreshing in studies, and infuseth knowledge by way of recreation. Thence the Schoole it selfe is call'd a Play, or Game: and all Letters are so best taught to Schollers. They should not be afrighted, or deterr'd in their Entry, but drawne on with exercise, and emulation. A youth should not be made to hate study, before hee know the causes to love it: or taste the bitternesse before the sweet; but call'd on, and allur'd, intreated, and praised: Yea, when hee deserves it not. For which cause I wish them sent to the best schoole, and a publike; which I thinke the best. Your Lordship I feare hardly heares of that, as willing to breed them in your eye, and at home; and doubting their manners may bee corrupted abroad. They are in more danger in your owne Family, among ill servants, (allowing, they be safe in their Schoole-Master) then amongst a thousand boyes, however immodest: would wee did not spoyle our owne children, and overthrow their manners our selves by too much Indulgence. To breed them at home, is to breed them in a shade; where in a schoole they have the light, and heate of the Sunne. They are us'd, and accustom'd to things, and men. When they come forth into the Common-wealth, they find nothing new, or to seeke. They have made their friendships and ayds; some to last till their Age. They heare what is commanded to others, as well as themselves. Much approv'd, much corrected; all which they bring to their owne store, and use; and learne as much, as they heare. *Eloquence* would be but a poore thing, if wee should onely converse with singulars; speake, but man and man together. Therefore I like no private breeding. I would send them where their industry should be daily increas'd by praise; and that
kindled

kindled by emulation. It is a good thing to inflame the mind: And though Ambition it selfe be a vice, it is often the cause of great vertue. Give me that wit, whom praise excites, glory puts on, or disgrace grieves: hee is to bee nourish'd with Ambition, prick'd forward with honour, check'd with Reprehension, and never to bee suspected of floath. Though hee be given to play, it is a signe of spirit, and livenessse; so there be a meane had of their sports, and relaxations. And from the rodde, or ferule, I would have them free, as from the menace of them: for it is both deformed, and servile.

For a man to write well, there are required three Necessaries. To *De Stylo, et* reade the best Authors, observe the best Speakers: and much exercise *optimo* of his owne style. In style to consider, what ought to be written, and *scribendi ge-* after what manner; Hee must first thinke, and excogitate his matter, *nera.* then choose his words, and examine the weight of either. Then take care in placing, and ranking both matter, and words, that the composition be comely; and to doe this with diligence, and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be labour'd, and accurate; seeke the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits, or first words, that offer themselves to us, but judge of what wee invent, and order what wee approve. Repeat often, what wee have formerly written, which beside, that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heate of imagination, that often cooles in the time of setting downe, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier, by the going back. As wee see in the contention of leaping, they jumpe farthest, that fetch their race largest: or, as in throwing a Dart, or Javelin, wee force back our armes, to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a faire gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sayle, so the favour of the gale deceive us not. For all that wee invent doth please us in the conception, or birth; else we would never set it downe. But the safest is to returne to our Judgement, and handle over againe those things, the easinesse of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best Writers in their beginnings; they impos'd upon themselves care, and industry. They did nothing rashly. They obtain'd first to write well, and then custome made it easie, and a habit. By little and little, their matter shew'd it selfe to 'hem more plentifully; their words answer'd, their composition followed; and all, as in a well-order'd family, presented it selfe in the place. So that the summe of all is: Ready writing makes not good writing; but good writing brings on ready writing: Yet when wee thinke wee have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it: as to give a Horse a check sometimes with bit, which doth not so much stop his course, as stirre his mettle. Againe, whether a mans *Genius* is best able to reach thither, it should more and more contend, lift and dilate it selfe, as men of low stature, raise themselves on their toes; and so oft times get even, if not eminent. Besides, as it is fit for grown and able Writers to stand of themselves, and worke with their owne strength, to trust and endeavour by their owne faculties: so it is fit for the beginner, and learner, to study others, and the best. For the mind, and memory are more sharply exercis'd in comprehending an other mans things, then our owne; and such as accustome themselves, and are familiar with the best Authors, shall ever and anon find somewhat of them

them in themselves, and in the expression of their minds, even when they feele it not, be able to utter something like theirs, which hath an Authority above their owne. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a mans study, the praise of quoting an other man fitly: And though a man be more prone, and able for one kind of writing, then another, yet hee must exercise all. For as in an Instrument, so in style, there must be a Harmonie, and consent of parts.

*Precipiendi
modi.*

I take this labour in teaching others, that they should not be alwayes to bee taught; and I would bring my Precepts into practise. For rules are ever of lesse force, and vales, then experiments. Yet with this purpose, rather to shew the right way to those that come after, then to detect any that have slipt before by error, and I hope it will bee more profitable. For men doe more willingly listen, and with more favour to precept, then reprehension. Among diverse opinions of an Art, and most of them contrary in themselves, it is hard to make election; and therefore, though a man cannot invent new things after so many, he may doe a welcome worke yet to helpe posterity to judge rightly of the old. But Arts and Precepts availe nothing, except nature be beneficiall, and ayding. And therefore these things are no more written to a dull disposition, then rules of husbandry to a barren Soyle. No precepts will profit a Foole; no more then beauty will the blind, or musicke the deafe. As wee should take care, that our style in writing, be neither dry, nor empty: wee should looke againe it be not winding, or wanton with far-fetched descriptions; Either is a vice. But that is worse which proceeds out of want, then that which riots out of plenty. The remedy of fruitfulness is easie, but no labour will helpe the contrary; I will like, and praise some things in a young Writer, which yet if hee continue in, I cannot, but justly hate him for the same. There is a time to bee given all things for maturity; and that even your Countrey-husband-man can teach; who to a young plant will not put the proyning knife, because it seemes to feare the iron, as not able to admit the scarre. No more would I tell a greene Writer all his faults, lest I should make him grieve and faint, and at last despaire. For nothing doth more hurt, then to make him so afraid of all things, as hee can endeavour nothing. Therefore youth ought to be instructed betimes, and in the best things: for we hold those longest, wee take soonest. As the first sent of a Vessell lasts: and that tint the wooll first receives. Therefore a Master should temper his owne powers, and descend to the others infirmity. If you powre a glut of water upon a Bottle, it receives little of it, but with a Funnell, and by degrees, you shall fill many of them, and spill little of your owne; to their capacity they will all receive, and be full. And as it is fit to reade the best Authors to youth first, so let them be of the openest, and clearest. As *Livy* before *Salust*, *Sydney* before *Donne*: and beware of letting them taste *Gower*, or *Chaucer* at first, lest falling too much in love with Antiquity, and not apprehending the weight, they grow rough and barren in language onely. When their judgements are firme, and out of danger, let them reade both, the old and the new: but no lesse take heed, that their new flowers, and sweetness doe not as much corrupt, as the others driness, and squallor, if they choose not carefully. *Spencer*, in affecting the Ancients writ no Language: Yet I would have him

*Livy.
Salust.
Sydney.
Donne.
Gower.
Chaucer.*

Spencer.

him read for his matter; but as *Virgil* read *Ennius*. The reading of *Virgil*, *Ennius*, *Homer*, and *Virgil* is counsell'd by *Quintilian*, as the best way of informing youth, and confirming man. For besides that, the mind is rais'd with the height, and sublimity of such a verse, it takes spirit from the greatness of the matter, and is tinged with the best things. *Tragicke*, and *Liricke* Poetry is good too: and *Comicke* with the best, if the manners of the Reader be once in safety. In the *Greeke* Poets, as also in *Plautus*, *Terence*, we shall see the Oeconomy, and disposition of *Poems*, better observed then in *Terence*, and the later: who thought the sole grace, and vertue of their Fable, the sticking in of sentences, as ours doe the forcing in of jests.

Wee should not protect our sloath with the patronage of difficulty. It is a false quarrell against nature, that shee helps understanding; but in a few, when the most part of mankind are inclin'd by her thither, if they would take the paines; no lesse then birds to fly, horses to run, &c. Which if they lose, it is through their owne sluggishnesse, and by that meanes become her prodigies, not her children. I confesse, nature in children is more patient of labour in study, then in Age; for the sense of the paine, the judgement of the labour is absent, they doe not measure what they have done. And it is the thought, and consideration, that affects us more, then the wearinesse it selfe. *Plato* was not content with the Learning, that *Athens* could give him, but sail'd into *Italy* for *Pythagoras*'s knowledge: And yet not thinking himselfe sufficiently inform'd, went into *Egypt* to the Priests, and learned their mysteries. Hee labour'd, so must wee. Many things may be learn'd together, and perform'd in one point of time; as Musicians exercise their memory, their voice, their fingers, and sometime their head, and feet at once. And so a Preacher in the invention of matter, election of words, composition of gesture, looke, pronounciation, motion, useth all these faculties at once. And if wee can expresse this variety together, why should not diverse studies, at diverse houres delight, when the variety is able alone to refresh, and repaire us? As when a man is weary of writing, to reade; and then againe of reading, to write. Wherein, howsoever wee doe many things, yet are wee (in a sort) still fresh to what wee begin: wee are recreated with change, as the stomacke is with meats. But some will say, this variety breeds confusion, and makes, that either wee loose all, or hold no more then the last. Why doe wee not then perswade husbandmen, that they should not till Land, helpe it with Marle, Lyme, and Compost? plant Hop-gardens, prune trees, looke to Bee-hives, reare sheepe, and all other Cattell at once? It is easier to doe many things, and continue, then to doe one thing long.

It is not the passing through these Learnings that hurts us, but the dwelling and sticking about them. To descend to those extreame anxieties, and foolish cavils of *Grammarians*, is able to breake a wit in pieces; being a worke of manifold misery, and vainenesse, to bee *Elementarij senes*. Yet even Letters are as it were the Banke of words, and restore themselves to an Author, as the pawnes of Language: But talking and Eloquence are not the same: to speake, and to speake well, are two things. A foole may talke, but a wise man speakes, and out of the observation, knowledge, and use of things. Many Writers perplex their Readers,

Readers, and Hearers with meere *Non-sense*. Their writings need sunshine. Pure and neat Language I love, yet plaine and customary. A barbarous Phrase hath often made mee out of love with a good sense; and doubtfull writing hath wrackt mee beyond my patience. The reason why a *Poet* is said, that hee ought to have all knowledges, is that hee should not be ignorant of the most, especially of those hee will handle. And indeed when the attaining of them is possible, it were a sluggish, and base thing to despaire. For frequent imitation of any thing, becomes a habit quickly. If a man should prosecute as much, as could be said of every thing, his worke would find no end.

De orationis dignitate.

E'γκυκλοπαίδεια.
Julius Caesar.
Of words
see Hor. de Art. Poetic.
Quintil. l. 8.
Ludov. Viv. pag. 6.
C. 7.
Metaphora.

Speech is the only benefit, man hath to expresse his excellencie of mind above other creatures. It is the Instrument of *Society*. Therefore *Mercury*, who is the President of Language, is called *Deorum hominumq; interpres*. In all speech, words and sense, are as the body, and the soule. The sense is, as the life and soule of Language, without which all words are dead. Sense is wrought out of experience, the knowledge of humane life, and actions, or of the liberall Arts, which the *Greeks* call'd *E'γκυκλοπαίδεια*. Words are the Peoples; yet there is a choise of them to be made. For *Verborum delectus, origo est eloquentiae*. They are to be chose according to the persons wee make speake, or the things wee speake of. Some are of the Campe, some of the Councell-board, some of the Shop, some of the Sheepe-coat, some of the Pulpit, some of the Barre, &c. And herein is seene their Elegance, and Propriety, when wee use them fitly, and draw them forth to their just strength and nature, by way of Translation, or *Metaphore*. But in this Translation wee must only serve necessity (*Nam temerè nihil transfertur à prudenti*) or commodity, which is a kind of necessity; that is, when wee either absolutely want a word to expresse by, and that is necessity; or when wee have not so fit a word, and that is commodity. As when wee avoid losse by it, and escape obscenenesse, and gaine in the grace and property, which helps significance. *Metaphors* farreth hinder to be understood, and affected, lose their grace. Or when the person fetcheth his translations from a wrong place. As if a Privie-Counsellor should at the Table take his *Metaphore* from a Dicing-house, or Ordinary, or a Vintners Vault; or a Justice of Peace draw his similitudes from the *Mathematicks*; or a *Divine* from a Bawdy-house, or Tavernes; or a Gentleman of *Northampton-shire*, *Warwick-shire*, or the *Mid-land*, should fetch all his Illustrations to his country neighbours from shipping, and tell them of the maine *sheat*, and the Boulin. *Metaphors* are thus many times deform'd, as in him that said, *Castratam morte Aphricani Rempublicam*. And an othet, *stercus curia Glanciam*. And *Canà nive conspuit Alpes*. All attempts that are new in this kind, are dangerous, and somewhat hard, before they be softned with use. A man coynes not a new word without some perill, and lesse fruit; for if it happen to be received, the praise is but moderate; if refus'd, the scorne is assur'd. Yet wee must adventure, for things at first, hard and rough, are by use made tender and gentle. It is an honest errour that is committed, following great *Chiefes*.

Consuetudo.

Custom is the most certaine Mistresse of Language, as the publicke stampe makes the current money. But wee must not be too frequent with the mint, every day coyning. Nor fetch words from the

the extreme and utmost ages; since the chiefe vertue of a style is perspicuitie, and nothing so vitious in it, as to need an Interpreter. Words borrow'd of Antiquity, doe lend a kind of Majesty to style, and are not without their delight sometimes. For they have the Authority of years, and out of their intermission doe win to themselves a kind of grace-like newnesse. But the eldest of the present; and newnesse of the past Language is the best. For what was the ancient Language, which some men so doate upon, but the ancient Custome? Yet when I name Custome, I understand not the vulgar Custome: For that were a precept no lesse dangerous to Language, then life, if wee should speake or live after the manners of the vulgar: But that I call Custome of speech, which is the consent of the Learned; as Custome of life, which is the consent of the good. *Virgil* was most loving of Antiquity; yet how rarely doth hee insert *aquai*, and *piclai*! *Lucretius* is scabrous and rough in these; hee seekes 'hem: As some doe *Chaucerismes* with us, which were better expung'd and banish'd. Some words are to be cull'd out for ornament and colour, as wee gather flowers to straw houses, or make Garlands; but they are better when they grow to our style; as in a Meadow, where though the meere grasse and greenesse delights; yet the variety of flowers doth heighten and beautifie. Marry we must not play, or riot too much with them, as in *Paranomasies*: Nor use too swelling, or ill-sounding words; *Quæ per salebras, altâq, saxa cadunt*. It is true, there is no sound but shall find some Lovers, as the bitter'st confections are gratefull to some palats. Our composition must bee more accurate in the beginning and end, then in the midst; and in the end more, then in the beginning; for through the midst the streame beares us. And this is attain'd by Custome more then care, or diligence. Wee must expresse readily, and fully, not profusely. There is difference betweene a liberall, and a prodigall hand. As it is a great point of Art, when our matter requires it, to enlarge, and veere out all sayle; so to take it in, and contract it, is of no lesse praise when the Argument doth aske it. Either of them hath their fitnessse in the place. A good man alwayes profits by his endeavour, by his helpe; yea, when he is absent; nay when he is dead by his example and memory. So good Authors in their style: A strict and succinct style is that, where you can take away nothing without losse, and that losse to be manifest. The brieft style is that which expresseth much in little. The concise style, which expresseth not enough, but leaves somewhat to bee understood. The abrupt style, which hath many breaches, and doth not seeme to end, but fall. The congruent, and harmonious fitting of parts in a sentence, hath almost the fastning, and force of knitting, and connexion: As in stones well squar'd, which will rise strong a great way without mortar. Periods are beautifull; when they are not too long; for so they have their strength too, as in a Pike or Javelin. As wee must take the care that our words and sense bee cleare; so if the obscurity happen through the Hearers, or Readers want of understanding, I am not to answer for them; no more then for their not listning or marking; I must neither find them eares, nor mind. But a man cannot put a word so in sense, but some thing about it will illustrate it, if the Writer understand himselfe. For Order helps much to Perspicuity, as Confusion hurts.

- Rectitudo lucem adfert, obliquitas et circumductio offuscat.* We should therefore speake what wee can, the neereſt way, ſo as wee keepe our gate, not leape; for too ſhort may as well be not let into the memory, as too long not kept in. Whatſoever looſeth the grace, and cleareneſſe, converts into a Riddle; the obſcurity is mark'd, but not the valew. That periſheth, and is paſt by, like the Pearle in the Fable. Our ſtyle ſhould be like a ſkeine of filke to be carried, and found by the right thred, not ravel'd, and perplex'd; then all is a knot, a heape. There are words, that doe as much raiſe a ſtyle, as others can depreſſe it. Superlation, and overmuchneſſe amplifies. It may be above faith, but never above a meane. It was ridiculous in *Cestius*, when hee ſaid of *Alexander*:
- Fremet Oceanus, quaſi indignetur, quod terras relinquant;*
- Virgil.* But propitiouſly from *Virgil*:—*Credas innate reuulſas Cycladas.* Hee doth not ſay it was ſo, but ſeem'd to be ſo. Although it be ſome-what incredible, that is excus'd before it be ſpoken. But there are *Hyperboles*, which will become one Language, that will by no meanes admit another. As *Eos eſſe P. R. exercitus, qui caelum poſſint perrumpere*: who would ſay this with us, but a mad man? Therefore wee muſt conſider in every tongue what is us'd, what receiv'd. *Quintilian* warnes us, that in no kind of Tranſlation, or *Metaphore*, or *Allegory*, wee make a turne from what wee began; As if wee fetch the originall of our *Metaphore* from ſea, and billowes; wee end not in flames and aſhes; It is a moſt fowle inconſequence. Neither muſt wee draw out our *Allegory* too long, leſt either wee make our ſelves obſcure, or fall into affectation, which is childiſh. But why doe men depart at all from the right, and naturall wayes of ſpeaking? Sometimes for neceſſity, when wee are driven, or thinke it fitter to ſpeake that in obſcure words, or by circumſtance, which utter'd plainely would offend the hearers. Or to avoid obſceneneſſe, or ſometimes for pleaſure, and variety; as *Travailleurs* turne out of the high way, drawne, either by the commodity of a foot-path, or the delicacy, or freſhneſſe of the fields. And all this is call'd *εὐχρηματισμένη*, or figur'd Language.
- Oratio imago animi.* Language moſt ſhewes a man: ſpeake that I may ſee thee. It ſprings out of the moſt retired, and inmoſt parts of us, and is the Image of the Parent of it, the mind. No glaſſe renders a mans forme, or likeneſſe, ſo true as his ſpeech. Nay, it is likened to a man; and as we conſider feature, and compoſition in a man; ſo words in Language: in the greatneſſe, aptneſſe, ſound, ſtructure, and harmony of it. Some men are tall, and bigge, ſo ſome Language is high and great. Then the words are choſen, their ſound ample, the compoſition full, the abſolution plenteous, and powr'd out, all grave, ſinnewye and ſtrong. Some are little, and Dwarfes: ſo of ſpeech it is humble, and low, the words poore and flat; the members and *Periods*, thinne and weake without knitting, or number. The middle are of a juſt ſtature. There the Language is plaine, and pleaſing: even without ſtopping, round without ſwelling; all well-torn'd, compos'd, elegant, and accurate. The vitious Language is vaſt, and gaping, ſwelling, and irregular; when it contends to be high, full of Rocks, Mountaine, and pointedneſſe: As it affects to be low, it is abject, and creeps, full of bogs, and holes. And according to their Subject, theſe ſtyles vary, and loſe their names: For that which is high and lofty,

declaring excellent matter, becomes vast and tumorous: Speaking of petty and inferiour things: so that which was even, and apt in a meane and plaine subject, will appeare most poore and humble in a high Argument. Would you not laugh, to meet a great Counsellor of state in a flat cap, with his trunck hose, and a hobby-horse Cloake, his Gloves under his girdle, and yond Haberdasher in a velvet Gowne, furr'd with fables? There is a certaine latitude in these things, by which wee find the degrees. The next thing to the stature, is the figure and feature in Language: that is, whether it be round, and streight, which consists of short and succinct *Periods*, numerous, and polish'd, or square and firme; which is to have equall and strong patts, every where anwerable, and weighed. The third is the skinne, and coat, which rests in the well-joyning, cementing, and coagmentation of words; when as it is smooth, gentle, and sweet; like a Table, upon which you may runne your finger without rubs, and your nayle cannot find a joynt; not horrid, rough, wrinckled, gaping, or chapt: After these the flesh, blood, and bones come in question. Wee say it is a fleshy style, when there is much *Periphrases*, and circuit of words; and when with more then enough, it growes fat and corpulent; *Arvina orationis*, full of suet and tallow. It hath blood, and juyce, when the words are proper and apt, their sound sweet, and the *Phrase* neat and pick'd. *Oratio uncta, & bene pasta*. But where there is Redundancy, both the blood and juyce are faulty, and vicious. *Redundat sanguine, quâ multò plus dicit, quàm necesse est*. Juyce in Language is somewhat lesse then blood; for if the words be but becomming, and signifying, and the sense gentle, there is Juyce: but where that wanteth, the Language is thinne, flagging, poore, starv'd; scarce covering the bone, and shewes like stones in a sack. Some men to avoid Redundancy, runne into that; and while they strive to have no ill blood, or Juyce, they loole their good. There be some styles againe, that have not lesse blood, but lesse flesh, and corpulence. These are bony, and sinnewy: *Ossa habent, et nervos*.

Figura.

Cutis sive
Cortex.
Compositio.Carnosa.
Adipata.

Redundans.

Iejuna macilentia, strigosa.

Ossa, & nervosa.

It was well noted by the late L. St. *Alban*, that the study of words is the first distemper of Learning: Vaine matter the second: And a third distemper is deceit, or the likenesse of truth. Imposture held up by credulity. All these are the Cobwebs of Learning, and to let them grow in us, is either fluttish or foolish. Nothing is more ridiculous, then to make an Author a Dictator, as the schooles have done *Aristotle*. The dammage is infinite, knowledge receives by it. For to many things a man should owe but a temporary beliefe, and a suspension of his owne Judgement, not an absolute resignation of himselfe, or a perpetuall captivity. Let *Aristotle*, and others have their dues; but if wee can make farther Discoveries of truth and fitnessse then they, why are we envied? Let us beware, while wee strive to adde, wee doe not diminish, or deface; wee may improve, but not augment. By discrediting falshood, Truth growes in request. Wee must not goe about like men anguish'd, and perplex'd, for vicious affectation of praise: but calmly study the separation of opinions, find the errors have intervned, awake Antiquity, call former times into question; but make no parties with the present, nor follow any fierce undertakers, mingle no matter of doubtfull credit, with the simplicity of truth, but gently stirre the mould about the

Not a Domini St.

Albani de doctrin: in temper.

Dictator. Aristoteles.

the root of the Question, and avoid all digladiations, facility of credit, or superstitious simplicity; seeke the consonancy, and concatenation of Truth; stoope only to point of necessity; and what leads to convenience. Then make exact animadversion where style hath degenerated, where flourish'd, and thriv'd in choisenesse of Phrase, round and cleane composition of sentence, sweet falling of the clause, varying an illustration by tropes and figures, weight of Matter, worth of Subject, foundnesse of Argument, life of Invention, and depth of Judgement. This is *Monte potiri*, to get the hill. For no perfect Discovery can bee made upon a flat or a levell.

*De optimo
scriptore.*

Cicero.

Now, that I have informed you in the knowing these things; let mee leade you by the hand a little farther, in the direction of the use; and make you an able Writer by practice. The conceits of the mind are Pictures of things, and the tongue is the Interpreter of those Pictures. The order of Gods creatures in themselves, is not only admirable, and glorious, but eloquent; Then he who could apprehend the consequence of things in their truth, and utter his apprehensions as truly, were the best Writer, or Speaker. Therefore *Cicero* said much, when hee said, *Dicere rectè nemo potest, nisi qui prudenter intelligit.* The shame of speaking unskilfully were small, if the tongue onely thereby were disgrac'd: But as the Image of a *King*, in his Seale ill-represented, is not so much a blemish to the waxe, or the Signet that seal'd it, as to the Prince it representeth; so disordered speech is not so much injury to the lips that give it forth, as to the disproportion, and incoherence of things in themselves, so negligently expressed. Neither can his mind be thought to be in tune, whose words doe jarre; nor his reason in frame, whose sentence is preposterous; nor his Elocution cleare and perfect, whose utterance breakes it selfe into fragments and uncertainties: Were it not a dishonour to a mighty Prince, to have the Majesty of his embassage spoyled by a carelesse Ambassadour? and is it not as great an Indignity, that an excellent conceit and capacity, by the indiligence of an idle tongue should be disgrac'd? Negligent speech doth not onely discredit the person of the Speaker, but it discrediteth the opinion of his reason and judgement; it discrediteth the force and uniformity of the matter, and substance. If it be so then in words, which fly and escape censure, and where one good *Phrase* begs pardon for many incongruities, and faults; how shall he then be thought wise, whose penning is thin and shallow? How shall you looke for wit from him, whose leasure and head, assisted with the examination of his eyes, yeeld you no life, or sharpenesse in his writing.

*De stylo
Epistolari.
Inventio.*

In writing there is to be regarded the Invention, and the Fashion. For the *Invention*, that ariseth upon your busines; whereof there can bee no rules of more certainty, or precepts of better direction given, then conjecture can lay downe, from the severall occasions of mens particular lives, and vocations: But sometimes men make basenesse of kindnesse: As (*I could not satisfie my selfe, till I had discharged my remembrance, and charged my Letters with commendations to you.*) Or, [*My busines is no other, then to testifie my love to you, and to put you in mind of my willingnesse to doe you all kind offices.*] Or, [*Sir, have you leasure to descend to the remembring of that assurance you have long possessest in your servant; and upon your next opportunity, make him happy with some commands from you?*] Or, the like; that goe a begging

begging for some meaning, and labour to be deliver'd of the great burthen of nothing. When you have invented, and that your busines be matter, and not bare forme, or meere Ceremony, but some earnest: then are you to proceed to the ordering of it, and digesting the parts, which is had out of two circumstances. One is the understanding of the Persons, to whom you are to write; the other is the coherence of your Sentence. For mens capacity to weigh, what will be apprehended with greatest attention, or leisure; what next regarded, and long'd for especially; and what last will leave satisfaction, and (as it were) the sweetest memoriall, and beliefe of all that is past in his understanding, whom you write to. For the consequence of Sentences, you must be sure, that every clause doe give the Q. one to the other, and be bespoken ere it come. So much for *Invention* and *order*. Now for fashion it consists in foure things, which are Qualities of your style. The first is *Brevity*. For they must not be Treatises, or Discourses (your Letters) except it be to learned men. And even among them, there is a kind of thrift, and saving of words. Therefore you are to examine the clearest passages of your understanding, and through them to convey the sweetest, and most significant words you can devise; that you may the easier teach them the readiest way to another mans apprehension, and open their meaning fully, roundly, and distinctly. So as the Reader may not thinke a second view cast away upon your letter. And though respect be a part following this; yet now here, and still I must remember it, if you write to a man, whose estate and cense as Ienses, you are familiar with, you may the bolder (to set a task to his braine) venter on a knot. But if to your Superior, you are bound to measure him in three farther points: First, your interest in him: Secondly, his capacity in your Letters: Thirdly, his leasure to peruse them. For your interest, or favour with him, you are to be the shorter, or longer, more familiar, or submisive, as hee will afford you time. For his capacity you are to be quicker, and fuller of those reaches, and glances of wit, or learning, as hee is able to entertaine them. For his leasure, you are commanded to the greater briefnesse, as his place is of greater discharges, and cares. But with your betters, you are not to put Riddles of wit, by being too scarce of words: not to cause the trouble of making *Breviates*, by writing too riotous, and wastingly. *Brevity* is attained in matter, by avoiding idle Complements, Prefaces, Protestations, Parentheses, superfluous circuit of figures, and digressions: In the composition, by omitting Conjunctions, [*Not onely; But Also*] *Both the one, and the other, whereby it commeth to passe*] and such like idle Particles, that have no great busines in a serious Letter, but breaking of sentences; as often tims a short journey is made long, by unnecessary baits.

But as *Quintilian* saith, there is a briefnesse of the parts sometimes, that makes the whole long, as I came to the staires, I tooke a paire of oares, they launch'd out, rowed a pace, I landed at the Court-gate, I paid my fayre, went up to the Presence, ask'd for my Lord, I was admitted. All this is, but I went to the Court, and speake with my Lord. This is the fault of some Latine Writers, within these last hundred years, of my reading, and perhaps *Seneca* may be appeacht of it; I accuse him not. The next property of *Epistolarie* style is *Perspicuity*, and is often time

Modus.
1. Brevitas.

Quintilian.

2. Perspicuitas.

times by affectation of some wit ill angled for, or ostentation of some hidden termes of Art. Few words they darken speech, and so doe too many: as well too much light hurteth the eyes, as too little; and a long Bill of *Chancery* confounds the understanding, as much as the shortest note. Therefore, let not your Letters be penn'd like English Statutes, and this is obtain'd. These vices are eschewed by pondering your busines well, and distinctly concerning your selfe, which is much furthered by uttering your thoughts, and letting them as well come forth to the light, and Judgement of your owne outward senses, as to the censure of other mens eares: For that is the reason, why many good Schollers speake but fumblingly; like a rich man, that for want of particular note and difference, can bring you no certaine ware readily out of his shop. Hence it is, that talkative shallow men doe often content the Hearers, more then the wise. But this may find a speedier redresse in writing; where all comes under the last examination of the eyes. First mind it well, then penit, then examine it, then amend it; and you may bee in the better hope of doing reasonably well. Under this vertue may come Plainenesse, which is not to be curious in the order, as to answer a letter, as if you were to answer to Interrogatories. As to the first, first; and to the second, secondly, &c. But both in method to use (as Ladies doe in their attyre) a diligent kind of negligence, and their sportive freedome; though with some men you are not to jest, or practise tricks: yet the delivery of the most important things, may be carried with such a grace, as that it may yeeld a pleasure to the conceit of the Reader. There must bee store, though no excesse of termes; as if you are to name *Store*, sometimes you may call it choyse, sometimes plenty; sometimes copiousnesse, or variety: but ever so, that the word which comes in lieu, have not such difference of meaning, as that it may put the sense of the first in hazard to be mistaken. You are not to cast a Ring for the perfumed termes of the time, as *Accommodation*, *Complement*, *Spirit*, &c. But use them properly in their place, as others. There followeth *Life*, and *Quicknesse*, which is the strength and sinnewes (as it were) of your penning by pretty Sayings, Similitudes, and Conceits, Allusions, some knowne History, or other common place, such as are in the Courtier, and the second booke of *Cicero de oratore*. The last is; Respect to discern, what fits your selfe; him to whom you write; and that which you handle, which is a quality fit to conclude the rest, because it doth include all. And that must proceed from ripenesse of judgement, which as one truly saith, is gotten by foure meanes, *God*, *Nature*, *Diligence*, and *Conversation*. Serve the first well, and the rest will serve you.

3. *Vigor*4. *Discretio*

We have spoken sufficiently of Oratory; let us now make a diversion to *De Poetica*. Poetry. Poetry in the Primogeniture had many peccant humours, and is made to have more now, through the Levity, and inconstancie of mens Judgements. Whereas indeed, it is the most prevailing Eloquence, and of the most exalted Character. Now the discredit and disgraces are many it hath receiv'd, through mens study of Depravation or Calumny: their practise being to give it diminution of Credit, by lessening the Professors estimation, and making the Age afraid of their Liberty: And the Age is growne so tender of her fame, as she calls all writings *Aspersions*.

That is the State word, the Phrase of Court, (*Placentia Colledge*) which some call *Parasites Place*, the Inne of Ignorance.

Whilst I name no persons, but deride follies; why should any man confesse, or betray himselfe? why doth not that of *S. Hierome* come into their minde; *Vbi generalis est de vitiis disputatio, ibi nullius esse persona injuriam?* It is such an inexpressible crime in Poets, to taxe vices generally; and no offence in them who, by their exception, confesse they have committed them particularly. Are wee fallne into those times that wee must not

Auriculas teneras mordaci rodere vero?

Perf. Sat. 1.

Remedii votum semper verius erat, quam spes. If men may by no meanes write freely, or speake truth, but when it offends not; why doe Physicians cure with sharpe medicines, or corrosives? Is not the same equally lawfull in the cure of the minde, that is in the cure of the body? Some vices, (you will say) are soe foule, that it is better they should bee done, then spoken. But they that take offence where no Name, Character, or Signature doth blazon them, seeme to mee like affected as woemen; who, if they heare any thing ill spoken of the ill of their Sexe, are presently mov'd, as if the contumely respected their particular: and, on the contrary, when they heare good of good woemen, conclude, that it belongs to them all. If I see any thing that toucheth mee, shall I come forth a betraier of my selfe, presently? No; if I be wise I'll dissemble it; if honest, I'll avoid it: lest I publish that on my owne forehead, which I saw there noted without a title. A man, that is on the mending hand, will either ingeniously confesse, or wisely dissemble his disease. And, the wise, and vertuous, will never thinke any thing belongs to themselves that is written, but rejoyce that the good are warn'd not to bee such; and the ill to leave to bee such. The Person offended hath no reason to bee offended with the writer, but with himselfe; and so to declare that properly to belong to him, which was so spoken of all men, as it could bee no mans severall but his that would willfully and desperately clayme it. It sufficeth I know, what kinde of persons I displease, men bred in the declining, and decay of vertue, betroth'd to their owne vices; that have abandoned, or prostituted their good names; hungry and ambitious of infamy, invested in all deformity, enthrall'd to ignorance and malice, of a hidden and conceal'd malignitie, and that hold a concomitancy with all evill.

Sexus foeminæ

What is a Poet?

A Poet is that, which by the Greeks is call'd *κατ' ἐξοχὴν, ὁ ποιητής*, a Maker, or a fainer: His Art, an Art of imitation, or faining; expressing the life of man in fit measure, numbers, and harmony, according to *Aristotle*: From the word *ποιεῖν*, which signifies to make or fayne. Hence, hee is call'd a Poet, not hee which writeth in measure only; but that fayneth and formeth a fable, and writes things like the Truth. For, the Fable and Fiction is (as it were) the forme and Soule of any Poeticall worke, or Poeme.

Poeta

What meane you by a Poeme?

A Poeme is not alone any worke, or composition of the Poets in many, or few verses; but even one alone verse sometimes makes a perfect Poeme. As, when *Aeneas* hangs up, and consecrates the Armes of *Abas*, with this Inscription; *Aeneas hæc de Danaïis victoribus arma.* And calls it a Poeme, or *Carmen*. Such are those in *Martiall*.

Poema

Virgilius

Aeneid.

lib. 3.

Martiall.

lib. 2. epigr.

19.

Omnia, Castor, emis: sic fiet, ut omnia vendas. And,

Pauper videri Cinna vult, & est pauper.

R

So

Pauper videri Cinna vult, & est pauper.

Horatius. So were *Horace* his *Odes* call'd, *Carmina*; his *Lirik*, Songs. And *Lucretius* designes a whole booke, in his sixt:

Quod in primo quoque carmine claret.

Epicum. And anciently, all the Oracles were call'd, *Carmina*; or, what ever Sentence was exprefs'd, were it much, or little, it was call'd, an *Epick*, *Dramatick*, *Lirike*, *Elegiacke*, or *Epigrammatike Poeme*

Liricum. But, how differs a Poeme from what wee call *Poesy*?

Elegiacum. A Poeme, as I have told you is the worke of the Poet; the end, and fruit of his labour, and studie. *Poesy* is his skill, or Crafte of making: the very Fiction it selfe, the reason, or forme of the worke. And these three voices differ, as the thing done, the doing, and the doer; the thing fain'd, the faining, and the fainer: so the Poeme, the Poesy, and the Poet. Now, the Poesy is the

Artium Regina. habit, or the Art: nay, rather the Queene of Arts: which had her Originall from heaven, received thence from the 'Ebrewes, and had in prime estimation with the *Greeks*, transmitted to the *Latines*, and all Nations, that profess'd

Aristotle. Civility. The Study of it (if wee will trust *Aristotle*) offers to mankind a certaine rule, and Patterne of living well, and happily; disposing us to all

M.T. Cicero. Civill offices of Society. If wee will beleive *Tully*, it nourisheth, and instructeth our Youth; delights our Age; adornes our prosperity; comforts our

Adversity; entertaines us at home; keepes us company abroad, travailes with us; watches; devides the times of our earnest, and sports; shares in our

Country recesses, and recreations; inso much as the wisest, and best learned have thought her the absolute Mistresse of manners; and neere of kin to

Vertue. And, whereas they entitle *Philosophy* to bee a rigid, and austere *Poesie*: they have (on the contrary) stiled *Poesy*, a dulcet, and gentle *Philosophy*, which

leades on, and guides us by the hand to Action, with a ravishing delight, and incredible Sweetnes. But, before wee handle the kindes of Poems, with their

Poet: differentia. speciall differences; or make court to the Art it selfe, as a Mistresse, I would leade you to the knowledge of our Poet, by a perfect Information, what he is,

Grammatica. or should bee by nature, by exercise, by imitation, by Studie; and so bring him downe through the disciplines of *Grammar*, *Logicke*, *Rhetoricke*, and the

Logic. *Ethicks*, adding somewhat, out of all, peculiar to himselfe, and worthy of your Admittance, or reception.

Rhetoric. *Ethica.* First, wee require in our Poet, or maker, (for that Title our Language affordes him, elegantly, with the *Greeke*) a goodnes of naturall wit. For, whereas all other Arts consist of Doctrine, and Precepts: the Poet must bee able by nature, and instinct, to powre out the Treasure of his minde; and, as *Seneca* saith, *Aliquando secundum Anacreontem insanire, jucundum esse*: by which

Seneca. hee understands, the Poeticall Rapture. And according to that of *Plato*; *Frustra Poeticas fores sui compos pulsavit*: And of *Aristotle*; *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiae fuit. Nec potest grande aliquid, & supra ceteros loqui, nisi mota mens*. Then it riseth higher, as by a devine Instinct, when it contemnes

Plato. common, and knowne conceptions. It utters somewhat above a mortall mouth. Then it gets a loft, and flies away with his Ryder, whether, before, it was doubtfull to ascend. This the Poets understood by their *Helicon*,

Aristotle. *Pegasus*, or *Parnassus*; and this made *Ovid* to boast:

Helicon. *Pegasus.* *Parnassus.* *Ovidius.* *Est, Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo.*

Sedibus aethereis spiritus ille venit.

Lipsius. And *Lipsius*, to affirme; *Scio, Poetam neminem praestantem fuisse, sine parte quadam uberiore divina aura*. And, hence it is, that the comming up of good Poets, (for

(for I minde not *mediocres*, or *imos*) is so thinne and rare among us; Every beggerly Corporation affoordes the State a *Major*, or two *Bailiffs*, yearly: but, *solus Rex, aut Poeta, non quotannis nascitur*. To this perfection of Nature *Petron. in fragm.* in our *Poet*, wee require Exercise of thole parts, and frequent. If his wit will not arrive suddainly at the dignitie of the Ancients, let him not yet fall out *2. Exercitatio.* with it, quarrell, or be over hastily Angry: offer, to turne it away from Study, in a humor; but come to it againe upon better cogitation; try an other time, with labour. If then it succeed not, cast not away the Quills, yet: nor scratch the Wainescott, beate not the poore Deske; but bring all to the forge, and file, againe; rourne it a newe. There is no Statute *Law* of the Kingdome bidds you bee a *Poet*, against your will; or the first Quarter. If it come, in a yeare, or two, it is well. The common Rymer's powre forth Verses, such as they are, (*ex tempore*) but there never come from them one Sense, worth the life of a Day. A Rymer, and a *Poet*, are two things. It is said of the incomparable *Virgil*, that he brought forth his verses like a Beare, and after form'd them with licking. *Scaliger*, the Father, writes it of him, that he made a quantitie of verses in the morning, which a fore night hee reduced to a lesse number. But, that which *Valerius Maximus* hath left recorded of *Euripides*, the *tragicke Poet*, his answer to *Alcestis*, an other *Poet*, is as memorable, as modest: who, when it was told to *Alcestis*, that *Euripides* had in three daies brought forth, but three verses, and those with some difficultie, and throwes; *Alcestis*, glorying hee could with ease have sent forth a hundred in the space; *Euripides* roundly repl'd, like enough. But, here is the difference; Thy verses will not last those three daies; mine will to all time. Which was, as to tell him, he could not write a verse. I have met many of these Rattles, that made a noyse, and buz'd. They had their humme; and, no more. Indeed, things, wrote with labour, deserve to be so read, and will last their Age. The third requisite in our *Poet*, or Maker, is *Imitation*, to bee able to convert the substance, or Riches of an other *Poet*, to his owne use. To make choise of one excellent man above the rest, and so to follow him, till he grow very *Hee*: or, so like him, as the Copie may be mistaken for the Principall. Not, as a Creature, that swallowes, what it takes in, crude, raw, or indigested; but, that feedes with an Appetite, and hath a Stomack to concoct, devide, and turne all into nourishment. Not, to imitate servilely, as *Horace* saith, and catch at vices, for vertue: but, to draw forth out of the best, and choicest flowers, with the Bee, and turne all into Honey, worke it into one relish, and favour: make our *Imitation* sweet: observe, how the best writers have imitated, and follow them. How *Virgil*, and *Statius* have imitated *Homer*: how *Horace*, *Archilochus*; how, *Alcaeus*, and the other *Liricks*: and so of the rest. But, that, which wee especially require in him is an exactnesse of Studie, and multiplicity of reading, which maketh a full man, not alone enabling him to know the *History*, or Argument of a *Poeme*, and to report it: but so to master the matter, and Stile, as to shew, hee knowes, how to handle, place, or dispose of either, with elegancie, when need shall bee. And not thinke, hee can leape forth suddainely a *Poet*, by dreaming hee hath been in *Parnassus*, or, having washt his lipps (as they say) in *Helicon*. There goes more to his making, then so. For to Nature, Exercise, Imitation, and Studie, *Art* must bee added, to make all these perfect. And, though these challenge to themselves much, in the making up of our Maker, it is *Art* only can lead him to perfection, and leave him there in possession, as planted by her hand. It is the assertion of *Tully*, If to an excellent nature, there happen an accession, or confirmation of Learning, and

*Virgill.**Scaliger.**Valer. Maximus.**Euripides. Alcestis.**3. Imitatio.**Horatius.**Virgilius.**Statius. Homer.**Horat. Archil. Alcaeus.**4. Lectio.**Parnassus.**Helicon.**Ars coron.**M. T. Cicero.*

- Discipline, there will then remaine somewhat noble, and singular. For, as *Simylus* saith in *Stobaeus*; "Ουτε φύσις ἰκανὴ γίγεται τέχνης ἄτερ, ὅ τε πᾶν τέχνη μὴ φύσιν κερταδεῖν" without Art, Nature can here bee perfect; &, without Nature, Art can claime no being. But, our Poet must beware, that his Studie bee not only to learne of himself; for, hee that shall affect to doe that, confesseth his ever having a Foole to his master. Hee must read many; but, ever the best, and choicest: those, that can teach him any thing, hee must ever account his masters, and reverence: among whom *Horace*, and (hee that taught him) *Aristoteles*. *Aristotle*, deserv'd to bee the first in estimation. *Aristotle*, was the first accurate Criticke, and truest Judge; nay, the greatest *Philosopher*, the world ever had: for, hee noted the vices of all knowledges, in all creatures, and out of many mens perfections in a Science, hee formed still one Art. So hee taught us two Offices together, how we ought to judge rightly of others, and what wee ought to imitate specially in our selves. But all this in vaine, without a naturall wit, and a Poeticall nature in chiefe. For, no man, so soone as hee knowes this, or reades it, shall be able to write the better; but as he is adapted to it by Nature, he shall grow the perfecter Writer. Hee must have *Civil prudence*, and *Eloquence*, & that whole; not taken up by snatches, or peeces, in Sentences, or remnants, when he will handle businesse, or carry Counsells, as if he came then out of the Declamors Gallerie, or Shadowe, furnish'd but out of the body of the State, which commonly is the Schoole of men. The Poet is the neereft Borderer upon the Orator, and expresseth all his vertues, though he be tyed more to numbers; is his equall in ornament, and above him in his strengths. And, (of the kind) the *Comicke* comes neereft: Because, in moving the minds of men, and stirring of affections (in which Oratory shewes, and especially approves her eminence) hee chiefly excells. What figure of a Body was *Lysippus*, ever able to forme with his Graver; or *Apelles* to paint with his Pencill, as the Comedy to life expresseth so many, and various affections of the minde? There shall the Spectator see some, insulting with Joy; others, fretting with Melancholy; raging with Anger; mad with Love; boiling with Avarice; undone with Riot; tortur'd with expectation; consum'd with feare: no perturbation in common life, but the Orator findes an example of it in the Scene. And then, for the Elegancy of Language, read but this Inscription on the Grave of a Comicke Poet:
- Immortales mortales, si fas esset, flere,
Flerent divae Camena Nevium Poetam;
Itaque postquam est Orcino traditus thesauro,
Obliti sunt Romae, linguâ loqui Latinâ.*
- Or, that modester Testimonie given by *Lucius Aelius. Stilo* upon *Plautus*, who affirmed, *Musas, si latine loqui voluissent, Plautino sermone fuisse loquuturas*. And that illustrious judgement by the most learned *M. Varro* of him; who pronounced him the *Prince of Letters*, and *Elegancie*, in the *Roman Language*.
- I am not of that opinion to conclude a Poets liberty within the narrowe limits of lawes, whicheither the *Grammarians*, or *Philosophers* prescribe. For, before they found out those Lawes, there were many excellent Poets, that fulfill'd them. Amongst whome none more perfect then *Sophocles*, who liv'd a little before *Aristotle*.
- Which of the *Greekelings* durst ever give precepts to *Demosthenes*? or to *Pericles*, (whom the Age surnam'd heavenly) because he seem'd to thunder, and lighten, with his Language? or to *Alcibiades*, who had rather Nature for his guide, then Art for his master?

But,

But, whatsoever Nature at any time dictated to the most happie; or long exercise to the most laborious, that the wisdom, and Learning of *Aristotle*, hath brought into an Art: because, he understood the Causes of things: and what other men did by chance or custome, he doth by reason; and not only found out the way not to erre, but the short way we should take, not to erre.

Many things in *Euripides* hath *Aristophanes* wittily reprehended; not out of Art, but out of Truth. For, *Euripides* is sometimes peccant, as he is most times perfect. But, Judgement when it is greatest, if reason doth not accompany it, is not ever absolute.

To judge of Poets is only the facultie of Poets; and not of all Poets, but the best. *Nemo infelicius de Poetis judicavit, quam qui de Poetis scripsit.* But, some will say, Criticks are a kind of Tinkers; that make more faults, then they mend ordinarily. See their diseases, and those of *Grammarians*. It is true, many bodies are the worse for the meddling with: And the multitude of *Physicians* hath destroyed many sound patients, with their wrong practise. But the office of a true Critick, or Censor, is, not to throw by a letter any where, or damne an innocent Syllabe, but lay the words together, and amend them; judge sincerely of the Author, and his matter, which is the signe of solid, and perfect learning in a man. Such was *Horace*, an Author of much Civilitie; and (if any one among the heathen can be) the best master, both of vertue, and wisdom; an excellent, and true judge upon cause, and reason; not because he thought so; but because he knew so, out of use and experience.

Cato, the *Grammarian*, a defender of *Lucilius*.

Cato Grammaticus, *Latina Syren*,

Qui solus legit, & facit Poetas.

Quintilian of the same heresie, but rejected.

Horace his judgement of *Chærilus*, defended against *Ioseph Scaliger*. And, of *Laberius*, against *Julius*.

But chiefly his opinion of *Plautus*, vindicated against many, that are offended, and say, it is a hard Censure upon the parent of all conceipt, and sharpnesse. And, they wish it had not fallen from so great a master, and Censor in the Art: whose bondmen knew better how to judge of *Plautus*, then any that dare patronize the family of learning in this Age; who could not bee ignorant of the judgement of the times, in which hee liv'd, when *Poetrie*, and the *Latin* Language were at the height: especially, being a man so conversant, and inwardly familiar with the censures of great men, that did discourse of these things daily amongst themselves. Againe, a man so gracious, and in high favour with the Emperour, as *Augustus* often called him his wittie *Manling*, (for the littleness of his stature;) and (if wee may trust Antiquity) had delign'd him for a Secretary of Estate; and invited him to the place, which he modestly praid off, and refus'd.

Horace did so highly esteeme *Terence* his Comedies, as he ascribes the Art in Comedie to him alone, among the *Latines*, and joynes him with *Menander*.

Now, let us see what may be said for either, to defend *Horace* his judgement to posterity; and not wholly to condemne *Plautus*.

The parts of a Comedie are the same with a Tragedie, and the end is partly the same. For, they both delight, and teach; the Comicks are call'd διδασκαλοι, of the *Greekes*; no lesse then the Tragicks.

Nor, is the moving of laughter alwaies the end of Comedy, that is rather a fowling for the peoples delight, or their fooling. For, as *Aristotle* saies rightly, the moving of laughter is a fault in Comedie, a kind of turpitude, that

that depraves some part of a mans nature without a disease. As a wry face without paine moves laughter, or a deformed vizard, or a rude Clowne, drest in a Ladies habit, and using her actions, wee dislike, and scorne such representations; which made the ancient Philosophers ever thinke laughter unfitting in a wise man. And this induc'd *Plato* to esteeme of *Homer*, as a sacrilegious Person; because he presented the *Gods* sometimes laughing. As, also it is divinely said of *Aristotle*, that to seeme ridiculous is a part of dishonesty, and foolish.

Plato. Homer.

The wit of the old Comedy.

So that, what either in the words, or Sense of an Author, or in the language, or Actions of men, is a wry, or depraved, doth strangely stirre meane affections, and provoke for the most part to laughter. And therefore it was cleare that all insolent, and obscene speeches, jest upon the best men; injuries to particular persons; perverse, and sinister Sayings (and the rather unexpected) in the old Comedy did move laughter; especially, where it did imitate any dishonesty; and scurrility came forth in the place of wit: which who understands the nature and *Genius* of laughter, cannot but perfectly know.

Aristophanes.

Plantus.

Of which *Aristophanes* affords an ample harvest, having not only out-gone *Plantus*, or any other in that kinde; but express'd all the moods, and figures, of what is ridiculous, oddly. In short, as Vinegar is not accounted good, untill the wine be corrupted: so jests that are true and naturall, seldom raise laughter, with the beast, the multitude. They love nothing, that is right, and proper. The farther it runs from reason, or possibility with them, the better it is.

Socrates.

Theatrical wit.

What could have made them laugh, like to see *Socrates* presented, that Example of all good life, honesty, and vertue, to have him hoisted up with a Pullie, and there play the Philosopher, in a basquet. Measure, how many foote a Flea could skip *Geometrically*, by a just Scale, and edifie the people from the ingine. This was *Theatrical* wit, right Stage-jesting, and relishing a Play-house, invented for scorne, and laughter; whereas, if it had favour'd of equity, truth, perspicuity, and Candor, to have tasten a wise, or a learned Palate, spit it out presantly; this is bitter and profitable, this instructs, and would informe us: what neede wee know any thing, that are nobly borne, more then a Horse-race, or a hunting-match, our day to breake with Citizens, and such innate mysteries.

The Cart.

This is truly leaping from the Stage, to the Tumbrell againe, reducing all witt to the Originall Dungcart.

Of the magnitude, and compasse of any Table, Epicke, or Dramatick.

What the measure of a Fable is. The Fable, or Plott of a Poeme, defined.

The Epick fable.

To the resolving of this *Question*, wee must first agree in the definition of the Fable. The Fable is call'd the *Imitation* of one intire, and perfect Action; whose parts are so joyned, and knitt together, as nothing in the structure can be chang'd; or taken away, without imparing, or troubling the whole; of which there is a proportionable magnitude in the members. As for example; if a man would build a house, he would first appoint a place to build it in, which he would define within certaine bounds: So in the Constitution of a *Poeme*, the Action is aym'd at by the *Poet*, which answers Place in a building; and that Action hath his largenesse, compasse, and proportion. But, as a Court or Kings Palace requires other dimensions then a private house: So the *Epick* asks a magnitude, from other Poëms. Since, what is Place in the one, is Action in the other, the difference is in space. So that by this definition wee conclude the fable, to be the *imitation* of one perfect, and intire

Action

Action; as one perfect, and intire place is requir'd to a building. By perfect, we understand that, to which nothing is wanting; as Place to the building, that is rais'd, and Action to the fable, that is form'd. It is perfect, perhaps, *differing* not for a Court, or Kings Palace, which requires a greater ground; but for the structure we would raise, so the space of the Action, may not prove *from* large enough for the *Epick Fable*, yet bee perfect for the *Dramatick*, and *the Dramaticke* whole.

Whole, we call that, and perfect, which hath a *beginning*, a *mid'st*, and an *end*. So the place of any building may be whole, and intire, for that worke, though too little for a palace. As, to a *Tragedy* or a *Comedy*, the Action may be convenient, and perfect, that would not fit an *Epicke Poeme* in Magnitude. So a *Lion* is a perfect creature in himselfe, though it bee lesse, then that of a *Buffalo*, or a *Rhinocerote*. They differ; but in *specie*: either in the kinde is absolute. Both have their parts, and either the whole. Therefore, as in every body; so in every Action, which is the subject of a just worke, there is requir'd a certaine proportionable greatnesse, neither too vast, nor too minute. For that which happens to the Eyes, when wee behold a body, the same happens to the Memorie, when wee contemplate an action. I looke upon a monstrous Giant, as *Titus*, whose body cover'd nine Acres of Land, and mine eye stickes upon every part; the whole that consists of those parts, will never be taken in at one intire view. So in a *Fable*, if the Action be too great we can never comprehend the whole together in our Imagination. Again, if it be too little, there ariseth no pleasure out of the object, it affords the view no stay: It is beheld and vanisheth at once. As if wee should looke upon an Ant or Pismyre, the parts fly the sight, and the whole considered is almost nothing. The same happens in Action, which is the object of Memory, as the body is of sight. Too vast oppresseth the Eyes, and exceeds the Memory: too little scarce admits either.

Now, in every Action it behooves the *Poet* to know which is his utmost bound, how farre with fitnessse, and a necessary proportion, he may produce, and determine it. That is, till either good fortune change into the worse, or the worse into the better. For as a body without proportion cannot be goodly, no more can the Action, either in *Comedy*, or *Tragedy* without his fit bounds. And every bound for the nature of the Subject, is esteem'd the best that is largest, till it can increase no more: so it behooves the Action in *Tragedy*, or *Comedy*, to be let grow, till the necessity aske a Conclusion: wherein two things are to be considered; First, that it exceed not the compasse of one Day: Next, that there be place left for digression, and Art. For the *Episodes*, and digressions in a *Fable*, are the same that household stufte, and other furniture are in a house. And so farre for the measure, and extent of a *Fable Dramaticke*.

Now, that it should be one, and intire. One is considerable two waies: either, as it is only separate, and by it self: or as being compos'd of many parts, it begins to be one, as those parts grow, or are wrought together. That it should be one the first way alone, and by it self, no man that hath tasted letters ever would say, especially having required before a just Magnitude, and equall Proportion of the parts in themselves. Neither of which can possibly bee, if the Action be single and separate, not compos'd of parts, which laid together in themselves, with an equall and fitting proportion, tend to the same end; which thing out of Antiquitie it selfe, hath deceiv'd many; and more this Day it doth deceive.

Hercules. So many there be of old, that have thought the Action of one man to be
Theseus. one: As of *Hercules*, *Theseus*, *Achilles*, *Ulysses*, and other *Heroes*; which is both
Achilles. foolish and false; since by one and the same person many things may be se-
Ulysses. verally done, which cannot fitly be referred, or joyned to the same end:
Homer, and which not only the excellent *Tragick-Poets*, but the best Masters of the *E-*
Virgill. *pick*, *Homer*, and *Virgil* saw. For though the Argument of an *Epick-Poeme* be
Aeneas. farre more diffus'd, & powr'd out, then that of *Tragedy*; yet *Virgil* writing of
Venus. *Aeneas* hath pretermitted many things. He neither tells how he was borne,
how brought up; how he fought with *Achilles*; how he was snatch'd out of
the battaile by *Venus*; but that one thing, how he came into *Italie*, he prose-
cutes in twelve bookes. The rest of his journey, his error by Sea, the Sacke
of *Troy*, are put not as the Argument of the worke, but *Episodes* of the Argu-
ment. So *Homer* lai'd by many things of *Ulysses* and handled no more, then
he saw tended to one and the same end.

Contrarie to which and foolishly those *Poets* did, whom the *Philosopher*
Theseus. taxeth; Of whom one gather'd all the Actions of *Theseus*: another put all
Hercules. the Labours of *Hercules* in one worke. So did he, whom *Juvenal* mentions in
Juvenal. the begining, *hoarse Codrus*, that recited a volume compil'd, which he call'd
Codrus. his *Theseide*, not yet finish'd, to the great trouble both of his hearers and
himself: Amongst which there were many parts had no coherence, nor kin-
dred one with other, so farre they were from being one Action, one *Fable*.
For as a house, consisting of diverse materialls, becomes one structure, and
one dwelling; so an Action, compos'd of diverse parts, may become one
Sophocles. *Fable Epicke*, or *Dramaticke*. For example, in a *Tragedy* looke upon *Sophocles*
Ajax. his *Ajax*: *Ajax* depriv'd of *Achilles's* Armour, which he hop'd from the suf-
frage of the *Greekes*, disdaines; and, growing impatient of the Injurie, rageth,
and turnes mad. In that humour he doth many senselesse things; and at last
falls upon the *Grecian* flocke, and kills a great Ramme for *Ulysses*: Returning
to his Sense, he growes asham'd of the scorne, and kills himself; and is by
the *Chieftes* of the *Greekes* forbidden buriall. These things agree, and hang
together, not as they were done; but as seeming to be done, which made the
Action whole, intire, and absolute.

The conclu- For the whole, as it consisteth of parts; so without all the parts it is not the
sion concer- whole; and to make it absolute, is requir'd, not only the parts, but such parts
ning the as are true. For a part of the whole was true; which if you take away, you
Whole, and either change the whole, or it is not the whole. For if it be such a part, as be-
the Parts. ing present or absent, nothing concerns the whole, it cannot be call'd a part

of the whole: and such are the *Episodes*, of which hereafter. For the present,
Episodes. here is one example; The single Combat of *Ajax* with *Hector*, as it is at
Ajax, and large describ'd in *Homer*, nothing belongs to this *Ajax* of *Sophocles*.
Hector. Ho- You admire no *Poems*, but such as run like a Brewers-cart upon the stones,
mer. hobbling,

Martial.
lib. II.
epigr. 91.

Et, qua per salebras, altaque saxa cadunt.
Actius, & quidquid Pacuviusque vomunt.
Attonitusque legis terrai, frugiterai.

FINIS.

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THE
MAGNETICK
LADY:

OR,
HVMORS
RECONCILD.

A COMEDY composed

By

BEN: IOHNSON.

*Iam lapides suus ardor agit ferrumq; tenetur,
Illecebris. —*

LONDON,
Printed M. CD. XL.

A

THE
MAGNETIC

LADY

OR

HARMORS

RECONCILED

A COMEDY composed

By BEN. JOHNSON

LONDON

Printed M. CD. XL.

THE SCENE, LONDON.

The Persons that act.

LADY Loadstone,	The Magnetick Lady.
Mrs. Polish,	Her Gossip, and she-Parasite.
Mrs. Placentia,	Her Neice.
Pleasance,	Her Waiting-woman.
Mrs. Keepe,	The Neices Nourse.
MOTHER Chaire,	The Midwife.
Mr. Compasse,	A Scholler, Mathematick.
CAPTAIN Ironside,	A Souldier.
PARSON Palate,	Prelate of the Parish.
DOCTOR Rut,	Physician to the house.
Tim Item,	His Apothecary.
SIR Diaph Silkworm,	A Courtier.
Mr. Practise,	A Lawyer.
SIR Moath Interest,	An Usurer, or Money-baud.
Mr. Bias,	A Vi-politique, or Sub-secretary.
Mr. Needle,	The Ladies Steward, and Taylor.

CHORVS by way of Induction.

THE SCENE IN LONDON

THE PROLOGUE

The Magnick Lady.	Lady Lashford.
Her Gossip, and the Parson.	Mr. Phipps.
Her Niece.	Mr. Phipps.
Her Waiting-woman.	Miss Phipps.
The Nieces Niece.	Mr. Kays.
The Niece's Niece.	Mr. Kays.
A Scholar, Mathematician.	Mr. Conolly.
A Soldier.	Captain Raffles.
Prize of the Parish.	Parson Pate.
Physician to the House.	Doctor Pate.
The Apothecary.	Lord Pate.
A Courtier.	Count Pate.
Alavert.	Don Pate.
An Viceroy or Money-lender.	Don Pate.
A Viceroy or Money-lender.	Don Pate.
The Ladies Steward, and Taylor.	Don Pate.

CHORUS by way of Induction.

THE

A

THE INDUCTION; OR, CHORUS.

Two Gentlemen entring upon the Stage.

Mr. PROBEE and Mr. DAMPLAY.

A BOY of the house,
meets them.

Boy. What doe you lack, Gentlemen? what is't you lack? any fine Phanfies, Figures, Humors, Characters, Idæas, Definitions of Lords, and Ladies? Waiting-women, Parasites, Knights, Captaines, Courtiers, Lawyers? what doe you lack?

Pro. A pretty prompt Boy for the Poëtiſque Shop.

Dam. And a bold! where's one o' your Masters, Sirrah, the Poet?

Boy. Which of 'hem? Sir wee have divers that drive that trade, now: Poëts, Poet'accios, Poetafters, Poetito's--

Dam. And all Haberdashers of small wit, I presume: wee would ſpeake with the Poët o' the day, *Boy.*

Boy. Sir, hee is not here. But, I have the dominion of the Shop, for this time; under him, and can ſhew you all the variety the Stage will afford for the preſent.

Pro. Therein you will expreſſe your owne good parts, *Boy.*

Dam. And tye us two, to you, for the gentle office.

Pro. Wee are a paire of publique perſons (this Gentleman, and my ſelfe) that are ſent, thus coupled unto you upon ſtate-buſines.

Boy. It concernes but the ſtate of the Stage I hope!

Dam. O, you ſhall know that by degrees, *Boy.* No man leaps into a buſines of ſtate, without fourding firſt the ſtate of the buſines.

Pro. Wee are ſent unto you, indeed from the people.

Boy. The people! which ſide of the people?

Dam. The Veniſon ſide, if you know it, *Boy.*

Boy. That's the left ſide. I had rather they had beene the right.

Pro. So they are. Not the *Faces*, or grounds of your people, that ſit
in

in the oblique caves and wedges of your house, your sinfull fixe-penny Mechanicks--

Dam. But the better, and braver sort of your people! Plush and Velvet-outfides! that stick your house round like so many eminences—

Boy. Of clothes, not understandings? They are at pawne. Well, I take these as a part of your people though; what bring you to me from these people?

Dam. You have heard, *Boy*, the ancient Poëts had it in their purpose, still to please this people.

Pro. I, their chiefe aime was—

Dam. *Populout placerent*: (if hee understands so much.)

Boy. *Quas fecissent fabulas.*) I understand that, sin' I learn'd *Terence*, i'the third forme at *Westminster*: go on Sir.

Pro. Now, these people have imployed us to you, in all their names, to intreat an excellent Play from you.

Dam. For they have had very meane ones, from this shop of late, the Stage as you call it.

Boy. Troth, Gentlemen, I have no wares, which I dare thrust upon the people with praise. But this, such as it is, I will venter with your people, your gay gallant people: so as you, againe, will undertake for them, that they shall know a good *Play* when they heare it; and will have the conscience, and ingenuity beside, to confesse it.

Prob. Wee'll passe our words for that: you shall have a brace of us to ingage our selves.

Boy. You'll tender your names, *Gentlemen*, to our booke then?

Dam. Yes, here's Mr. *Probee*; A man of most powerfull speech, and parts to perswade.

Pro. And Mr. *Damplay*, will make good all hee undertakes.

Boy. Good Mr. *Probee*, and Mr. *Damplay*! I like your securities: whence doe you write your selves?

Pro. Of *London*, Gentlemen: but Knights brothers, and Knights friends, I assure you.

Dam. And Knights fellow's too. Every Poët writes Squire now.

Boy. You are good names! very good men, both of you! I accept you.

Dam. And what is the Title of your *Play*, here? *The Magnetick Lady*?

Boy. Yes, Sir, an attractive title the Author has given it.

Pro. A *Magnete*, I warrant you.

Dam. O, no, from *Magnus*, *Magna*, *Magnum*.

Boy. This Gentleman, hath found the true magnitude—

Dam. Of his portall, or entry to the worke, according to *Vitruvius*.

Boy. Sir all our worke is done without a Portall-- or *Vitruvius*. In *Foro*, as a true Comœdy should bee. And what is conceald within, is brought out, and made present by report.

Dam. Wee see not that alwayes observ'd, by your Authors of these times: or scarce any other.

Boy. Where it is not at all knowne, how should it be observ'd? The most of those your people call *Authors*, never dreamt of any *Decorum*, or what was proper in the *Scene*; but grope at it, i'the darke, and feele, or fumble for it; I speake it, both with their leave, and the leave o' your people.

Dam.

Chorus.

7

Dam. But, why *Humours reconcil'd*? I would faine know?

Boy. I can satisfie you there, too: if you will. But, perhaps you desire not to be satisfied.

Dam. No? why should you conceive so, *Boy*?

Boy. My conceit is not ripe, yet: Ile tell you that anon. The *Author*, beginning his studies of this kind, with every man in his Humour; and after, every man out of his Humour; and since, continuing in all his *Playes*, especially those of the *Comick* thred, whereof the *New-Inne* was the last, some recent humours still, or manners of men, that went along with the times, finding himselfe now neare the close, or shutting up of his Circle, hath phant'fied to himselfe, in *Idea*, this *Magnetick Mistris*. A Lady a brave bountifull House-keeper, and a vertuous Widow: who having a young Neice, ripe for a man and marriageable, hee makes that his Center attractive, to draw thither a diversity of Guests, all persons of different humours to make up his *Perimiter*. And this hee hath call'd *Humours reconcil'd*.

Pro. A bold undertaking! and farre greater, then the reconciliation of both Churches, the quarrell betweene humours having beene much the ancients, and, in my poore opinion, the root of all Schisme, and Faction, both in Church and Common-wealth.

Boy. Such is the opinion of many wise men, that meet at this shop still; but how hee will speed in it, wee cannot tell, and hee himselfe (it seems) lessecares. For hee will not be intreated by us, to give it a *Prologue*. He has lost too much that way already, hee sayes. Hee will not woo the gentile ignorance so much. But carelesse of all vulgar censure, as not depending on common approbation, hee is confident it shall super-please judicious Spectators, and to them he leaves it to worke, with the rest by example, or otherwise.

Dam. Hee may be deceived in that, *Boy*: Few follow examples now, especially, if they be good.

Boy. The *Play* is ready to begin, *Gentlemen*, I tell you, lest you might defraud the expectation of the people, for whom you are Delegates! Please you take a couple of Seates, and plant your selves, here, as neere my standing as you can: Fly every thing (you see) to the marke, and censure it; freely. So, you interrupt not the *Series*, or thred of the Argument, to breake or pucker it, with unnecessary questions. For, I must tell you, (not out of mine owne *Dictamen*, but the *Authors*,) A good *Play*, is like a skeene of filke: which, if you take by the right end, you may wind off, at pleasure, on the bottome, or card of your discourse, in a tale, or so, how you will: But if you light on the wrong end, you will pull all into a knot, or else-lock; which nothing but the sheers, or a candle will undoe, or separate.

Dam. Stay! who be these, I pray you?

Boy. Because it is your first question, and (these be the prime persons) it would incivility require an answer: but I have heard the Poët affirme, that to be the most unlucky *Scene* in a *Play*, which needs an Interpreter; especially, when the *Auditory* are awake: and such are you, hee presumes. *Ergo*.

THE

But, why have we reconciled? I would fain know.
Ay, I can satisfy you there, too: if you will. But, perhaps you do
not to be satisfied.
Daw. No: why should you converse to, say?
Ay. My conceit is not ripe, yet: I tell you that anon. The Author
beginning his studies of this kind, with every man in his humour; and
after, every man out of his humour; and since continuing in all his humours,
especially those of the Comic kind, whereof the New Law was the
last, some recent humours still, or manners of men, that went along
with the times, finding himself now near the close, or shutting up of
his Circle, hath planted to himself, in this his manner, a
young, a young Niece, ripe for a man and marriageable, who makes that his
Conjunctive, to draw thither a diversity of Guests, all persons of
different humours to make up his Company. And this he hath call'd

Humour-reconciling.
Ay. A bold undertaking! and far greater, then the reconciliation
of both Churches, the quarrell between humours having been much
the greater, and in my poor opinion, the root of all Schisme, and Fa-
ction, both in Church and Common-wealth.
Ay. Such is the opinion of many wise men, that meet at this shop still;
but now we will speed in it, we cannot tell, and he himself (it seems)
believes. For he will not be intreated by us, to give it a voyage. He
has lost too much that way already, he says. He will not woo the
gentle ignorance so much. But careless of all vulgar censures as not de-
pending on common approbation, he is confident it shall super-please
judicious Spectators, and to them he leaves it to work, with the rest by
example, or otherwise.

Daw. He may be deceived in that, say: Few follow examples now,
especially if they be good.
Ay. The Play is ready to begin, Gentlemen, I tell you, let you might
demand the expectation of the people, for whom you are Delegates!
Please you take a couple of Seats, and plant your selves, here, as here
my standing as you can: Fly every thing (you see) to the middle, and
centre it, freely. So, you interest not the Sides, or third of the Ar-
gument, to break or puzzle it, with unnecessary questions. For, I
trust tell you (not out of mine own Device, but the Author's) A good
Play is like a scene of life: which, if you take by the right end, you
may wind off at pleasure, on the bottom, or end of your discourse,
moral, or so: how you will: But if you light on the wrong end,
you will pull it into a knot, or else a lock, which nothing but the force
of a cane will undo, or separate.

Daw. Stay! who be these, I pray you?
Ay. Because it is your first question, and (these be the prime persons)
it would incivility require an answer: but I have heard the Poet affirm,
that to be the most unlucky Sear in a Play, which needs an Interpreter;
especially, when the Auditors are awake; and such are you, he pre-
sumes, says.

THE MAGNETICK LADY:

OR, HUMORS RECONCILD.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Compasse, Ironside.

C*om.* Welcome good Captaine *Ironside*, and brother;
You shall along with me. I'm lodg'd hard by,
Here at a noble Ladies house i'th' streer,
The Lady *Loadstones* (one will bid us welcome)
Where there are Gentlewomen, and male Guests,
Of severall humors, cariage, constitution,
Profession too: but so diametrall
One to another, and so much oppos'd,
As if I can but hold them all together,
And draw 'hem to a sufferance of themselves,
But till the Dissolution of the Dinner;
I shall have just occasion to beleieve
My wit is magisteriall; and our selves
Take infinite delight, i'the successe.

Iro. Troth, brother *Compasse*, you shall pardon me;
I love not so to multiply acquaintance
At a meales cost, 'twill take off o' my freedome
So much: or bind me to the least observance.

Com. Why *Ironside*, you know I am a Scholler,
And part a Souldier; I have beene employed,
By some the greatest States-men o' the kingdome,
These many yeares: and in my time convers'd
With sundry humors, suiting so my selfe
To company, as honest men, and knaves,
Good-fellowes, Hypocrites, all sorts of people,
Though never so divided in themselves,
Have studied to agree still in the usage,
And handling of me (which hath beene faire too.)

Iro. Sir I confesse you to be one well read
In men, and manners; and that, usually,

The most ungovern'd persons, you being present,
 Rather subject themselves unto your censure,
 Then give you least occasion of distaste,
 By making you the subject of their mirth:
 But (to deale plainely with you, as a brother)
 When ever I distrust i' my owne valour:
 Ile never beare me on anothers wit,
 Or offer to bring off, or save my selfe
 On the opinion of your Iudgement, gravitie,
 Discretion, or what else. But (being away)
 You're sure to have lesse-wit-worke, gentle brother,
 My humour being as stubborne, as the rest,
 And as unmannageable. *Com.* You doe mistake
 My Caract of your friendship, all this while!
 Or at what rate I reckon your assistance
 Knowing by long experience, to such Animals,
 Halfe-hearted Creatures, as these are, your Foxe, there,
 Vnkenneld with a Cholerick, ghastly aspect,
 Or two or three comminatory Termes,
 Would run their feares to any hole of shelter,
 Worth a dayes laughter! I am for the sport:
 For nothing else. *Iro.* But, brother, I ha' seene
 A Coward, meeting with a man as valiant
 As our St. George (not knowing him to be such,
 Or having least opinion that hee was so)
 Set to him roundly, I, and swindge him soundly:
 And i' the vertue of that errour, having
 Once overcome, resolv'd for ever after
 To erre; and thinke no person, nor no creature
 More valiant then himselfe. *Com.* I thinkethat too.
 But, Brother, (could I over intreat you)
 I have some little plot upon the rest
 If you would be contented, to endure
 A sliding reprehension, at my hands,
 To heare your selfe, or your profession glanc'd at
 In a few sleighting termes: It would beget
 Me such a maine Authority, o' the by:
 And doe your selfe no dis-repute at all!

Iro. Compasse, I know that universall causes
 In nature produce nothing; but as meeting
 Particular causes, to determine those,
 And specifie their acts. This is a piece
 Of *Oxford* Science, staies with me ere since
 I left that place; and I have often found
 The truth thereof, in my private passions:
 For I doe never feele my selfe perturb'd
 With any generall words 'gainst my profession,
 Vnlesse by some smart stroke upon my selfe
 They doe awake, and stirre me: Else, to wise
 And well experienc'd men, words doe but signifie;

The Magnetick Lady.

11

They have no power; save with dull Grammarians,
Whose soules are nought, but a *Syntaxis* of them.

Com. Here comes our *Parson*, *Parson Palate* here
A venerable youth! I must salute him,
And a great Clerke! hee's going to the Ladies,
And though you see him thus, without his Cope,
I dare assure you, hee's our Parish Pope!
God save my reverend Clergy, *Parson Palate*.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Palate, Compasse, Ironside.

Pal. The witty Mr. *Compasse*! how is't, with you?

Com. My Lady staies for you, and for your Councell,
Touching her Neice Mrs. *Placentia Steele*!

Who strikes the fire of full fourteene, to day,

Ripe for a husband. *Pal.* I, she chimes, shee chimes,

Saw you the Doctor *Rut*, the house Physician?

He's sent for too. *Com.* To Councell? 'time yo' were there.

Make haste, and give it a round quick dispatch:

That wee may goe to dinner betimes, *Parson*:

And drinke a health or two more, to the busines.

Iro. This is a strange put-off! a reverend youth,

You use him most surreverently me thinkes!

What call you him? *Palate* Please? or *Parson Palate*?

Com. All's one, but shorter! I can gi' you his Character.

Hee, is the Prelate of the Parish, here;

And governes all the Dames; appoints the cheere;

Writes downe the bills of fare; pricks all the Guests;

Makes all the matches and the marriage feasts

Within the ward; drawes all the parish wils;

Designes the Legacies; and strokes the Gills

Of the chiefe Mourners; And (who ever lacks)

Of all the kindred, hee hath first his blacks.

Thus holds hee weddings up, and burials,

As his maine tithing; with the Gossips stals,

Their pewes; He's top still, at the publique messe;

Comforts the widow, and the fatherlesse,

In funerall Sack! Sits 'bove the Alderman!

For of the Ward-mote *Quest*, he better can,

The mysterie, then the Levitick Law:

That peece of Clark-ship doth his Vestry awe.

Hee is as he conceives himselfe, a fine

Well furnish'd, and apparaled Divine.

Iro. Who made this *EP I GRAMME*, you? *Com.* No, a great Clarke

As any is of his bulke. (*Ben: Ionsen*) made it.

Iro. But what's the other Character, Doctor *Rut*?

Cons. The same man made 'hem both: but his is shorter,
 And not in rime, but blancks. Ile tell you that, too.
Rut is a young Physician to the family:
 That, letting God alone, ascribes to nature
 More then her share; licentious in discourse,
 And in his life a profest Voluptary;
 The slave of money, a Buffon in manners;
 Obscene in language; which he vents for wit;
 Is sawcy in his Logicks, and disputing,
 Is any thing but civill, or a man.
 See here they are! and walking with my Lady,
 In consultation, afore the doore;
 Wee will slip in, as if we saw 'hem not.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Lady, Palate, Rut.

Lad. I, tis his fault, she's not bestow'd,
 My brother *Interests*. *Pal.* Who, old Sir *Moath*?

Lad. Hee keeps off all her Suitors, keepe the portion,
 Still in his hands: and will not part with all,
 On any termes. *Pal.* *Hinc illa lachryma*;
 Thence flowes the cause o' the maine grievance. *Rut.* That
 It is a maine one! how much is the portion?

Lad. No petty summe. *Pal.* But sixteene thousand pound.

Rut. He should be forc'd, Madam, to lay it downe.

When is it payable? *Lad.* When she is married.

Pal. Marry her, marry her, Madam. *Rut.* Get her married.

Loose not a day, an houre—*Pal.* Not a minute.

Pursue your project reall. Mr. *Compasse*,
 Advis'd you, too. He is the perfect Instrument,
 Your Ladiship should faile by. *Rut.* Now, Mr. *Compasse*
 Is a fine witty man; I saw him goe in, now.

Lad. Is hee gone in? *Pal.* Yes, and a Fether with him,
 He seemes a Souldier. *Rut.* Some new Sutor, Madam.

Lad. I am beholden to him: hee brings ever
 Variety of good persons to my table,
 And I must thanke him, though my brother *Interest*
 Dislike of it a little. *Pal.* Hee likes nothing
 That runs your way. *Rut.* Troth, and the other cares not.
 Hee'll goe his owne way, if he thinke it right.

Lad. Hee's a true friend! and ther's Mr. *Practise*,
 The fine young man of Law comes to the house:
 My brother brooks him not, because he thinkes
 He is by me assigned for my Neice:
 Hee will not heare of it. *Rut.* Not of that care;
 But yet your Ladiship doth wisely init—

Pal. 'Twill make him to lay downe the portion sooner,
If he but dreame you'l match her with a Lawyer.

Lad. So Mr. *Compasse* sayes. It is betweene
The Lawyer, and the Courtier, which shall have her.

Bal. Who, Sir *Diaphanous Silke-worme*? *Rut.* A fine Gentle-man,
Old Mr. *Silke-wormes* Heire. *Pal.* And a neat Courtier,
Of a most elegant thred *Lad.* And so my Gossip
Polish assures me. Here she comes! good *Polish*.
Welcome in troth! How do'st thou gentle *Polish*?

Rut. Who's this? *Pal.* Dame *Polish*, her shee-Parasite,
Her talking, soothing, sometime governing Gossip.

ACT. I. SCENE IV.

Polish, Lady, Palate, Rut.

Pal. Your Ladiship is still the Lady Loadstone
That drawes, and drawes unto you, Guests of all sorts:
The Courtiers, and the Souldiers, and the Schollers,
The Travellers, Physicians, and Divines,
As Doctor *Ridley* writ, and Doctor *Barlow*?
They both have wrote of you, and Mr. *Compasse*.

Lad. Wee meane, they shall write more, ere it be long.

Pol. Alas, they are both dead, and't please you; But,
Your Ladiship meanes well, and shall meane well,
So long as I live. How does your fine Neice?
My charge, Mistris *Placentia Steele*?

Lad. Shee is not well. *Pol.* Not well? *Lad.* Her Doctor sayes so.

Rut. Not very well; shee cannot shoot at Buts.
Or manage a great Horse, but shee can cranch
A sack of small coale! eat you lime, and haire,
Soap-ashes, Loame, and has a dainty spice
O' the greene sicknesse! *Pol.* 'Od sheild! *Rut.* Or the Drop sic!
A toy, a thing of nothing. But my Lady, here
Her noble Aunt. *Pol.* Shee is a noble Aunt!
And a right worshipfull Lady, and a vertuous;
I know it well! *Rut.* Well, if you know it, peace.

Pal. Good sister *Polish* heare your betters speake.

Pol. Sir I will speake, with my good Ladies leave,
And speake, and speake againe, I did bring up
My Ladies Neice, Mrs. *Placentia Steele*,
With my owne Daughter (who's *Placentia* too)
And waits upon my Lady, is her woman:
Her Ladiship well knowes Mrs. *Placentia*
Steele (as I said) her curious Neice, was left
A Legacie to me; by Father, and Mother
With the Nurse, *Keepe*, that tended her: her Mother
Shee died in Child-bed of her, and her Father
Liv'd not long after: for he lov'd her Mother!

They were a godly couple ! yet both di'd,
 (As wee must all.) No creature is immortall ;
 I have heard our Pastor say : no, not the faithfull !
 And they did die (as I said) both in one moneth.

Rut. Sure shee is not long liv'd, if she spend breath thus.

Pol. And did bequeath her, to my care, and hand,
 To polish, and bring up. I moulded her,
 And fashion'd her, and form'd her ; she had the sweat
 Both of my browes and braines. My Lady knowes it
 Since she could write a quarter old. *Lad.* I know not
 That she could write so early, my good Gossip.

But I doe know she was so long your care,
 Till she was twelve yeare old ; that I call'd for her,
 And tooke her home, for which I thanke you *Polish*,
 And am beholden to you. *Rut.* I sure thought
 She had a Lease of talking, for nine lives—

Pal. It may be she has. *Pol.* Sir sixteene thousand pound
 Was then her portion ! for she was, indeed,
 Their only child ! and this was to be paid
 Vpon her marriage, so she married still
 With my good Ladies liking here, her Aunt :
 (I heard the Will read) Mr. *Steele* her father,
 The world condemn'd him to be very rich,
 And very hard, and he did stand condemn'd
 With that vaine world, till, as 'twas 'prov'd, after,
 He left almost as much more to good uses
 In Sir *Moath Interests* hands, my Ladies brother,
 Whose sister he had married: He holds all
 In his close gripe. But Mr. *Steele*, was liberall,
 And a fine man ; and she a dainty Dame,
 And a religious, and a bountifull—

ACT I. SCENE V.

To them.

Compasse, Ironside.

You knew her Mr. *Compasse* ? *Com.* Spare the torture,
 I doe confesse without it. *Pol.* And her husband,
 What a fine couple they were ? and how they liv'd ? *Com.* Yes.

Pol. And lov'd together, like a paire of Turtles ? *Com.* Yes.

Pol. And feasted all the Neighbours ? *Com.* Take her off
 Some body that hath mercy. *Rut.* O he knowes her,
 It seemes ! *Com.* Or any measure of compassion:
 Doctors, if you be Christians, undertake
 One for the soule, the other for the body !

Pol. She would dispute with the Doctors of Divinity
 At her owne table ! and the Spitle Preachers !
 And find out the *Armenians*. *Rut.* The *Arminians* ?

Pol. I say the *Armenians*. *Com.* Nay, I say so too!

Pol. So Mr. *Polish* call'd 'hem, the *Armenians*!

Com. And *Medes*, and *Persians*, did he not? *Pol.* Yes, he knew 'hem,
And so did Mistris *Steele*! she was his Pupill!

The *Armenians*, he would say, were worse then Papists!

And then the *Persians*, were our Puritanes,

Had the fine piercing wits! *Com.* And who, the *Medes*?

Pol. The midle men, the Luke-warme Protestants?

Rut. Out, out. *Pol.* Sir she would find them by their branching:

Their branching sleeves, brancht cassocks, and brancht doctrine,

Beside their Texts. *Rut.* Stint Karlin: Ile not heare,

Confute her Parson. *Pol.* I respect no Persons,

Chaplins, or Doctors, I will speake. *Lad.* Yes, so't be reason,

Let her. *Rut.* Death, she cannot speake reason.

Com. Nor sense, if we be Masters of our senses!

Iro. - What mad woman ha' they got, here, to bate?

Pol. Sir I am mad, in truth, and to the purpose;

And cannot but be mad; to heare my Ladies

Dead sister sleighted, witty Mrs. *Steele*!

Iro. If shee had a wit, Death has gone neere to spoile it,

Affure your selfe. *Pol.* She was both witty, and zealous;

And lighted all the Tinder o' the truth,

(As one said) of Religion, in our Parish:

Shee was too learn'd to live long with us!

She could the Bible in the holy tongue:

And reade it without pricks: had all her *Masoreih*;

Knew *Burton*, and his Bull; and scribe *Prin-Gent*!

Presto-be-gon: and all the Pharisees. *Lad.* Deare Gossip,

Be you gone, at this time, too, and vouchsafe

To see your charge, my Neice. *Pol.* I shall obey

If your wife Ladiship thinke fit: I know,

To yeild to my Superiors. *Lad.* A good woman!

But when she is impertinent, growes earnest,

A litle troublesome, and out of season:

Her love, and zeale transport her. *Com.* I am glad,

That any thing could port her hence. Wee now

Have hope of dinner, after her long grace.

I have brought your Ladiship a hungry Guest, here,

A Souldier, and my brother Captaine *Ironside*:

Who being by custome growne a Sanguinarie,

The solemne, and adopted sonne of slaughter:

Is more delighted i' the chase of an enemy,

An execution of three daies, and nights;

Then all the hope of numerous succession,

Or happineffe of Issue could bring to him.

Rut. Hee is no Suitor then? *Pol.* So't should seeme.

Com. And, if hee can get pardon at heavens hand,

For all his murthers, is in as good case

As a new christned Infant: (his employments

Continu'd to him, without Interruption;

And

And not allowing him, or time, or place
To commit any other sinne, but those)
Please you to make him welcome for a meale, Madam.

Lad. The noblenesse of his profession makes
His welcome perfect: though your course description
Would seeme to fully it. *Iro.* Never, where a beame
Of so much favour doth illustrate it,
Right knowing Lady. *Pal.* She hath cur'd all well.
Rut. And hee hath fitted well the Complement.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

To them.

Sir Diaphanous. *Practise.*

Com. No; here they come! the prime *Magnetick* Guests
Our Lady *Loadstone* so respects: the Artick!
And th' *Antartick*! Sir *Diaphanous* *Silke-worme*!
A Courtier extraordinary; who by diet
Of meates, and drinckes; his temperate exercise;
Choise musick; frequent bathes; his horary shifts
Of Shirts and Wast-coats; meanes to immortalize
Mortality it selfe; and makes the essence
Of his whole happinesse the trim of Court.

Dia. I thanke you Mr. *Compasse*, for your short
Encomiastick. *Rut.* It is much in little, Sir.

Pal. Concise, and quick: the true stile of an Orator.

Com. But Mr. *Practise* here, my Ladies Lawyer!
Or man of Law: (for that's the true writing)

A man so dedicate to his profession,
And the preferments goe along with it;
As scarce the thundring bruit of an invasion,
Another eighty eight, threatening his Countrey
With ruine; would no more worke upon him,
Then *Syracusa's* Sack, on *Archimede*:
So much he loves that Night-cap! the Bench-gowne!
With the broad Guard o'th back! These shew
A man betroth'd unto the study of our Lawes!

Pra. Which you but thinke the crafty impositions,
Of subtile Clerks, feats of fine understanding,
To abuse Clots, and Clownes with, Mr. *Compasse*,
Having no ground in nature, to sustaine it
Or light, from those cleare causes: to the inquiry
And search of which, your Mathematicall head,
Hath so devow'd it selfe. *Com.* Tut, all men are
Philosophers, to their inches. There's within,
Sir *Interest*, as able a Philosopher,
In buying, and selling! has reduc'd his thrifte,
To certaine principles, and i'that method!
As hee will tell you instantly, by *Logorythmes*,

The utmost profit of a stock imployed:
 (Be the Commoditie what it will) the place,
 Or time, but causing very, very little,
 Or, I may say, no paralaxe at all,
 In his pecuniary observations!
 He has brought your Neices portion with him, Madam;
 At least the man that must receive it; Here
 They come negotiating the affaire;
 You may perceive the Contract in their faces;
 And read th'indenture: If you'd signe 'hem. So.

ACT I. SCENE VII.

To them.

Interest. Bias.

Pal. What is he, Mr. *Compasse*? *Com.* A Vi-politique!
 Or a sub-aiding Instrument of State!
 A kind of a laborious Secretary
 To a great man! (and likely to come on)
 Full of attendance! and of such a stride
 In busines politique, or œconomick,
 As, well, his Lord may stoope t'advise with him,
 And be prescribed by him, in affaires
 Of highest consequence, when hee is dull'd,
 Or wearied with the lesse. *Dia.* 'Tis Mr. *Bias*,
 Lord *Whackum's* Politique. *Com.* You know the man?

Dia. I ha' seene him waite at Court, there, with his Maniples
 Of papers, and petitions. *Pro.* Hee is one
 That over-rules tho', by his authority
 Of living there; and cares for no man else:
 Neglects the sacred letter of the Law;
 And holds it all to be but a dead heape,
 Of civill institutions: the rest only
 Of common men, and their causes, a farragoe,
 Or a made dish in Court; a thing of nothing.

Com. And that's your quarrell at him? a just plea.

Int. I tell you sister *Loadstone* — *Com.* (Hang your eares
 This way: and heare his praises, now *Moath* opens)

Int. I ha' brought you here the very man! the Jewell
 Of all the Court! close Mr. *Bias*! Sister,
 Apply him to your side! or you may weare him
 Here o' your brest! or hang him in your eare!
 He's a fit Pendant for a Ladies tip!

A *Chrisolite*, a *Gemme*: the very *Agat*
 Of State, and Politie: cut from the Quar
 Of *Macchiavel*, a true *Cornelian*,
 As *Tacitus* himse! and to be made
 The brooch to any true State-cap in Europe!

Lad. You praise him brother, as you had hope to sell him.

C

Com.

Com. No Madam, as hee had hope to sell your Neice Vnto him. *Lad.* Ware your true jests, Mr. *Compasse*; They will not relish. *Int.* I will tell you, sister, I cannot cry his Carraet up enough: He is unvaluable: All the Lords Have him in that esteeme, for his relations, Corrant's, Avises, Correspondences, With this Ambassadour, and that Agent! Hee Will screw you out a Secret from a Statist—.

Com. So easie, as some Cobler wormes a Dog.

Int. And lock it in the Cabinet of his memory—.

Com. Till't turne a politique insect, or a Fly! Thus long. *Int.* You may be merry Mr. *Compasse*, But though you have the reversion of an office, You are not in't Sir. *Bia.* Remember that.

Com. Why, should that fright me, Mr. *Bi*—, from telling Whose as you are? *Int.* Sir he's one, can doe His turnes there: and deliver too his letters, As punctually, and in as good a fashion, As ere a Secretary can in Court.

Iro. Why, is it any matter in what fashion A man deliver his letters, so he not open 'hem?

Bia. Yes, we have certaine precedents in Court, From which wee never swerve, once in an age: And (whatsoere he thinkes) I know the Arts, And Sciences doe not directlier make A Graduate in our Vniversities; Then an habituall gravitie prefers A man in Court. *Com.* Which by the truer stile, Some call a formall, flat servility.

Bia. Sir you may call it what you please. But wee (That tread the path of publike busineses) Know what a tacit shrug is, or a shrink; The wearing the Callott; the politique hood: And twenty other *parerga*, o'the by, You Seculars understand not: I shall trick him, If his reversion came, i' my Lords way.

Dia. What is that Mr. *Practise*? you sure know? Mas' *Compasses* reversion? *Pra.* A fine place (Surveyor of the Projects generally) I would I had it. *Pal.* What is't worth? *Pra.* O Sir, A *Nemo scit*. *Lad.* Wee'l thinke on't afore dinner.

Chorus.

Boy. Now, Gentlemen, what censure you of our *Protagas*, or first *Act*? *Pro.* Well, Boy, it is a faire Presentment of your *Actors*. And a handsome promise of somewhat to come hereafter.

Dam. But, there is nothing done in it, or concluded: Therefore I say, no Act.

Boy. A fine peice of Logick! Doe you looke, Mr. *Damplay*, for conclusions in a *Protesis*? I thought the Law of *Comedy* had reserv'd to the *Catastrophe*: and that the *Epitasis*, (as wee are taught) and the *Catastasis*, had beene interveening parts, to have beene expected. But you would have all come together it seemes: The Clock should strike five, at once, with the Acts.

Dam. Why, if it could doe so, it were well, *Boy*.

Boy. Yes, if the nature of a Clock were to speake, not strike. So, if a Child could be borne, in a *Play*, and grow up to a man, i'the first Scene, before hee went off the Stage: and then after to come forth a Squire, and bee made a Knight: and that Knight to travell betweene the Acts, and doe wonders i'the holy land or else where; kill Paynims wild Boores, dun Cowes, and other Monsters; beget him a reputation, and marry an Emperours Daughter: for his Mrs. Convert her Fathers Countrey; and at last come home, lame and all to be laden with miracles.

Dam. These miracles would please, I assure you: and take the People! For there be of the People, that will expect miracles, and more then miracles from this Pen.

Boy. Doe they thinke this Pen can juggle: I would we had *Hokospokus* for 'hem then; your People, or *Travittanto Tudesko*.

Dam. Who's that *Boy*?

Boy. Another Juggler, with a long name. Or that your expectors would be gone hence, now, at the first Act; or expect no more hereafter, then they understand.

Dam. Why so my peremptory Jack?

Boy. My name is *John*, indeed— Because, who expect what is impossible, or beyond nature, defraud themselves.

Pro. Nay, there the *Boy* said well: They doe defraud themselves indeed.

Boy. And therefore, Mr. *Damplay*, unlesse like a solemne Justice of wit, you will damne our *Play*, unheard, or unexamin'd; I shall intreat your Mrs. Madam *Expectation*, if shee be among these Ladies, to have patience, but a pissing while: give our Springs leave to open a little, by degrees: A Source of ridiculous matter may breake forth anon, that shall steepe their temples, and bathe their braines in laughter, to the fomenting of Stupiditie it selfe, and the awaking any velvet Lethargy in the House.

Pro. Why doe you maintaine your Poets quarrell so with velvet, and good clothes, *Boy*? wee have seene him in indifferent good clothes, ere now.

Boy. And may doe in better, if it please the King (his Master) to say Amen to it, and allow it, to whom hee acknowledgeth all. But his clothes shall never be the best thing about him, though, hee will have somewhat beside, either of humane letters, or severe honesty, shall speak him a man though he went naked.

Pro. Hee is beholden to you, if you can make this good, *Boy*.

Boy. Himselfe hath done that, already, against Envy.

Dam. What's your name Sir? or your Countrey?

Boy. *John Try-gust* my name: A *Cornish* youth, and the Poets Servant.

Dam. West-countrey breed, I thought, you were so bold.

Boy. Or rather sawcy: to find out your palate, Mr. *Damplay*, Faith we doe call a Spade, a *Spade*, in *Cornewall*. If you dare damne our *Play*, i'the wrong place, we shall take heart to tell you so.

Pro. Good *Boy*.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Keepe. Placentia. Pleasance.

Kee. Sweet Mistris, pray you be merry: you are sure
To have a husband now. *Pla.* I, if the store

Hurt not the choise. *Ple.* Store is no fore, young Mistris,

My mother is wont to say. *Keepe.* And shee'll say wisely,

As any mouth i'the Parish. Fixe on one,

Fixe upon one, good Mistris. *Pla.* At this call, too,

Here's Mr. *Practise*, who is call'd to the Bench

Of purpose. *Kee.* Yes, and by my Ladies meanes—

Ple. 'Tis thought to be the man. *Kee.* A Lawyers wife.

Ple. And a fine Lawyers wife. *Kee.* Is a brave calling.

Ple. Sweet Mistris *Practise*! *Kee.* Gentle Mistris *Practise*!

Ple. Faire, open Mistris *Practise*! *Kee.* I, and close,

And cunning Mrs. *Practise*! *Pla.* I not like that,

The Courtiers is the neater calling. *Ple.* Yes,

My Lady *Silke-worme*. *Kee.* And to shine in Plush.

Ple. Like a young night Crow, a *Diaphanous Silke-worme*.

Kee. Lady *Diaphanous* sounds most delicate!

Ple. Which would you choose, now Mistris? *Pla.* Cannot tell.

The copie does confound one. *Ple.* Here's my Mother.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Polish. Keepe. Placentia. Pleasance. Needle.

Pol. How now, my dainty charge, and diligent Nurse?

What were you chanting on? (* God blesse you Maiden.) * *To her daugh-*

Kee. Wee were inchanting all, wishing a husband

ter kneeling.

For my young Mistris here. A man to please her.

Pol. Shee shall have a man, good Nurse, and must have a man:

A man, and a halfe, it wee can choose him out:

We are all in Counsell within, and sit about it:

The Doctors, and the Schollers, and my Lady;

Who's wiser then all us—. Where's Mr. *Needle*?

Her Ladiship so lacks him to prick out

The man? How does my sweet young Mistris?

You looke not well, me thinkes! how doe you, deare charge?

You must have a husband, and you shall have a husband,

There's

There's two put out to making for you: A third,
Your Vncle promises: But you must still
Be rul'd by your Aunt: according to the will
Of your dead father, and mother (who are in heaven.)
Your Lady-Aunt has choise i'the house for you:
Wee doe not trust your Vncle, hee would keepe you
A Batchler still, by keeping of your portion:
And keepe you not alone without a husband,
But in a sicknesse: I, and the greene sicknesse,
The Maidens malady; which is a sicknesse:
A kind of a disease, I can assure you,
And like the Fish our Mariners call *remora*.

Kee. Are remora Mistris! *Pol.* How now goody Nurse?
Dame *Keepe* of *Katernes*? what? have you an oare
I'the Cockboat, 'cause you are a Saylors wife?
And come from *Shadwell*? I say a *remora*:
For it will stay a Ship, that's under Saile!
And staies are long, and tedious things to Maids!
And maidens are young ships, that would be sailing,
When they be rigg'd: wherefore is all their trim else?

Nee. True; and for them to be staid — *Pol.* The stay is dangerous:
You know it Mrs. *Needle*. *Nee.* I know somewhat:
And can assure you, from the Doctors mouth,
Shee has a Dropfie; and must change theayre,
Before she can recover. *Pol.* Say you so, Sir?

Nee. The Doctor saies so. *Pol.* Sayes his worship so?
I warrant 'hem he sayes true, then; they sometimes
Are Sooth-sayers, and alwayes cunning men.
Which Doctor was it? *Nee.* Eene my Ladies Doctor:
The neat house-Doctor: But a true stone-Doctor.

Pol. Why? heare you, Nurse? How comes this geare to passe?
This is your fault in truth: It shall be your fault,
And must be your fault: why is your Mistris sicke?
Shee had her health, the while shee was with me.

Kee. Alas good Mistris *Polish*, I am no Saint,
Much lesse, my Lady, to be urg'd give health,
Or sicknesse at my will: but to awaite
The starres good pleasure, and to doe my duty.

Pol. You must doe more then your dutie, foolish Nurse:
You must doe all you can; and more then you can,
More then is possible: when folkes are sick,
Especially, a Mistris; a young Mistris.

Kee. Here's Mr. Doctor himselfe, cannot doe that

Pol. Doctor *Doo-all* can doe it. Thence he's call'd so.

Act

ACT II. SCENE III.

Rut. Polish. Lady. Keepe. Placentia.

Rut. Whence? what's hee call'd? *Pol.* Doctor, doe all you can,
I pray you, and beseech you, for my charge, here.

Lad. She's my tending Gossip, loves my Neice.

Pol. I know you can doe all things, what you please, Sir,
For a young Damsel, my good Ladies Neice, here!
You can doe what you list. *Rut.* Peace *Tiffany*.

Pol. Especially in this new case, o' the Dropfie.
The Gentlewoman (I doe feare) is leuen'd.

Rut. Leuen'd? what's that? *Pol.* Pufft, blowne, and't please your worship.

Rut. What! Darke, by darker? What is blowne? puff'd? speake
English—*Pol.* Tainted (and't please you) some doe call it.
She swels, and swels so with it.—*Rut.* Give her vent,

If shee doe swell. A Gimblet must be had:

It is a *Tympanites* she is troubled with;

There are three kinds: The first is *Ana-sarca*

Vnder the Flesh, a Tumor: that's not hers.

The second is *Ascites*, or *Aquosus*,

A watry humour: that's not hers neither.

But *Tympanites* (which we call the Drum)

A wind bombes in her belly, must be unbrac'd,

And with a Faucet, ora Peg, let out,

And she'll doe well: get her a husband. *Pol.* Yes,

I say so Mr. *Doctor*, and betimes too. *Lad.* As

Soone as wee can: let her beare up to day,

Laugh, and keepe company, at Gleeke, or Crimpe.

Pol. Your Ladiship sayes right, Crimpe, sure, will cure her.

Rut. Yes, and Gleeke too; peace Gossip *Tittle-Tattle*,

Shee must to morrow, downe into the Countrey,

Some twenty mile; A Coach, and six brave Horses:

Take the fresh aire, a moneth there, or five weekes:

And then returne a Bride, up to the Towne,

For any husband i' the *Hemisphere*,

To chuck at; when she has dropt her *Timpane*.

Pol. Must she then drop it? *Rut.* Thence, 'tis call'd a Dropfie.

The *Timpanites* is one spiece of it;

A toy, a thing of nothing, a meere vapour:

He blow't away. *Lad.* Needle, get you the Coach

Ready, against to morrow morning. *Nee.* Yes Madam.

Lad. He downe with her my selfe, and thanke the Doctor.

Pol. Wee all shall thanke him. But, deare Madam, thinke,
Resolve upon a man, this day. *Lad.* I ha' done't.

To tell you true, (sweet Gossip;) here is none

But Master *Doctor*, hee shall be o' the Counsell:

The man I have design'd her to, indeed,

Is Master *Practise*: he's a neat young man,

Forward, and growing up, in a profession!
 Like to be some body, if the Hall stand!
 And Pleading hold! A prime young Lawyers wife,
 Is a right happy fortune. *Rut.* And shee bringing
 So plentifull a portion, they may live
 Like King, and Queene, at common Law together!
 Sway Judges; guide the Courts; command the Clarkes;
 And fright the Evidence; rule at their pleasures,
 Like petty Soveraignes in all cases. *Pol.* O, that
 Will be a worke of time; she may be old
 Before her husband rise to a chiefe Judge;
 And all her flower be gone: No, no, a Lady
 O' the first head I'd have her; and in Court:
 The Lady *Silk-worme*, a *Diaphanous* Lady:
 And be a Vi-countesse to carry all
 Before her (as wee say) her Gentleman-usher:
 And cast off Pages, bare, to bid her Aunt
 Welcome unto her honour, at her lodgings.
Rut. You say well, Ladies Gossip; if my Lady
 Could admit that, to have her Neice precede her.

Lad. For that, I must consult mine owne Ambition;
 My zealous Gossip. *Pol.* O, you shall precede her:
 You shall be a Countesse! Sir *Diaphanous*,
 Shall get you made a Countesse! Here he comes;
 Has my voice certaine: O fine Courtier!
 O blessed man! the bravery prick't out,
 To make my dainty charge, a Vi-countesse!
 And my good Lady, her Aunt, Countesse at large!

ACT II. SCENE III.

Diaphanous. Palate.

To them.

Dia. I tell thee *Farson*, if I get her, reckon
 Thou hast a friend in Court; and shalt command
 A thousand pound, to goe on any errand,
 For any Church preferment thou hast a mind too.
Pal. I thanke your worship: I will so worke for you,
 As you shall study all the wayes to thanke me:
 Ile worke my Lady, and my Ladies friends;
 Her Gossip, and this Doctor; and Squire *Needle*,
 And Mr. *Compasse*, who is all in all:
 The very Fly shee moves by: Hee is one
 That went to Sea with her husband, Sir *John Loadstone*,
 And brought home the rich prizes: all that wealth
 Is left her; for which service she respects him:
 A dainty Scholler in the Mathematicks;
 And one shee wholly imployes. Now *Dominus Practise*
 Is yet the man (appointed by her Ladiship)

But

But there's a trick to set his cap awry:
 If I know any thing; hee hath confest
 To me in private, that hee loves another,
 My Ladies woman, Mrs. *Pleasance*: therefore
 Secure you of Rivalship. *Dia*. I thank thee
 My noble *Parson*: There's five hundred pound
 Waites on thee more for that. *Pal*. Accoast the Neice:
 Yonder shee walkes alone: Ile move the Aunt:
 But here's the Gossip: shee expects a morsell.
 Ha' you nere a Ring, or toy to throw away?

Dia. Yes, here's a Diamont of some threescore pound,
 I pray you give her that. *Pal*. If shee will take it.

Dia. And there's an Emerauld, for the Doctor too:
 Thou *Parson*, thou shalt coine me: I am thine.

Pal. Here Mr. *Compasse* comes: Doe you see my Lady?
 And all the rest? how they doe flutter about him!
 Hee is the Oracle of the house, and family!
 Now, is your time: goe nick it with the Neice:
 I will walke by; and hearken how the Chimes goe.

ACT II. SCENE V.

To them,

Compasse.

Com. Nay *Parson*, stand not off; you may approach:
 This is no such hid point of State, wee handle,
 But you may heare it: for wee are all of Counsell.
 The gentle Mr. *Practise*, hath dealt clearly,
 And nobly with you, Madam. *Lad*. Ha' you talk'd with him?
 And made the overture? *Com*. Yes, first I mov'd
 The busines trusted to me, by your Ladiship,
 I' your owne words, almost your very Sillabes:
 Save where my Memory trespass'd gainst their elegance:
 For which I hope your pardon. Then I enlarg'd
 In my owne homely stile, the speciall goodnesse,
 And greatnesse, of your bounty, in your choice,
 And free conferring of a benefit,
 So without ends, conditions, any tye
 But his meere vertue, and the value of it,
 To call him to your kindred, to your veines,
 Insert him in your family, and to make him
 A Nephew, by the offer of a Neice,
 With such a portion; which when hee had heard,
 And most maturely acknowledg'd (as his calling
 Tends all unto maturity) he return'd
 A thanks, as ample as the Courtesie,
 (In my opinion) said it was a Grace,
 Too great to be rejected, or accepted
 By him! But as the termes stood with his fortune,
 Hee was not to prevaricate, with your Ladiship,

But rather to require ingenious leave,
He might with the same love, that it was offer'd
Refuse it, since he could not with his honesty,
(Being he was ingag'd before) receive it.

Pal. The same he said to me. *Com.* And name the party.

Pal. He did, and he did not. *Com.* Come, leave your Schemes,
And fine *Amphibolies*, *Parson*. *Pal.* You'll heare more.

Pol. Why, now your Ladiship is free to choose,
The Courtier Sir *Diaphanous*: he shall doe it,
Ile move it to him my selfe. *Lad.* What will you move to him?

Pol. The making you a Countesse. *Lad.* Stint, fond woman.
Know you the partie Mr. *Practise* meanes?

Com. No, but your *Parson* sayes he knowes, Madam.

Lad. I feare he fables; *Parson* doe you know
Where Mr. *Practise* is ingag'd? *Pal.* Ile tell you!
But under seale, her Mother must not know:

'T is with your Ladiships woman, Mrs. *Pleasance*.

Com. How! *Lad.* Hee is not mad. *Pal.* O hide the hideous secret
From her, shee'l trouble all else. You doe hold
A Cricket by the wing. *Com.* Did he name *Pleasance*?

Are you sure *Parson*? *Lad.* O 'tis true, your Mrs!

I find where your shooe wrings you, Mr. *Compass*:

But, you'l looke to him there. *Com.* Yes, here's Sir *Moath*,

Your brother, with his *Bins*, and the Partie

Deepe in discourse: 'twill be a bargaine, and sale;

I see by their close working of their heads,

And running them together so in Councell.

Lad. Will Mr. *Practise* be of Councell against us?

Com. He is a Lawyer, and must speake for his Fee,
Against his Father, and Mother, all his kindred;

His brothers, or his sisters: no exception

Lies at the Common-Law. He must not alter

Nature for forme, but goe on in his path—

It may be he will be for us. Doe not you

Offer to meddle, let them take their course:

Dispatch, and marry her off to any husband;

Be not you scrupulous; let who can have her:

So he lay downe the portion, though he gueld it:

It will maintaine the suit against him: somewhat,

Something in hand is better, then no birds;

He shall at last accompt, for the utmost farthing,

If you can keepe your hand from a discharge.

Pol. Sir, doe but make her worshipfull Aunt a Countesse,

And she is yours: her Aunt has worlds to leave you!

The wealth of six East *Indian* Fleets at least!

Her Husband, Sir *Iohn Loadstone*, was the Governour

O' the Company, seven yeares. *Dia.* And came there home,

Six Fleets in seven yeares? *Pol.* I cannot tell,

I must attend my Gossip, her good Ladiship.

Pla. And will you make me a Vi-countesse too? For,

How doe they make a Countesse? in a Chaire?

Or 'pon a bed? *Dia.* Both wayes, sweet bird, Ile shew you.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

*Interest. Practise. Bias. Compasse. Palate. But.**Ironside.**To them.*

Int. The truth is, Mr. *Practise*, now wee are sure
 That you are off, we dare come on the bolder:
 The portion left, was fixteene thousand pound,
 I doe confesse it, as a just man should.
 And call here Mr. *Compasse*, with these Gentlemen,
 To the relation: I will still be just.
 Now for the profits every way arising,
 It was the Donors wisdom, those should pay
 Me for my watch, and breaking of my sleepes;
 It is no petty charge, you know, that summe;
 To keepe a man awake, for fourteene yeare.

Pra. But (as you knew to use it i' that time)
 It would reward your waking. *Int.* That's my industry;
 As it might be your reading, studie, and counsell;
 And now your pleading, who denies it you?
 I have my calling too. Well, Sir, the *Contract*
 Is with this Gentleman, ten thousand pound.
 (An ample portion, for a younger brother,
 With a soft, tender, delicate rib of mans flesh,
 That he may worke like waxe, and print upon.)
 He expects no more then that summe to be tendred,
 And hee receive it: Those are the conditions.

Pra. A direct bargaine, and sale in open market.

Int. And what I have furnish'd him with all o' the by,
 To appeare, or so: A matter of foure hundred,
 To be deduc'd upo' the payment—. *Bia.* Right.
 You deale like a just man still. *Int.* Draw up this
 Good Mr. *Practise*, for us, and be speedy.

Pra. But here's a mighty gaine Sir, you have made
 Of this one stock! the principall first doubled,
 In the first seven yeare; and that redoubled
 I' the next seven! beside fixe thousand pound,
 There's threescore thousand got in fourteene yeare,
 After the usuall rate of ten i' the hundred,
 And the ten thousand paid. *Int.* I thinke it be!

Pra. How will you scape the clamour, and the envie?

Int. Let 'hem exclaime, and envie: what care I?
 Their murmurs raise no blisters i' my flesh.
 My monies are my blood, my parents, kindred:
 And he that loves not those, he is unnaturall:
 I am perswaded that the love of monie
 Is not a vertue, only in a Subject,

But

But might besit a Prince. And (were there need)
I find me able to make good the Assertion.
To any reasonable mans understanding.
And make him to confesse it. *Com.* Gentlemen,
Doctors, and Schollers, yo'll heare this, and looke for
As much true secular wit, and deepe Lay-sense,
As can be showne on such a common place.

Int. First, wee all know the soule of man is infinite
I what it covets. Who desireth knowledge,
Desires it infinitely. Who covets honour,
Covets it infinitely, It will be then
No hard thing, for a coveting man, to prove
Or to confesse, hee aimes at infinite wealth.

Com. His soule lying that way. *Int.* Next, every man
Is i' the hope, or possibility
Of a whole world: this present world being nothing,
But the dispersed issue of first one:
And therefore I not see, but a just man
May with just reason, and in office ought
Propound unto himselfe. *Com.* An infinite wealth!
He beare the burden: Goe you on Sir *Moath*.

Int. Thirdly, if wee consider man a member,
But of the body politique, we know,
By just experience, that the Prince hath need
More of one wealthy, then ten fighting men.

Com. There you went out o' the road, a little from us.

Int. And therefore, if the Princes aimes be infinite,
It must be in that, which makes all. *Com.* Infinite wealth.

Int. Fourthly, 'tis naturall to all good subjects,
To set a price on money; more then fooles
Ought on their Mrs. Picture; every piece
Fro' the penny to the twelve pence, being the *Hieroglyphick*,
And sacred Sculpture of the Sovereigne.

Com. A manifest conclusion, and a safe one.

Int. Fifthly, wealth gives a man the leading voice,
At all conventions; and displaceth worth,
With generall allowance to all parties:
It makes a trade to take the wall of vertue,
And the mere issue of a shop, right Honourable.
Sixtly, it doth inable him that hath it
To the performance of all reall actions,
Referring him to himselfe still: and not binding
His will to any circumstance, without him;
It gives him precise knowledge of himselfe;
For, be he rich, he straight with evidence knowes
Whether he have any compassion,
Or inclination unto vertue, or no;
Where the poore knave erroneously beleeves,
If he were rich, he would build Churches, or
Doe such mad things. Seventhly, your wise poore men

Have ever been contented to observe
 Rich Fooles, and so to serve their turnes upon them:
 Subjecting all their wit to the others wealth.
 And become Gentlemen Parasites, Squire Bauds,
 To feed their Patrons honorable humors.
 Eightly, 'tis certaine that a man may leave
 His wealth, or to his Children, or his friends;
 His wit hee cannot so dispose, by Legacie,
 As they shall be a *Harrington* the better for't.

Enter Iron-
 side.

Com. He may intaile a Jest upon his house, though:
 Or leave a tale to his posteritie,

To be told after him. *Iro.* As you have done here?
 T'invite your friend, and brother to a feast,
 Where all the Guests are so mere heterogene,
 And strangers, no man knowes another, or cares
 If they be Christians, or Mahumetans!
 That here are met. *Com.* Is't any thing to you brother,
 To know Religions more then those you fight for?

Iro. Yes, and with whom I eat. I may dispute,
 And how shall I hold argument with such,
 I neither know their humors, nor their heresies;
 Which are religions now, and so receiv'd?
 Here's no man among these that keepe a servant,
 To inquire his Master of: yet i'the house,
 I heare it buzz'd, there are a brace of Doctors;
 A Foole, and a Physician: with a Courtier,
 That feeds on mulberry leaves, like a true *Silkeworme*:
 A Lawyer, and a mighty Money-Baud,
 Sir *Moath*! has brought his politique *Bias* with him:
 A man of a most animadverting humor:
 Who, to indeare himselfe unto his his Lord,
 Will tell him, you and I, or any of us,
 That here are met, are all pernicious spirits,
 And men of pestilent purpose, meanelly affected.
 Vnto the State wee live in: and beget
 Himselfe a thanks, with the great men o' the time,
 By breeding Jealousies in them of us,
 Shall crosse our fortunes, frustrate our endeavours,
 Twice seven yeares after: And this trick be call'd
 Cutting of throats, with a whispering, or a pen-knife.
 I must cut his throat now: I am bound in honour,
 And by the Law of armes, to see it done;
 I dare to doe it; and I dare professe
 The doing of it: being to such a Raskall,
 Who is the common offence growne of man-kind;
 And worthy to be torne up from society.

Com. You shall not doe it here, Sir. *Iro.* Why? will you
 Intreat your selfe, into a beating for him,
 My courteous brother? If you will, have at you,
 No man deserves it better (now I thinke on't)

Then you: that will keepe confort with such Fidlers,
Pragmatick Flies, Fooles, Publicanes, and Moathes:
And leave your honest, and adopted brother.

Int. Best raise the house upon him, to secure us;
Hee'll kill us all! *Pal.* I love no blades in belts.

Rat. Nor I. *Bia.* Would I were at my shop againe,
In Court, safe stow'd up, with my politique bundels.

Com. How they are scatter'd! *Iro.* Run away like *Cimici*,
Into the cranies of a rotten bed-stead.

Com. I told you such a passage would disperse 'hem,
Although the house were their Fee-simple in Law,
And they posselt of all the blessings in it.

Iro. Pray heaven they be not frighted from their stomacks;
That so my Ladies Table be disfurnish'd
Of the provisions! *Com.* No, the *Parsons* calling
By this time, all the covey againe, together.
Here comes good tydings! Dinners o' the boord.

ACT II. SCENE VII.

Compasse. Pleasance.

Com. Stay Mrs. *Pleasance*, I must aske you a question:
Ha' you any suites in Law? *Ple.* I, Mr. *Compasse*?

Com. Answer me briefly, it is dinner time.
They say you have retain'd brisk Mr. *Practise*
Here, of your Councell; and are to be joyn'd
A Patentee with him. *Ple.* In what? who sayes so?
You are dispos'd to jest. *Com.* No, I am in earnest.
It is given out i' the house so, I assure you;
But keepe your right to your selfe, and not acquaint
A common Lawyer with your case. If hee
Once find the gap; a thousand will leape after.
Ile tell you more anone. *Ple.* This Riddle shewes
A little like a Love-trick, o' one face,
If I could understand it. I will studie it.

Chorus.

Dam. But whom doth your Poët meane now by this— Mr. *Bias*?
what Lords Secretary, doth hee purpose to personate, or perstringe?

Boy. You might as well aske mee, what *Alderman*, or *Aldermans Mate*,
hee meant by Sir *Moath Interest*? or what eminent Lawyer, by the ridi-
culous Mr. *Practise*? who hath rather his name invented for laughter,
then any offence, or injury it can stick on the reverend Professors of the
Law: And so the wise ones will thinke.

Pro. It is an insidious Question, Brother *Damplay*! Iniquity it selfe
would

would not have urg'd it. It is picking the Lock of the Scene; not opening it the faire way with a Key. *A Play*, though it apparell, and present vices in generall, flies from all particularities in persons. Would you aske of *Plautus*, and *Terence*, (if they both liv'd now) who were *Davus*, or *Pseudolus* in the Scene? who *Pyrgopolinices*, or *Thraso*? who *Euclio* or *Menedemus*?

Boy. Yes, he would: And inquire of *Martial*, or any other *Epigrammatist*, whom he meant by *Titius*, or *Seius* (the common *John à Noks*, or *John à Style*) under whom they note all vices, and errors taxable to the *Times*? As if there could not bee a name for a Folly fitted to the *Stage*, but there must be a person in nature, found out to owne it.

Dam. Why, I can phant'sie a person to my selfe *Boy*, who shall hinder me?

Boy. And, in not publishing him, you doe no man an injury. But if you will utter your owne ill meaning on that person, under the *Authors* words, you make a Libell of his *Comædy*.

Dam. O, hee told us that in a *Prologue*, long since.

Boy. If you doe the same reprehensible ill things, still the same reprehension will serve you, though you heard it afore: They are his owne words. I can invent no better, nor he.

Pro. It is the solemne vice of interpretation, that deforms the figure of many a faire *Scene*, by drawing it awry; and indeed is the civill murder of most good *Playes*: If I see a thing vividly presented on the *Stage*, that the Glasse of custome (which is *Comedy*) is so held up to me, by the Poet, as I can therein view the daily examples of mens lives, and images of Truth, in their manners, so drawne for my delight, or profit, as I may (either way) use them: and will I, rather (then make that true use) hunt out the *Persons* to defame, by my malice of misapplying: and imperill the innocence, and candor of the *Author*, by his calumnie? It is an unjust way of hearing, and beholding *Playes*, this, and most unbecomming a *Gentleman* to appeare malignantly witty in anothers *Werke*.

Boy. They are no other but narrow, and shrunk natures; shriveld up, poore things, that cannot thinke well of themselves, who dare to detract others. That *Signature* is upon them, and it will last. A halfe-witted *Barbarisme*! which no Barbers art, or his bals, will ever expunge or take out.

Dam. Why, *Boy*? This were a strange Empire, or rather a Tyrannie, you would entitle your Poet to, over Gentlemen, that they should come to heare, and see *Playes*, and say nothing for their money.

Boy. O, yes; say what you will: so it be to purpose, and in place.

Dam. Can any thing be out of purpose at a *Play*? I see no reason, if I come here, and give my eightene pence, or two shillings for my Seat, but I should take it out in censure, on the *Stage*.

Boy. Your two shilling worth is allow'd you: but you will take your ten shilling worth, your twenty shilling worth, and more: And teach others (about you) to doe the like, that follow your leading face; as if you were to cry up or downe every *Scene*, by confederacy, be it right or wrong.

Dam. Who should teach us the right, or wrong at a *Play*?

Boy. If your owne science can not doe it, or the love of Modesty, and Truth;

Truth; all other intreaties, or attempts—are vaine. You are fitter *Spe-
ctators* for the *Beares*, then us, or the Puppets. This is a popular ignorance
indeed, somewhat better appareld in you, then the People: but a hard hau-
ded, and stiffe ignorance, worthy a Trewel, or a Hammer-man; and not
onely fit to be scorn'd, but to be triumph'd ore.

Dam. By whom, *Boy*?

Boy. No particular, but the generall neglect, and silence. Good Ma-
ster *Damplay*, be your selfe still, without a second: Few here are of your
opinion to day, I hope; to morrow, I am sure there will bee none, when
they have ruminated this.

Pro. Let us mind what you come for, the *lay*, which will draw on to
the *Epitasis* now.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Item. Needle. *Keepe.* Pleasance.

Item. **V**Here's Mr. Doctor? *Nee.* O Mr. *Tim Item*,
His learned Potheary! you are welcome:

He is within at dinner. *Ite.* Dinner! Death!

That hee will eat now, having such a busines,

That so concernes him! *Nee.* Why, can any busines

Concerne a man like his meat? *Ite.* O twenty millions,

To a Phyfician, that's in practise: I

Doe bring him newes, from all the points o' the *Compasse*,

(That's all the parts of the sublunary Globe.)

Of times, and double times. *Nee.* In, in, sweet *Item*,

And furnish forth the Table with your newes:

Deserve your dinner: Sow out your whole bag full:

The Guests will heare it. *Item.* I heard they were out.

Nee. But they are piec'd, and put together againe,

You may goe in, you'll find them at high eating:

The *Parson* has an edifying stomack,

And a perswading Palate (like his name:)

Hee hath begun three draughts of sack in *Doctrines*,

And fower in *Uses*. *Ite.* And they follow him.

Nee. No, Sir *Diaphanous* is a Recusant

In sack. He onely takes it in French wine,

With an allay of water. In, in, *Item*,

And leave your peeping. *Kee.* I have a moneths mind,

To peepe a little too. Sweet Mas' *Needle*,

How are they set? *Nee.* At the boords end my Lady—

Kee. And my young Mrs. by her? *Nee.* Yes, the *Parson*

On the right hand (as hee'l not lose his place

For thrusting) and 'gainst him Mrs. *Polish*:

Next, Sir *Diaphanous*, against Sir *Moath*;

Knights, one againe another: Then the Souldier,

The man of warre, and man of peace the Lawyer;

Then

Then the pert Doctor, and the politique *Bias*,
And Mr. *Compasse* circumscribeth all.

*A noise
within.*

Ple. Nurse *Keepe*, nurse *Keepe*! *Nee.* What noise is that within?

Ple. Come to my Mistris, all their weapons are out.

Nee. Mischiefe of men! what day, what houre is this?

Kee. Run for the cellar of strong waters, quickly.

ACT III. SCENE II.

To them after.

Compasse. Ironside.

Com. Were you a mad man to doe this at table?
And trouble all the Guests, to affright the Ladies,
And Gentlewomen? *Iro.* Pox upo' your women,
And your halfe man there, Court-Sir *Amber-gris*:
A perfum'd braggart: He must drinke his wine
With three parts water; and have Amber in that too.

Com. And you must therefore breake his face with a Glasse,
And wash his nose in wine. *Iro.* Cannot he drinke
In Orthodexe, but he must have his Gums,
And Panyrn Drugs? *Com.* You should have us'd the Glasse
Rather as ballance, then the sword of Justice:
But you have cut his face with it, he bleeds.
Come you shall take your Sanctuary with me;
The whole house will be up in armes 'gainst you else,
Within this halfe houre; this way to my lodging.

*Rut. Lady. Polish. Keepe, carrying Placentin
over the Stage.*

Pleasance. Item.

Rut. A most rude action! carry her to her bed;
And use the Fricace to her, with those oyles.
Keepe your newes *Item* now, and tend this busines.

Lad. Good Gossip look to her. *Pol.* How doe you sweet charge?

Kee. She's in a sweat. *Pol.* I, and a faint sweat mary.

Rut. Let her alone to *Tim*: he has directions,
Ile heare your newes *Tim Item*, when you ha' done.

Lad. Was ever such a Guest brought to my table?

Rut. These boistrous Souldiers ha' no better breeding.
Here Mr. *Compasse* comes: where's your Captaine,
Rudhudibras de Ironside? *Com.* Gone out of doores.

Lad. Would he had nere come in them, I may wish.
He has discredited my house, and boord,
With his rude swaggering manners, and endanger'd
My Neices health (by drawing of his weapon)
God knowes how farre; for Mr. Doctor does not.

Com. The Doctor is an Ass then, if hee say so,
And cannot with his conjuring names, *Hippocrates*,
Galen or *Rasis*, *Avicen*, *Averroes*,

Cure a poore wenches falling in a swoone :
Which a poore Farthing chang'd in *Rosa solis*,
Or *Cinnamon* water would. *Lad.* How now ? how does shee

Kee. Shee's somewhat better. *Mr. Item* has brought her
A little about. *Pol.* But there's Sir *Mouth* your brother
Is falne into a fit o' the *happyplexe*,
It were a happy place for him, and us,
If he could steale to heaven thus : All the house
Are calling Mr. Doctor, Mr. Doctor.

The *Parson* he has gi'n him gone, this halfe houre;
Hee's pale in the mouth already, for the feare
O' the fierce Captaine. *Lad.* Helpe me to my Chamber;
Nurse Keepe : Would I could see the day no more,
But night hung over me, like some darke cloud ;
That, buried with this losse of my good name,
I, and my house might perish, thus forgotten —

Com. Her taking it to heart thus, more afflicts me
Then all these accidents, for they'll blow over.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Practise. Silkworme. Compasse.

Pra. It was a barbarous Injury, I confesse:
But if you will be counsell'd, Sir, by me,
The reverend Law lies open to repaire
Your reputation. That will gi' you damages;
Five thousand pound for a finger, I have knowne
Given in Court : And let me pack your Jury.

Silk. There's nothing vexes me, but that he has stained
My new white sattin Doublet ; and bespatter'd
My spick and span filke Stockings, o' the day
They were drawne on : And here's a spot i' my hose too.

Com. Shrewd maimes ! your Clothes are wounded desperately,
And that I thinke) troubles a Courtier more,
An exact Courtier, then a gash in his flesh.

Silk. My flesh ? I sweare had he gi'n me twice so much,
I never should ha' reckon'd it. But my clothes
To be de defac'd, and stigmatiz'd so foulely !
I take it as a contumely done me
Above the wisdom of our Lawes to right.

Com. Why then you'll challenge him ? *Silk.* I will advise,
Though Mr. *Practise* here doth urge the Law ;
And reputation it will make me of credit,
Beside great damages (let him pack my Jury.)

Com. He speakes like Mr. *Practise*, one, that is
The Child of a Profession he's vow'd too,
And servant to the studie he hath taken,
A pure Apprentice at Law ! But you must have

The Counsell o' the Sword; and square your action
 Vnto their Cannons, and that brother-hood,
 If you doe right. *Pra.* I tell you Mr. *Compasse*,
 You speake not like a friend unto the Lawes,
 Nor scarce a subject, to perswade him thus,
 Vnto the breach o' the peace: Sir you forget
 There is a Court above, o' the *Starre-Chamber*,
 To punish Routs and Riots. *Com.* No, young Master,
 Although your name be *Practise* there in Terme time,
 I doe remember it. But you'l not heare
 What I was bound to say, but like a wild
 Young haggard Justice, fly at breach o' the Peace,
 Before you know, whether the amorous Knight
 Dares break the peace of conscience in a Duell.

Silk. Troth Mr. *Compasse*, I take you my friend;
 You shall appoint of me in any matter
 That's reasonable, so wee may meet faire,
 On even termes. *Com.* I shall perswade no other,
 (And take your learned Counsell to advise you)
 Ile run along with him. You say you'l meet him,
 On even termes. I doe not see indeed
 How that can be, 'twixt *Ironside* and you,
 Now I consider it. Hee is my brother.
 I doe confesse (wee ha'c ll'd so twenty yeare:)
 But you are, Sir, a Knight in Court, allied there,
 And so befriended, you may easily answer
 The worst successe: He a knowne, noted, bold
 Boyo' the Sword, hath all mens eyes upon him;
 And there's no *London-Iury*, but are led
 In evidence, as farre by common fame,
 As they are by present deposition.
 Then you have many brethren, and neer kinsmen.
 If he kill you, it will be a lasting Quarrell
 T'wixt them, and him. Whereas *Rud: Ironside*,
 Although he ha' got his head into a Beaver,
 With a huge feather, 's but a *Corriers sonne*,
 And has not two old Cordov'an skins, to leave
 In Leather Caps to mourne him in, if he die.
 Againe, you are generally belov'd, he hated
 So much, that all the hearts, and votes of men
 Goe with you, in the wishing all prosperity
 Vnto your purpose; hee's a fat, corpulent,
 Vnweildy fellow: you, a dieted Sparke,
 Fit for the Combat. He has kild so many,
 As it is ten to one his turne is next;
 You never fought with any, lesse, flew any:
 And therefore have the hopes before you.
 I hope these things thus specified unto you,
 Are faire advantages: you cannot encounter
 Him upon equall termes. Beside, Sir *Silkworme*,

He hath done you wrong in a most high degree:
And sense of such an Injury receiv'd,
Should so exacute, and whet your choller,
As you should count your selfe an host of men,
Compar'd to him. And therefore you, brave Sir,
Have no more reason to provoke, or challenge
Him, then the huge great Porter has to try
His strength upon an Infant. *Silke.* Mr. *Compasse*,
You rather spur me on, then any way
Abate my courage to the Enterprize.

Com. All Counsell's as it's taken. If you stand
On point of honour, not t'have any odds,
I have rather then dissuaded you, then otherwise:
If upon termes of humour and revenge,
I have encourag'd you. So that I thinke,
I have done the part of a friend on either side:
In furnishing your feare with matter first,
If you have any: Or, if you dare fight,
To heighten, and confirme your resolution.

Pra. I now doe crave your pardon, Mr. *Compasse*:
I did not apprehend your way before,
The true *Perimeter* of it: you have Circles,
And such fine draughts about! *Silke.* Sir I doe thanke you,
I thanke you Mr. *Compasse* heartily;
I must confesse, I never fought before,
And I'll be glad to doe things orderly,
In the right place: I pray you instruct me.
Is't best I fight ambitiously, or maliciously?

Com. Sir, if you never fought before, be wary,
Trust not your selfe too much. *Silke.* Why? I assure you,
I am very angry. *Com.* Doe not suffer, though,
The flatuous, windy choller of your heart,
To move the clapper of your understanding,
Which is the guiding faculty, your reason:
You know not, if you'll fight, or no, being brought
Vpo' the place. *Silke.* O yes, I have imagin'd
Him treble arm'd, provok'd too, and as furious
As *Homer* makes *Achilles*, and I find
My selfe not frighted with his fame one jot.

Com. Well, yet take heed. These fights imaginary,
Are lesse then skirmishes, the fight of shadowes:
For shadowes have their figure, motion
And their umbratile action from the reall
Posture, and motion of the bodies act:
Whereas (imaginarily) many times,
Those men may fight, dare scarce eye one another,
And much lesse meet. But if there be no helpe,
Faith I would wish you, send him a faire Challenge.

Silk. I will goe pen it presently. *Com.* But word it
In the most generous termes. *Silk.* Let me alone.

The Magnetick Lady.

Pra. And filken phrase: the courtliest kind of Quarrell.

Com. He'll make it a petition for his peace.

Pra. O, yes, of right, and hee may doe it by Law.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Rut. Palate. Bias, bringing out *Interest* in a Chaire.

Item. Polish following.

Rut. Come, bring him out into the aire a little:
There set him downe. Bow him, yet bow him more,
Dash that same Glasse of water in his face:
Now tweak him by the nose. Hard, harder yet:
If it but call the blood up from the heart,
I aske no more. See, what a feare can doe!
Pinch him in the nape of the neck now; nip him, nip him.

Ite. He feeles, there's life in him. *Pal.* He graones, and stirres.

Rut. Tell him the Captaine's gone. *Int.* Ha! *Pal.* He's gone Sir.

Rut. Gi' him a box, hard, hard, on his left eare.

Int. O! *Rut.* How doe you feele your selfe? *Int.* Sore, sore.

Rut. But where?

Int. I'my neck. *Rut.* I nipt him there. *Int.* And i'my head.

Rut. I box'd him twice, or thrice, to move those Sinewes.

Bia. I sweare you did. *Pol.* What a brave man's a Doctor,
To beat one into health! I thought his blowes
Would eene ha' kild him: hee did feele no more
Then a great horse. *Int.* Is the wild Captaine gone?
That man of murthers? *Bia.* All is calme and quiet.

Int. Say you so, Cosen *Bias*? Then all's well.

Pal. How quickly a man is lost! *Bia.* And soone recover'd!

Pol. Where there are meanes, and Doctors, learned men,
And their Apothecaries, who are not now,
(As *Chawcer* sayes) their friendship to begin.
Well, could they teach each other how to win
I'their swath bands—. *Rut.* Leave your Poetry good Gossip.
Your *Chawcers* clouts, and wash your dishes with 'hem,
Wee must rub up the roots of his disease,
And crave your peace awhile, or else your absence.

Fol. Nay, I know when to hold my peace. *Rut.* Then do it.
Gi' me your hand Sir *Moath*. Let's feele your pulse.
It is a Purfinesse, a kind of Stoppage,
Or tumor o'the Purse, for want of exercise,
That you are troubled with: some ligatures
I'th neck of your *Vesica*, or *Marsupium*,
Are so close knit, that you cannot evaporate;
And therefore you must use relaxatives.
Beside, they say, you are so restive growne,
You cannot but with trouble put your hand
Into your pocket, to discharge a reckoning.

And

And this we sonnes of Physick doe call *chiragra*,
A kind of Crampe, or Hand-Gout. You shall purge for't.

Ite. Indeed your worship should doe well to advise him,
To clense his body, all the three high wayes;
That is, by *Sweat, Purge, and Phlebotomy.*

Rut. You say well learned *Tim*, Ile first prescribe him,
To give his purse a purge once, twice a weeke
At Dice, or Cards: And when the weather is open,
Sweat at a bowling Alley; or be let blood
I' the lending veine, and bleed a matter of fifty,
Or threescore ounces at a time. Then put
Your thumbs under your Girdle, and have some body
Else, pull out your purse for you, till with more ease,
And a good habit, you can doe it your selfe.
And then be sure alwayes to keepe good diet;
And h' your table furnish'd from one end,
Vnto the tother: It is good for the eyes,
But feed you on one dish still, ha' your Diet-drinke,
Ever in Bottles ready, which must come
From the Kings-head: I will prescribe you nothing,
But what Ile take before you mine owne selfe:
That is my course with all my Patients.

Pal. Very methodicall, *Secundum Artem.*

Bia. And very safe *pro captu recipientis.*

Pol. All errant learned men, how they 'spute Latine!

Rut. I had it of a Jew, and a great *Rabbi*,
Who every morning cast his cup of White-wine
With sugar, and by the residence i' the bottome,
Would make report of any Chronick malady,
Such as Sir *Moath*'s is, being an oppilation,
In that you call the neck o' the money bladder,
Most anatomicall, and by dissection.

Kee. O Mr. Doctor, and his Pothecary!
Good Mr. *Item*, and my Mistris *Polish*!
Wee need you all above! Shee's false againe,
In a worse fit then ever. *Pol.* Who? *Kee.* Your charge.

Pol. Come away Gentlemen. *Int.* This fit with the Doctor,
Hath mended me past expectation.

ACT III. SCENE V.

Compasse. Diaphanous. Practise. Bias. Ironside.

Com. O Sir *Diaphanous*, ha' you done? *Dia.* I ha' brought it.

Pra. That's well. *Com.* But who shall carry it now? *Dia.* A friend:
Ile find a friend to carry it; Mr. *Bias* here
Will not deny me that. *Bia.* What is't? *Dia.* To carry
A Challenge I have writ unto the Captaine.

Bias. Faith but I will Sir, you shall pardon me
For a twi-reason of State: Ile beare no Challenges;

I will

I will not hazard my Lords favour so;
 Or forfeit mine owne Judgement with his honour,
 To turne a Ruffian: I have to commend me
 Nought but his Lordships good opinion;
 And to't my *Kallygraphy*, a faire hand,
 Fit for a Secretary: Now you know, a mans hand
 Being his executing part in fight,
 Is more obnoxious to the common perill—

Dia. You shall not fight Sir, you shall onely search
 My *Antagonist*; commit us fairely there
 Vpo' the ground on equall termes. *Bia.* O Sir!
 But if my Lord should heare I stood at end
 Of any quarrell, 'twere an end of me
 In a state course! I ha' read the *Politiques*;
 And heard th'opinions of our best *Divines*.

Com. The Gentleman has reason! Where was first
 The birth of your acquaintance? or the Cradle
 Of your strickt friendship made? *Dia.* We met in *France*, Sir.

Com. In *France*! that Garden of humanity,
 The very seed-plot of all courtesies:
 I wonder that your friendship suck'd that aliment,
 The milke of *France*; and see this sower effect
 It doth produce, 'gainst all the sweets of travell:
 There, every Gentleman professing armes,
 Thinkes he is bound in honour to imbrace
 The bearing of a Challenge for another,
 Without or questioning the cause, or asking
 Least colour of a reason. There's no Cowardize,
 No Poultrounerie, like urging why? wherefore?
 But carry a Challenge, die, and doe the thing.

Bia. Why, heare you Mr. *Compasse*, I but crave
 Your eare in private? I would carry his Challenge,
 If I but hop'd your Captaine angry enough
 To kill him: For (to tell you truth) this Knight,
 Is an impertinent in Court, (wee thinke him :)
 And troubles my Lords Lodgings, and his Table
 With frequent, and unnecessary visits,
 Which wee (the better sort of Servants) like not:
 Being his Fellowes in all other places,
 But at our Masters boord; and we disdain
 To doe those servile offices, oft times,
 His foolish pride, and Empire will exact,
 Against the heart, or humour of a Gentleman.

Com. Truth Mr. *Bias*, I'd not ha' you thinke
 I speake to flatter you: but you are one
 O' the deepest *Politiques* I ever met,
 And the most subtilly rationall. I admire you.
 But doe not you conceive in such a case,
 That you are accessary to his death,
 From whom you carry a Challenge with such purpose.

Bia. Sir the corruption of one thing in nature,
Is held the Generation of another;
And therefore, I had as leive be accessory
Vnto his death, as to his life. *Com.* A new
Morall Philosophy too! you'l carry't then.

Bia. If I were sure, 't would not incense his choller
To beat the Messenger. *Com.* O' Ile secure you,
You shall deliver it in my lodging; safely,
And doe your friend a service worthy thanks.

Bia. Ile venture it, upon so good Induction,
To rid the Court of an Impediment,
This baggage Knight. *Iro.* Peace to you all Gentlemen,
Save to this Mushrome; who I heare is menacing
Me with a Challenge: which I come to anticipate,
And save the Law a labour: Will you fight Sir?

Enter Iron-
side.

Dia. Yes, in my shirt. *Iro.* O, that's to save your doublet,
I know it a Court trick! you had rather have
An Ulcer in your body, then a Pinke
More i' your clothes. *Dia.* Captaine, you are a Coward,
If you not fight i' your shirt. *Iro.* Sir I not meane
To put it off for that, nor yet my doublet:
Yo' have caule to call me Coward, that more feare
The stroke of the common, and life giving aire,
Then all your fury, and the Panoplie.

Pra. (Which is at best, but a thin linnen armour.)
I thinke a cup of generous wine were better,
Then fighting i' your shirts. *Dia.* Sir, Sir, my valour,
It is a valour of another nature,
Then to be mended by a cup of wine.

Com. I should be glad to heare of any valours,
Differing in kind; who have knowne hitherto,
Only one vertue, they call *Fortitude*,
Worthy the name of valour. *Iro.* Which, who hath not,
Is justly thought a Coward: And he is such.

Dia. O, you ha' read the Play there, the *New Inne*,
Of *Ionsons*, that decries all other valour
But what is for the publike. *Iro.* I doe that too,
But did not learne it there; I thinke no valour
Lies for a private cause. *Dia.* Sir, Ile redargue you,
By disputation. *Com.* O let's heare this!
I long to heare a man dispute in his shirt
Of valour, and his sword drawne in his hand.

Pra. His valour will take cold; put on your doublet.

Com. His valour will keepe cold, you are deceiv'd;
And relish much the sweter in our eares:
It may be too, i' the ordinance of nature.
Their valours are not yet so combatant,
Or truly *antagonistick*, as to fight;
But may admit to heare of some divisions,
Of *Fortitude*, may put 'hem off their Quarrell.

Dia.

Dia. I would have no man thinke me so ungovern'd,
Or subject to my passion, but I can
Reade him a Lecture 'twixt my undertakings,
And executions: I doe know all kinds
Of doing the busines, which the Towne calls valour.

Com. Yes, he has read the Towne, *Towne-top's* his Author!
Your first? *Dia.* Is a rash head-long unexperience.

Com. Which is in Children, Fooles, or your street Gallants
O' the first head. *Pra.* A pretty kind of valour!

Com. Commend him, he will spin it out in 's shirt,
Fine, as that thred. *Dia.* The next, an indiscreet
Presumption, grounded upon often scapes.

Com. Or th' insufficiencie of Adversaries,
And this is in your common fighting Brothers.
Your old *Perdu's*, who (after a time) doe thinke,
The one, that they are shot free; the other, sword free.

Your third? *Dia.* Is nought but an excesse of choller,
That raignes in testy old men—. *Com.* Noble mens Porters,
And selfe conceited Poets. *Dia.* And is rather
A pcevishnesse, then any part of valour.

Pra. He but reherles, he concludes no valour.

Com. A history of distempers, as they are practiz'd,
His *Harangue* undertaketh, and no more.

Your next? *Dia.* Is a dull desperate resolving.

Com. In case of some necessitous misery, or
Incumbent mischiefe. *Pra.* Narrownesse of mind,
Or ignorance being the root of it.

Dia. Which shou shall find in Gamesters, quite blowne up.

Com. Banckrupt Merchants, undiscovered Traytors.

Pra. Or your exemplified Malefactors,
That have surviv'd their infamy, and punishment.

Com. One that hath lost his eares, by a just sentence
O' the *Starre-Chamber*, a right valiant Knave—
And is a *Histrionicall* Contempt,
Of what a man feares most, it being a mischiefe
In his owne apprehension unavoidable.

Pra. Which is in Cowards wounded mortally,
Or Theeves adjudg'd to die. *Com.* This is a valour,
I should desire much to see encourag'd:
As being a speciall entertainment
For our rogue People, and make oft good sport
Vnto 'hem, from the Gallowes to the ground.

Dia. But mine is a Judiciall resolving,
Or liberall undertaking of a danger—.

Com. That might be avoided. *Dia.* I, and with assurance,
That it is found in Noble-men, and Gentlemen,
Of the best sheafe. *Com.* Who having lives to lose,
Like private men, have yet a world of honour,
And publike reputation to defend—.

Dia. Which in the brave historified *Greeks*,

And *Romans* you shall reade of. *Com.* And (no doubt)
May in our Alder-men meet it, and their Deputies,
The Souldiers of the Citie, valiant blades,
Who (rather then their houses should be ranfack'd)
Would fight it out, like so many wild beafts;
Not for the fury they are commonly arm'd with:
But the close manner of their fight, and custome,
Of joyning head to head, and foot to foot.

Iro. And which of these so well-prest resolutions
Am I to encounter now? For commonly,
Men that have so much choise before 'hem, have
Some trouble to resolve of any one.

Bia. There are three valours yet, which Sir *Diaphanous*,
Hath (with his leave) not touch'd. *Dia.* Yea? which are those?

Pra. He perks at that! *Com.* Nay, he does more, he chatters.

Bia. A Philosophicall contempt of death,
Is one: Then an infused kind of valour,
Wrought in us by our *Genii*, or good spirits;
Of which the gallant *Ethnicks* had deepe sense:
Who generally held, that no great States-man,
Scholler, or Souldier, ere did any thing
Sine divino aliquo afflatu.

Pra. But there's a Christian valour, 'bove these too.

Bia. Which is a quiet patient toleration,
Of whatsoever the malicious world
With Injury doth unto you; and consists
In passion, more then action, Sir *Diaphanous*.

Dia. Sure, I doe take mine to be Christian valour—

Com. You may mistake though. Can you justifie
On any cause, this seeking to deface,
The divine Image in a man? *Bia.* O Sir!

Let 'hem alone: Is not *Diaphanous*
As much a divine Image, as is *Ironside*?
Let Images fight, if they will fight, a God's name.

ACT III. SCENE VI.

To them inter-vening.

Keepe. Needle. Interest.

Kee. Where's Mr. *Needle*? Saw you Mr. *Needle*?
Wee are undone. *Com.* What ailes the frantick Nurse?

Kee. My Mistris is undone, shee's crying out!
Where is this man trow? Mr. *Needle*? *Nee.* Here.

Kee. Run for the party, Mrs. *Chaire* the Mid-wife,
Nay, looke how the man stands, as he were gok't!
Shee's lost, if you not haste away the party.

Nee. Where is the Doctor? *Kee.* Where a scoffing man is.
And his Apothecary, little better;
They laugh, and geere at all: will you dispatch?

And fetch the party quickly to our Mistris:
Wee are all undone! The Timpanie will out else.

Int. Newes, newes, good newes, better then butter'd newes!
My Neice is found with Child; the Doctor tels me,
And false in labour. *Com.* How? *Int.* The portion's paid!

Exr.

The portion — o' the Captaine! Is he here?

Pra. H' has spi'd your words out! put 'hem up, put up,
Yo' have driven him hence; and yet your quarrell's ended.

Iro. In a most strange discovery. *Pra.* Of light gold.

Dia. And crack't within the Ring. I take the *Omen*,
As a good *Omen*. *Pra.* Then put up your Sword,
And on your Doublet. Give the Captaine thanks.

Dia. I had beene slur'd else. Thanke you noble Captaine:
Your quarrelling caus'd all this. *Iro.* Where's *Compasse*? *Pra.* Gone;
Shrunke hence; contracted to his Center, I feare.

Iro. The slip is his then. *Dia.* I had like t'have beene
Abus'd i' the busines, had the slip slur'd on me,
A Counterfeit. *Bias.* Sir, we are all abus'd:
As many as were brought on to be Suitors;
And we will joyne in thanks, all to the Captaine,
And to his fortune that so brought us off.

Chorus.

Dam. This was a pittifull poore shift o' your Poët, *Boy*, to make his
prime woman with child, and fall in labour, just to compose a quarrell.

Boy. With whose borrowed cares, have you heard, Sir, all this while,
that you can mistake the current of our *Scene* so? The streame of the
Argument, threatned her being with child from the very beginning, for it
presented her in the first of the second *Act*, with some apparent note of
infirmity, or defect: from knowledge of which, the Auditory were
rightly to bee suspended by the *Author*, till the quarrell, which was but
the accidentall cause, hastned on the discovery of it, in occasioning her
affright; which made her fall into her throwes presently, and within that
compasse of time allow'd to the *Comedy*, wherein the Poët exprest his
prime Artifice, rather then any error, that the detection of her being
with child, should determine the quarrell, which had produc'd it.

Pro. The *Boy* is too hard for you. Brother *Damplay*, best marke the
Play, and let him alone.

Dam. I care not for marking the *Play*: Ile damne it, talke, and doe that
I come for. I will not have *Gentlemen* lose their priviledge, nor I my
selfe my prerogative, for neere an overgrowne, or superannuated Poët of
'hem all. Hee shall not give me the Law; I will censure, and be witty,
and take my Tobacco, and enjoy my *Magna Charta* of reprehension, as
my Predecessors have done before me.

Boy. Even to license, and absurdity.

Pro. Not now, because the *Gentlewoman* is in travell: and the Midwife
may come on the sooner, to put her and us out of our paine.

Dam. Well, looke to your busines afterward, *Boy*, that all things bee
cleare,

cleare, and come properly forth, suited, and set together, for I will search what follows severely and to the naile.

Boy. Let your naile run smooth then, and not scratch: lest the *Author* be bold to pare it to the quick, and make it smart: you'll find him as severe as your selfe.

Dam. A shrewd Boy! and has mee every where. The Mid-wife is come, she has made haste.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Chaire. Needle. Keepe.

Ha. Stay Mr. *Needle*, you doe prick too fast
Vpo' the busines: I must take some breath:
Lend me my stoole, you ha' drawne a stitch upon me,
In faith, sonne *Needle*, with your haste.

Nee. Good Mother, peice up this breach; Ile gi' you a new Gowne,
A new filke-Grogoran Gowne. Ile do't Mother.

Kee. What'll you doe? you ha' done too much already
With your prick-seame, and through-stitch. Mr. *Needle*,
I pray you sit not fabling here old tales,
Good Mother *Chaire*, the Mid-wife, but come up.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Compasse. Keepe. Practise.

Com. How now Nurse, where's my Lady? *Kee.* In her Chamber
Lock'd up, I thinke: shee'll speake with no body.

Com. Knowes shee o' this accident? *Kee.* Alas Sir, no;
Would she might never know it. *Pra.* I thinke her Ladiship
Too vertuous, and too nobly innocent,
To have a hand in so ill-form'd a busines.

Com. Your thought Sir is a brave thought, and a safe one,
The child now to be borne is not more free,
From the aspersiō of all spot, then shee?
She have her hand in plot, gainst Mr. *Practise*.
If there were nothing else, whom she so loves?

Cries up, and values? knowes to be a man
Mark'd out, for a chiefe Justice in his cradle?
Or a Lord Paramount, the head o' the Hall?

The Top, or the Top-gallant of our Law?
Assure your selfe, she could not so deprave,
The rectitude of her Judgement, to wish you
Vnto a wife, might prove your Infamy,
Whom she esteem'd that part o' the Common-wealth,
And had up for honour to her blood.

Pra. I must confesse a great beholdingnesse
Vnto her Ladiships offer, and good wishes.

But the truth is, I never had affection,
Or any liking to this Neice of hers.

Com. You fore-saw somewhat then? *Pra.* I had my notes,
And my Prognosticks. *Com.* You read Almanacks,
And study 'hem to some purpose, I beleeve?

Pra. I doe confesse, I doe beleeve, and pray too:
According to the Planets at sometimes.

Com. And doe observe the signe in making Love?

Pra. As in Phlebotomy. *Com.* And choose your Mistris
By the good dayes, and leave her by the bad?

Pra. I doe, and I doe not. *Com.* A little more
Would fetch all his Astronomie from *Allestree*.

Pra. I tell you Mr. *Compasse*, as my friend,
And under seale, I cast mine eye long since,
Vpo' the other wench, my Ladies woman,
Another manner of peice for handsomnesse,
Then is the Neice (but that is *sub sigillo*,
And as I give it you) in hope o' your aid,
And counsell in the busines. *Com.* You need counsell?
The only famous Counsell, o' the kingdome,
And in all Courts? That is a Jeere in faith,
Worthy your name, and your profession too,
Sharpe Mr. *Practise*. *Pra.* No, upo' my Law,
As I am a Benchler, and now double Reader,
I meant in meere simplicity of request.

Com. If you meant so. Th' affaires are now perplex'd,
And full of trouble, give 'hem breath, and setling,
Ile doe my best. But in meane time doe you
Prepare the *Parson*. (I am glad to know
This; for my selfe lik'd the young Maid before,
And lov'd her too.) Ha' you a Licence? *Pra.* No;
But I can fetch one straight. *Com.* Doe, doe, and mind
The *Parsons* pint t' ingage him — the busines;
A knitting Cup there must be. *Pra.* I shall doe it.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Bias. Interest. Compasse.

Bia. Tis an affront, from you Sir, you here brought me,
Vnto my Ladies, and to wooe a wife,
Which since is prov'd a crack'd commoditie;
Shee hath broke bulke too soone. *Int.* No fault of mine,
If she be crack'd in peeces, or broke round;
It was my sisters fault, that ownes the house,
Where she hath got her clap, makes all this noise.
I keepe her portion safe, that is not scatter'd:
The money's rattle not; nor are they throwne,
To make a Muffe, yet 'mong the gamesome Suitors.

Com. Can you endure that flout, close Mr. *Bias*,
And have beene so bred in the Politiques?
The injury is done you, and by him only,
He lent you imprest money, and upbraids it:
Furnish'd you for the wooing, and now waves you.

Bia. That makes me to expostulate the wrong
So with him, and resent it as I doe.

Com. But doe it home then. *Bia.* Sir, my Lord shall know it.

Com. And all the Lords o' the Court too. *Bia.* What a Moath
You are Sir *Interest*! *Int.* Wherein I intreat you,
Sweet Master *Bias*? *Com.* To draw in young States-men,
And heires of policie into the noose
Of an infamous matrimonic. *Bia.* Yes,
Infamous, *quasi in communem famam*:
And Matrimony, *quasi*, matter of Money.

Com. Learnedly urg'd, my cunning Mr. *Bias*.

Bia. With his lewd, knowne, and prostituted Neice.

Int. My knowne, and prostitute: how you mistake,
And run upon a false ground, Mr. *Bias*!
(Your Lords will doe me right.) Now, she is prostitute,
And that I know it (please you understand me.)
I meane to keepe the portion in my hands:
And pay no monies. *Com.* Marke you that *Don Bias*?
And you shall still remaine in bonds to him,
For wooing furniture, and imprest charges.

Int. Good Mr. *Compasse*, for the summes he has had
Of me, I doe acquit him: They are his owne.
Here, before you, I doe release him. *Com.* Good!

Bia. O Sir. *Com.* 'Slid take it: I doe witnesse it:
Hee cannot hurle away his money better.

Int. He shall get so much Sir, by my acquaintance,
To be my friend: And now report to his Lords
As I deserve no otherwise. *Com.* But well:
And I will witnesse it, and to the value;
Foure hundred is the price, if I mistake not,
Of your true friend in Court. Take hands, you ha' bought him;
And bought him cheap. *Bia.* I am his worships servant.

Com. And you his slave, Sir *Moath*. Seal'd, and deliver'd.
Ha' you not studied the Court Complement:
Here are a paire of Humours, reconcil'd now,
That money held at distance: or their thoughts,
Baser then money.

Act IV. SCENE IV.

Polish. Keepe. *Compasse*.

Pol. Out thou catife witch!
Baud, Beggar, Gipsy: Any thing indeed,

But

But honest woman. *Kee.* What you please, Dame *Polish*,
 My Ladies Stroaker. *Com.* What is here to doe?
 The Gossips out! *Pol.* Thou art a Traytor to me,
 An *Eve*, the *Apul*, and the Serpent too:
 A Viper, that hast eat a passage through me,
 Through mine owne bowels, by thy retchlesnesse.

Com. What frantick fit is this? Ile step aside
 And hearken to it. *Pol.* Did I trust thee, wretch,
 With such a secret, of that consequence,
 Did so concerne me, and my child, our livelihood,
 And reputation? And hast thou undone us?
 By thy connivence, nodding in a corner,
 And suffering her begot with child so basely?
 Sleepie unlucky Hag! Thou bird of night,
 And all mischance to me. *Kee.* Good Lady Empresse!
 Had I the keeping of your Daughters clicket
 In charge? was that committed to my trust?

Com. Her Daughter. *Pol.* Softly Divell, not so low'd;
 You'd ha' the house heare, and be witnesse, would you?

Kee. Let all the world be witnesse. Afore Ile
 Endure the Tyrannie of such a tongue—
 And such a pride—. *Pol.* What will you doe? *Kee.* Tell truth,
 And shame the She-man-Divell in puff'd sleeves;
 Run any hazzard, by revealing all
 Vnto my Lady: how you chang'd the cradles,
 And chang'd the children in 'hem. *Pol.* Not so high!

Kee. Calling your Daughter *Pleasance*, there *Placentia*,
 And my true Mistris by the name of *Pleasance*.

Com. A horrid secret, this! worth the discovery;

Pol. And must you be thus lowd? *Kee.* I will be lowder:
 And cry it through the house, through every roome,
 And every office of the Lawndry-maids:
 Till it be borne hot to my Ladies eares.

Ere I will live in such a slavery,
 Ile doe away my selfe. *Pol.* Didst thou not sweare
 To keepe it secret? and upon what booke?
 (I doe remember now) *The Practice of Piety*.

Kee. It was a practice of impiety,
 Out of your wicked forge, I know it now,
 My conscience tels me. First, against the Infants,
 To rob them o' their names, and their true parents;
 T' abuse the neighbour-hood, keepe them in error;
 But most my Lady: Shee has the maine wrong:
 And I wil let her know it instantly.
 Repentance, (if it be true) nere comes too late.

Pol. What have I done? Conjur'd a spirit up
 I sha' not lay againe? drawne on a danger,
 And ruine on my selfe thus, by provoking
 A peevisish foole, whom nothing will pray of,
 Or satisfie I feare? Her patience stirr'd,

Is turn'd to fury. I have run my Barke,
On a sweet Rock, by mine owne arts, and trust:
And must get off againe, or dash in peeces.

Com. This was a busines, worth the listning after.

ACT III. SCENE V.

Pleasant. Compasse.

Ple. O Mr. *Compasse*, did you see my Mother?
Mistress Placentia, my Ladies Neice;
Is newly brought to bed o' the bravest boy!
Will you goe see it? *Com.* First, Ile know the father,
Ere I approach these hazards. *Ple.* *Mistress Midwife*
Has promis'd to find out a father for it,
If there be need. *Com.* Shee may the safelier do't,
By vertue of her place. But pretty *Pleasant*,
I have a newes for you, I thinke will please you.

Ple. What is't Mr. *Compasse*? *Com.* Stay, you must
Deserve it ere you know it. Where's my Lady?

Ple. Retir'd unto her Chamber, and shut up.

Com. She heares o' none o' this yet: well, doe you
Command the Coach; and fit your selfe to travell
A little way with me. *Ple.* Whither, for Gods sake?

Com. Where Ile intreat you not to your losse, beleve it.
If you dare trust your selfe. *Ple.* With you the world ore.

Com. The newes will well requite the paines, I assure you.
And i' this tumult you will not be mist.
Command the Coach, it is an instant busines,
Wu' not be done without you. *Parson Palate*
Most opportunely met, step to my Chamber.
Ile come to you presently. There is a friend,
Or two, will entertaine you. *Mr. Practise*,
Ha' you the Licence?

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

Practise. Compasse. Pleasant. Palate.

Pra. Here it is. *Com.* Let's see it:
Your name's not in't. *Pra.* He fill that presently:
It has the Seale, which is the maine: And registred,
The Clarke knowes me, and trusts me. *Com.* Ha' you the Parson?

Pra. They say hee's here, he pointed to come hither.

Com. I would not have him seen here for a world,
To breed supition. Doe you intercept him,
And prevent that. But take your Licence with you,
And fill the blanke: or leave it here with me,
Ile doe it for you, stay you with us at his Church,
Behind the old Exchange, we'll come full Coach,
And meet you there within this Quarter at least.

Fra.

Pra. I am much bound unto you, Mr. *Compasse*,
You have all the Law, and parts of Squire *Practise*
For ever at your use. Ile tell you newes, too:
Sir, your Reversion's fall'n : *Thin-wits* dead,
Surveyor of the Projects generall.

Com. When died he ? *Pra.* Ecne this morning, I receiv'd it
From a right hand. *Com.* Conceale it Mr. *Practise*,
And mind the maine affaire, you are in hand with.

Ple. The Coach is ready Sir. *Com.* 'Tis well faire *Pleasance*,
Though now wee shall not use it, bid the Coach-man
Drive to the Parish Church, and stay about there,
Till Mr. *Practise* come to him, and imploy him:
I have a Licence now, which must have entry
Before my Lawyers. Noble *Parson Palate*,
Thou shalt be a marke advanc't : here's a peece,
And doe a feat for me. *Pal.* What, Mr. *Compasse* ?

Com. But run the words of Matrimony, over
My head, and Mrs. *Pleasances* in my Chamber:
There's Captaine *Ironside* to be a witnesse:
And here's a Licence to secure thee. *Parson* !
What doe you stick at ? *Pal.* It is after-noon Sir,
Directly against the Canon of the Church,
You know it Mr. *Compasse* : and beside,
I am ingag'd unto our worshipfull friend,
The learned Mr. *Practise* in that busines.

Com. Come on, ingage your selfe : Who shall be able
To say you married us, but i'the morning,
The most canonically minute o' the day,
If you affirme it ? That's a spic'd excuse,
And shewes you have set the Common Law, before
Any profession else, of love, or friendship.
Come Mrs. *Pleasance*, wee cannot prevaile
With th' rigid *Parson* here ; but Sir, Ile keepe you
Lock'd in my lodging, 'till't be done elsewhere,
And under feare of *Ironside*. *Pal.* Doe you heare, Sir ?

Com. No, no, it matters not. *Pal.* Can you thinke Sir
I would deny you any thing ? not to losse
Of both my Livings : I will doe it for you,
Ha' you a wedding Ring ? *Com.* I and a Poetic:
Annulus hic nobis, quod scit uterq; dabit. *Pal.* Good !
This Ring will give you what you both desire.
Ile make the whole house chant it, and the Parish.

Com. Why, well said *Parson*. Now to you my newes,
That comprehend my reasons, Mrs. *Pleasance*.

ACT III. SCENE VII.

Chaire. Needle. Polish. Keepe.

Cha. Goe, get a Nurse, procure her at what rate
You can : and out o' th' house with it, sonne *Needle*.

It is a bad Commoditie. *Nee.* Good Mother,
I know it, but the best would now be made on't.

Cha. And shall: you should not fret so, *Mrs. Polish,*
Nor you Dame *Keepe*; my Daughter shall doe well,
When she has tane my Cawdle. I ha' knowne
Twenty such breaches piec'd up, and made whole,
Without a bum of noise. You two fall out:

And teare up one another. *Pol.* Blessed woman?

Blest be the Peace-maker. *Kee.* The Peace-dresser!
Ile heare no peace from her. I have beene wrong'd,
So has my Lady, my good Ladies worship,
And I will right her, hoping shee'll right me.

Pol. Good gentle *Keepe*, I pray thee Mistris Nurse,
Pardon my passion, I was misadvis'd,
Be thou yet better, by this grave sage woman,
Who is the Mother of Matrons, and great persons,

And knowes the world. *Kee.* I doe confesse, she knowes
Something — and I know something — *Pol.* Put your somethings

Together then. *Cha.* I, here's a chance false out
You cannot helpe; lesse can this Gentlewoman;
I can and will, for both. First, I have sent
By-chop away; the cause gone, the fame ceaseth.

Then by my Cawdle, and my Cullice, I set
My Daughter on her feet, about the house here:
Shee's young, and must stirre somewhat for necessity,
Her youth will beare it out. She shall pretend,
T'have had a fit o' the Mother: there is all.

If you have but a Secretary Landresse,
To blanch the Linnen — Take the former counsels
Into you; keepe them safe i' your owne breasts,
And make your Merkat of 'hem at the highest.

Will you goe peach, and cry your selfe a foole
At Granam's Crosse? be laugh'd at, and dispis'd:
Betray a purpose, which the Deputie
Of a double Ward, or scarce his Alderman,

With twelve of the wisest Questmen could find out,
Imployed by the Authority of the Citie:
Come, come, be friends: and keepe these women-matters,
Smock-secrets to our selves, in our owne verge.

Wee shall marre all, if once we ope the mysteries
O' the Tying-house, and tell what's done within:
No Theaters are more cheated with apparances,
Or these shop-lights, then th' Ages, and folke in them;

That seeme most curious. *Pol.* Breath of an Oracle!
You shall be my deare Mother; wisest woman
That ever tip'd her tongue, with point of reasons,
To turne her hearers! Mistris *Keepe*, relent,

I did abuse thee; I confesse to pennance:
And on my knees aske thee forgivenessse. *Cha.* Rise;
She doth begin to melt, I see it — *Kee.* Nothing

Griev'd me so much, as when you call'd me Baud :
 Witch did not trouble me, nor Gipsie; no
 Nor Beggar. But a Baud, was such a name !
Cha. No more rehearsals; Repetitions
 Make things the worse: The more wee stirre (you know
 The Proverbe, and it signifies a) stink.
 What's done, and dead, let it be buried.
 New houres will fit fresh handles, to new thoughts.

ACT IV. SCENE VIII.

Interest, with his Foot-boy. To them *Compasse. Ironside.*
Silkeworme. Palate. Pleasance. To them the
Lady: and after *Practise.*

Int. Run to the Church, Sirrah. Get all the Drunkards
 To ring the Bels, and jangle them for joy
 My Neice hath brought an Heire unto the house,
 A lusty boy. Where's my sister *Loadstone*?
 Asleepe at afternoones! It is not wholesome;
 Against all rules of Physick, Lady sister.
 The little Doctor will not like it. Our Neice
 Is new deliver'd of a chopping Child,
 Can call the Father by the name already,
 If it but ope the mouth round. *Mr. Compasse,*
 He is the man, they say, fame gives it out,
 Hath done that Act of honour to our house,
 And friendship to pompe out a Sonne, and Heire,
 That shall inherit nothing, surely nothing
 From me at least. I come t' invite your Ladiship
 To be a witnesse; I will be your Partner,
 And give it a horne-spoone, and a treene dish;
 Bastard, and Beggars badges, with a blanket
 For Dame the Doxey to march round the Circuit,
 With bag, and baggage. *Com.* Thou malicious Knight,
 Envious Sir *Moath*, that eates on that which feeds thee,
 And frets her goodnesse, that sustaines thy being;
 What company of Mankind would owne thy brother-hood,
 But as thou hast a title to her blood,
 Whom thy ill nature hath chose out t' insult on,
 And vexeth thus, for an Accident in her house,
 As if it were her crime! Good innocent Lady,
 Thou shew'st thy selfe a true corroding Vermine,
 Such as thou art. *Int.* Why, gentle *Mr. Compasse*?
 Because I wish you joy of your young Sonne,
 And Heire to the house, you ha' sent us? *Com.* I ha' sent you
 I know not what I shall doe. Come in friends:
 Madam, I pray you be pleas'd to trust your selfe
 Vnto our company. *Lad.* I did that too late,
 Which brought on this calamity upon me,

With all the infamy I heare; your Souldier,
That swaggering Guest. *Com.* Who is return'd here to you,
Your vowed friend, and servant, comes to sup with you,
So wee doe all, and 'll prove he hath deserv'd,
That speciall respect, and favour from you,
As not your fortunes, with your selfe to boote,
Cast on a Feather-bed, and spread o' th' sheets
Vnder a brace of your best Persian Carpets,
Were scarce a price to thanke his happy merit.

Int. What impudence is this? can you indure
To heare it sister? *Com.* Yes, and you shall heare it,
Who will indure it worse. What deserves he
In your opinion, Madam, or weigh'd Judgement,
That things thus hanging (as they doe in doubt)
Suspended, and suspected, all involv'd,
And wrapt in error, can resolve the knot?
Redintegrate the fame, first of your house?
Restore your Ladships quiet? render then
Your Neice a Virgin, and unviated?
And make all plaine, and perfect (as it was)
A practise to betray you, and your name?

Int. Hee speakes impossibilities. *Com.* Here he stands,
Whose fortune hath done this, and you must thanke him,
To what you call his swaggering, wee owe all this.
And that it may have credit with you Madam,
Here is your Neice, whom I have married, witnesse
These Gentlemen, the Knight, Captaine, and Parson,
And this grave Politique Tell-troth of the Courts.

Lad. What's she that I call Neice then? *Com.* *Polishes Daughter;*
Her Mother Goodwy' *Polish* hath confes'd it
To Granam *Keepe*, the Nurse, how they did change
The children in their Cradles. *Lad.* To what purpose?

Com. To get the portion, or some part of it,
Which you must now disburse intire to me, Sir,
If I but gaine her Ladships consent.

Lad. I bid God give you joy, if this be true.

Com. As true it is, Lady, Lady, i'th' song.

The portion's mine, with interest Sir *Moath*;
I will not 'bate you a single *Harrington*,
Of interest upon interest. In meane time,
I doe commit you to the Guard of *Ironside*.
My brother here, Captaine *Rudbudibras*;
From whom I will expect you, or your Ransome.

Int. Sir you must prove it, and the possibility,
Ere I beleeeve it. *Com.* For the possibility,
I leave to triall. Truth shall speake it selfe.
O Mr. *Practise*, did you meet the Coach?

Pra. Yes Sir, but empty. *Com.* Why, I sent it for you.
The busines is dispatch'd here, ere you come;
Come in, I letell you how: you are a man.

Will looke for satisfaction, and must have it.

All. So doe wee all, and long to heare the right.

Chorus.

Dam. Troth, I am one of those that labour with the same longing, for it is almost pucker'd, and pull'd into that knot, by your Poët, which I cannot easily, with all the strength of my imagination, untie.

Boy. Like enough, nor is it in your office to be troubled or perplexed with it, but to sit still, and expect. The more your imagination busies it selfe, the more it is intangled, especially if (as I told, in the beginning) you happen on the wrong end.

Pro. He hath said sufficient, Brother *Damplay*; our parts that are the Spectators, or should heare a *Comedy*, are to await the processe, and events of things, as the *Poet* presents them, not as wee would corruptly fashion them. Wee come here to behold *Playes*, and censure them, as they are made, and fitted for us; not to beslave our owne thoughts, with censorious spittle tempering the *Paets* clay, as wee were to mould every *Scene* anew: That were a meere Plastick, or Potters ambition, most unbecomming the name of a *Gentleman*. No, let us marke, and not lose the busines on foot, by talking. Follow the right thred, or find it.

Dam. Why, here his *Play* might have ended, if hee would ha' let it; and have spar'd us the vexation of a *fift Act* yet to come, which every one here knowes the issue of already, or may in part conjecture.

Boy. That conjecture is a kind of Figure-flinging, or throwing the Dice, for a meaning was never in the *Poets* purpose perhaps. Stay, and see his last *Act*, his *Catastrophe*, how hee will perplex that, or spring some fresh cheat, to entertaine the Spectators, with a convenient delight, till some unexpected, and new encounter breake out to rectifie all, and make good the *Conclusion*.

Pro. Which, ending here, would have shewn dull, flat, and unpainted, without any shape, or sharpenesse, Brother *Damplay*.

Dam. Well, let us expect then: And wit be with us, o' the *Poets* part.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Needle. Item.

Nee. **T** Roth Mr. *Item*, here's a house divided,
And quarter'd into parts, by your Doctors ingine.
H' has cast out such aspersions on my Ladies
Neice here, of having had a Child; as hardly
Will be wip'd off, I doubt. *Ite.* Why, is't not true?

Nee. True! did you thinke it? *Ite.* Was shee not in labour?
The Mid-wife sent for? *Ite.* There's your errour now!
Yo' ha' drunke o' the same water. *Item.* I beleev'd it,
And gave it out too. *Nee.* More you wrong'd the party;

She

She had no such thing about her, innocent creature!

Iem. What had she then? only a fit o' the Mother!

They burnt old shoes, Goose-feathers, *Assa foetida*,

A few horne shavings, with a bone, or two,

And she is well againe, about the house;—

Ite. Is't possible? *Nee.* See it, and then report it.

Ite. Our Doctors Vrinall-Judgement is halfe crack'd then.

Nee. Crack'ti' the case, most hugely, with my Lady,
And sad Sir *Moath*, her brother; who is now

Vnder a cloud a little. *Ite.* Of what? Disgrace?

Nee. He is committed to *Rud-hudibras*,
The Captaine *Ironside*, upon displeasure,
From Mr. *Compasse*, but it will blow off.

Ite. The Doctor shall reverse his, instantly,
And set all right againe: if you'll assist

But in a toy; Squire *Needle*, comes i' my noddle now.

Nee. Good, *Needle* and *Nodde*! what may't be? I long for't.

Ite. Why, but to goe to bed: faine a distemper
Of walking i' your sleepe, or talking in't

A little idly, but so much, as on't it,
The Doctor may have ground, to raise a cure

For's reputation. *Nee.* Any thing, to serve
The worship o' the man I love and honour.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Polish. Pleasance. Chaire. Placentia. Keepe.

Pol. O! gi' you joy *Madamoiselle Compasse*!

You are his Whirle-poole now; all to be married;

Against your Mothers leave, and without counsell!

H' has fish'd faire, and caught a Frog, I feare it.

What fortune ha' you to bring him in dower?

You can tell stories now: you know a world

Of secrets to discover. *Ple.* I know nothing

But what is told me; nor can I discover

Any thing. *Pol.* No, you shall not, Ile take order.

Goe, get you in there: It is *Ember-weeke*!

Ile keepe you fasting from his flesh a while.

Cha. See, who's here? she 'has beene with my Lady; who kist her, all
to kist her, twice or thrice.

Nee. And call'd her Neice againe, and view'd her Linnen.

Pol. You ha' done a Miracle, Mother *Chaire.* *Gba.* Not I,
My Cawdle has done it. Thanke my Cawdle heartily.

Pol. It shall be thank'd, and you too, wisest Mother;

You shall have a new, brave, foure-pound Beaver hat,

Set with enamell'd studs, as mine is here:

And a right paire of Cristall Spectacles,

Cristall o' th' Rock, thou mighty Mother of Dames,

Hung in an Ivory Case, at a gold Belt,

And

And silver Bells to gingle, as you pase
Before your fiftie Daughters in procession
To Church, or from the Church. *Cha.* Thanks Mrs. *Polisb.*

Kee. She does deserve as many pensions,
As there be peeces in a — Maiden-head;
Were I a Prince to give 'hem. *Pol.* Come sweet Charge,
You shall present your selfe about the house, be confident, and beare up;
you shall be seene.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Compasse. Ironside. Practise.

Com. What? I can make you amends, my learned Counsell,
And satisfie a greater Injury
To chafed Mr. *Practise.* Who would thinke
That you could be thus testie? *Iro.* A grave head!
Gi'n over to the study of our Lawes.

Com. And the prime honours of the Common-wealth.

Iro. And you to mind a wife. *Com.* What should you doe
With such a toy as a wife, that might distract you,
Or hinder you i' your Course? *Iro.* He shall not thinke on't.

Com. I will make over to you my Possession,
Of that same place is false (you know) to satisfie
Surveyor of the Projects generall.

Iro. And that's an office, you know how to stirre in.

Com. And make your profits of. *Iro.* Which are (indeed)
The ends of a gown'd man: Shew your activity,
And how you are built for busines. *Pra.* I accept it
As a Possession, be't but a Reversion.

Com. You first told me 'twas a Possession. *Pra.* I,
I told you that I heard so. *Iro.* All is one,
Hee'll make Reversion a Possession quickly.

Com. But I must have a generall Release from you.

Pra. Doe one, Ile doe the other. *Com.* It's a match
Before my brother *Ironside.* *Pra.* 'Tis done.

Com. Wee two are reconcil'd then. *Iro.* To a Lawyer,
That can make use of a place, any halfe title,
Is better then a wife. *Com.* And will save charges
Of Coaches, Vellute Gownes, and cut-worke Smocks.

Iro. Hee is to occupie an office wholly.

Com. True, I must talke with you neerer, Mr. *Practise*,
About recovery o' my wives portion,
What way I were best to take. *Pra.* The plainest way.

Com. What's that, for plainenesse? *Pra.* Sue him at Common-Law!
Arrest him on an Action of Choke-baile,
Five hundred thousand pound, it will affright him,
And all his sureties. You can prove your marriage? *Com.* Yes.
Wee'll talke of it within, and heare my Lady.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Interest. Lady. Rut. Item.

Int. I am sure, the Rogue o' the house went all that way;
She was with Child, and Mr. *Compasse* got it.

Lad. Why, that you see, is manifestly false,
H' has married the other; our true Neice he sayes:
He would not wooe 'hem both: hee is not such
A Stallion, to leape all. Againe, no Child
Appeares, that I can find with all my searck,
And strictest way of Inquiry, I have made
Throughall my family. A fito' the Mother,
The women say she had, which the Mid-wife cur'd,
With burning bones and feathers: Here's the Doctor.

Enter Doctor.

Int. O noble Doctor, did not you, and your *Item*,
Tell me our Neice was in labour? *Rut.* If I did,
What followes? *Int.* And that Mother Mid-night
Was sent for? *Rut.* So she was; and is i' the house still.

Int. But here has a noise beene since, she was deliver'd
Of a brave boy, and Mr. *Compasse's* getting.

Rut. I know no rattle of Gossips, nor their noyses.
I hope you take not me for a Pimpeerrant,
To deale in smock Affaires? Where's the Patient?
The infirme man, I was sent for, Squire *Needle*?

Lad. Is *Needle* sick? *Rut.* My 'Pothecary tells me
Hee is in danger, how is't *Tim*? where is he?

Enter Tim.

It. I cannot hold him downe. Hee's up, and walkes,
And talkes in his perfect sleepe, with his eyes shut,
As sensibly, as he were broad awake.

Rut. See, here he comes. Hee's fast asleepe, observe him.

Rut. Hee'll tell us wonders: What doe these women here?

ACT V. SCENE V.

*Rut. Needle. Interest. Item. Lady. Polish. Chaire.
Keepe. Placentia.*

Hunting a man halfe naked? you are fine beagles!
You'd have his dousets. *Nee.* I ha' linnen breeks on.

Rut. He heares, but hee sees nothing. *Nee.* Yes, I see
Who hides the treasure yonder. *Int.* Ha? what treasure?

Rut. If you aske questions, he 'wakes presently:
And then you'l heare no more, till his next fit.

Nee. And whom she hides it for. *Rut.* Doe you marke Sir? list.

Nee. A fine she spirit it is, an Indian Mag-pie.
She was an Aldermans Widow, and fell in love
With our Sir *Moath*, my Ladies brother. *Rut.* (Heare you?)

Nee. And she has hid an Aldermans estate;

Drop

Dropt through her bill in little holes, i' the Garden,
 And scrapes earth over 'hem; where none can spy
 But I, who see all by the Glowwormes light,
 That creeps before. *Pol.* I knew the Gentlewoman;
 Alderman *Parrots* Widow, a fine Speaker,
 As any was i' the Clothing, or the Bevy;
 She did become her scarlet, and black Velvet,
 Her Greene, and purple — *Rut.* Save thy colours, Rainebow,
 Or she will run thee over, and all thy lights.

Pol. She dwelt in *Doo-little* Lane, (a top o' the hill there;
 I' the round Cage, was after Sir *Chime Squirrell's*.
 Shee would eate nought but Almonds, I assure you.

Rut. Would thou had'st a dose of pilles, a double dose,
 O' the best purge, to make thee turne tale, tother way.

Pol. You are a foule mouth'd, purging, absurd Doctor;
 I tell you true, and I did long to tell it you,
 You ha' spread a scandall i' my Ladies house here,
 On her sweet Neice, you never can take off
 With all your purges, or your plaister of Oathes;
 Though you distill your Dam-me, drop by drop,
 I' your defence. That she hath had a Child,
 Here she doth spit upon thee, and defie thee;
 Or I do't for her. *Rut.* Madam, pray you bind her
 To her behaviour. Tye your Gossip up,
 Or send her unto *Bet'lem*. *Pol.* Goe thou thither,
 That better hast deserv'd it, shame of Doctors:
 Where could she be deliver'd? by what charme?
 Restor'd to her strength so soone? who is the Father?
 Or where the Infant? Aske your Oracle,
 That walkes, and talkes in his sleepe. *Rut.* Where is he? gone?
 You ha' lost a fortune listning to her, to her Tabour.
 Good Madam lock her up. *Lad.* You must give loofers
 Their leave to speake, good Doctor. *Rut.* Follow his footing
 Before he get to his bed: This rest is lost else.

ACT. V. SCENE VI.

Compasse. Practise. Ironside. Polish. Lady.

Com. Where is my wife? what ha' you done with my wife,
 Gossip o' the Counsels. *Pol.* I, sweet Mr. *Compasse*?
 I honour you, and your wife. *Com.* Well, doe so still.
 I will not call you Mother tho', but *Polish*.
 Good Gossip *Polish*, where ha' you hid my wife?

Pol. I hide your wife? *Com.* Or she's runaway.

Lad. That would make all suspected, Sir, a fresh.
 Come we will find her, if she be i' the house.

Pol. Why should I hide your wife, good Mr. *Compasse*?

Com. I know no cause, but that you are goo'dy *Polish*,
 That's good at malice; good at mischief; all

That can perplexe, or trouble a busines, thoroughly.

Pol. You may say what you will: yo' are Mr. *Compass*,
And carry a large sweep, Sir, i' your Circle.

Lad. Ile sweep all corners, Gossip, to spring this.
If't be above ground, I will have her cry'd,
By the Common-cryer, through all the Ward,
But I will find her. *Iro.* It will be an Act
Worthy your justice, Madam. *Pra.* And become
The integrity, and worship of her name.

ACT V. SCENE VII.

Rut. Interest. Item. Needle.

Rut. 'Tis such a Fly, this Gossip, with her buz,
Shee blowes on every thing, in every place!

Int. A busie woman, is a fearefull grievance!
Will hee not sleepe againe? *Rut.* Yes instantly,
As soone as he is warme. It is the nature
Of the disease, and all these cold dry fumes,
That are melancholicke, to worke at first,
Slow, and insensibly in their ascent,
Till being got up, and then distilling downe
Vpo' the braine; they have a pricking quality
That breeds this restless rest, which we, the sonnes
Of Phylick, call a walking in the sleepe,
And telling mysteries, that mu st be heard.
Softly, with art, as we were sowing pillowes
Vnder the Patients elbowes, else they'd fly
Into a phrensie, run into the Woods,
Where there are Noises, huntings, shoutings, hallowings,
Amidst the brakes, and furzes, over bridges
Fall into waters: Scratch their flesh: Sometimes
Drop downe a præcipice, and there be lost.

How now! what does her? *Ite.* He is up againe,
And'gins to talke. *Int.* O' the former matter, *Item?*

Ite. The treasure, and the Lady: That's his argument.
Int. O mee, happy man! he cannot off it.

I shall know all then. *Rut.* With what appetite
Our owne desires delude us! Heare you *Tim?*

Let no man interrupt us. *Ite.* Sir *Diaphanous*,
And Mr. *Bias*, his Court-friend's, desire

To kisse his Neices hands, and gratulate
The firme recovery of her good fame,

And honour—*Int.* Good, say to 'hem, Mr. *Item*,
My Neice is on my Ladies side: they'll find her there.

I pray to be but spar'd, for halfe an houre:
Ile see 'hem presently. *Rut.* Doe, put 'hem off, *Tim*.

And tell 'hem the importance of the busines.
Here, he is come! sooth; and have all out of him.

Nee. How doe you Lady-bird: so hard at worke, still?

H

What's

What's that you say? Doe you bid me walke, sweet Bird?
 And tell our Knight? I will. How? walke knave, walke?
 I thinke y' are angry with me *Pol.* Fine *Pol.*
Pol.'s a fine bird! O fine Lady *Pol.*

Almond for Parrat; Parrat's a brave bird:
 Three hundred thousand peeces ha' you stuck,
 Edge-long into the ground, within the Garden?

O'bounteous Bird! *Int.* And me, most happy creature.

Rut. Smother your joy. *Nee.* How? and drop'd twice so many—

Int. Ha! where? *Rut.* Containe your selfe. *Nee.* I' the old Well?

Int. I cannot, I am a man of flesh, and blood:
 Who can containe himselfe, to heare the Ghost
 Of a dead Lady, doe such workes as these?

And a Citie Lady too, o' the streight waste?

Rut. Hee's gone. *Nee.* I will goe try the truth of it.

Rut. Follow him, *Tim.* See what he does, if he bring you
 A'flay of it now. *Int.* Ile say hee's a rare fellow:

And has a rare disease. *Rut.* And I will worke

As rare a cure upon him. *Int.* How, good Doctor?

Rut. When he hath utter'd all, that you would know of him;
 Ile clense him with a pill (as small as a pease)

And stop his mouth: for there his issue lies,

Betweene the Muscles o' the tongue. *Int.* Hee's come.

Rut. What did he, *Item?* *Ite.* The first step he stept
 Into the Garden, he pull'd these five peices
 Up, in a fingers bredth one of another.

The durt sticks on 'hem still. *Int.* I know enough.

Doctor, proceed with your Cure, Ile make thee famous,

Famous among the sonnes of the Physicians,

Machaon, Podalirius, Esculapius.

Thou shalt have a golden beard, as well as he had;

And thy *Tim Item* here, have one of silver:

A livery beard. And all thy 'Pothecaries

Belong to thee. Where's Squire Needle? gone?

Ite. Hee's prick'd away, now he has done the worke.

Rut. Prepare his pill, and gi' it him afore Supper.

Int. Ile send for a dozen o' labourers to morrow,

To turne the surface o' the Garden up.

Rut. In mould? bruise every clod? *Int.* And have all sifted;

For Ile not loose a peice o' the Birds bounty,

And take an Inventory of all. *Rut.* And then,

I would goe downe into the Well—*Int.* My selfe;

No trusting other hands: Sixe hundred thousand,

To the first three; nine hundred thousand pound—

Rut. 'Twill purchase the whole Bench of Aldermanity,
 Stript to their shirts. *Int.* There never did accrew,

So great a gift to man, and from a Lady,

I never saw but once; now I remember,

Wee met at Merchants-Taylors-hall, at dinner,

In Thred-needle street, *Rut.* Which was a signe Squire Needle

Should

Should have the thredding of this thred. *Int.* 'Tis true;
I shall love Parrots better, while I know him.

Rut. Il'd have her statue cut, now in white marble.

Int. And have it painted in most orient colours.

Rut. That's right! all Citie statues must be painted:
Else, they be worth nought i' their subtile Judgements.

ACT V. SCENE VIII.

Interest. Bias. Rut. Palate.

Int. My truest friend in Court, deare Mr. *Bias*;
You heare o' the recovery of our Neice
In fame, and credit? *Bia.* Yes, I have beene with her,
And gratulated to her; but I am sorry
To find the Author o' the fowle asperſion
Here i' your company, this insolent Doctor.

Int. You doe mistake him: He is cleare got off on't.
A Gossips Jealousie first gave the hint.
He drives another way, now, as I would have him.
Hee's a rare man, the Doctor, in his way.
H' has done the noblest cure here, i' the house,
On a poore Squire, my sisters Taylor, *Needle*
That talk'd in's sleepe; would walke to Saint *Iohn's* wood,
And *Waltham* Forrest, scape by all the ponds,
And pits i' the way; run over two-inch bridges;
With his eyes fast, and i' the dead of night!
Ile ha' you better acquainted with him. Doctor,
Here is my deare, deare, dearest friend in Court,
Wife, powerfull Mr. *Bias*; pray you salute
Each other, not as strangers, but true friends.

Rut. This is the Gentleman you brought to day,
A Suitor to your Neice? *Int.* Yes. *Rut.* You were
Agreed, I heard; the writings drawne betweene you?

Int. And seald. *Rut.* What broke you off? *Int.* This rumour of her?
Was it not Mr. *Bias*? *Bia.* Which I find
Now false, and therefore come to make amends
I' the first place. I stand to the old conditions.

Rut. Faith give 'hem him, Sir *Moath*, what ere they were.
You have a brave occasion now, to crosse
The flanting Mr. *Compasse*, who pretends
Right to the portion, by th' other Intaile.

Int. And claimes it. You doe heare he's married?

Bia. We heare his wife is run away from him,
Within: She is not to be found i' the house,
With all the Hue, and Cry is made for her,
Through every roome; the Larders ha' beene search'd,
The Bak-houses, and Boulting-tub. the Ovens,
Wash-house, and Brew-house, nay the very Fornace,
And yet she is not heard of. *Int.* Be she nere heard of,

The safety of *Great Brittain* lyes not on't.
 You are content with the ten thousand pound,
 Defalking the foure hundred garnish money?
 That's the condition here, afore the Doctor,
 And your demand, friend *Bias*. *Bia*. It is Sir *Moath*.
Rut. Here comes the *Parson* then, shall make all sure.
Int. Goe you with my friend *Bias*, *Parson* *Palate*,
 Vnto my Neice; assure them wee are agreed.
Pal. And Mrs. *Compasse* too, is found within.
Int. Where was she hid? *Pal*. In an old Bottle-house,
 Where they scrap'd trenchers, there her mother had thrust her.
Rut. You shall have time, Sir, to triumph on him,
 When this fine feate is done, and his *Rud-Ironside*.

ACT V. SCENE IX.

Compasse. Pleasance. Lady. Ironside. Practise.
Polish. Chaire. Keepe. &c.

Com. Was ever any Gentlewoman us'd
 So barbarously by a malicious Gossip,
 Pretending to be Mother to her too?
Pol. Pretending! Sir, I am her Mother, and challenge
 A right, and power for what I have done. *Com*. Out, Hag.
 Thou that hast put all nature off, and woman:
 For fordid gaine, betray'd the trust committed
 Vnto thee by the dead, as from the living:
 Chang'd the poore innocent Infants in their Cradles:
 Defrauded them o' their parents, chang'd their names,
 Calling *Placentia, Pleasance; Pleasance, Placentia*.
Pol. How knowes he this? *Com*. Abus'd the neighbour-hood;
 But most this Lady. Did'st enforce an oath,
 To this poore woman, on a pious booke,
 To keepe close thy impiety. *Pol*. Ha' you told this?
Kee. I told it? no, he knowes it, and much more,
 As he's a cunning man. *Pol*. A cunning foole,
 If that be all. *Com*. But now to your true daughter,
 That had the Child, and is the proper *Pleasance*,
 Wee must have an account of that too, Gossip;
Pol. This's like all the rest of Mr. *Compasse*.

ACT V. SCENE X.

Enter to them running, Rut.

Rut. Helpe, helpe for Charity; Sir *Moath* Interest
 Is false into the Well. *Lad*. Where? where? *Rut*. I' the Garden.
 A rope to save his life. *Com*. How came he there?
Rut. He thought to take possession of a fortune,
 There newly drop't him, and the old Chaine broke,
 And downe fell hee i' the Bucket. *Com*. Is it deepe?

edT

Rut.

Enter Silke-
worme. Iron-
side. Item,
Needle, and
Interest-Rut.

Lady.

Bias,
Placentia,
Palate,

Varlet.

Rut. We cannot tell. A rope : helpe with a rope.
Sil. He is got out againe. The Knight is sav'd.
Iro. A little sows'd i' the water : *Needle* sav'd him.
Ite. The water sav'd him, 'twas a faire escape.
Nee. Ha' you no hurt ? *Int.* A little wet. *Nee.* That's nothing.
Rut. I wish'd you stay Sir till to morrow : And told you,
 It was no lucky houre : since fixe a Clock
 All starres were retrograde. *Lad.* I' the name
 Of fate, or folly how came you i' the Bucket ?
Int. That is a *Quere* of another time, sifter,
 The Doctor will resolve you — who hath done
 The admirable'st cure upon your *Needle* !
 Gi' me thy hand good *Needle* : thou cam'st timely.
 Take off my hood and coat. And let me shake
 My selfe a little. I have a world of busines.
 Where is my Nephew *Bias* ? and his wife ?
 Who bids God gi' hem joy ? Here they both stand
 As sure affianced, as the *Parson*, or words
 Can tie 'hem. *Rut.* Wee all wish 'hem joy, and happinesse.
Silk. I saw the Contract, and can witnesse it.
Int. He shall receive ten thousand pounds to morrow.
 You look'd for't, *Compasse*, or a greater summe,
 But 'tis dispos'd of, this, another way.
 I have but one Neice, verely *Compasse*.
Com. Ile find another. *Varlet*, doe your office.
Var. I doe arrest your body, Sir *Moath Interest*,
 In the Kings name : At suite of Mr. *Compasse*,
 And Dame *Placentia* his wife. The Action's entred,
 Five hundred thousand pound. *Int.* Heare you this, sifter ?
 And hath your house the cares, to heare it too ?
 And to refound the affront ? *Lad.* I cannot stop
 The Lawes, or hinder Justice. I can be
 Your Baile, if't may be taken. *Com.* With the Captaines,
 I aske no better. *Rut.* Here are better men,
 Will give their Baile. *Com.* But yours will not be taken,
 Worshipfull Doctor, you are good security
 For a suit of clothes, to th' Taylor, that dares trust you :
 But not for such a summe, as is this Action.
Varlet, You know my mind. *Var.* You must to prison, Sir,
 Vnlesse you can find Baile the Creditor likes.
Int. I would faine find it, if you'd shew me where.
Silk. It is a terrible Action ; more indeed,
 Then many a man is worth. And is call'd *Fright-Baile*.
Iro. Faith I will baile him, at mine owne apperill.
Varlet, be gone : Ile once ha' the reputation,
 To be security for such a summe.
 Beare up Sir *Moath*. *Rut.* He is not worth the Buckles
 About his Belt, and yet this *Ironside* clashes.
Int. Peace, lest he heare you Doctor ; wee'll make use of him.
 What doth your brother *Compasse*, *Captaine Ironside*,

De-

Demand of us, by way of challenge, thus?

Iro. Your Neices portion; in the right of his wife.

Int. I have assur'd one portion, to one Neice,
And have no more t'account for, that I know of:

What I may doe in charity if my sister,
Will bid an Offring for her maid, and him,
As a Benevolence to 'hem, after Supper,
Ile spit into the Bason, and intreat

My friends to doe the like. *Com.* Spit out thy gall,
And heart, thou Viper: I will now no mercy,
No pittie of thee, thy false Neice, and Needle;
Bring forth your Child, or I appeale you of murder,
You, and this Gossip here, and Mother Chaire.

Pleasance
steps out.

Cha. The Gentleman's falne mad! *Fle.* No, Mrs. Midwife.
I saw the Child, and you did give it me,
And put it i' my armes, by this ill token,
You wish'd me such another; and it cry'd.

Pra. The Law is plaine; if it were heard to cry,
And you produce it not, hee may indict
All that conceale't, of Felony, and Murder.

Com. And I will take the boldnesse, Sir, to doe it:
Beginning with Sir *Moath* here, and his Doctor.

Silk. Good faith this same is like to turne a busines.

Pal. And a shrewd busines, marry: they all start at't.

Com. I ha' the right thred now, and I will keepe it.

You good'y *Keepe*, confesse the truth to my Lady,
The truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth.

Pol. I scorne to be prevented of my glories.

I plotted the deceit, and I will owne it.

Love to my Child, and lucre of the portion

Provok'd me; wherein though th'event hath fail'd

In part, I will make use of the best side.

This is my Daughter, and she hath had a Child

This day, (unto her shame, I now professe it.)

By this meere false-stick Squire *Needle*, but

Since this wise Knight, hath thought it good to change,

The foolish Father of it, by assuring

Her to his deare friend, Mr. *Bias*, and him

Againe to her, by clapping of him on

With his free promise of ten thousand pound,

Afore so many witnesses. *Silk.* Whereof I

Am one. *Pal.* And I another. *Pol.* I should be unnaturall

To my owne flesh, and blood, wou'd I not thanke him.

I thanke you Sir: and I have reason for it.

For here your true Neice stands, fine Mrs. *Compasse*.

(Ile tell you truth, you have deserv'd it from me.)

To whom you are by bond engag'd to pay,

The fixteene thousand pound, which is her portion,

Due to her husband, on her marriage-day.

I speake the truth, and nothing but the truth.

The Magnetick Lady.

63

Iro. You'll pay it now, Sir *Moath*, with interest?
You see the truth breaks out on every side of you.

Int. Into what nets of cous'nage am I cast
On ev'ry side? each thred is growne a noose:
A very mesh: I have run my selfe into
A double breake, of paying twice the money.

Bia. You shall be releas'd, of paying me a penny,
With these conditions. *Pol.* Will you leave her then?

Bia. Yes, and the summe, twice told, ere take a wife,
To pick out Mounfieur *Needles* basting threds.

Com. Gossip you are paid: though he be a fit nature,
Worthy to have a Whore justly put on him;
He is not bad enough to take your Daughter,
On such a cheat. Will you yet pay the portion?

Int. What will you 'bate? *Com.* No penny the Law gives.

Int. Yes, *Bias's* money. *Com.* What? your friend in Court?
I will not rob you of him, nor the purchase,
Nor your deare Doctor here, stand altogether.
Birds of a nature all, and of a feather.

Lad. Well, wee are all now reconcil'd to truth.
There rests yet a Gratuitie from me,
To be conferr'd upon this Gentleman;
Who (as my Nephew *Compasse* sayes) was cause,
First of th' offence, but since of all th' amends,
The Quarrell caus'd th' affright, that fright brought on
The travell, which made peace, the peace drew on
This new discovery, which endeth all
In reconcilment. *Com.* When the portion
Is tender'd, and receiv'd. *Int.* Well, you must have it,
As good at first as last. 'Tis well said brother.
And I, if this good Captaine will accept me,
Give him my selfe, endow him with my estate,
And make him Lord of me, and all my fortunes:
He that hath sav'd my houre, though by chance,
Ile really study his, and how to thanke him.

Iro. And I imbrace you, Lady, and your goodnesse,
And vow to quit all thought of warre hereafter,
Save what is fought under your colours, Madam.

Pat. More worke then for the *Parson*; I shall cap
The Loadstone with an *Ironside*, I see.

Iro. And take in these, the forlorne Couple, with us,
Needle, and's *Thred*, whose portion I will thinke on;
As being a busines, waiting on my bounty:
Thus I doe take possession of you, Madam,
My true *Magnetick* Mistris, and my Lady.

The end.

CHORVS.

CHORUS

Changed into an **EPILOGUE**;

To the **KING**.

Well, Gentlemen, I now must under seale,
 And th' Authors charge, waive you, and make my'appeale
 To the supremest power, my LORD, the KING;
 Who best can judge of what wee humbly bring.
 Hee knowes our weaknesse, and the Poets faults;
 Where he doth stand upright, goe firme, or halts;
 And hee will doome him. To which voice he stands,
 And prefers that, 'fore all the Peoples hands.

The end.

CHORUS.

A T A L E
OF
A T U B.

A COMEDY composed

By

BEN: IOHNSON.

Catul.—*Inficeto est inficetior rure.*

LONDON,

Printed M. DC. XL.

SALE

TUB

COMEDY

Ben: Johnson

LONDON

Printed M. DC. XL

PRO

The Persons that act.

CHAN HVGH,	<i>Ricar of Pancrace, and Captaine Thums.</i>
SQVIRE TVB,	<i>of Totten-Court, or Squire TRIPOLY.</i>
BASKETHILTS,	<i>His man, and Governour.</i>
IYST: PREAMBLE,	<i>of Maribone, alias BRAMBLE.</i>
MILES METAPHOR,	<i>His Clarke.</i>
LADY TVB,	<i>of Totten, the Squires Mother.</i>
POL-MARTEN,	<i>Her Huisber. DIDO WISPE her woman.</i>
TOBIE TVRFE,	<i>High Constable of Kentish Towne.</i>
DA: SIBIL TVREE	<i>His Wife.</i>
Mrs. AWDREY TVRFE,	<i>Their Daughter the Bride.</i>
JOHN CLAY,	<i>of Kilborne Tile-maker, the appointed Bride-groome.</i>
IN-AND-IN.MEDLAY.	<i>of slington, Cooper and Headborough.</i>
RASI: CLENCH,	<i>of Hamsted, Farrier, and petty Constable.</i>
TO PAN,	<i>Tinker, or Metall-man of Belfisc. Thirdborough.</i>
D'OGGE: SCRIBEN,	<i>of Chalcot the great Writer.</i>
BALL PVPPY,	<i>The high Constables man.</i>
FATHER ROSIN,	<i>The Minstrell, and His 2 Boyes.</i>
IONE, IOYCE,	<i>Maids of the Bridall.</i>
MADGE, PARNEL,	
GRISELL, KATE.	
BLACK IACK,	<i>The Lady Tubs Butler.</i>

2 Groomes.

The Scene, Finsbury-hundred.

I 2

PRO.

PROLOGVE.

NO State-affaires, nor any politique Club,
 Pretend wee in our Tale, here, of a Tub:
 But acts of Clownes and Constables, to day
 Stuffle out the Scenes of our ridiculous Play.
 A Coopers Wit, or some such busie Sparke,
 Illumining the high Constable, and his Clarke.
 And all the Neighbour-hood, from old Records,
 Of antick Proverbs, drawne from Whitson-Lord's,
 And their Authorities, at Wakes and Ales,
 With countrey precedents, and old Wives Tales;
 Wee bring you now, to shew what different things
 The Cotes of Clownes, are from the Courts of Kings:

A T A L E O F A T U B.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir Hugh. Tub. Hilts.

Hug. **N**OW o' my faith, old Bishop *Valentine*,
You' ha' brought us nipping weather: *Februer*

Doth cut and sheare; your day, and diocesse
Are very cold. All your Parishioners;
As well your Layicks, as your Quiristers,
Had need to keepe to their warme Fether-beds,
If they be sped of loves: this is no season,
To seeke new Makes in; though *Sir Hugh* of *Pancrace*,
Be hither come to *Totten*, on intelligence,
To the young Lord o' the Mannor, Squire *Tripoly*,
On such an errand as a Mistris is.

What, Squire! I say: *Tub.* I should call him too:
Sir Peter Tub was his father, a Salt-peeter-man;
Who left his Mother, Lady *Tub* of *Totten-*
Court, here, to revell, and keepe open house in;
With the young Squire her sonne, and's Governour *Basket-*
Hilts, both by sword, and dagger: *Domine*,
Armiger Tub, Squire *Tripoly*, *Expergiscere*.

I dare not call aloud, lest she should heare me;
And thinke I conjur'd up the spirither, sonne,
In Priests-lack-latine: O shee is jealous

Of all man-kind for him. *Tub.* Chanon, i'ft you?

Hug. The Vicar of *Pancrace*, Squire *Tub*! wa' hoh!

Tub. I come, I stoop unto the call; *Sir Hugh*!

Hug. He knowes my lure is from his Love: faire *Awdrey*,
Th'high Constables Daughter of *Kentish Towne*, here Mr.

Tobias Turfe. Tub. What newes of him? *Hug.* He has wak'd me,

An houre before I would, Sir. And my duty,
To the young worship of *Tetten-Court*, Squire *Tripoly*;
Who hath my heart, as I have his: your Mrs.

Is to be made away from you, this morning,
Saint *Valentines* day: there are a knot of Clownes,

The Counsell of *Finsbury*, so they are y-styl'd,
Met at her Fathers; all the wise o' th' hundred,
Old *Bast* *Clench* of *Hamsted*, petty Constable;

At the Win-
dor.

He comes
downe in his
night Gowne.

In-and-

In-and-In Medlay, Cooper of *Islington*,
And *Headborough*; with lowd *To-Pan* the Tinker,
Or *Mettall-man* of *Belfise*, the Third-borough:
And *D'ogenes Scriben*, the great Writer of *Chalcot*.

Tub. And why all these? *Hug*. Sir to conclude in Counsell,
A Husband, or a Make for Mrs. *Awdrey*;
Whom they have nam'd, and prick'd downe, *Clay* of *Kilborne*,
A tough young fellow, and a Tile-maker.

Tub. And what must he doe? *Hugh*. Cover her, they say:
And keepe her warme Sir: Mrs. *Awdrey Turfe*,
Last night did draw him for her *Valentine*;
Which chance, it hath so taken her Father, and Mother,
(Because themselves drew so, on *Valentine's Eve*
Was thirty yeare) as they will have her married
To day by any meanes; they have sent a Messenger
To *Kilborne*, post, for *Clay*; which when I knew,
I posted with the like to worshipfull *Tripoly*,
The Squire of *Totten*: and my advise to crosse it.

Tub. What is't Sir *Hugh*? *Hugh*. Where is your Governour *Hilts*?
Rasquet must doe it. *Tub*. *Rasquet* shall be call'd:

Hilts, can you see to rise? *Hil*. Cham not blind Sir
With too much light. *Tub*. Open your tother eye,
And view if it be day. *Hil*. Che can spy that
At's little a hole, as another, through a Millstone.

Tub. Hee will ha' the last word, though he talke Bilke for't.

Hugh. Bilke? what's that? *Tub*. Why nothing, a word signifying
Nothing; and borrow'd here to expresse nothing.

Hugh. A fine device! *Tub*. Yes, till we heare a finer.
What's your device now, Chanon *Hugh*? *Hugh*. In private.

Lend it your care; I will not trust the ayre with it;
Or scarce my Shirt; my Cassock sha' not know it;
If I thought it did, Ile burne it. *Tub*. That's the way,
You ha' thought to get a new one, *Hugh*: Is't worth it?
Let's heare it first. *Hugh*. Then hearken, and receive it.

They whisper.
Hilts enters,
and walks by,
making him-
selfe ready.

This 'tis Sir, doe you relish it? *Tub*. If *Hilts*
Be close enough to carry it; there's all.

Hil. It i' no sand? nor Butter-milke? If't be,
Ich'am no zive, or watring pot, to draw
Knots i' your 'casions. If you trust me, zo:
If not, praforme it your zelves. 'Cham no mans wife,
But resolute *Hilts*: you'll vind me i' the Buttry.

Tub. A testie Clowne: but a tender Clowne, as wooll:
And melting as the Weather in a Thaw:
Hee'll weepe you, like all *April*: But he'll roare you
Like middle *March* afore: He will be as mellow,
And tipple too, as *October*: And as grave,
And bound up like a frost (with the new yeare)
In *January*; as rigid, as he is rusticke.

Hug. You know his nature, and describe it well;
Ile leave him to your fashioning. *Tub*. Stay, Sir *Hugh*;

Take a good Angell with you, for your Guide:
And let this guard you home-ward, as the blessing,
To our devise. *Ang.* I thanke you Squires-worship,
Most humbly (for the next, for this I am sure of.)
O for a Quire of these voices, now,
To chime in a mans pocket, and cry chinke!
One doth not chirpe: it makes no harmony.
Grave Justice *Bramble*, next must contribute;
His charity must offer at this wedding:
He bid more to the Bason, and the Bride-ale;
Although but one can beare away the Bride:
I smile to thinke how like a Lottery
These Weddings are. *Clay* hath her in possession;
The Squire he hopes to circumvent the *Tile-Kill*:
And now, if Justice *Bramble* doe come off,
'Tis two to one but *Tub* may loose his botome.

The Squire goes off.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Clench. Medlay. Scriben. Pan. Puppy.

Cle. Why, 'tis thirty yeare, eene as this day now:
Zin Valentines day, of all dayes curfin'd, looke you;
And the zameday o' the moneth, as this *Zin Valentine*,
Or I am vowly deceiv'd. *Med.* That our High Constable,
Mr. Tobias Turfe, and his Dame were married:
I thinke you are right. But what was that *Zin Valentine*?
Did you ever know 'um, Good-man *Clench*? *Cle.* *Zin Valentine*,
Hee was a deadly *Zin*, and dwelt at *High-gate*,
As I have heard, but 't was avore my time:
Hee was a Cooper too, as you are. *Medlay*,
An' In-an-In: A woundy, brag young vellow:
As th' port went o' hun, then, and i' those dayes.

Scri. Did he not write his name, *Sim Valentine*?
Vor I have met no *Sim* in *Finsbury* bookes;
And yet I have writ 'hem fixe or seven times over.

Pan. O' you mun looke for the nine deadly *Sims*,
I' the Church bookes, *Dage*; not the 'high Constables;
Nor i' the Counties: Zure, that same *Zin Valentine*,
Hee was a stately *Zin*: an' hee were a *Zin*,
And kept 'brave house. *Cle.* At the Cock and Hen, in *High-gate*.
You ha' 'fresh'd my rememory well in't! neighbour *Pan*:
He had a place, in last King *Harrie*'s time,
Of sorting all the young couples; joyning 'hem;
And putting 'hem together; which is, yet,
Praform'd, as on his day — *Zin Valentine*;
As being the *Zin* o' the shire, or the whole Countie:
I am old Rivet still, and beare a braine,
The *Clench*, the Varrier, and true Leach of *Hamsted*.

Pan.

Pan. You are a shrewd antiquity, neighbour *Clench*!
And a great Guide to all the Parishes!
The very Bel-wether of the Hundred, here,
As I may zay. Mr. *Tobias Turfe*,
High Constable, would not misse you, for a' score on us,
When he doe' scourse of the great Charty to us.

Pup. What's that, a Horle? Can' scourse nought but a Horle?
I neere read o' hun, and that in *Smith-veld* Chartie:
I' the old *Fabians* Chronicles: nor I thinke
In any new. He may be a Giant there,
For I ought I know. *Scri.* You should doe well to study
Records, Fellow *Ball*, both Law and Poetry.

Pup. Why, all's but writing, and reading, is it *Scriben*?
An't be any more, it's meere cheating zure.
Vlat cheating: all your Law, and Poets too.

Pan. Mr. High Constable comes. *Pup.* He zay't avore' hun.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Turfe. Clench. Medlay. Scriben. Puppy. Pan.

Tur. What's that, makes you'all so merry, and lowd, Sirs, ha?
I could ha' heard you to my privie walke.

Cle. A Contervarfie, 'twixt your two learn'd men here:
Annibal Puppy sayes, that Law and Poetry
Are both flat cheating; All's but writing and reading,
He sayes, be't verse or prose. *Tur.* I thinke in conzience,
He do' zay true: Who is't doe thwart 'un, ha?

Med. Why my friend *Scriben*, and't please your worship.

Tur. Who *D'oge*? my *D'ogenes*? a great Writer, marry!
Hee'll vace mee down, mee my selfe sometimes,
That verse goes upon vecte, as you and I doe:
But I can gi' 'un the hearing; zit me downe;
And laugh at 'un; and to my selfe conclude,
The greatest Clarkes, are not the wisest men
Ever. Here they are both! What Sirs, disputin,
And holdin Arguments of verse, and prose?
And no greene thing afore the Door, that shewes,
Or speakes a wedding? *Scri.* Those were verses now,
Your worship spake, and run upon vive feet.

Tur. Feet, vrom my mouth, *D'oge*? Leave your 'zurd uppinions:
And get me in some boughes. *Scri.* Let 'hem ha' leaves first.
There's nothing greene but Bayes, and Rosemary.

Pup. And they're too good for strewings, your Maids say.

Tur. You take up 'dority still, to vouch against me.
All the twelve smocks i' the house, zur, are your Authors.
Get some fresh hay then, to lay under foot:
Some Holly and Ivie, to make vine the posts:
Is't not Sonne *Valentines* day? and Mrs. *Awdrey*,
Your young Dame to be married? I wonder *Clay*

Should be so tedious: Hee's to play *Sonne Valentine*!

And the Clowne fluggard's not come fro' *Kilborne* yet?

Med. Do you call your Son i' Law Clowne, and't please your worship?

Tur. Yes, and vor worship too; my neighbour *Medlay*.

A *Middlesex* Clowne; and one of *Finsbury*:

They were the first Colon's o' the kingdome here:

The Primitory Colon's; my *D'ogenes* sayes.

Where's *D'ogenes*, my Writer now? What were those

You told me, *D'ogenes*, were the first Colon's

O' the Countrey? that the *Romans* brought in here?

Scr. The *Coloni*. Sir, *Colonus* is an Inhabitant:

A Clowne originall: as you'd zay a Farmer, a Tiller o' th' Earth,

Ere fin' the *Romans* planted their Colonie first,

Which was in *Middlesex*.

Tur. Why so, I thanke you heartily, good *D'ogenes*, you ha' zertified me:

I had rather be an ancient Colon, (as they zay) a Clowne of *Middlesex*:

A good rich Farmer, or high Constable.

I'd play hun' gaine a Knight, or a good Squire;

Or Gentleman of any other Countie

I' the Kindome. *Pan.* Out-cept *Kent*, for there they landed

All Gentlemen, and came in with the Conquerour,

Mad *Julius Caesar*; who built *Dover*-Castle:

My Ancestor *To-Pan*, beat the first Kettle-drum,

Avore'hun, here vrom *Dover* on the March:

Which peice of monumentall copper hangs

Vp, scourd, at *Hammer-smith* yet; for there they came

Over the *Thames*, at a low water marke;

Vore either *London*, I, or *Kingston* Bridge—

I doubt were kurfind. *Tur.* Zee, who is here: *Iohn Clay*!

Zonne Valentine, and Bride-groome! ha' you zeene

Your Valentine-Bride yet, fin' you came? *Iohn Clay*?

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Clay.

To them.

Clay. No wuffe. Che lighted, I, but now i' the yard:

Pappy ha' scarce unswadled my legges yet.

Tur. What? wispes o' your wedding day, zonne? This is right

Originous Clay: and Clay o' *Kilborne* too!

I would ha' had bootes o' this day, zure, zonne *Iohn*.

Clay. I did it to save charges: we mun dance,

O this day, zure: and who can dance in boots?

No, I got on my best straw-coloured stockins,

And swaddeld 'hem over to save charges; I.

Tur. And his new shamois Doublet too with points;

I like that yet: and his long sawsedge-hose,

Like the Commander of foure smoaking Tile-kils,

Which he is Captaine of; Captaine of *Kilborne*:

Clay with his hat turn'd up, o' the leere side, too:

As if he would leape my Daughter yet ere night,

And spring a new *Turfe* to the old house:

Looke, and the wenches ha' not vound un out;

And doe parzent un, with a van of *Rosemary*,

And Bayes; to vill a Bow-pot, trim the head
Of my best vore-horse: wee shall all ha' Bride-laces;
Or points, I zee: my Daughter will be valiant;
And prove a very *Mary Ambry* i' the busines.

Cle. They zaid, your worship had sur'd her to *Squire Tub*
Of *Totten-Court* here; all the hundred rings on't.

Tur. *A Tale of a Tub*, Sir; a meere tale of a Tub.

Lend it no care I pray you: The *Squire Tub*

Is a fine man, but he is too fine a man,

And has a *Lady Tub* too to his Mother:

Ile deale with none o' these vine filken *Tubs*.

John Clay, and Cloath-breech for my money, and Daughter.

Here comes another old Boy too, vor his colours

Enter Father Will stroake downe my wives udder of purses, empty
Rosin. Of all her milke money, this Winter Quarter;

Old *Father Rosin*, the chiefe Minstrell here:

Chiefe Minstrell too of *High gate*: she has hir'd him

And all, his two Boyes for a day and a halfe,

And now they come for Ribbanding, and Rosemary;

Give 'hem enough Girles, gi' 'hem enough, and take it

Out in his tunes anon. *Cle.* I'll ha' *Tom Tiler*,

For our *John Clay*'s sake, and the Tile kilns, zure.

Med. And I the jolly Joyner, for mine owne sake.

Pan. Ile ha' the joviall *Tinker* for *To, Pans* sake.

Tur. Wee'll all be jovy this day, vor sonne *Valentine*,

My sweet sonne *John*'s sake. *Scri.* There's another reading now:

My Mr. reades it *Sonne*, and not *Sinne Valentine*.

Pup. Nor *Zim*: And hee is i' the right: He is high Constable.

And who should reade above un, or avore 'hun?

Tur. Sonne *John* shall bid us welcome all, this day:

Wee'll zerve under his colours: Leade the troop *John*,

And *Puppy*; see the Bels ring. Presse all noises

Of *Finsbury*, in our name; *D'ogenes Scriben*

Shall draw a score of warrants vor the busines.

Do's any wight parzent hir Majesties person,

This Hundred, 'bove the high Constable? *All.* No, no.

Tur. Vse our Authority then, to the utmost on't.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Hugh. Preamble. Metaphor.

Hugh. So, you are sure Sir to prevent 'hem all;

And throw a block i' the Bride-groomes way, *John Clay*,

That he will hardly leape ore. *Pre.* I conceive you,

Sir *Hugh*; as if your Rhetoricke would say,

Whereas the Father of her is a *Turfe*,

A very superficies of the earth;

Hee aimes no higher, then to match in *Clay*;

And there hath pitch'd his rest. *Hug.* Right Justice *Bramble*:

You ha' the winding wit, compassing all.

Pre. Subtile Sir *Hugh*, you now are i' the wrong,
And erre with the whole Neighbour-hood, I must tell you;
For you mistake my name. Justice *Preamble*

I write my selfe; which with the ignorant Clownes, here
(Because of my profession of the Law,
And place o' the peace) is taken to be *Bramble*.

But all my warrants Sir, doe run *Preamble*:

Richard Preamble. *Hugh.* Sir I thanke you for't.
That your good worship, would not let me run
Longer in error, but would take me up thus —

Pre. You are my learned, and canonick neighbour:
I would not have you stray; but the incorrigible
Knot-headed beast, the Clownes, or Constables,
Still let them graze; eat Sallads; chew the Cud:
All the Towne-musicke will not move a log.

Hug. The Beetle and Wedges will, where you will have 'hem.

Pre. True, true Sir *Hugh*, here comes *Miles Metaphore*,
My Clarke: Hee is the man shall carry it, Chanon,
By my instructions. *Hug.* Hee will do't *ad unguem*,
Miles Metaphore: Hee is a pretty fellow.

Pre. I love not to keepe shadows, or halfe-wits,
To foile a busines. *Metaphore!* you ha' seene
A King ride forth in state. *Met.* Sir that I have:
King *Edward* our late Leige, and soveraigne Lord:
And have set downe the pompe. *Pre.* Therefore I ask'd you,
Ha' you observ'd the Messengers o' the Chamber?
What habits they were in? *Met.* Yes; Minor Coats.
Vnto the Guard, a Dragon, and a Grey-hound,
For the supporters of the Armes. *Pre.* Well mark'd;
You know not any of 'hem? *Met.* Here's one dwels
In *Maribone*. *Pre.* Ha' you acquaintance with him?
To borrow his coat an houre? *Hug.* Or but his badge,
'Twill serve: A little thing he weares on his brest.

Pre. His coat, I say, is of more authority:
Borrow his coat for an houre. I doe love
To doe all things compleately, Chanon *Hugh*;
Borrow his coat, *Miles Metaphore*, or nothing.

Met. The Taberd of his office, I will call it,
Or the Coat-Armour of his place: and so
Insinuate with him by that Trope —

Pre. I know your powers of Rhetorick, *Metaphore*.
Fetch him off in a fine figure for his coat I say.

Hug. Ile take my leave Sir of your worship too:
Bycause I may expect the issue anone.

Pre. Stay my diviner Counsell, take your fee;
Wee that take fees, allow 'hem to our Counsell;
And our prime learned Counsell, double fees:
There are a brace of Angels to support you
I' your foot-walke this frost, for feare of falling;
Or spraying of a point of Matrimony,

Preamble goes
out.

When you come at it. *Hug.* I' your worships service;
That the exploit is done, and you possesse
Of Mrs. *Awdrey Turfe*—*Pre.* I like your project.

Hug. And I, of this effect of two to one;
It worketh in my pocket, 'gainst the Squire,
And his halfe bottome here, of halfe a peice:
Which was not worth the stepping ore the stile for:
His Mother has quite marr'd him: *Lady Tub*,
She's such a vessell of *feces*: all dry'd earth!
Terra damnata, not a drop of salt!
Or *Peeter* in her! All her Nitre is gone.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

Lady Tub. Pol-Marten.

Lad. Is the Nag ready *Marten*? call the Squire.
This frosty morning wee will take the aire,
About the fields: for I doe meane to be
Some-bodies *Valentine*, i' my Velvet Gowne,
This morning, though it be but a beggar-man.
Why stand you still, and doe not call my sonne?

Pol. Madam, if he had couched with the Lambe,
He had no doubt beene stirring with the Larke:
But he sat up at Play, and watch'd the Cock,
Till his first warning chid him off to rest.
Late Watchers are no early Wakers, Madam;
But if your Ladiship will have him call'd—

Lad. Will have him call'd? Wherefore did I, Sir, bid him
Be call'd, you Weazell, Vermin of an Huisher?
You will returne your wit to your first stile
Of *Marten Polcat*, by these stinking tricks,
If you doe use 'hem: I shall no more call you
Pol-marten, by the title of a Gentleman,
If you goe on thus—*Pol.* I am gone. *Lad.* Be quick then,
I' your come off: and make amends you Stote!

Pol-marten
goes out.

Was ever such a Full-mart for an Huisher,
To a great worshipfull Lady, as my selfe;
Who, when I heard his name first, *Martin Polcat*,
A stinking name, and not to be pronounc'd
In any Ladies presence; my very heart eene earn'd, seeing the Fellow
Young, pretty and handsome; being then I say,
A Basket-Carrier, and a man condemn'd
To the Salt-peeter workes; made it my suit
To Mr. *Peeter Tub*, that I might change it;
And call him as I doe now, by *Pol-marten*,
To have it sound like a Gentleman in an Office,
And made him mine owne Fore-man, daily waiter,
And he to serve me thus! Ingratitude!
Beyond the Courfenes yet of any Clownage,

Without a
reverence.

Shewen to a Lady ! what now , is he stirring ? *He returns.*

Pol. Stirring betimes out of his bed, and ready.

Lad. And comes he then ? *Pol.* No Madam, he is gone.

Lad. Gone ? whither ? aske the Porter: Where's he gone ?

Pol. I met the Porter, and have ask'd him for him;
He sayes he let him forth an houre agoe.

Lad. An houre agoe ! what busines could he have,
So early ? where is his man, grave *Basket Hilts* ?

His Guide, and Governour ? *Pol.* Gone with his Master.

Lad. Is he gone too ? O that same surly knave,
Is his right hand: and leads my sonne amisse.

He has carried him to some drinking match, or other:

Pol-marten, I will call you so againe,

I am friends with you now. Goe get your horse, and ride

To all the Townes about here, where his haunts are ;

And crosse the fields to meet, and bring me word ;

He cannot be gone farre, being a foot.

Be curious to inquire him: and bid *Wiske*

My woman come, and waite on me. The love

Wee Mothers beare our Sonnes, we ha' bought with paine,

Makes us oft view them, with too carefull eyes,

And over-looke 'hem with a jealous feare,

Out-fitting Mothers.

ACT I. SCENE VII.

Lady Tub. Wispe.

Lad. How now *Wiske* ? Ha' you

A Valentine yet: I'm taking th' aire to choose one.

Wif. Fate send your Ladiship a fit one then.

Lad. What kind of one is that ? *Wif.* A proper man,

To please your Ladiship. *Lad.* Out o' that vanity,

That takes the foolish eye: Any poore creature,

Whose want may need my almes, or courtesie ;

I rather wish, so Bishop *Valentine*,

Left us example to doe deeds of Charity ;

To feed the hungry ; cloath the naked, visit

The weake, and sicke ; to entertaine the poore ;

And give the dead a Christian Funerall ;

These were the workes of piety he did practise,

And bad us imitate ; not looke for Lovers,

Or handsome Images to please our senses.

I pray thee *Wiske*, deale freely with me now :

Wee are alone, and may be merry a little :

Tho' art none o' the Court-glories ; nor the wonders

For wit, or beauty i' the Citie: tell me,

What man would satisfiethy present phansie ?

Had thy ambition leave to choose a Valentine,

Within the Queenes Dominion, so a subject.

Wif.

Wif. Yo' ha' gi' me a large scope, Madam, I confesse,
 And I will deale with your Ladiship sincerely:
 I'll utter my whole heart to you. I would have him,
 The bravest, richest, and the properest man
 A Taylor could make up; or all the Poets,
 With the Perfumers: I would have him such;
 As not another woman, but should spite me!
 Three Citie Ladies should run mad for him:
 And Countri-Madams infinite. *Lad.* You'd spare me,
 And let me hold my wits? *Wif.* I should with you—
 For the young Squire, my Masters sake, dispense
 A little; but it should be very little.
 Then all the Court-wives I'd ha' jealous of me;
 As all their husbands jealous of them:
 And not a Lawyers Pusse of any quality,
 But lick her lips, for a snatch in the Terme time. *Lad.* Come,
 Let's walke: wee'll heare the rest, as we goe on:
 You are this morning in a good veine, *Dido*:
 Would I could be as merry. My sonnes absence
 Troubles me not a little: though I seeke
 These wayes to put it off, which will not helpe:
 Care that is entred, once into the brest,
 Will have the whole possession, ere it rest.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Turfe. Clay. Medlay. Clench. To-Pan. Scriben. Pappy.

Tur. **Z**onne Clay, cheare up, the better leg avore:
 This is a veat is once done, and no more.

Cle. And then 'tis done vorever, as they say.

Med. Right! vor a man ha' his houre, and a dog his day.

Tur. True neighbour *Medlay*, yo' are still *In-and-In*.

Med. I would be Mr. Constable, if' ch' could win.

Pan. I zay, *John Clay*, keepe still on his old gate:
 Wedding, and hanging, both goe at a rate.

Tur. Well said *To-Pan*: you ha' still the hap to hit
 The naile o' the head at a close: I thinke there ne ver
 Marriage was manag'd with a more avisement,
 Then was this mariage, though I say't, that should not;
 Especially 'gain' mine owne flesh, and blood;
 My wedded Wife. Indeed my Wife would ha' had
 All the young Batchelers and Maids, forsooth,
 O' the zixe Parishes hereabout: But I
 Cry'd none, sweet *Sybil*: none of that geare, I:
 It would lick salt, I told her, by her leave.
 No, three, or voure our wise, choise honest neighbours:
 Vpstantiall persons: men that ha' borne office:

And mine owne Family, would bee inough
To eat our dinner. What? Deare meate's a theife:
I know it by the Butchers, and the Mercat-volke,
Hum drum I cry. No halfe-Oxe in a Pie:
A man that's bid to Bride-ale, if hee ha' cake,
And drinke enough, hee need not veare his stake.

Cle. Tis right: he has spoke as true as a Gun; beleeeve it.

Tur. Come Sybil, come: Did not I tell you o' this?
This pride, and muster of women would marre all:
Sixe women to one Daughter, and a Mother!
The Queene (God save her) ha' no more her selfe.

D. Tur. Why, if you keepe so many, Mr. Turfe,
Why, should not all present our service to her?

Tur. Your service? good! I thinke you'll write to her shortly,
Your very loving and obedient Mother.

Tur. Come, send your Maids off, I will have 'hem sent
Home againe wife: I love no traines o' Kent,
Or Christendome, as they say. *Sc.* Wee will not back,
And leave our Dame. *Mad.* Why should her worship lack
Her taile of Maids, more then you doe of men?

Tur. What, mutin in Madge? *Io.* Zend back your C'lonsagen,
And wee will vollow. *All.* Else wee'll guard our Dame.

Tur. I ha' zet the nest of waspes all on a flame.

D. Tur. Come, you are such another Mr. Turfe:
A Clod you should be call'd, of a high Constable:
To let no musicke goe afore your child,
To Church, to cheare her heart up this cold morning.

Tur. You are for Father *Rosin*, and his consort
Of fidling Boyes, the great *Feates*, and the lesse:
Bycause you have entertain'd 'hem all from *High-gate*.
To shew your pompe, you'd ha' your Daughter, and Maids
Dance ore the fields like Faies, to Church this frost:
Ile ha' no rondels, I, i' the Queenes pathes,
Let 'un scrape the Gut at home, where they ha' fill'd it
At after-noone. *D. Turfe.* Ile ha' 'hem play at dinner.

Ite. She is i' th' right, Sir; vor your wedding dinner
Is starv'd without the Musicke. *Med.* If the Pies
Come not in piping hot, you ha' lost that Proverbe.

Tur. I yield to truth: wife are you sufficed?

Pam. A right good man! when he knowes right, he loves it.

Scri. And he will know't, and shew't too by his place
Of being high Constable, if no where else.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Hilts bearded, booted and spur'd.

Hil. Well over-taken, Gentlemen! I pray you,
Which is the Queenes High Constable among you?

Pup.

Pup. The tallest man: who should be else, doe you thinke?

Hil. It is no matter what I thinke, young Clowne: Your answer favours of the Cart. *Pup.* How? Cart? and Clowne? Doe you know whose teame you speake to?

Hil. No: nor I care not: Whose Jade may you be?

Pup. Jade? Cart? and Clowne? O for a lash of whip-cord! Three-knotted coard! *Hil.* Doe you mutter? Sir, snorle this way; That I may heare, and answer what you say, With my schoole-dagger, 'bout your Costard Sir. Looke to't, young growse: Ile lay it on, and sure; Take't off who's wull. *Cle.* Nay, pray you Gentleman—

Hil. Goetoo: I will not bate him an ace on't: What? Rowle-powle? Maple-face? All fellowes?

Pup. Doe you heare friend, I wou'd wish you, vor your good, Tie up your brended Bitch there, your dun rustie Pannier-hilt poinard: and not vexethe youth With shewing the teeth of it. Wee now are going: To Church, in way of matrimony, some on us: Tha' rung all in a ready. If it had not, All the horne beasts are grazing i' this close, Sould not ha' pull' me hence, till this Ash-plant Had rung noone o' your pate, Mr. Broome-beard.

Hil. That would I faine zee, quoth the blind *George* Of *Holloway*: Come Sir. *Awd.* O their naked weapons!

Pan. For the passion of man, hold Gentleman, and *Puppy*.

Cla. Murder, O Murder! *Awd.* O my Father, and Mother!

D. Tur. Husband, what doe you meane? Sonne *Clay* for Gods sake—

Tur. I charge you in the *Queenes* name, keepe the peace.

Hil. Tell me o' no *Queene*, or *Keyfar*: I must have A legge, or a hanch of him, ere I goe. *Med.* But zir, You must obey the *Queenes* high Officers.

Hil. Why must I, Good-man *Must*? *Med.* You must, an' you wull.

Tur. Gentleman, I am here for fault, high *Constable*—

Hil. Are you zo? what then? *Tur.* I pray you Sir put up Your weapons; doe, at my request: For him, On my authority, he shall lie by the heeles, *Verbatim continente*, an' I live.

D. Tur. Out on him for a knave, what a dead fright He has put me into? Come *Awdrey*, doe not shake.

Awd. But is not *Puppy* hurt? nor the tother man?

Cla. No Bun, but had not I cri'd Murder, I wusse—

Pup. Sweet Good-man *Clench*, I pray you revise my *Mr.* I may not zit i' the stocks, till the wedding be past

Dame. Mrs. *Awdrey*: I shall breake the Bride-cake else.

Cle. Zomething must be, to save authority, *Puppy*.

D. Tur. Husband—*Cle.* And Gossip—*Awd.* Father—*Tur.* 'Treat mee not.

It is i' vaine. If he lye not by the heeles, Ile lie there for 'hun. Ile teach the Hine, To carry a tongue in his head, to his superiors.

Hil.

Hil. This's a wise Constable! where keepes he schoole?

Cle. In *Kentish Towne*, a very survere man.

Hil. But as survere as he is; Let me Sir tell him,
He sha' not lay his man by the heeles for this.

This was my quarrell: And by his office leave,

If't carry 'hun for this, it shall carry double;

Vor he shall carry me too. *Tur.* Breath of man!

Woe is my chattell, mine owne hired goods:

An' if you doe abet 'un in this matter,

Ile clap you both by the heeles, ankle to ankle.

Hil. You'll clap a dog of waxe as soone, old *Blurt*?

Come, spare not me, Sir; I am no mans wife:

I care not, I, Sir, nor three skips of a Lowse for you,

And you were ten tall Constables, nor I.

Tur. Nay, pray you Sir, be not angry; but content:

My man shall make you, what amends you'll aske 'hun.

Hil. Let 'hun mend his manners then, and know his betters:

It's all I aske 'hun: and 'twill be his owne;

And's Masters too, another day. Che vore 'hun.

Med. As right as a Club, still. Zure this angry man

Speakes very neere the marke, when he is pleas'd.

Pup. I thanke you Sir, an' I meet you at *Kentish Towne*,

I ha' the courtesie o' hundred for you.

Hil. Gramercy, good high Constables Hine. But hear you?

Mass: Constable, I have other manner o' matter,

To bring you about, then this. And so it is,

I doe belong to one o' the *Queenes Captaines*;

A *Gent'man* o' the Field, one *Captaine Thum's*:

I know not, whether you know 'hun, or no: It may be

You doe, and't may be you doe not againe.

Tur. No, I assure you on my Constable-ship,

I doe not know 'hun. *Hil.* Nor I neither i' faith.

It skills not much; my *Captaine*, and my selfe,

Having occasion to come riding by, here,

This morning, at the corner of *Saint Iohn's wood*,

Some mile o' this *Towne*, were set upon

By a sort of countrey fellowes: that not onely

Beat us, but rob'd us, most sufficiently;

And bound us to our behaviour, hand and foot;

And so they left us. Now, *Don Constable*,

I am to charge you in her Majesties name,

As you will answer it at your apperill,

That forth-with you raise Hue and Cry i' the Hundred,

For all such persons as you can dispect,

By the length and bredth, o' your office: vor I tell you,

The losse is of some value, therefore looke to't.

Tur. As Fortune mend me, now, or any office

Of a thousand pound, if I know what to zay,

Would I were dead; or vaire hang'd up at *Tiburne*;

If I doe know what course to take, or how

To turne my selfe; just at this time too, now,
My Daughter is to be married: Ile but goe
To *Pancridge* Church, hard by, and returne instantly,
And all my Neighbour-hood shall goe about it.

Hil. Tut, *Pancridge* me no *Pancridge*, if you let it
Slip, you will answer it, and your Cap be of wooll;
Therefore take heed, you'll feele the smart else, Constable.

Tur. Nay, good Sir stay. Neighbours! what thinke you o' this?

D. Tur. Faith, Man—. Odd pretious woman, hold your tongue;
And mind your pigs o' the spit at home; you must
Have Ore in every thing. Pray you Sir, what kind
Of fellowes were they? *Hil.* Theev's kind, I ha' told you.

Tur. I meane, what kind of men? *Hil.* Men of our make.

Tur. Nay, but with patience, Sir, we that are Officers
Must 'quire the speciall markes, and all the tokens
Of the despected parties, or perhaps—else,
Be nere the nere of our purpose in 'prehending 'hem.
Can you tell, what 'parrell any of them wore?

Hil. Troth no: there were so many o' hun, all like
So one another: Now I remember me,
There was one busie fellow, was their Leader;
A blunt squat swad, but lower then your selfe,
He' had on a Lether Doublet, with long points.
And a paire of pin'd-up breech's, like pudding bags:
With yellow stockings, and his hat turn'd up
With a silver Claspe, on his leere side. *D. Tur.* By these
Markes it should be *John Clay*, now blesse the man!

Tur. Peace, and be nought: I thinke the woman be phrenfick.

Hil. *John Clay*? what's he, good Mistris? *Awd.* He that shall be
My husband—*Hil.* How! your husband, pretty one?

Awd. Yes, I shall anone be married: That's he.

Tur. Passion o' me, undone! *Pup.* Blesse Masters sonne!

Hil. O you are well 'prehended: know you me Sir?

Clay. No's my record: I never zaw you avore.

Hil. You did not? where were your eyes then? out at washing?

Tur. What should a man zay? who should he trust
In these dayes? Harke you *John Clay*, if you have
Done any such thing, tell troth, and shame the Divell.

Cle. Vaith doe: my Gossip *Turfe* zaies well to you *John*.

Med. Speake man, but doe not conveyesse, nor be avraid.

Pan. A man is a man, and a beast's a beast, looke to't.

D. Tur. I' the name of men, or beasts! what doe you doe?
Hare the poore fellow out on his five wits,
And seven senses? Doe not weepe *John Clay*.

I sweare the poore wretch is as guilty from it,
As the Child was, was borne this very morning.

Clay. No, as I am a kyrfin foule, would I were hang'd
If ever I--alasse I! would I were out
Of my life, so I would I were, and in againe—

Pup. Nay, Mrs. *Awdrey* will say nay to that.

No, In-and-out? an' you were out o' your life,
How should she doe for a husband? who should fall
Aboord o' her then, *Ball*? He's a *Puppy*?
No; *Hanniball* has no breeding: well! I say little;
But hitherto all goes well, pray it prove no better.

Awd. Come Father; I would wee were married: I am a cold.

Hil. Well, Mr. Constable, this your fine Groome here,
Bride-groome, or what Groome else, soere he be,
I charge him with the felonie; and charge you
To carry him back forthwith to *Paddington*,
Vnto my Captaine, who staies my returne there:
I am to goe to the next Justice of peace,
To get a warrant to raise *Hay* and *Cry*,
And bring him, and his fellowes all afore 'hun.
Fare you well Sir, and looketo 'hun I charge you,
As yo'll answer it. Take heed; the busines
If you deferre, may prejudiciall you
More then you thinke-for, zay I told you so.

Hilts goes out

Tur. Here's a Bride-ale indeed! Ah zonne *John*, zonne *Clay*?
I little thought you would ha' prov'd a peece
Of such false mettall. *Clay.* Father, will you beleeeve me?
Would I might never stirre i' my new shoes,
If ever I would doe so voule a fact.

Tur. Well Neighbours, I doe charge you to assist me
With 'hun to *Paddington*. Be he a true man, so:
The better for 'hun. I will doe mine office,
An' he were my owne begotten a thousand times.

D. Tur. Why, doe you heare man? Husband? Mr. *Turfe*?
What shall my Daughter doe? *Puppy*, stay here.

*She follows
her husb. and
neighbours.*

Awd. Mother, Ile goe with you, and with my Father.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Puppy. Awdrey. Hilts.

Pup. Nay, stay sweet Mrs. *Awdrey*: here are none
But one friend (as they zay) desires to speake
A word, or two, cold with you: How doe you veele
Your selfe this frosty morning? *Awd.* What ha' you
To doe to aske, I pray you? I am a cold.

Pup. It seemes you are hot, good Mrs. *Awdrey*.

Awd. You lie, I am as cold as Ice is: Feele else.

Pup. Nay, you ha' coold my courage: I am past it,
I ha' done feeling with you. *Awd.* Done with me?
I doe defie you. So I doe, to say
You ha' done with me: you are a sawcy *Puppy*.

Pup. O you mistake! I meant not as you meane.

Awd. Meant you not knavery, *Puppy*? No: no! I.
Clay meant you all the knavery, it seemes,

Who rather, then he would be married to you,
Chose to be wedded to the Gallows first.

Awd. I thought he was a dissembler; he would prove
A slippery Merchant i' the frost. Hee might
Have married one first, and have beene hang'd after,
If hee had had a mind to't. But you men,
Fie on you. *Pup.* Mrs. *Awdrey*, can you vind,
I your heart to fancie *Puppy*? me poore *Ball*?

Awd. You are dispos'd to jeere one, Mr. *Hanniball*.

Enter *Hilts*.

Pitty o' me! the angry man with the beard!

Hil. Put on thy hat, I looke for no despect.
Where's thy Master? *Pup.* Marry, he is gone
With the picture of despaire, to *Paddington*.

Hil. Pr'y thee run after 'hun, and tell 'hun he shall
Find out my Captaine, lodg'd at the red-*Lyon*
In *Paddington*; that's the Inne. Let 'un aske
Vor Captaine *Thum's*; And take that for thy paines:
He may seeke long enough else. Hiethee againe.

Pup. Yes, Sir you'll looke to Mrs. Bride the while?

Hil. That I will: prethee haste. *Awd.* What *Puppy*? *Puppy*?

Hil. Sweet Mrs. Bride, Hee'll come againe presently.

Here was no subtil device to get a wench.

This Chanon has a brave pate of his owne!

A shaven pate! And a right monger, y' vaith!

This was his plot! I follow Captaine *Thum's*?

Wee rob'd in Saint *Iohn's* wood? I' my tother hose!

I laugh, to thinke what a fine fooles finger they have

O this wise Constable, in pricking out

This Captaine *Thum's* to his neighbours: you shall see

The Tile-mantoo set fire on his owne *Kill*,

And leap into it, to save himselfe from hanging.

You talke of a Bride-ale, here was a Bride-ale broke,

I' the nick. Well: I must yet dispatch this Bride,

To mine owne master, the young Squire, and then

My taske is done. Gen'woman! I have in sort

Done you some wrong, but now Ile doe you what right

I can: It's true, you are a proper woman;

But to be cast away on such a Clowne-pipe

As *Clay*; me thinkes, your friends are not so wise

As nature might have made 'hem, well, goe too:

There's better fortune comming toward you,

As you doe not deject it. Take a voole's

Counsell, and doe not stand i' your owne light.

It may prove better then you thinke for: Looke you.

Awd. Alas Sir, what is't you would ha' me doe?

I'd faine doe all for the best, if I knew how.

Hil. ForfAKE not a good turne, when 'tis offered you;

Faire Mistris *Awdrey*, that's your name, I take it.

Awd. No Mistris, Sir, my name is *Awdrey*.

Hil. Well, so it is, there is a bold young Squire,

The blood of *Totten, Tub, and Tripoly*—

Awd. Squire *Tub*, you meane? I know him: he knowes me too.

Hil. He is in love with you: and more, he's mad for you.

Awd. I, so he told me: in his wits, I thinke.

But hee's too fine for me; and has a Lady

Tub to his Mother. Here he comes himselve!

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Tub. Hilts. Awdrey.

Tub. O you are a trusty Governour! *Hil.* What ailes you?
You doe not know when yo'are well, I thinke:
You'd ha' the Calfe with the white face, Sir, would you?
I have her for you here; what would you more?

Tub. Quietnes, *Hilts*, and heare no more of it.

Hil. No more of it, quoth you? I doe not care,
If some on us had not heard so much of't,

I tell you true; A man must carry, and vetch,

Like *Bungy's* dog for you. *Tub.* What's he? *Hil.* A Spaniel.

And scarce be spit i' the mouth for't. A good Dog

Deserves, Sir, a good bone, of a free Master:

But, an' your turnes be serv'd, the divell a bit

You care for a man after, ere a Lard of you.

Like will to like, y-faith, quoth the scab'd Squire

Toth' mangy Knight, when both met in a dish

Of butter'd vish. One bad, there's nere a good;

And not a barrell better Hering among you.

Tub. Nay *Hilts*! I pray thee grow not fram-pull now.

Turne not the bad Cow, after thy good soape.

Our plot hath hitherto tane good effect:

And should it now be troubled, or stop'd up;

'Twould prove the utter ruine of my hopes.

I pray thee haste to *Pancriedge*, to the Chanon:

And gi' him notice of our good successe;

Will him that all things be in readinesse.

Faire *Awdrey*, and my selfe, will crosse the fields,

The nearest path. Good *Hilts*, make thou some haste,

And meet us on the way. Come gentle *Awdrey*.

Hil. Vaith, would I had a few more geances on't:

An' you say the word, send me to *Iericho*.

Out-cept a man were a Post-horse, I ha' not knowne

The like on't; yet, an' he had kind words,

'Twould never irke 'hun. But a man may breake

His heart out i' these dayes, and get a flap

With a fox-taile, when he has done. And there is all.

Tub. Nay, say not so *Hilts*: hold thee; there are **Crownes**—
My love bestowes on thee, for thy reward.

If Gold will please thee, all my land shall drop
In bounty thus, to recompence thy merit.

Hil. Tut, keepe your land, and your gold too Sir: I
Seeke neither—nother of 'hun. Learne to get
More: you will know to spend that zuna you have
Early enough: you are assur'd of me.
I love you too too well, to live o' the spoyle:
For your owne sake, were there were no worse then I.
All is not Gold that glisters: Ile to *Pancridge*.

Tub. See, how his love doth melt him into Teares!
An honest faithfull servant is a Jewell.
Now th' adventurous Squire hath time, and leisure,
To aske his *Awdrey* how she do's, and heare
A gratefull answer from her. Shee not speakes:
Hath the proud Tiran, Frost, usurp'd the seate
Of former beauty in my Loves faire cheek;
Staining the roseat tincture of her blood,
With the dull die of blew-congealing cold:
No, sure the weather dares not so presume
To hurt an object of her brightnesse. Yet,
The more I view her, shee but looks so, so.
Ha: gi' me leave to search this mysterie!
O now I have it: Bride, I know your grieve;
The last nights cold, hath bred in you such horror
Of the assigned Bride-groomes constitution,
The *Kilborne* Clay-pit; that frost-bitten marle;
That lumpe in courage: melting cake of Ice;
That the conceit thereof hath almost kill'd thee.
But I must doe thee good wench, and refresh thee.

Awd. You are a merry man, Squire *Tub*, of *Totten*!
I have heard much o' your words, but not o' your deeds.

Tub. Thou sayest true, sweet; I ha' beene too slack in deeds.

Awd. Yet, I was never so straight-lac'd to you, Squire.

Tub. Why, did you ever love me, gentle *Awdrey*?

Awd. Love you? I cannot tell: I must hate nobody,
My Father sayes. *Tub.* Yes, *Clay*, and *Kilburne*; *Awdrey*,
You must hate them. *Awd.* It shall be for your sake then.

Tub. And for my sake, shall yield you that gratuitie.

Awd. Soft, and faire, Squire, there goe two word's to a bargain.

Tub. What are those *Awdrey*? *Awd.* Nay, I cannot tell.

My Mother said, zure, if you married me,
You'd make me a Lady the first weeke: and put me
In, I know not what, the very day. *Tub.* What was it?
Speake gentle *Awdrey*, thou shalt have it yet.

Awd. A velvet dressing for my head, it is,
They say will make one brave: I will not know
Besse Moale, nor *Margery Turne-up*: I will look
Another way upon 'hem, and be proud.

Tub. Troth I could wish my wench a better wit;
But what she wanteth there, her face supplies.

He offers to
kisse her.
She puts him
back.

There

There is a pointed lustre in her eye
Hath shot quite through me, and hath hit my heart:
And thence it is, I first receiv'd the wound,
That ranckles now, which only shee can cure.
Faine would I worke my selfe, from this conceit;
But, being flesh, I cannot. I must love her,
The naked truth is: and I will goe on,
Were it for nothing, but to crosse my Rivall's.
Come *Awdrey*: I am now resolv'd to ha' thee.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Preamble. Metaphore. Tub. Awdrey.

Pre. Nay, doe it quickly, *Miles*; why shak'st thou man?
Speake but his name: Ile second thee my selfe.

Met. What is his name? *Pre.* Squire *Tripoly* or *Tub*.
Any thing—*Met.* Squire *Tub*, I doe arrest you
I' the Queenes Majesties name, and all the Councels.

Tub. Arrest me, Varlet? *Pre.* Keepe the peace I charge you.

Tub. Are you there, Justice *Bramble*? where's your warrant?

Pre. The warrant is directed here to me;
From the wholetable; wherefore I would pray you
Be patient Squire, and make good the peace.

Tub. Well, at your pleasure, Iustice. I am wrong'd:
Sirrah, what are you have arrested me?

Pre. He is a Pursy'vant at Armes, Squire *Tub*.

Met. I am a Purs'yvant, see, by my Coat else.

Tub. Well Purs'yvant, goe with me: Ile give you baile.

Pre. Sir he may take no baile. It is a warrant,
In speciall from the Councell, and commands
Your personall appearance. Sir, your weapon
I must require: And then deliver you
A Prisoner to this officer, Squire *Tub*.

I pray you to conceive of me no other,
Then as your friend, and neighbour. Let my person
Be sever'd from my office in the fact,

And I am cleare. Here Purs'yvant, receive him
Into your hands; And use him like a Gentleman.

Tub. I thanke you Sir: But whither must I goe now?

Pre. Nay, that must not be told you, till you come
Vnto the place assign'd by his instructions.

Ile be the Maidens Convoy to her father,
For this time, Squire. *Tub.* I thanke you Mr. *Bramble*.

I doubt, or feare, you will make her the ballance
To weigh your Justice in. Pray yee doe me right,
And lead not her, at least out of the way.

Justice is blind, and having a blind Guide,
She may be apt to slip aside. *Pre.* Ile see to her.

Tub.

Tub. I see my wooing will not thrive. Arrested!
 As I had set my rest up, for a wife:
 And being so faire for it, as I was.— Well, fortune,
 Thou art a blind Bawd, and a Beggartoo,
 To crosse me thus; and let my onely Rivall,
 To get her from me? That's the spight of spights.
 But most I muse at, is, that I, being none
 O' th' Court, am sent for thither by the Councell &
 My heart is not so light, as't was i' the morning.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Hilts. Tub. Metaphor.

Hil. You meane to make a Hoiden, or a Hare
 O me, t' hunt Counter thus, and makes these doubles:
 And you meane no such thing, as you send about?
 Where's your sweet-heart now, I marle? *Tub.* Oh *Hilts*!

Hil. I know you of old! nere halt afore a Cripple.
 Will you have a Cawdle? where's your griefe, Sir? speake?

Met. Doe you heare friend? Doe you serve this Gentleman?

Hil. How then, Sir? what if I doe? peradventure yea:
 Peraventure nay, what's that to you Sir? Say.

Met. Nay, pray you Sir, I meant no harme in truth:
 But this good Gentleman is arrested. *Hil.* How?

Say me that againe. *Tub.* Nay *Basket*, never storme;
 I am arrested here, upon command
 From the Queenes Councell; and I must obey.

Met. You say Sir very true, you must obey.
 An honest Gentleman, in faith! *Hil.* He must?

Tub. But that which most tormenteth me, is this,
 That Justice *Bramble* hath got hence my *Awdrey*.

Hil. How? how? stand by a little, firrah, you
 With the badge o' your brest. Let's know Sir what you are?

Met. I am Sir (pray you doe not looke so terribly)
 A Purs'yvant. *Hil.* A Purs'yvant? your name Sir?

Met. My name Sir—*Hil.* What is't? speake? *Met.* *Miles Metaphor*,
 And Justice *Preambles Clarke*. *Tub.* What sayes he? *Hil.* Pray you,
 Let us alone. You are a Purs'yvant?

Met. No faith, Sir, would I might never stirre from you,
 I' is made a Purs'yvant against my will.

Hil. Ha! and who made you one? tell true, or my will
 Shall make you nothing, instantly. *Met.* Put up
 Your frightfull Blade; and your dead-doing looke,
 And I shall tell you all. *Hil.* Speake then the truth,
 And the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Met. My Master, Justice *Bramble*, hearing your Master,
 The Squire *Tub*, was comming on this way,
 With Mrs. *Awdrey*, the high Constables Daughter;
 Made me a Purs'yvant: and gave me warrant

To arrest him, so that hee might get the Lady,
With whom he is gone to *Pantridge*, to the Vicar,
Not to her Fathers. This was the device,
Which I beseeke you, doe not tell my Master.

Tub. O wonderfull! well *Basket*, let him rise:
And for my free escape, forge some excuse.
Ile post to *Paddington*, t' acquaint old *Turse*,
With the whole busines, and so stop the mariage.

Hil. Well, blesse thee: I doe with thee grace, to keepe
Thy Masters secrets, better, or be hang'd.

Met. I thanke you, for your gentle admonition.
Pray you, let me call you God-father hereafter.
And as your God-sonne *Metaphore* I promise,
To keepe my Masters privities, seald up
I' the vallies o' my trust, lock'd close for ever,
Or let me be truss'd up at *Tiburne* shortly.

Hil. Thine owne wish, save, or choake thee; Come away!

ACT III. SCENE I.

Turse. Clench. Medlay. To Pan. Scriben. Clay.

Tur. **P**Assion of me, was ever man thus cros'd?
All things run *Arsie-Varsie*; upside downe.
High Constable! Now by our Lady o' *Walsingham*,
I had rather be mark'd out *Tom Scavenger*:
And with a shovell make cleane the high wayes,
Then have this office of a Constable,
And a high Constable! The higher charge
It brings more trouble, more vexation with it.
Neighbours, good neighbours, 'vize me what to doe:
How wee shall beare us in this *Huy* and *Cry*.
We cannot find the Captaine; no such man
Lodg'd at the *Lion*, nor came thither hurt.
The morning wee ha' spent in privie search;
And by that meanes the Bride-ale is differr'd;
The Bride, shee's left alone in *Puppie's* charge;
The Bride-groome goes under a paire of sureties;
And held of all as a respected person.
How should we busle forward? Gi' some counsell,
How to bestirre our stumps i' these crosse wayes.

Cle. Faith Gossip *Turse*, you have, you say, Remission,
To comprehend all such, as are dispected:
Now, would I make another privie search
Through this Towne, and then you have zearch'd two towns.

Med. Masters, take heed, let's not vind too many:
One's enough to stay the Hang-mans stomack.
There is *John Clay*, who is yvound already;
A proper man: A *Tile-man* by his trade:

A man as one would zay, moulded in clay:
 As spruce as any neighbours child among you:
 And he (you zee) is taken on conspition,
 And two, or three (they zay) what call you 'hem?
 Zuch as the Justices of *Coram nobis*
 Grant— (I forget their names, you ha' many on 'hem,
 Mr. High Constable they come to you.)
 I ha' it at my tongues end — Cunni-borroughes,
 To bring him straight avore the zessions house.

Tur. O you meane warrens, neighbour, doe you not?

Med. I, I, thicke same! you know 'un well enough.

Tur. Too well, too well; wou'd I had never knowne 'hem.

Wee good Vree-holders cannot live in quiet,
 But every houre new purcepts, *Huy's* and *Cry's*,
 Put us to requisitions night and day:
 What shud a man zay, shud we leavethe zearch?
 I am in danger, to reburse as much
 As he was rob'd on; I, and pay his hurts,
 If I should vollow it, all the good cheare
 That was provided; for the wedding dinner
 Is spoil'd, and lost. Oh there are two vat pigs,
 A zindging by the vier: Now by Saint *Tomy*,
 Too good to eate, but on a wedding day;
 And then, a Goose will bid you all, Come cut me.
 Zun *Clay*, zun *Clay* (for I must call thee so)
 Be of good comfort; take my Muckinder;
 And dry thine eyes. If thou beest true, and honest;
 And if thou find'st thy conscience cleare vrom it,
 Pluck up a good heart, wee'll doe well enough.
 If not, confesse a truths name. But in faith
 I durst be sworne upon all holy bookes,
John Clay would nere commit a Robberie
 On his owne head. *Clay.* No; Truth is my rightfull Judge;
 I have kept my hands, here hence, fro' evill speaking,
 Lying, and slandering; and my tongue from stealing.
 He'doe not live this day can say, *John Clay*
 I ha' zeene thee, but in the way of honesty.

Fan. Faith neighbour *Medlay*, I durst be his burrough,
 He would not looke a true man in the vace.

Clay. I take the towne to concord, where I dwell,
 All *Kilburne* be my witnesse; If I were not
 Begot in bashfulnesse, brought up in shamefac'tnesse:
 Let 'un bring a dog, but to my vace, that can
 Zay, I ha' beat 'hun, and without a vault;
 Or but a cat, will sweare upon a booke,
 I have as much as zet a vier her taile;
 And Ile give him, or her a crowne for 'mends.
 But to give out, and zay, I have rob'd a *Captaine*!
 Receive me at the latter day, if I
 Ere thought of any such matter, or could mindit—

Med. No *Iohn*, you are come of too good personage;
I thinke my Gossip *Clench*, and Mr. *Turfe*
Both thinke, you would ra'tempt no such voule matter.

Tur. But how unhappily it comes to passe!
Just on the wedding day! I cry me mercy:
I had almost forgot the *Huy* and *Cry*:
Good neighbour *Pan*, you are the Third-burrow,
And *D'ogenes Scriben*, you my learned Writer,
Make out a new purcept—Lord, for thy goodnesse,
I had forgot my Daughter, all this while;
The idle knave hath brought no newes from her.
Here comes the sneaking *Puppy*; What's the newes?
My heart! my heart! I feare all is not well,
Some things mishap'd, that he is come without her.

ACT III. SCENE II.

To them.

Puppy. Da: Turfe.

Pup. Oh, where's my Master? my Master? my Master?

D. Tur. Thy Master? what would'st with thy Master, man?
There's thy Mr. *Tur*. What's the matter *Puppy*?

Pup. Oh Master! oh Dame! oh Dame! oh Master!

D. Tur. What sai'st thou to thy Master, or thy Dame?

Pup. Oh *Iohn Clay*! *Iohn Clay*! *Iohn Clay*! *Tur.* What of *Iohn Clay*?

Med. Luck grant he bring not newes he shall be hang'd.

Cle. The world forfend, I hope, it is not so well.

Cla. Oh Lord! oh me! what shall I doe? poore *Iohn*!

Pup. Oh *Iohn Clay*! *Iohn Clay*! *Iohn Clay*! *Cla.* Alas,
That ever I was borne! I will not stay by't,

For all the Tiles in *Kilburne*. *D. Tur.* What of *Clay*?

Speake *Puppy*, what of him? *Pup.* He hath lost, he hath lost.

Tur. For luck sake speake, *Puppy*, what hath he lost?

Pup. Oh *Awdrey*, *Awdrey*, *Awdrey*! *D. Tur.* What of my daughter
Awdrey?

Pup. I tell you *Awdrey*—doe you understand me?

Awdrey, sweet Master! *Awdrey*, my deare Dame—

Tur. Where is she? what's become of her, I pray thee?

Pup. Oh the serving-man! the serving-man! the serving-man!

Tur. What talk'st thou of the serving-man? where's *Awdrey*?

Pup. Gone with the serving-man, gone with the serving-man.

D. Tur. Good *Puppy*, whither is she gone with him?

Pup. I cannot tell, he bad me bring you word,
The Captaine lay at the *Lion*, and before
I came againe, *Awdrey* was gone with the serving-man;
I tell you, *Awdrey*'s run away with the serving-man.

Tur. 'Od'socks! my woman, what shall we doe now?

D. Tur. Now, so you helpe not, man, I know not, I.

Tur. This was your pompe of Maids: I told you on't.
Sixe Maidsto vollow you, and not leave one

To wait upo' your Daughter : I zaid, Pride
Would be paid one day, her old vi'pence, wife.

Med. What of *John Clay*, *Ball Fuppy*? *Pup.* He hath lost—

Med. His life for velonie? *Pup.* No, his wife by villanie.

Tur. Now, villaines both! oh that same *Huy* and *Cry*!

Oh neighbours! oh that cursed serving-man!

Clay's first
mist.

O maids! O wife! But *John Clay*, where's he?

How! fled for veare, zay yee? will he slip us now?

Wee that are sureties, must require 'hun out.

How shall wee doe to find the serving-man?

Cocks bodikins! wee must not lose *John Clay*:

Awdrey, my daughter *Awdrey* too! let us zend

To all the townes, and zeeke her; but alas,

The *Huy* and *Cry*, that must be look'd unto.

ACT III. SCENE III.

To them.

Tub.

Tub. What, in a passion *Turfe*? *Tur.* I good Squire *Tub*.
Were never honest Varmer thus perplex.

Tub. *Turfe*, I am privie to thy deepe unrest:

The ground of which, springs from an idle plot,

Cast by a Suitor, to your daughter *Awdrey*—

And thus much, *Turfe*, let me advertise you,

Your daughter *Awdrey*, met I on the way,

With Justice *Bramble* in her company:

Who meanes to marry her at *Pancridge Church*.

And there is Chanon *Hugh*, to meet them ready:

Which to prevent, you must not trust delay;

But winged speed must crosse their slie intent:

Then hie thee, *Turfe*, haste to forbid the Banes.

Tur. Hath Justice *Bramble* got my daughter *Awdrey*?

A little while, shall he enjoy her, zure.

But O the *Huy* and *Cry*! that hinders me:

I must prusue that, or neglect my journey:

Ile ene leave all: and with the patient Ass,

The over-laden Ass, throw off my burden,

And cast mine office, pluck in my large eares

Betimes, lest some dis-judge 'hem to be hornes:

I'll leave to beat it on the broken hoofe,

And ease my pasternes. Ile no more High Constables.

Tub. I cannot choose, but smile, to see thee troubled

With such a bald, halfe-hatched circumstance!

The Captaine was not rob'd, as is reported;

That trick the Justice craftily deviz'd,

To breake the mariage with the Tile-man *Clay*.

The *Huy*, and *Cry*, was meerely counterfeit:

The rather may you judge it to be such,

Because

Because the Bride-groome, was describ'd to be
One of the theeves, first i' the velonie.
Which, how farre 'tis from him, yourselves may guesse:
I was Justice *Bramble's* vetch, to get the wench.

Tur. And is this true Squire *Tub*? *Tub.* Beleeve me *Turfe*,
As I am a Squire: or lesse, a Gentleman.

Tur. I take my office back: and my authority,
Vpon your worships words. Neighbours, I am
High Constable againe: where's my zonne *Clay*?
He shall be zonne, yet, wife, your meat by leasure:
Draw back the spits. *D. Tur.* That's done already man.

Tur. Ile breake this mariage off: and afterward,
She shall be given to her first betroth'd.

Looke to the meate, wife: looke well to the rost.

Tub. Ile follow him aloofe, to see the event.

Pup. Dame, Mistris, though I doe not turne the spit;
I hope yet the Pigs-head. *D. Tur.* Come up, Jack-sauce:

It shall be serv'd in to you. *Pup.* No, no service,
But a reward for service. *D. Tur.* I still tooke you

For an unmannerly *Puppy*: will you come,
And vetch more wood to the vier, Mr. *Ball*?

Pup. I wood to the vier: I shall pisse it out first:
You thinke to make me eue your oxe, or asse;
Or any thing. Though I cannot right my selfe
On you; Ile sure revenge me on your meat.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

La: Tub. Pol-Marten. Wispe. Puppy.

Pol. Madam, to *Kentish Towne*, wee are got at length;
But, by the way wee cannot meet the Squire:
Nor by inquiry can we heare of him.

Here is *Turfe's* house, the father of the Maid.

Lad. *Pol-Marten*, see, the streets are strew'd with herbes,
And here hath beene a wedding, *Wispe*, it seemes!

Pray heaven, this Bridall be not for my sonne!

Good *Marten*, knock: knock quickly: Aske for *Turfe*.

My thoughts misgive me, I am in such a doubt—

Pol. Who keepe the house here? *Pup.* Why the doore, and wals
Doe keepe the house. *Pol.* I aske then, who's within?

Pup. Not you that are without. *Pol.* Looke forth, and speake
Into the street, here. Come before my Lady.

Pup. Before my Lady? Lord have mercy upon me:

If I doe come before her, shee will see

The hand-som'st man in all the Towne, pardee!

Now stand I vore her, what zaith velvet she?

Lad. Sirrah, whose man are you? *Pup.* Madam, my Masters.

Lad. And who's thy Master? *Pup.* What you tread on, Madam.

Lad.

Lad. I tread on an old Turfe. *Pup.* That Turfe's my Master.

Lad. A merry fellow ! what's thy name? *Pup.* Ball Puppy
They call me at home : abroad, *Hanniball Puppy.*

Lad. Come hither, I must kisse thee, Valentine *Puppy.*

Wiske! ha' you got you a Valentine? *Wif.* None, Madam;
He's the first stranger that I saw. *Lad.* To me
Hee is so, and such. Let's share him equally.

Pup. Helpe, helpe good Dame. A reskue, and in time.
In stead of Bils, with Colstaves come; in stead of Speares, with Spits;
Your slices serve for slicing swords, to save me, and my wits :
A Lady, and her woman here, their Huisher eke by side,
(But he stands mute) have plotted how your *Puppy* to divide.

ACT III. SCENE V.

To them.

D. Turfe. Maids.

D. Turfe. How now ? what noise is this with you, *Ball Puppy?*

Pup. Oh Dame ! And fellowes o' the Kitchin ! Arme,
Arme, for my safety ; if you love your *Ball* :
Here is a strange thing, call'd a Lady, a Mad-dame :
And a device of hers, yclept her woman,
Have plotted on me, in the Kings high-way,
To steale me from my selfe, and cut me in halves,
To make one *Valentine* to serve 'hem both;
This for my right-side, that my left-hand love.

D. Tur. So sawcy, *Puppy?* to use no more reverence
Vnto my Lady, and her velvet Gowne ?

Lad. *Turfe's* wife, rebuke him not: Your man doth please me
With his conceit. Hold : there are ten old nobles,
To make thee merrier yet, halfe-*Valentine.*

Pup. I thanke you right-side : could my left as much,
'Twould make me a man of marke : young *Hanniball!*

Lad. *Dido*, shall make that good ; or I will for her.
Here *Dido Wispe*, there's for your *Hanniball* :
He is your Countrey-man, as well as *Valentine.*

Wif. Here Mr. *Hanniball* : my Ladies bounty
For her poore woman, *Wiske.* *Pup.* Brave *Carthage* Queene !
And such was *Dido* : I will ever be
Champion to her, who *Iuno* is to thee.

D. Tur. Your Ladiship is very welcome here.
Please you, good Madam, to goe nere the house.

Lad. *Turfe's* wife, I come thus farre to seeke thy husband,
Having some busines to impart unto him.
Is he at home? *D. Tur.* O no, and't shall please you :
He is posted hence to *Pancridge* with a witnesse.
Young Justice *Bramble* has kept levell coyle
Here in our Quarters, stole away our Daughter,
And Mr. *Turfe's* run after, as he can,

To stop the marriage, if it will be stop'd.

Pol. Madam, these tydings are not much amisse!
For if the Justice have the Maid in keepe,
You need not feare the mariage of your sonne.

Lad. That somewhat easeth my suspicious brest.
Tell me, *Turse's* wife, when was my sonne with *Awdrey*?
How long is't, since you saw him at your house?

Pup. Dame, let me take this rump out of your mouth.

D. Tur. What meane you by that Sir? *Pup.* Rump, and taile's all one.
But I would use a reverence for my Lady:
I would not zay surreverence, the tale
Out o' your mouth, but rather take the rumpe.

D. Tur. A well bred youth! and vull of favour you are:

Pup. What might they zay, when I were gone, if I
Not weigh'd my wordz? This *Puppy* is a voole!
Great *Hanniball's* an Affe; he had no breeding:
No Lady gay, you shall not zay,
That your *Val. Puppy*, was so unlucky,
In speech to faile, as t' name a taile,
Be as be may be, 'vore a faire Lady.

Lad. Leave jesting, tell us, when you saw our sonne.

Pup. Marry, it is two houres agoe. *Lad.* Sin' you saw him?

Pup. You might have seene him too, if you had look'd up.
For it shind, as bright as day. *Lad.* Meane my sonne.

Pup. Your sunne, and our sunne are they not all one?

Lad. Foole, thou mistak'st; I ask'd thee, for my sonne!

Pup. I had thought there had beene no more sunnes, then one.
I know not what you Ladies have, or may have.

Pol. Did'st thou nere heare, my Lady had a sonne?

Pup. She may have twenty; but for a soune, unlesse
She meane precisely, *Squire Tub*, her zonne,
He was here now; and brought my Mr. word
That Justice *Bramble* had got Mrs. *Awdrey*.
But whither he be gone, here's none can tell.

Lad. Marten, I wonder at this strange discourse:
The foole it seemes tels true; my sonne the Squire
Was doubtlesse here this morning. For the match,
Ile smother what I thinke, and staying here,
Attend the sequell of this strange beginning,
Turse's wife; my people, and I will trouble thee:
Vntill we heare some tidings of thy husband.
The rather, for my partie *Valentine*.

ACT III. SCENE VI.

Turse. Awdrey. Clench. Med-lay.

Pan. Scriben.

Tur. Well, I have carried it, and will triumph
Over this Justice, as becomes a Constable;

And

And a high Constable: next our Saint George,
Who rescued the Kings Daughter, I will ride;
Above Prince Arthur. Cle. Or our Shore-ditch Duke.

Med. Or Pancridge Earle. Pan. Or Bevis, or Sir Guy.
Who were high Constables both. Cle. One of Southampton—

Med. The tother of Warwick-Castle. Tur. You shall worke it
Into a storie for me, neighbour Medlay,
Over my Chimney. Scri. I can give you Sir,
A Roman storie of a petty-Constable,
That had a Daughter, that was call'd Virginia,
Like Mrs. Awdrey, and as young as she;
And how her Father bare him in the busines,
'Gainst Justice Appius, a Decemvir in Rome,
And Justice of Assise. Tur. That, that good D'ogenes!
A learned man is a Chronikell! Scri. I can tell you
A thousand, of great Pompei, Caesar, Trajan,
All the high Constables there. Tur. That was their place:
They were no more. Scr. Dictator, and high Constable
Were both the same. Med. High Constable was more, tho'!
He laid Dick: Tator by the heeles. Pan. Dick: Toter!
H' was one o' the Waights o' the Citie: I ha' read o' hun:
He was a fellow would be drunke, debauch'd—
And he did zet un i' the stocks indeed:
His name Vadian, and a cunning Toter.

Awd. Was ever silly Maid thus posted off?
That should have had three husbands in one day;
Yet (by bad fortune) am possesst of none?
I went to Church to have beene wed to Clay;
Then Squire Tub he seiz'd me on the way,
And thought to ha' had me: but he mist his aime;
And Justice Bramble (nearest of the three)
Was well nigh married to me; when by chance,
In rush'd my Father, and broke off that dance.

Tur. I, Girle, there's nere a Justice on 'hem all,
Shall teach the Constable to guard his owne:
Let's back to Kentish-Towne, and there make merry;
These newes will be glad tidings to my wife:
Thou shalt have Clay, my wench. That word shall stand.
Hee's found by this time, sure, or else hee's drown'd:
The wedding dinner will be spoil'd: make haste.

Awd. Husbands, they say, grow thick; but thin are sowne,
I care not who it be, so I have one.

Tur. I? zay you zo? Perhaps you shall ha' none, for that.

Awd. Now out on me! what shall I doe then?

Med. Sleepe Mistris Awdrey, dreame on proper men.

Act.

ACT III. SCENE VII.

Hugh. Preamble. Metaphore.

Hugh. O bone Deus! have you seene the like?
Here was, *Hodge* hold thine eare, faire, whilst I strike.
Body o' me, how came this geare about?

Fre. I know not, *Chanon*, but it fals out crosse.
Nor can I make conjecture by the circumstance
Of these events; it was impossible,
Being so close, and politickly carried,
To come so quickly to the eares of *Turfe*.

O Priest, had but thy slow delivery
Beene nimble, and thy lazie *Latine* tongue,
But run the formes ore, with that swift dispatch,
As had beene requisite, all had beene well!

Hug. What should have beene, that never lov'd the Friar;
But thus you see th' old *Alage* verified,
Multa cadunt inter — you can ghesse the rest.
Many things fall betweene the cup, and lip:
And though they touch, you are not sure to drinke.
You lack'd good fortune, wee had done our parts:
Give a man fortune, throw him i' the Sea.
The properer man, the worse luck: Stay a time;
Tempus edax — In time the stately Oxe, &c.
Good counsels lightly never come too late.

Pre. You Sir will run your counsels out of breath.

Hug. Spurre a free horse, hee'll run himselte to death.

Sancti Evangeliste! Here comes *Miles*!

Fre. What newes man, with our new made Purs'yvant?

Met. A Pursuyvant? would I were, or more pursie,
And had more store of money; or lesse pursie,
And had more store of breath: you call me Pursyvant!
But, I could never vant of any purse

I had, sin' yo' were my God-fathers, and God-mothers,
And ga' me that nick-name. *Pre.* What, now's the matter?

Met. Nay, 'tis no matter. I ha' beene simply beaten.

Hugh. What is become o' the Squire, and thy Prisoner?

Met. The lines of blood, ran streaming from my head,
Can speake what rule the Squire hath kept with me.

Pre. I pray thee *Miles* relate the manner, how?

Met. Be't knowne unto you, by these presents, then,
That I *Miles Metaphore*, your worships Clarke:
Have ene beene beaten, to an Allegory,
By multitude of hands. Had they beene but
Some five or fixe, I' had whip'd 'hem all, like tops
In *Lent*, and hurl'd 'hem into *Hoblers*-hole;
Or the next ditch: I had crack'd all their costards,
As nimbly as a Squirrell will crack nuts:

N

And

And flourished like to *Hercules*, the Porter
Among the Pages. But, when they came on
Like Bees about a Hive, Crows about carrion,
Flies about sweet meats; nay, like water-men
About a Fare: then was poore *Metaphore*
Glad to give up the honour of the day,
To quit his charge to them, and run away
To save his life, onely to tell this newes.

Hug. How indirectly all things have falne out!
I cannot choose but wonder what they were
Reskued your rivall from the keepe of *Miles*:
But most of all I cannot well digest,
The manner how our purpose came to *Turfe*.

Pre. *Miles*, I will see that all thy hurts be drest.
As for the Squires escape, it matters not:
Wee have by this meanes disappointed him;
And that was all the maine I aimed at.
But Chanon *Hugh*, now muster up thy wits,
And call thy thoughts into the Consistory.
Search all the secret corners of thy cap,
To find another queint devised drift,
To disappoint her mariage with this *Clay*;
Doe that, and Ile reward thee jovially.

Hug. Well said *Magister* Justice. If I fit you not
With such a new, and well-laid stratagem,
As never yet your eares did heare a finer,
Call me, with Lilly, *Bos*, *Fur*, *Sus*, atq; *Sacerdos*.

Pre. I heare, there's comfort in thy words yet, Chanon.
Ile trust thy regulars, and say no more.

Met. Ile follow too. And if the dapper Priest
Be but as cunning, point in his devise,
As I was in my lie: my Master *Preamble*
Will stalke, as led by the nose with these new promises,
And fatted with supposes of fine hopes.

ACT III. SCENE VIII.

Turfe. D. Turfe. L. Tub. Pol-mart. Awd. Pup.

Tur. Well Madam, I may thanke the Squire your sonne:
For, but for him, I had beene over-reach'd.

D. Tur. Now heavens blessing light upon his heart:
Wee are beholden to him, indeed Madam.

Lad. But can you not resolve me where he is?
Nor about what his purposes were bent?

Tur. Madam, they no whit were concerning me:
And therefore was I lesse inquisitive.

Lad. Faire maid, in faith, speake truth, and not dissemble:
Do's hee not often come, and visit you?

Awd. His worship now, and then, please you, takes paines
To see my Father, and Mother: But for me,
I know my selfe too meane for his high thoughts
To stoop at, more then asking a light question,
To make him merry, or to passe his time.

Lad. A sober Maid! call for my woman *Marten*.

Pol. The maids, and her halfe-*Valentine* have pli'd her
With court'fie of the Bride-Cake, and the Bowle,
As she is laid awhile. *Lad.* O let her rest!

We will crosse ore to *Canterbury*, in the interim;
And so make home. Farewell good *Turse*, and thy wife;
I wish your daughter joy. *Tur.* Thankes to your Ladiship;
Where is *Iohn Clay* now? have you seene him yet?

D. Tur. No, he has hid himselfe out of the way,
For feare o' the *Huy* and *Cry*. *Tur.* What, walkes that shadow
Avore'un still? *Puppy* goe seeke'un out,
Search all the corners that he haunts unto,
And call'un forth. Wee'll once more to the Church,
And try our vortunes. Luck, sonne *Valentine*:
Where are the wise-men all of *Finzbury*?

Pup. Where wise-men should be, at the Ale, and Bride-cake.
I would this couple had their destinie,
Or to be hang'd, or married out o' the way:
Man cannot get the mount'nance of an Egge-shell,
To stay his stomack. Vaith, vor mine owne part,
I have zup'd up so much broth, as would have cover'd
A legge o' Beefe, ore head and eares, i' the porredge pot:
And yet I cannot suffisie wild nature.
Would they were once dispatch'd, we might to dinner.
I am with child of a huge stomack, and long;
Till by some honest Midwife-peice of Beefe,
I be deliver'd of it: I must goe now,
And hunt out for this *Kilburne Calfe*, *Iohn Clay*:
Whom where to find, I know not, nor which way.

Enter the
neighbours to
Turse.

ACT III. SCENE IX.

To them.

Chanon *Hugh*, like Captaine *Thumbs*.

Hug. Thus as a begger in a Kings disguise,
Or an old Crosse well sided with a May-pole.
Comes Chanon *Hugh*, accoutred as you see
Disguis'd *Soldado* like: marke his devise:
The Chanon, is that Captaine *Thum's*, was rob'd:
These bloody scars upon my face are wounds;
This scarfe upon mine arme shewes my late hurts:
And thus am I to gull the Constable.
Now have among you, for a man at armes:
Friends by your leave, which of you is one *Turse*?

Tur. Sir, I am *Turfe*, if you would speake with me.

Hug. With thee *Turfe*, if thou beest High Constable.

Tur. I am both *Turfe*, Sir, and High Constable.

Hug. Then *Turfe*, or *Scurfe*, high, or low Constable:

Know, I was once a Captaine at Saint *Quintins*,
And passing crosse the wayes over the countrey,
This morning betwixt this and *Hamsted-Heath*,
Was by a crue of *Clownes* rob'd, bob'd, and hurt.
No sooner had I got my wounds bound up,
But with much paine, I went to the next Justice,
One Mr. *Bramble* here, at *Maribone*:

And here a warrant is, which he hath directed
For you one *Turfe*; if your name be *Tobie Turfe*;
Who have let fall (they say) the *Huy*, and *Cry*:
And you shall answer it afore the Justice.

Tur. Heaven, and Hell, Dogges, Divels, what is this?
Neighbours, was ever Constable thus cross'd?
What shall we doe? *Med.* Faith, all goe hang our selves:
I know no other way to scape the Law.

Pup. Newes, newes, O newes — *Tur.* What, hast thou found out *Clay*?

Pap. No Sir, the newes is that I cannot find him.

Hug. Why doe you dally, you dam'd russet coat,
You Peasant, nay you Clowne, you Constable;
Seethat you bring forth the suspected partie,
Or by mine honour (which I won in field)
Ile make you pay for it, afore the Justice.

Tur. Fic, fie; O wife, I am now in a fine pickle.
He that was most suspected is not found;
And which now makes me thinke, he did the deed,
He thus absents him, and dares not be seene.
Captaine, my innocence will plead for me.
Wife, I must goe, needs, whom the Divell drives:
Pray for me wife, and daughter; pray for me.

Hug. Ile lead the way: Thus is the match put off,
And if my plot succeed, as I have laid it,
My Captaine-ship shall cost him many a crowne.

They goe out. *D. Tur.* So, wee have brought our egges to a faire Market.
Out on that villaine *Clay*: would he doe a robbery?
Ile nere trust smooth-fac'd Tile-man for his sake.

They goe out. *Awd.* Mother, the still Sow eates up all the draffe.

Pup. Thus is my Master, *Toby Turfe*, the patterne;
Of all the painefull a'ventures, now in print.
I never could hope better of this match:
This Bride-ale: For the night before to day,
(Which is within mans memory, I take it)
At the report of it, an Oxe did speake;
Who dy'd soone after: A Cow lost her Calfe;
The Belwether was flead for't: A fat Hog
Was sing'd, and wash'd, and shaven all over; to
Looke ugly 'gainst this day: The Ducks they quak'd;

The Hens too cackled: at the noise whereof,
A Drake was seene to dance a headlesse round:
The Goose was cut i' the head, to heare it too:
Brave *Chant-it-cleare*, his noble heart was done;
His combe was cut: And two or three o' his wives,
Or fairest Concubines, had their necks broke,
Ere they would zee this day: To marke the veruen
Heart of a beast, the very Pig, the Pig,
This very mornin, as hee was a roosting
Cry'd out his eyes, and made a show as hee would
Ha' bit in two the spit, as he would say;
There shall no rost-meat be this dismall day.
And zure, I thinke, If I had not got his tongue
Betweene my teeth, and eate it, he had spoke it.
Well, I will in, and cry too; never leave
Crying, untill our maids may drive a Buck
With my salt teares at the next washing day.'

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Preamble. Hugh. Turfe. Metaphor.

Pre. **K**eepe out those fellowes; Ile ha' none come in,
But the High Constable, the man of peace,
And the Queenes Captaine, the brave man of warre.
Now neighbour *Turfe*, the cause why you are call'd,
Before me by my warrant, but unspecified,
Is this; and pray you marke it thoroughly!
Here is a Gentleman, and as it seemes,
Both of good birth, faire speech, and peaceable,
Who was this morning rob'd here in the wood:
You for your part a man of good report,
Of credit, landed, and of faire demeanes,
And by authority, high Constable,
Are not withstanding touch'd in this complaint,
Of being carelesse in the *Huy* and *Cry*.
I cannot choose but grieve a Soldiers losse:
And I am fory too for your neglect,
Being my neighbour; this is all I object.

Hug. This is not all; I can alledge far more,
And almost urge him for an accessorie.
Good Mr. Justice gi' me leave to speake,
For I am Plaintife. Let not neighbour-hood
Make him secure, or stand on priviledge.

Pre. Sir, I dare use no partiality:
Object then what you please, so it be truth.

Hug.

Hug. This more: and which is more, then he can answer,
Beside his letting fall the *Huy*, and *Cry*
He doth protect the man, charg'd with the felonie,
And keepes him hid I heare, within his house,
Because he is affied unto his Daughter.

Tur. I doe defie 'hun, so shall shee do too.
I pray your worships favour, le' me have hearing.
I doe confesse, 'twas told me such a felonie,
And't not disgriev'd me a little when 'twas told me,
Vor I was going to Church, to marry *Amdrey*:
And who should marry her, but this very *Clay*,
Who was charg'd to be the chiefe theife o' hun all.
Now I (the halter stick me, if I tell,
Your worships any leazins did fore-thinke 'un
The truest man, till he waz run away.
I thought, I had had 'un as zure as in a zaw-pit,
Or i' mine Oven. Nay, i' the Towne-pound.
I was za sure o' hun: I'd ha' gi'n my life for 'un,
Till he did start. But now, I zee 'un guilty,
Az var as I can looke at 'un. Would you ha' more?

Hug. Yes, I will have Sir what the Law will give me.
You gave your word to see him safe, forth comming;
I challenge that: But, that is forfeited;
Beside, your carelesnesse in the pursuit,
Argues your slacknesse, and neglect of dutie,
Which ought be punish'd with severity.

Pre. He speakes but reason *Turfe*. Bring forth the man,
And you are quit: But otherwise, your word
Binds you to make amends for all his losse,
And thinke your selfe befriended, if he take it,
Without a farder suit, or going to law.
Come to a composition with him, *Turfe*:
The Law is costly, and will draw on charge.

Tur. Yes, I doe know, I wurst mun vee a Returney,
And then make legges to my great man o' Law,
To be o' my counsell, and take trouble-vees,
And yet zay nothing vor me, but devise
All district meanes, to ransacke me o' my money.
A Pest'lence prick the throats o' hun. I doe know hun
As well az I waz i' their bellies, and brought up there.
What would you ha' me doe? what would you aske of me?

Hug. I aske the restitution of my money;
And will not bate one penny o' the summe:
Foure score, and five pound. I aske, besides,
Amendment for my hurts; my paine, and suffering
Are losse enough for me, Sir, to sit downe with;
Ile put it to your worship; what you award me,
Ile take; and gi' him a generall release.

Pre. And what say you now, neighbour *Turfe*? *Tur.* I put it
Ene to your worships bitterment, hab, nab.

I shall have a chance o' the dice for't, I hope, let 'hem ene run: And —

Pre. Faith then Ile pray you, 'cause he is my neighbour,
To take a hundred pound, and give him day.

Hug. Saint *Valentines* day, I will, this very day,
Before *Sunne* set: my bond is forfeit else.

Tur. Where will you ha' it paid? *Hug.* Faith, I am a stranger
Here i' the countrey: Know you *Chanon Hugh*,
The Vicar of *Pancrace*? *Tur.* Yes, wee who not him?

Hug. Ile make him my Attorney to receive it,
And give you a discharge. *Tur.* Whom shall I send for't?

Pre. Why, if you please, send *Metaphore* my Clarke.
And *Turfe*, I much commend thy willingnesse;
It's argument of thy integrity.

Tur. But, my integrity shall be my zelfe still:
Good Mr. *Metaphore*, give my wife this key;
And doe but whisper it into her hand:
(She knowes it well inow) bid her, by that
Deliver you the two zeal'd bags o' silver,
That lie i' the corner o' the cup-bord, stands
At my bed-side, they' are viftie pound a peece;
And bring 'hem to your Master. *Met.* If I prove not
As just a Carrier as my friend *Tom Long* was,
Then call me his curtall, change my name of *Miles*,
To *Guile's*, *Wile's*, *Pile's*, *Bile's*, or the foulest name
You can devise, to crambe with, for ale.

Hug. Come hither *Miles*, bring by that token, too,
Faire *Awdrey*; say her father sent for her:
Say *Clay* is found, and waits at *Pancrace* Church,
Where I attend to marry them in haile.
For (by this meanes) *Miles* I may say't to thee,
Thy Master must to *Awdrey* married be.
But not a word but mum: goe get thee gone;
Be warie of thy charge, and keepe it close.

Met. O super-dainty Chanon! Vicar in coney,
Make no delay, *Miles*, but away.
And bring the wench, and money.

Hug. Now Sir, I see you meant but honestly;
And, but that busines calls me hence away,
I would not leave you, till the sunne were lower.
But Mr. Justice, one word, Sir, with you.
By the same token, is your Mistris sent for
By *Metaphore* your Clarke, as from her Father.
Who when she comes, Ile marry her to you,
Vnwithstanding to this *Turfe*, who shall attend
Me at the parsonage. This was my plot:
Which I must now make good; turne Chanon, againe,
In my square cap. I humbly take my leave.

Pre. Adieu, good Captaine. Trust me, neighbour *Turfe*,
He seemes to be a sober Gentleman:
But this distresse hath somewhat stir'd his patience.

And

And men, you know, in such extremities,
 Apt not themselves to points of courtesie;
 I am glad you ha' made this end. *Tur.* You stood my friend:
 I thanke your Justice-worship; pray you be
 Prezent anone, at tendring o' the money,
 And zee me have a discharge: Vor I ha' no craft
 I' your Law quiblings. *Pre.* Ile secure you, neighbour.

The Scene interloping.

Medlay. Clench. Pan. Scriben.

Med. Indeed, there is a woundy luck in names, Sirs,
 And a maine mysterie, an' a man knew where
 To vind it. My God-fires name, Ile tell you,
 Was *In-and-In Shittle*, and a Weaver he was,
 And it did fit his craft: for so his Shittle
 Went in, and in. still: this way, 'and then that way.
 And he nam'd me, *In-and-In Medlay*: which serves
 A Joyners craft, bycause that wee doe lay
 Things in and in, in our worke. But, I am truly
Architectonicus professor, rather:
 That is (as one would zay) an Architect.

Cle. As I am a Varrier, and a Visicarie:
 Horse-smith of *Hamsted*, and the whole Towne Leach—

Med. Yes, you ha' done woundy cures, Gossip *Clench*.

Cle. An' I can zee the stale once, through a Vrine-hole,
 Ile give a shrew'd ghesse, be it man, or beast.
 I cur'd an Ale-wife once, that had the staggers
 Worse then five horses, without rowelling.
 My God-phere was a *Rabian*, or a *Iew*,
 (You can tell *D'oge*!) They call'd un Doctor *Rasi*.

Scr. One *Rasis* was a great *Arabick* Doctor.

Cle. Hee was King *Harry's* Doctor, and my God-phere.

Pan. Mine was a merry Greeke, *To-Pan*, of *Twysford*:
 A joviall Tinker, and a stopper of holes;
 Who left me mettall-man of *Belfise*, his heire.

Med. But what was yours *D'oge*? *Scr.* Vaith, I cannot tell
 If mine were kyrfind, or no. But, zure hee had
 A kyrfin name, that he left me, *Diogenes*.
 A mighty learned man, but pest'lence poore.
 Vor, h' had no house, save an old *Tub*, to dwell in,
 (I vind that in records) and still he turn'd it
 I' the winds teeth, as't blew on his back-side,
 And there they would lie rowting one at other,
 A weeke, sometimes. *Med.* Thence came *A Tale of a Tub*,
 And the virst *Tale of a Tub*, old *D'ogenes Tub*.

Scr. That was avore Sir *Peter Tub*, or his Lady.

Pan. I, or the Squire their sonne, *Tripoli Tub*.

Cle. The Squire is a fine Gentleman! *Med.* He is more:

A Gentleman and a halfe; almost a Knight;
Within zixe inches: That's his true measure.

Cle. Zure, you can gage 'hun. *Med.* To a streak, or lesse:
 I know his d'ameters, and circumference:

A Knight is fixe diameters; and a Squire
Is vive, and zomewhat more: I know't by compasse,
And skale of man. I have upo' my rule here,
The just perportions of a Knight, a Squire,
With a tame Justice, or an Officer, rampant,
Vpo' the bench, from the high Constable
Downe to the Head-borough, or Tithing-man;
Or meanest Minister o' the peace, God save 'un.

Pan. Why, you can tell us by the Squire, Neighbour,
 Whence he is call'd a Constable, and whaffore.

Med. No, that's a booke-case: *Scriben* can doe that.
 That's writing and reading, and records. *Scr.* Two words,
Cyning and *Staple*, make a Constable:

As wee'd say, A hold, or stay for the King.

Cle. All Constables are truly *Iohn's* for the King,
 What ere their names are; be they *Tony*, or *Roger*.

Med. And all are sworne, as vingars o' one hand,
 To hold together 'gainst the breach o' the p-ace;
The High Constable is the Thumbe, as one would zay,
The hold-fast o' the rest. *Pan.* Pray luck he speed
 Well i' the busines, betweene Captaine *Thums*,
 And him. *Med.* Ile warrant 'un for a groat:
 I have his measures here in Rithmetique.
 How he should beare un selfe in all the lines
 Of's place, and office: Let's zeeke 'un out.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Tub. Hilts. Metaphor.

Tub. Hilts, how do'st thou like o' this our good dayes worke?

Hil. As good ene nere a whit, as nere the better.

Tub. Shall we to *Pancridge*, or to *Kentish-Towne*, *Hilts*?

Hil. Let *Kentish-Towne*, or *Pancridge* come to us,
 If either will: I will goe home againe.

Tub. Faith *Basket*, our successe hath beene but bad,
 And nothing prospers, that wee undertake;
 For we can neither meet with *Clay*, nor *Awdrey*,
 The Chanon *Hugh*, nor *Tarfe* the Constable:
 We are like men that wander in strange woods,
 And loose our selves in search of them wee seeke.

Hil. This was because wee rose on the wrong side:
 But as I am now here, just in the mid-way,
 Ile zet my sword on the pommell, and that line
 The point valles too, wee'll take: whether it be
 To *Kentish-Towne*, the Church, or home againe.

Enter Meta-
phor.

Tub. Stay, stay thy hand: here's Justice *Brambles Clarke*,
The unlucky Hare hath crost us all this day.
He stand aside whilst thou pump'st out of him
His busines, *Hilts*; and how hee's now employed.

Hil. Let mee alone, He use him in his kind.

Met. Oh for a Pad-horse, Pack-horse, or a Post-horse,
To beare me on his neck, his back, or his croupe!

I am as weary with running, as a Mil-horse
That hath led the Mill once, twice, thrice about,
After the breath hath beene out of his body.

I could get up upon a pannier, a pannell,

Or, to say truth, a very Pack-sadle,

Till all my honey were turn'd into gall;

And I could sit in the seat no longer,

Oh the legs of a lackey now, or a foot-man,

Who is the Surbater of a *Clarke* currant,

And the confounder of his treslesse dormant.

But who have we here, just in the nick?

Hil. I am neither nick, nor in the nick: therefore

You lie Sir *Metaphor*. *Met.* Lye? how? *Hil.* Lye so Sir.

Met. I lye not yet i' my throat. *Hil.* Thou ly'st o' the ground.

Do'st thou know me? *Met.* Yes, I did know you too late.

Hil. What is my name then? *Met.* *Basket*. *Hil.* *Basket*? what?

Met. *Basket*, the Great—*Hil.* The Great? what? *Met.* *Lubber*—

I should say *Lover*, of the Squire his Master.

Hil. Great is my patience, to forbear thee thus,
Thou Scrape-hill, Skoundrell, and thou skum of man;
Vncivill, orange-tawny-coated *Clarke*:

Thou cam'st but halfe a thing into the world,

And wast made up of patches, parings, shreds:

Thou, that when last thou wert put out of service,

Travaild'st to *Hamsted* Heath, on an *Ash-we'nsday*,

Where thou didst stand sixe weekes the *Iack of Lent*,

For boyes to hoorle, three throwes a penny, at thee,

To make thee a purse: Seest thou this, bold bright blade?

This sword shall shred thee as small unto the grave,

As minc'd meat for a pie. He set thee in earth

All save thy head, and thy right arme at liberty,

To keepe thy hat off, while I question thee,

What? why? and whether thou wert going now

With a face, ready to breake out with busines?

And tell me truly, lest I dash't in peeces.

Met. Then *Basket* put thy smiter up, and heare;

I dare not tell the truth to a drawne sword.

Hil. 'Tis sheath'd, stand up, speake without feare, or wit.

Met. I know not, what they meane; but *Constable Turfe*

Sends here his key, for monies in his cubbard

Which he must pay the Captaine, that was rob'd

This morning. Smell you nothing? *Hil.* No, not I;

Thy breeches yet are honest, *Met.* As my mouth.

He strikes up
his beeles.

Doe you not smell a rat? I tell you truth,
I thinke all's knavery: For the Chanon whisper'd
Me in the eare, when *Turse* had gi'ne me his key,
By the same token to bring Mrs. *Audrey*,
As sent for thither; and to say *Iohn Clay*
Is found, which is indeed to get the wench
Forth for my Master, who is to be married,
When she comes there: The Chanon has his rules
Ready, and all there to dispatch the matter.

Tub. Now on my life, this is the Chanon's plot!
Miles, I have heard all thy discourse to *Basket*.
Wilt thou be true, and Ile reward thee well,
To make me happy, in my Mistris *Audrey*?

Met. Your worship shall dispose of *Metaphore*,
Through all his parts, ene from the sole o' the head,
To the crowne o' the foot, to manage of your service.

Tub. Then doe thy message to the Mistris *Turse*,
Tell her thy token, bring the money hither,
And likewise take young *Audrey* to thy charge:
Which done, here, *Metaphore*, wee will attend,
And intercept thee. And for thy reward,
You two shall share the money; I the Maid:
If any take offence, Ile make all good.

Met. But shall I have halfe the money Sir, in faith?

Tub. I on my Squire-ship, shalt thou: and my land.

Met. Then, if I make not, Sir, the cleanliest scuse
To get her hither, and be then as carefull
To keepe her for you, as't were for my selfe:
Downe o' your knees, and pray that honest *Miles*
May breake his neck ere he get ore two stiles.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Tub. Hilts.

Tub. Make haste then: we will wait here thy returne.
This luck unlook'd for, hath reviv'd my hopes,
Which were oppress'd with a darke melancholly.
In happy time, we linger'd on the way,
To meet these summons of a better sound,
Which are the essence of my soules content.

Hil. This heartlesse fellow, shame to serving-men;
Staine of all livories, what feare makes him doe!
How fordid, wretched, and unworthy things,
Betray his Masters secrets, ope the closet
Of his devises, force the foolish Justice,
Make way for your Love, plotting of his owne:
Like him that digs a trap, to catch another,
And falls into't himselfe! *Tub.* So wou'd I have it.
And hope'twill prove a jest to twit the Justice with,

Hil. But that this poore white-liver'd Rogue should do't?
And meerely out of feare? *Tub.* And hope of money, *Hilts.*
A valiant man will nible at that bait.

Hil. Who, but a foole, will refuse money proffer'd?

Tub. And sent by so good chance. Pray heaven he speed.

Hil. If he come empty-headed, let him count
To goe back empty-headed; Ile not leave him
So much of braine in's pate, with pepper and vineger,
To be serv'd in for sawce, to a Calves head.

Tub. Thou serv'st him rightly, *Hilts.* *Hil.* Ile sealeaz much
With my hand, as I dare say now with my tongue;
But if you get the Lasse from *Dargison*,
What will you doe with her? *Tub.* Wee'll thinke o' that
When once wee have her in possession, Governour.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Puppy. Metaphore. Awdrey.

Pup. You see wee trust you, Mr. *Metaphore*,
With Mrs. *Awdrey*: pray you use her well,
As a Gentle-woman should be us'd. For my part,
I doe incline a little to the serving-man;
Wee have beene of a coat—I had one like yours:
Till it did play me such a sleevelesse errand,
As I had nothing where to put mine armes in,
And then I threw it off. Pray you goe before her,
Serving-man-like: and see that your nose drop not.
As for example, you shall see me: marke,
How I goe afore her. So doe you: sweet *Miles*,
She for her owne part, is a woman cares not
What man can doe unto her, in the way
Of honesty, and good manners. So farewell
Faie Mrs. *Awdrey*: Farewell Mr. *Miles*.
I ha' brought you thus farre, onward o' your way:
I must goe back now to make cleane the roomes,
Where my good Lady has beene. Pray you commend mee
To Bride-groome *Clay*; and bid him beare up stiffe.

Met. Thanke you good *Hanniball Puppy*; I shall fit
The leg of your commands, with the straight buskins
Of dispatch presently. *Pup.* Farewell fine *Metaphore*.

Met. Come gentle Mistris, will you please to walke?

Awd. I love not to be led: I'd goe alone.

Met. Let not the mouse of my good meaning, Lady,
Be snap'd up in the trap of your suspition,
To loose the taile there, either of her truth,
Or swallow'd by the Cat of misconstruction.

Awd. You are too finicall for me; speake plaine Sir.

ACT IV. SCENE V.

Tub. Awdrey. Hilts. Metaphore.

To them

Lady. Pol-marten.

Tub. Welcome againe my *Awdrey*: welcome Love:
You shall with me, in faith deny me not.
I cannot brook the second hazzard Mistris.

Awd. Forbeare Squire *Tub*, as mine owne mother sayes;
I am not for your mowing. Youle be flowne
Ere I be fledge. *Hil.* Hast thou the money *Miles*?

Met. Here are two bags, there's fittie pound in each.

Tub. Nay *Awdrey*, I possesse you for this time:
Sirs; Take that coyne betweene you, and divide it.
My pretty sweeting give me now the leave
To challenge love, and marriage at your hands.

Awd. Now, out upon you, are you not asham'd?
What will my Lady say? In faith I thinke
She was at our house: And I thinke shee ask'd for you:
And I thinke she hit me i' th' teeth with you,
I thanke her Ladiship, and I thinke she meanes
Not to goe hence, till she has found you. How say you?

Tub. Was then my Lady Mother at your house?
Let's have a word aside. *Awd.* Yes, twenty words.

Lad. 'Tis strange, a motion, but I know not what,
Comes in my mind, to leave the way to *Totten*,
And turne to *Kentish-Towne*, againe my journey:
And see my sonne *Pol-marten* with his *Awdrey*:
Erewhile we left her at her fathers house:
And hath he thence remov'd her in such haste!
What shall I doe? shall I speake faire, or chide?

Pol. Madam, your worthy sonne, with dutious care,
Can governe his affections: Rather then
Breake off their conference some other way,
Pretending ignorance of what you know.

Tub. And this all, faire *Awdrey*: I am thine.

Lad. Mine you were once, though scarcely now your own.

Hil. 'Slid my Lady! my Lady! *Met.* Is this my Lady bright?

Tub. Madam, you tooke me now a little tardie.

Lad. At prayers, I thinke you were: what, so devout
Of late, that you will shrive you to all Confessors
You meet by chance? Come, goe with me, good Squire,
And leave your linnen: I have now a busines,
And of importance, to impart unto you.

Tub. Madam, I pray you, spare me but an houre;
Please you to walke before, I follow you.

Lad. It must be now, my busines lies this way.

Tub. Will not an houre hence, Madam, excuse me?

Lad. Squire, these excuses argue more your guilt.

You

You have some new device now, to project,
Which the poore Tile-man scarce will thanke you for.
What? will you goe? *Tub.* I ha' tane a charge upon me,
To see this Maid conducted to her Father,
Who, with the Chanon *Hugh*, staies her at *Panrace*,
To see her married to the same *John Clay*.

Lad. Tis very well; but Squire take you no care.
He send *Pol-marten* with her, for that office:
You shall along with me; it is decreed.

Tub. I have a little busines, with a friend Madam.

Lad. That friend shall stay for you, or you for him.

Pol-marten; Take the Maiden to your care;
Commend me to her Father. *Tub.* I will follow you.

Lad. Tut, tell not me of following. *Tub.* He but speake
A word. *Lad.* No whispering: you forget your selfe,
And make your love too palpable: A Squire?
And thinke so meanelly? fall upon a Cow-shard?
You know my mind. Come, He to *Turse's* house,
And see for *Dido*, and our *Valentine*.

Pol-marten, looke to your charge; He looke to mine.

Pol. I smile to thinke after so many proffers
This Maid hath had, she now should fall to me:

That I should have her in my custody:
Twere but a mad trick to make the essay,
And jumpe a match with her immediately:
She's faire, and handsome: and shee's rich enough:
Both time, and place minister faire occasion:
Have at it then: Faire Lady, can you love?

Awd. No Sir, what's that? *Pol.* A toy, which women use.

Awd. If't be a toy, it's good to play withall.

Pol. Wee will not stand discoursing o' the toy:
The way is short, please you to prov't Mistris?

Awd. If you doe meane to stand so long upon it,
I pray you let me give it a short cut, Sir.

Pol. It's thus, faire Maid: Are you dispos'd to marry?

Awd. You are dispos'd to aske. *Pol.* Are you to grant?

Awd. Nay, now I see you are dispos'd indeed.

Pol. I see the wench wants but a little wit;
And that defect her wealth may well supply:

In plaine termes, tell me, Will you have me *Awdrey*?

Awd. In as plaine termes, I tell you who would ha' me.

John Clay would ha' me, but he hath too hard hands;
I like not him: besides, hee is a thiefe.

And Justice *Bramble*, he would faine ha' catch'd me:

But the young Squire, hee, rather then his life,

Would ha' me yet; and make me a Lady, hee sayes,

And be my Knight; to doe me true Knights service,

Before his Lady Mother. Can you make me

A Lady, would I ha' you? *Pol.* I can gi' you

A silken Gowne, and a rich Petticoat:

They all goe
out but
Pol-marten
and *Awdrey*.

And a french Hood. All fooles love to be brave:
I find her humour, and I will pursue it.

ACT III. SCENE VI.

Lady. D. Turfe. Squire Tub. Hilts. Puppy. Clay.

Lad. And as I told thee, thee was intercepted
By the Squire here, my sonne: and this bold Ruffin
His man, who safely would have carried her
Vnto her Father, and the Chanon *Hugh*;
But for more care of the security,
My Huisher hath her now, in his grave charge.

D. Tur. Now on my faith, and holy-dom, we are
Beholden to your worship. She's a Girle,
A foolish Girle, and soone may tempted be:
But if this day passe well once ore her head,
Ile wish her trust to her selfe. For I have beene
A very mother to her, though I say it.

Tub. Madam, 'tis late, and *Pancridge* is i' your way:
I thinke your Ladiship forgets your selfe.

Lad. Your mind runs much on *Pancridge*. Well, young Squire,
The black Oxe never trod yet O your foot:
These idle Phant'sies will forsake you one day.
Come Mrs. *Turfe*, will you goe take a walke
Over the fields to *Pancridge*, to your husband?

D. Tur. Madam, I had beene there an houre agoe:
But that I waited on my man *Ball Puppy*.

What *Ball* I say? I thinke the idle slouch
Be false asleepe i' the barne, he stayes so long.

Pup. *Sattin*, i' the name of velvet-*Sattin*, Dame!
The Divell! O the Divell is in the barne:
Helpe, helpe, a legion—Spirit legion,
Is in the barne! in every straw a Divell.

Tur. Why do'st thou bawle so *Puppy*? Speake, what ailest thee?

Pup. My name's *Ball Puppy*, I ha' seene the Divell
Among the straw: O for a Crosse! a Collop
Of Friar *Bacon*, or a conjuring stick
Of Doctor *Faustus*! Spirits are in the barne.

Tub. How! Spirits in the barne? *Basket*, goe see.

Hil. Sir, an' you were my Master ten times over,
And Squire to boot; I know, and you shall pardon me:
Send me 'mong Divells? I see you love me not:
Hell be at their game: Ile not trouble them.

Tub. Goe see; I warrant thee there's no such matter.

Hil. An' they were Giants, 't were another matter:
But Divells! No, if I be torne in peeces,
What is your warrant worth? Ile see the Feind
Set fire o' the barne, ere I come there.

D. Tur.

A Tale of a Tub.

D. Tur. Now all Zaints bleſſe us, and if he be there,
He is an ugly ſpright, I warrant. *Pup.* As ever
Held fleſh-hooke, Dame, or handled fire-fork rather:
They have put me in a ſweet pickle, Dame:
But that my Lady-*Valentine* ſmells of muſke,
I ſhould be aſham'd to preſſe into this preſence.

Lad. Basket, I pray thee ſee what is the miracle!

Tub. Come, goe with me: Ile lead. Why ſtand'ſt thou man?

Hil. Cocks pretious Maſter, you are not mad indeed?
You will not goe to hell before your time?

Tub. Why art thou thus afraid? *Hil.* No, not afraid:
But by your leave, Ile come no neare the barne.

Tur. *Puppy!* wilt thou goe with me? *Pup.* How? goe with you?
Whither, into the Barne? To whom, the Divell?
Or to doe what there? to be torne 'mongſt 'hum?
Stay for my Maſter, the High Conſtable,
Or *In-and-In*, the Head-borough; let them goe,
Into the Barne with warrant; ſeize the Feind;
And ſet him in the ſtocks for his ill rule:
'Tis not for me that am but fleſh and blood,
To medle with 'un. Vor I cannot, nor I wu' not.

Lad. I pray thee *Tripoly*, looke, what is the matter?

Tub. That ſhall I Madam. *Hil.* Heaven protect my Maſter.
I tremble every joynt till he be back.

Pup. Now, now, even now they are tearing him in peeces:
Now are they toſſing of his legs, and armes,
Like Loggets at a Peare-tree: Ile to the hole,
Peepe in, and looke whether he lives or dies.

Hil. I would not be i' my Maſters coat for thouſands.

Pup. Then pluck it off, and turne thy ſelfe away.
O the Divell! the Divell! the Divell! *Hil.* Where man? where?

D. Tur. Alas that ever wee were borne. So neere too?

Pup. The Squire hath him in his hand, and leads him
Out by the Collar. *D. Tur.* O this is *Iohn Clay*.

Lad. *Iohn Clay* at *Pancrace*, is there to be married.

Tub. This was the ſpirit reveld i' the Barne.

Pup. The Divell hee was: was this he was crawling
Among the Wheat-ſtraw? Had it beene the Barley,
I ſhould ha' tane him for the Divell in drinke;
The Spirit of the Bride-ale: But poore *Iohn*,
Tame *Iohn* of *Clay*, that ſticks about the bung-hole—

Hil. If this be all your Divell, I would take
In hand to conjure him: But hell take me
If ere I come in a right Divels walke,
If I can keepe me out on't. *Tub.* Well meant *Hilts*.

Lad. But how came *Clay* thus hid here i' the ſtraw,
When newes was brought, to you all hee was at *Pancridge*;
And you beleev'd it? *D. Tur.* Juſtice *Brambles* man
Told me ſo, Madam: And by that ſame token,
And other things, he had away my Daughter,

And two seal'd bags of money. *Lad.* Where's the Squire?
Is hee gone hence? *Tub.* H' was here Madam, but now.

Clay. Is the *Huy* and *Cry* past by? *Pup.* I, I, *John Clay.*

Clay. And am I out of danger to be hang'd?

Pup. Hang'd *John*? yes sure; unlesse, as with the Proverbe;
You meane to make the choice of your owne gallowses.

Clay. Nay, then all's well, hearing your newes *Ball Puppy*,
You ha' brought from *Paddington*, I ene stole home here,
And thought to hide me, in the Barne ere since.

Pup. O wonderfull! and newes was brought us here,
You were at *Pancridge*, ready to be married.

Clay. No faith, I nere was further then the Barne.

D. Tur. Haste *Puppy*. Call forth *Mistris Dido Wispe*,
My Ladies Gentle-woman, to her Lady;

And call your selfe forth, and a couple of maids,

To waite upon me: we are all undone!

My Lady is undone! her fine young sonne,

The Squire is got away. *Lad.* Haste, haste, good *Valentine*.

D. Tur. And you *John Clay*; you are undone too! All!

My husband is undone, by a true key,

But a false token: And my selfe's undone,

By parting with my Daughter, who'll be married

To some body, that she should not, if wee haste not.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Tub. Pol-marten.

Tub. I Pray thee good *Pol-marten*, shew thy diligence,
And faith in both: Get her, but so disguis'd,
The Chanon may not know her, and leave me
To plot the rest: I will expect thee here.

Pol. You shall Squire. Ile performe it with all care,
If all my Ladies Ward-robe will disguise her.

Come *Mistris Awdrey*. *Awd.* Is the Squire gone?

Pol. Hee'll meet us by and by, where he appointed:
You shall be brave anone, as none shall know you.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Clench. Medlay. Pan. Scriben.

To them.

Tub. Hilts.

Cle. I wonder, where the Queenes High Constable is!
I veare, they ha' made 'hun away. *Med.* No zure; The Justice
Dare not conzent to that. Hee'll zee 'un forth comming.

P

Pan.

Pan. He must, vor wee can all take corpulent oath,
Wee zaw 'un goe in there. *Scr.* I, upon record!
The Clock dropt twelve at *Maribone*. *Med.* You are right, *D'oge*!
Zet downe to a minute, now 'risa' most vowre.

Cle. Here comes Squire *Tub*. *Scr.* And's Governour, *Mr. Basket*.
Hilts, doe you know 'hun, a valiant wise vellow!

Az tall a man on his hands, as goes on veer.

Blesse you Mafs' *Basket*. *Hil.* Thanke you good *D'oge*. *Tub.* who's that?

Hil. *D'oge Scriben*, the great Writer Sir of *Chalcot*.

Tub. And, who the rest? *Hil.* The wisest heads o' the hundred.

Medlay the *Ioynner*, Head-borough of *Islington*,

Pan of *Belfize*, and *Clench* the Leach of *Hamsted*.

The High Constables Counsell, here of *Finsbury*.

Tub. Prezent me to 'hem, *Hilts*, Squire *Tub* of *Totten*.

Hil. Wise men of *Finsbury*: make place for a Squire,
I bring to your acquaintance, *Tub* of *Totten*.

Squire *Tub*, my Master, loves all men of vertue.

And longs (az one would zay) till he be one on you.

Cle. His worship's wel'cun to our company:

Would 't were wiser for 'hun. *Pan.* Here be some on us,

Are call'd the witty men, over a hundred;

Scr. And zome a thousand, when the Muster day comes.

Tub. I long (as my man *Hilts* said, and my Governour)

To be adopt in your society.

Can any man make a Masque here i' this company?

Pan. A Masque, what's that? *Scr.* A mumming, or a shew.

With vizards, and fine clothes. *Cle.* A disguise, neighbour,

Is the true word: There stands the man, can do't Sir.

Medlay the Joyner, *In-and-In* of *Islington*,

The onely man at a disguise in *Middlesex*.

Tub. But who shall write it? *Hil.* *Scriben*, the great Writer.

Scr. Hee'll do't alone Sir, He will joyne with no man:

Though he be a Joyner, in designe he cal's it.

He must be sole Inventa: *In-and-In*.

Drawes with no other in's project, hee'll tell you,

It cannot else be feazeable, or conduce:

Those are his ruling words? Pleaze you to heare 'hun?

Tub. Yes Mr. *In-and-In*, I have heard of you;

Med. I can doe nothing, I. *Cle.* Hee can doe all Sir.

Med. They'll tell you so. *Tub.* I'd have a toy presented,

A Tale of a Tub, a storie of my selfe,

You can expresse a *Tub*. *Med.* If it conduce

To the designe, what ere is feazeable:

I can expresse a Wash-house (If need be)

With a whole pedigree of *Tubs*. *Tub.* No, one

Will be enough to note our name, and family:

Squire *Tub* of *Totten*, and to shew my adventures

This very day. I'd have it in *Tubs-Hall*,

At *Totten-Court*, my Ladie Mothers house,

My house indeed, for I am heire to it.

Med. If I might see the place, and had survey'd it, I could say more: For all Invention, Sir, Comes by degrees, and on the view of nature; A world of things, concur to the designe, Which make it feazible, if Art conduce.

Tub. You say well, wirty Mr. *In-and-In*. How long ha' you studied Ingine? *Med.* Since I first loyn'd, or did in-lay in wit, some vorty yeare.

Tub. A pretty time! *Basket*, goe you and waite On Master *In-and-In* to *Totten-Court*, And all the other wise Masters; shew 'hem the Hall: And taste the language of the buttery to 'hem; Let 'hem see all the Tubs about the house, That can raise matter, till I come — which shall be Within an houre at least. *Cl.* It will be glorious, If *In-and-In* will undertake it, Sir: He has a monstrous medlay wit o' his owne.

Tub. Spare for no cost, either in boords, or hoops, To architect your Tub: Ha' you nere a Cooper At *London* call'd *Vitruvius*? send for him; Or old *John Haywood*, call him to you, to helpe.

Scr. He scornes the motion, trust to him alone.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Lady. Tub. D. Tur. Clay. Puppy. Wispe.
Preamble. Turfe.

Lad. O, here's the Squire! you slip'd us finely sonne! These manners to your Mother, will commend you; But in an other age, not this: well *Tripoly*, Your Father, good Sir *Peter* (rest his bones) Would not ha' done this: where's my Huisher *Martin*? And your faire Mrs. *Awdrey*? *Tub.* I not see 'hem, No creature, but the foure wise Masters here, Of *Finsbury* Hundred, came to cry their Constable, Who they doe say is lost. *D. Tur.* My husband lost? And my fond Daughter lost? I feare mee too. Where is your Gentleman, Madam? Poore *John Clay*, Thou hast lost thy *Awdrey*. *Cl.* I ha' lost my wits, My little wits, good Mother; I am distracted.

Pup. And I have lost my Mistris *Dido Wispe*, Who frownes upon her *Puppy, Hanniball*. Losse! losse on every side! a publike losse! Losse o' my Master! losse of his Daughter! losse Of Favour, Friends, my Mistris! losse of all!

Pre. What Cry is this? *Tur.* My man speaks of some losse.

Pup. My Master is found: Good luck, and't bethy will, Light on us all. *D. Tur.* O husband, are you alive?

They said you were lost. *Tur.* Where's Justice Brambles Clarke?
 Had he the money that I sent for? *D. Tur.* Yes,
 Two houres agoe; two fifty pounds in silver,
 And *Awdrey* too. *Tur.* Why *Awdrey*? who sent for her?

D. Tur. You Master *Turfe*, the fellow said. *Tur.* Hee lyed.
 I am cozen'd, rob'd, undone: your man's a Thiefe,
 And run away with my Daughter, Mr. *Bramble*,
 And with my money. *Lad.* Neighbour *Turfe* have patience,
 I can assure you that your Daughter is safe,
 But for the monies I know nothing of.

Tur. My money is my Daughter; and my Daughter
 She is my money, Madam. *Pre.* I doe wonder
 Your Ladiship comes to know any thing
 In these affaires. *Lad.* Yes, Justice *Bramble*
 I met the maiden i' the fields by chance,
 I' the Squires company my sonne: How hee
 Lighted upon her, himselfe best cantell.

Tub. I intercepted her, as comming hither,
 To her Father, who sent for her, by Miles *Metaphore*,
 Justice *Preambles* Clarke. And had your Ladiship
 Not hindred it, I had paid fine Mr. Justice
 For his young warrant, and new Purs'yvant,
 He serv'd it by this morning. *Pre.* Know you that Sir?

Lad. You told me, Squire, a quite other tale,
 But I beleev'd you not, which made me send
Awdrey another way, by my *Pol-marten*:
 And take my journey back to *Kentish-Towne*,
 Where we found *John Clay* hidden i' the barne,
 To scape the *Huy* and *Cry*; and here he is.

Tur. *John Clay* age'n! nay, then set Coek a hoope:
 I ha' lost no Daughter, nor no money, Justice.
John Clay shall pay. Ile look to you now *John*.
 Vaith out it must, as good at night, as morning.
 I am ene as vull as a Pipers bag with joy,
 Or a great Gun upon carnation day!
 I could weepe Lions teares to see you *John*.
 'Tis butt two viftie pounds I ha' ventur'd for you:
 But now I ha' you, you shall pay whole hundred.
 Run from your Burroughs, sonne: faith ene be hang'd.
 An' you once earth your selfe, *John*, i' the barne,
 I ha' no Daughter vor you: Who did verret'hun.

D. Tur. My Ladies sonne, the Squire here, vetch'd'hun out.
Puppy had put us all in such a vright,
 We thought the Devill was i' the barne; and no body
 Durst venture o' hun. *Tur.* I am now resolv'd,
 Who shall ha' my Daughter. *D. Tur.* Who? *Tur.* He best deserves her.
 Here comes the Vicar. Chanon *Hugh*, we ha' vound
John Clay agen! the matter's all come round.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Chanon Hugh.

To them

Hugh. Is *Metaphore* return'd yet? *Pre.* All is turn'd
Here to confusion: we ha' lost our plot;
I feare my man is run away with the money,
And *Clay* is found, in whom old *Turfe* is sure
To save his stake. *Hug.* What shall wee doe then Justice?

Pre. The Bride was met i' the young Squires hands.

Hug. And what's become of her? *Pre.* None here can tell.

Tub. Was not my Mothers man, *Pol-marten*, with you?
And a strange Gentlewoman in his company,
Of late here, *Chanon*? *Hug.* Yes, and I dispatch'd 'hem.

Tub. Dispatch'd 'hem! how doe you meane? *Hug.* Why married 'hem.
As they desir'd; But now. *Tub.* And doe you know
What you ha' done, Sir *Hugh*? *Hug.* No harme, I hope.

Tub. You have ended all the Quarrell. *Awdrey* is married.

Lad. Married! to whom? *Tur.* My Daughter *Awdrey* married;
And she not know of it! *D. Tur.* Not her Father, or Mother!

Lad. Whom hath she married? *Tub.* Your *Pol-marten*, Madam.
A Groome was never dreamt of. *Tur.* Is he a man?

Lad. That he is *Turfe*, and a Gentleman, I ha' made him.

D. Tur. Nay, an' he be a Gentleman, let her shift.

Hug. She was so brave, I knew her not, I sweare;
And yet I married her by her owne name.
But she was so disguis'd, so Lady-like;
I thinke she did not know her selfe the while!
I married 'hem as a meere paire of strangers:
And they gave out themselves for such. *Lad.* I with 'hem
Much joy, as they have given me hearts ease.

Tub. Then Madam, Ile intreat you now remit
Your jealousie of me; and please to take
All this good company home with you, to supper:
Wee'll have a merry night of it, and laugh.

Lad. A right good motion, Squire; which I yeeld to:
And thanke them to accept it. Neighbour *Turfe*,
Ile have you merry, and your wife; And you,
Sir *Hugh*, be pardon'd this your happy error.
By Justice *Preamble*, your friend and patron.

Pre. If the young Squire can pardon it, I doe.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Puppy. Dido. Hugh

tarty behind,

Pup. Stay my deare *Dido*, and good Vicar *Hugh*,
We have a busines with you: In short, this

If you dare knit another paire of strangers,
Dido of *Carthage*, and her Countrey-man,
 Stout *Hanniball* stands to't. I have ask'd consent,
 And she hath granted. *Hug.* But saith *Dido* so?

Did. From what *Ball-Hanny* hath said, I dare not goe.

Hug. Come in then, Ile dispatch you. A good supper
 Would not be lost, good company, good discourse;
 But above all where wit hath any source.

ACT V. SCENE VI.

Pol-marten. Awdrey. Tub. Lady. Preamble;

Turfe. D. Turfe. Clay.

Lad. After the hoping of your pardon, Madam,
 For many faults committed. Here my wife,
 And I doe stand, expecting your mild doome.

Lad. I wish thee joy *Pol-marten*; and thy wife:
 As much, Mrs. *Pol-marten*. Thou hast trick'd her
 Up very fine, me thinkes. *Pol.* For that I made
 Bold with your Ladships Wardrobe, but have trespass'd
 Within the limits of your leave—I hope.

Lad. I give her what she weares. I know all women
 Love to be fine. Thou hast deserv'd it of me:
 I am extreamely pleas'd with thy good fortune.

Welcome good Justice *Preamble*; And *Turfe*,
 Looke merrily on your Daughter: She has married
 A Gentleman. *Tur.* So me thinkes, I dare not touch her
 She is so fine: yet I will say, God blesse her.

D. Tur. And I too, my fine Daughter. I could love her
 Now, twice as well, as if *Clay* had her.

Tub. Come, come, my Mother is pleas'd. I pardon all,
Pol-marten in, and waite upon my Lady.
 Welcome good Ghests: see supper be serv'd in,
 With all the plenty of the house, and worship.
 I must conferre with Mr. *In-and-In*,
 About some alterations in my Masque;
 Send *Hilts* out to me: Bid him bring the Councell
 Of *Finsbury* hither. Ile have such a night
 Shall make the name of *Totten-Court* immortal:
 And be recorded to posterity.

ACT V. SCENE VII.

Tub. Medlay. Clench. Pan. Scriben. Hilts.

Tub. O Mr. *In-and-In*, what ha' you done?

Med. Survey'd the place Sir, and design'd the ground,

Or stand still of the worke: And this it is.

First, I have fixed in the earth, a *Tub*;
And an old *Tub*, like a Salt-Peeter *Tub*,
Preluding by your Fathers name Sir *Peeter*,
And the antiquity of your house, and family,
Originall from Salt-Peeter. *Tub*. Good yfaith,
You ha' shewne reading, and antiquity here, Sir.

Med. I have a little knowledge in designe,
Which I can varie Sir to *Infinito*.

Tub. *Ad Infinitum* Sir you meane. *Med*. I doe.
I stand not on my Latine, Ile invent,
But I must be alone then, joyn'd with no man.
This we doe call the Stand-still of our worke.

Tub. Who are those wee? you now joyn'd to your selfe?

Med. I meane my selfe still, in the plurall number,
And out of this wee raise our *Tale of a Tub*.

Tub. No, Mr. *In-and-In*, my *Tale of a Tub*.
By your leave, I am *Tub*, the *Tale*'s of me,
And my adventures! I am Squire *Tub*,
Subjectum Fabulae. *Med*. But I the Author.

Tub. The Worke-man Sir! the Artificer! I grant you.
So *Skelton-Lawreat*; was of *Elinour Bumming*:
But she the subject of the Rout, and Tunning.

Cle. He has put you to it, Neighbour *In-and-In*.

Pan. Doe not dispute with him, he still will win.
That paies for all. *Scr*. Are you revis'd o' that?
A man may have wit, and yet put off his hat.

Med. Now, Sir this *Tub*, I will have capt with paper:
A fine oild Lanterne-paper, that we use.

Pan. Yes every Barber, every Cutler has it.

Med. Which in it doth containe the light to the busines:
And shall with the very vapour of the Candle,
Drive all the motions of our matter about:
As we present 'hem. For example, first

The worshipfull Lady *Tub*. *Tub*. Right worshipfull,
I pray you, I am worshipfull my selfe.

Med. Your Squire-ships Mother, passeth by (her Huishier,
Mr. *Pol-marten* bareheaded before her)
In her velvet Gowne. *Tub*. But how shall the Spectators?
As it might be, I, or *Hilts*, know'tis my Mother?
Or that *Pol-marten* there that walkes before her.

Med. O weedoe nothing, if we cleare not that.

Cle. You ha' seene none of his workes Sir? *Pan*. All the postures
Of the train'd bands o' the Countrey. *Scr*. All their colours.

Pan. And all their Captaines. *Cle*. All the Cries o' the Citie:
And all the trades i' their habits. *Scr*. He has his whistle
Of command: Seat of authority!

And virgeto'interpret, tip'd with silver, Sir
You know not him. *Tub*. Well, I will leave all to him:

Med. Give me the brieft o' your subject. Leave the whole

State of the thing to me. *Hil.* Supper is ready, Sir.
My Lady calls for you. *Tub.* Ile send it you in writing.

Med. Sir, I will render feazible, and facile,
What you expect. *Tub.* *Hilts*, be't your care,
To see the Wife of *Finsbury* made welcome:
Let 'hem want nothing. Iz old *Rosin* sent for?

The Squire
goes out.

Hil. Hee's come within. *Scri.* Lord! what a world of busines
The Squire dispatches! *Med.* Hee is a learned man:
I thinke there are but vew o' the Innes o' Court,
Or the Innes o' Chancery like him. *Cle.* Care to sit 'un then.

The rest fol-
low.

ACT. V. SCENE VIII.

Jack. *Hilts.*

Iac. Yonder's another wedding, Master *Basket*,
Brought in by Vicar *Hugh*. *Hil.* what are they, *Jack*?

Iac. The High Constables Man, *Ball Hanny*; and Mrs. *Wispes*,
Our Ladies woman. *Hil.* And are the Table merry?

Iac. There's a young Tile-maker makes all laugh;
He will not eate his meat, but cryes at th' boord,
He shall be hang'd. *Hil.* He has lost his wench already:
As good be hang'd. *Iac.* Was she that is *Pol-marten*,
Our fellowes Mistris, wench to that sneake-lohn?

Hil. I faith, *Black Jack*, he should have beene her Bride-groome:
But I must goe to waite o' my wise Masters.
Jack, you shall waite on me, and see the Maske anone:
I am halfe Lord Chamberlin, i' my Masters absence.

Iac. Shall wee have a Masque? Who makes it? *Hil.* *In-and-In*.
The Maker of *Islington*: Come goe with me
To the sage sentences of *Finsbury*.

ACT. V. SCENE IX.

2 Groomes.

Gro. 1. Come, give us in the great Chaire, for my Lady;
And set it there: and this for Justice *Bramble*.

Gro. 2. This for the Squire my Master, on the right hand.

Gro. 1. And this for the High Constable. *Gro. 2.* This his wife.

Gro. 1. Then for the Bride, and Bride-groome, here *Pol-marten*.

Gro. 2. And she *Pol-marten*, at my Ladies feet.

Gro. 1. Right. *Gro. 2.* And beside them Mr. *Hanniball Puppy*.

Gro. 1. And his shee *Puppy*, Mrs. *Wisse* that was:

Here's all are in the note. *Gro. 2.* No, Mr. Vicar:

The petty Chanon *Hugh*. *Gro. 1.* And Cast-by *Clay*:

There they are all. *Tub.* Then cry a Hall, a Hall!

'Tis merry in *Tottenham* Hall, when beards wag all.

Come Father *Rosin* with your Fidle now,

Loud musicke. And two tall-toters: Flourish to the Masque.

Act. V.

ACT V. SCENE X.

Lady Preamble before her. *Tub. Turfe. D. Turfe. Pol-marten, Audrey. Pappy. Wispe. Hugh. Clay.* All take their Seats. *Hilts* waits on the by.

Lad. Neighbours, all welcome: Now doth *Totten-Hall* Shew like a Court: and hence shall first be call'd so. Your witty short confession Mr. Vicar, Within hath beene the *Prologue*, and hath open'd Much to my sonnes device, his *Tale of a Tub*.

Tub. Let my Masque shew it selfe: And *In-and-In*, The Architect, appeare: I heare the whistle.

Hil. Peace.

Med. Thus rise I first, in my light linnen breeches, To run the meaning over in short speeches.

Medley appears above the Curtain.

Here is a *Tub*; A *Tub* of *Totten-Court*:

An ancient *Tub*, hath call'd you to this sport:

His Father was a Knight, the rich Sir *Peeter*;

Who got his wealth by a *Tub*, and by Salt-*Peeter*:

And left all to his Lady *Tub*; the mother

Of this bold Squire *Tub*, and to no other.

Now of this *Tub*, and's deeds, not done in ale,

Observe, and you shall see the very *Tale*.

He drawes the Curtain, and discovers the top of the *Tub*.

The first Motion.

Hil. Ha' Peace. Loud Musick.

Med. Here *Chanon Hugh*, first brings to *Totten-Hall*

The high Constables councill, tels the Squire all;

Which, though discover'd (give the Divell his due:)

The wise of *Finsbury* doe still pursue.

Then with the Justice, doth he counterplot,

And his *Clarke Metaphore*, to cut that knot:

Whilst Lady *Tub*, in her sad velvet Gowne,

Missing her sonne, doth seeke him up and downe.

Tub. With her *Pol-marten* bare before her. *Med.* Yes, I have exprest it here in figure, and *Mistris Wispe* her woman, holding up her traine.

Tub. I' the next page, report your second straine.

The second Motion.

Hil. Ha' Peace. Loud Musick.

Med. Here the high Constable, and Sages walke

To Church, the Dame, the Daughter, Bride-maids talke,

Of wedding busines; till a fellow in comes,

Relates the robbery of one Captaine *Thum's*:

Chargeth the Bride-groome with it: Troubles all,

And gets the Bride; who in the hands doth fall

Of the bold Squire, but thence soone is tane

By the sly Justice, and his *Clarke* profane

In shape of Pursuyvant; which he not long
Holds, but betrays all with his trembling tongue:
As truth will breake out, and shew, &c.

Tub. O thou hast made him kneele there in a corner,
I see now: there is simple honour for you *Hilts*!

Hil. Did I not make him to confesse all to you?

Tub. True, *In-and-In* hath done you right, you see.
Thy third I pray thee, witty *In-and-In*.

Cle. The Squire commends 'un. He doth like all well.

Pan. Hee cannot choose. This is geare made to sell.

Hil. Ha!
peace.
Loud musick

The third Motion.

Med. The carefull Constable, here drooping comes,
In his deluded search, of Captaine *Thum's*.
Puppy brings word, his Daughter's run away
With the tall Serving-man. He frights Groome *Clay*,
Out of his wits. Returneth then the Squire,
Mocks all their paines, and gives Fame out a Lyar:
For falsely charging *Clay*, when 'twas the plot,
Of subtile *Bramble*, who had *Andrey* got,
Into his hand, by this winding device.
The Father makes a reskue in a trice:
And with his Daughter, like Saint *George* on foot,
Comes home triumphing, to his deare Hart root.
And tell's the Lady *Tub*, whom he meets there,
Of her sonnes courtesies, the Batchelor.
Whose words had made 'hem fall the *Huy* and *Cry*.
When Captaine *Thum's* comming to aske him, why
He had so done? He cannot yeeld him cause:
But so he runs his neck into the Lawes.

Hil. Ha!
peace.
Loud Musick.

The fourth Motion.

Med. The Lawes, who have a noose to crack his neck,
As Justice *Bramble* tels him, who doth peck
A hundreth pound out of his purse, that comes
Like his teeth from him, unto Captaine *Thum's*.
Thum's is the Vicar in a false disguise:
And employes *Metaphore*, to fetch this prize.
Who tels the secret unto *Basket-Hilts*,
For feare of beating. This the Squire quilts
Within his Cap; and bids him but purloine
The wench for him: they two shall share the coine.
Which the sage Lady in her 'foresaid Gowne
Breaks off, returning unto *Kentish-Towne*,
To seeke her *Wisse*; taking the Squire along,
Who finds *Clay Iohn*, as hidden in straw throng!

Hil.

Hil. O, how am I beholden to the Inventer,
That would not, on record against me enter!
My slacknesse here, to enter in the barne,
Well *In-and-In*, I seethou canst discerne!

Tub. On with your last, and come to a Conclusion.

The first Motion.

Hil. Ha'
peace.
Loud Mu-
sicke.

Med. The last is knowne, and needs but small infusion
Into your memories, by leaving in
These Figures as you sit. I, *In-and-In*,
Present you with the show: First of a Lady
Tub, and her sonne, of whom this Masque here, made I.
Then Bride-groome *Pol*, and Mistris *Pol* the Bride:
With the sub-couple, who sit them beside.

Tub. That onely verse, I alter'd for the better, *εὐπορία gratiā.*

Med. Then Justice *Bramble*, with Sir *Hugh* the Chanon:
And the Bride's Parents, which I will not stan'on,
Or the lost *Clay*, with the recovered *Giles*:
Who thus unto his Master, him 'conciles,
On the Squires word, to pay old *Turse* his Club,
And so doth end our *Tale*, here, of a *Tub*.

The end.

EPILOGVE.

Squire *T V B.*

THis Tale of mee, the Tub of Totten-Court,
A Poet, first invented for your sport.

Wherein the fortune of most empty *Tubs*

Rowling in love, are shewne; and with what rubs,
W'are commonly encountred: When the wit
Of the whole Hundred so opposeth it.

Our petty Chanon's forked plot in chiefe,

Slie Iustice arts, with the High Constables Briefe,
And brag Commands; my Lady Mothers care;

And her *Pol-martens* fortune; with the rare
Fate of poore *Iohn*, thus tumbled in the Caske;

Got *In-and-In*, to gi't you in a Masque:

That you be pleas'd, who come to see a Play,

With those that heare, and marke not what wee say.

Wherein the Poets fortune is, I feare,

Still to be early up, but nere the neare.

But O how am I beholden to the Inventor,
That would not on record against me enter!
My backside here, to enter in the name,
Well to-morrow I for ever cannot dissent!
Tub. On with your last, and come to a Conclusion.

The Fifth Motion.

Now, The last is known, and needs but small addition
Into your memories, by leaving in
These Figures as you sit, I to-morrow
Present you with the show: First of a Lady
Tub. and her sonne, of whom this Madcap here made
Then Bride-groom, and a Minister for the Bride:
With the last couple, who with them abide,
Tub. Then only yet, I shall to the point, repeat gratis,
And then Justice Brumble, with Sir Wags the Channon,
And the Bride's Parents, which I will not mention,
On the last day, with the recovered Gilt, and the
Who thus into his Master, his conches,
On the spines word to pay old Tubs his Club,
And to doth end our Tale here, of a Tub.
The end.

EPITOME.

Spent T. V. B.

The last of the Tale of a Tub, Court
Tub. First intended for your sport.
The last of the Tale of a Tub, Court
Running in lock, and shew; and with what
It is commonly understood: When the
Of the whole I intended to oppose it.
On my Channon's forked pole as chief,
She last was, with the High Constable's
And my Commands; my Lady Mother's
And my Politan's fortune, with the
Face of your last, then tumbled in the Cask;
Go in and in, to give you in a Malaprop;
That you be given, who come to see a Play,
With this that here, and make not what was
When the Poet's fortune is, I fear,
Still to be early up, but were the name.

Printed
by
J. and A.
Hicks.

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THE SAD
SHEPHERD:

OR,
A TALE OF
ROBIN-HOOD.

WRITTEN

By

BEN: IOHNSON.

Virg. Nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thaleia.

LONDON,
Printed M.DC.XLI.

R1.

THE SAD
SHEPHERD
OR
A TALE OF
ROBINHOOD.

WRITTEN

BY

BEN: JOHNSON.

Virg. Nec enim desinit habere Thracia.

LONDON,
Printed M.D.C.XII.

The Persons of the Play.

Robin-hood, The chiefe Wood-man, Master of the Feast;
Marian, His Lady, the Mistris.

Their Family.

Friar Tuck, The Chaplaine and Steward.
Little Iohn, Bow-bearer.
Scarlet, } Two Brothers, Huntsmen.
Scathlock, }
George a Greene, Huisher of the Bower.
Much, *Robin-hoods* Bailiffe, or Acater.

The Guests invited.

Clarion, { The Rich.
Lionell, { The Courteous.
Alken, { The Sage.
Aeglamour, { The Sad.
Karolin, { The Kind. } Shepherds.

Melliflour, { The Sweet.
Amie, { The Gentle.
Larine, { The Beautifull. } Shepherdesses

The troubles unexpected.

Mandlin, The Envious: The Witch of Papplewicke.
Donce, The Proud: Her Daughter.
Lorell, The Rude. A Swine'ard, the Witches son.
Puck-hairy, Or *Robin-Goodfellow*, their Hine.

The Reconciler.

Reuben, A devout Hermit.

The SCENE is Sher-wood.

Consisting of a Landt-shape of Forrest, Hills, Vallies, Cottages, A Castle, A River, Pastures, Heards, Flocks, all full of Countrey simplicity. *Robin-hoods* Bower, his Well, The Witches *Dimble*, The Swine'ards *Oake*, The Hermits Cell.

THE ARGUMENT

of the first ACT.

Robin-hood, having invited all the Shep'ards and Shep'erdeffes of the Vale of *Be'voir*, to a Feast in the Forrest of *Sherwood*, and trusting to his Mistris, Maid *Marian*, with her Wood-men, to kill him Venison against the day: Having left the like charge with *Friar Tuck* his Chap-laine, and Steward, to command the rest of his merry men, to see the Bowre made ready, and all things in order for the entertainment; meeting with his Guests at their entrance into the Wood, welcomes and conducts them to his Bowre. Where, by the way hee receives the relation of the sad Shep'ard *Eglamour*, who is falne into a deepe Melancholy, for the losse of his beloved *Earine*; reported to have beene drowned in passing over the *Trent*, some few dayes before. They endeavour in what they can to comfort him: but, his disease having taken so strong root, all is in vaine, and they are forced to leave him. In the meane time *Marian* is come from hunting with the Hunts-men, where the Lovers interchangeably expresse their loves. *Robin-hood* enquires if she hunted the Deere at force, and what sport he made, how long hee stood, and what head hee bore: All which is briefly answer'd with a relation of breaking him up, and the Raven, and her Bone. The suspect had of that Raven to be *Maudlin*, the Witch of *Paple-wick*, whom one of the Hunts-men met i' the morning, at the rowling of the Deere, and is confirm'd by her being then in *Robin-hoods* Kitchin, i' the Chimney-corner, broyling the same bit, which was throwne to the Raven, at the Quarry or Fall of the Deere. *Marian* being gone in, to shew the Deere to some of the Shep'herdesse, returns instantly to the Scene discontented, sends away the Venison she had kill'd, to her they call the Witch, quarrels with her Love *Robin-hood*, abuseth him, and his Guests the Shep'ards; and so departs, leaving them all in wonder and perplexitie.

THE

The PROLOGVE.

HE that hath feasted you these forty yeares,
 And fitted Fables, for your finer eares,
 Although at first, he scarce could hit the bore;
 Yet you, with patience harkning more and more,
 At length have growne up to him, and made knowne,
 The Working of his Pen is now your owne:
 He pray's you would vouchsafe, for your owne sake,
 To heare him this once more; but, sit awake.
 And though hee now present you with such wooll,
 As from meere English Flocks his Muse can pull,
 He hopes when it is made up into Cloath;
 Not the most curious head here will be loath
 To weare a Hood of it; it being a Fleece,
 To match, or those of Sicily, or Greece.
 His Scene is Sherwood: And his Play a Tale
 Of Robin-hood's inviting from the Vale
 Of Be'voir, all the Shep'ards to a Feast:
 Where, by the casuall absence of one Guest,
 The Mirth is troubled much, and in one Man
 As much of sadnesse showne, as Passion can.
 The sad young Shep'ard, whom wee here present,
 (P) Like his woes Figure, darke and discontent,
 For his lost Love; who in the Trent is said,
 To have miscarried; 'lasse! what knowes the head
 Of a calme River, whom the feet have drown'd?
 Heare what his sorrowes are; and, if they wound
 Your gentlebreasts, so that the End crowne all,
 Which in the Scope of one dayes chance may fall:
 Old Trent will send you more such Tales as these;
 And shall grow young againe, as one doth please.

(p) The sad
 Sheep'ard
 passeth si-
 lently over
 the Stage.

But here's an Heresie of late let fall;
 That Mirth by no meanes fits a Pastorall;
 Such say so, who can make none, he presumes:
 Else, there's no Scene, more properly assumes
 The Sock. For whence can sport in kind arise,
 But from the Rurall Routs and Families?
 Safe on this ground then, wee not feare to day,
 To tempt your laughter by our rustick Play.
 Wherein if we distaste, or be cry'd downe,
 Wee thinke wee therefore shall not leave the Towne;
 Nor that the Fore-wits, that would draw the rest
 Vnto their liking, alwayes like the best.
 The wise, and knowing Critick will not say,
 This worst, or better is, before he weigh;

Here the
 Prologue
 thinking to
 end, returnes
 upon a new
 purpose, and
 speakes on.

Where

Where every piece be perfect in the kind:
And then, though in themselves be difference find,
Yet if the place require it where they stood,
The equall fitting makes them equall good.
You shall have Love and Hate, and Jealousie,
As well as Mirth, and Rage, and Melancholy:
Or whatsoever else may either move,
Or stirre affections, and your likings prove.
But that no stile for Pastorall should goe
Current, but what is stamp'd with Ah, and O;
Who judgeth so, may singularly erre;
As if all Poetrie had one Character:
In which what were not written, were not right,
Or that the man who made such one poore flight,
In his whole life, had with his winged skill
Advanc'd him upmost on the Muses hill.
When he like Poet yet remaines, as those
Are Painters who can only make a Rose.
From such your wits redeeme you, or your chance,
Lest to a greater height you doe advance
Of Folly, to contemne those that are knowne
Artificers, and trust such as are none.

THE

THE
SAD SHEPHERD;
OR,
A TALE OF
Robin-hood.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Aeglamour.

Here! she was wont to goe! and here! and here!
Just where those Daisies, Pincks, and Violets grow:
The world may find the Spring by following her;
For other print her aerie steps neere left:
Her treading would not bend a blade of grasse!
Or shake the downie *Blow-ball* from his stalke!
But like the soft *West-wind*, she shot along,
And where she went, the Flowers tooke thickest root;
As she had sow'd 'hem with her odorous foot.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Marian. Tuck. Iohn. Wood-men, &c.

Mar. Know you, or can you guesse, my merry men,
What 'tis that keepes your Master *Robin-hood*
So long both from his *Marian*, and the Wood?

Tuc. Forsooth, Madam, hee will be here by noone,
And prayes it of your bounty as a boone,
That you by then have kild him Venison some,
To feast his jolly friends, who hether come
In threaves to frolick with him, and make cheare;
Here's *Little Iohn* hath harbord you a Deere,
I see by his tackling. *Io.* And a Hart of ten,
I trow hee be, Madam, or blame your men;
For by his Slot, his Entries, and his Port,
His Frayings, Fewmets, he doth promise sport,
And standing 'fore the Dogs; hee beares a head,
Large, and well beam'd: with all rights somm'd, and spread.

Mar. Let's rowse him quickly, and lay on the Hounds.

Io. *Scathlock* is ready with them on the grounds;

So

So is his brother *Scarlet*: now they've found
 His Layre, they have him sure within the pound,
Mor. Away then, when my *Robin* bids a Feast,
 'Twere sinne in *Marian* to defraud a Guest.

ACT. I. SCENE III.

Tuck. George a Greene. Much. Aeglamour.

Tuc. And I, the Chaplaine, here am left to be
 Steward to day, and charge you all in fee,
 To d'on your Liveries; see the Bower drest;
 And fit the fine devises for the Feast:
 You *George* must care to make the Baldrick trim,
 And Garland that must crowne, or her, or him;
 Whose Flock this yeare, hath brought the earliest Lambe!

Geo. Good Father *Tuck*, at your Commands I am
 To cut the Table out O the greene sword,
 Or any other service for my Lord;
 To carve the Guests large seats; and these laid in
 With turfe (as soft and smooth as the Moles skin);
 And hang the bulled Nose-gaies 'bove their heads,
 The Pipers banck, whereon to sit and play;
 And a faire Dyall to meete out the day.
 Our Masters Feast shall want no just delights:
 His entertainments must have all the rites.

Muc. I, and all choise that plenty can send in;
 Bread, Wine, Acates, Fowle, Feather, Fish, or Fin,
 For which my Fathers Nets have swept the Trent.

Aeg. And ha' you found her? *Mu.* Whom? *Aeg.* My drowned Love,
Earine! the sweet *Earine*!

The bright, and beautifull *Earine*!

Have you not heard of my *Earine*?

Just by your Fathers Mills (I thinke I am right)

Are not you *Much* the Millers sonne? *Mu.* I am.

Aeg. And Baily to brave *Robin-hood*? *Mu.* The same.

Aeg. Close by your Fathers Mills, *Earine*!

Earine was drown'd! O my *Earine*!

(Old *Maudlin* tells me so, and *Douce* her Daughter)

Ha' you swept the River say you? and not found her?

Muc. For Fowle, and Fish wee have. *Aeg.* O not for her!

You are goodly friends! right charitable men!

Nay, keepe your way, and leave me: make your toyes,

Your tales, your poesies, that you talk'd of; all

Your entertainments: you not injure me:

Onely if I may enjoy my *Cipresse* wreath!

And you will let me weepe! ('tis all I aske;)

Till I be turn'd to water, as was she!

And troth what lesse suit can you grant a man?

Tuck. His Phantasie is hurt, let us now leave him;

Aeglamour
 fals in with
 them.

The wound is yet too fresh, to admit searching.

Aeg. Searching? where should I search? or on what track?

Can my flow drop of teares, or this darke shade

About my browes, enough describe her losse!

Earine, O my *Earine's* losse!

No, no, no, no; this heart will breake first.

Geo. How will this sad disaster strike the eares
Of bounteous *Robin-hood*, our gentle Master?

Mu. How will it marre his mirth, abate his feast;
And strike a horror into every guest?

Aeg. If I could knit whole clouds about my browes,

And weepe like *Swithen*, or those watry signes,

The Kids that rise then, and drowne all the Flocks

Of those rich Shepherds, dwelling in this Vale;

Those carelesse Shepherds, that did let her drowne!

Then I did something or could make old *Trent*

Drunke with my sorrow, to start out in breaches

To drowne their Herds, their cattle, and their corne,

Breake downe their Mills, their Dams, ore-turne their weeres,

And see their houses, and whole lively-hood

Wrought into water, with her, all were good:

I'd kisse the torrent, and those whirls of *Trent*,

That suck'd her in, my sweet *Earine*!

When they have cast their body on the shore,

And it comes up, as tainted as themselves,

All pale and bloodlesse, I will love it still,

For all that they can doe, and make 'hem mad,

To see how I will hugge it in mine armes!

And hang upon the lookes, dwell on her eyes:

Feed round about her lips, and eate her kisses!

Suck of her drowned flesh! and where's their malice?

Not all their envious fousing can change that:

But I will study some revenge past this!

I pray you give me leave, for I will study.

Though all the Bels, Pipes, Tabors, Timbures ring

That you can plant about me: I will study.

ACT I. SCENE III.

To him.

Robin-hood. Clarion. Mellifleur. Lionel. Amie. Alken.

Tuck. Servants, with musick of all sorts.

Rob. Welcome bright *Clarion*, and sweet *Mellifleur*,

The courteous *Lionel*, faire *Amie*; all

My friends and neighbours, to the Jolly Bower

Of *Robin-hood*, and to the greene-wood Walkes:

Now that the shearing of your sheepe is done,

And the wash'd Flocks are lighted of their wooll,

The smother Ewes are ready to receive

The mounting Rams againe; and both doe feed,
 As either promist to increase your breed
 At eaning time; and bring you lusty twins.
 Why should, or you, or wee so much forget
 The season in our selves: as not to make
 Use of our youth, and spirits, to awake
 The nimble Horne-pipe, and the Timburine,
 And mixe our Songs, and Dances in the Wood,
 And each of us cut downe a Triumph-bough.
 Such were the Rites, the youthfull *Tune* allow.

Cl. They were, gay *Robin*, but the fowrer sort
 Of Shepherds now disclaime in all such sport:
 And say, our Flocks the while, are poorely fed,
 When with such vanities the Swaines are led.

Tuc. Would they, wise *Clarion*, were not hurried more
 With Covetise and Rage, when to their store
 They adde the poore mans Eaneling, and dare sell
 Both Fleece, and Carkasse, not gi'ing him the Fell.
 When to one Goat, they reach that prickly weed,
 Which maketh all the rest forbear to feed;
 Or strew *Tods* haire, or with their tailes doe sweepe
 The dewy grasse, to d'off the simpler sheepe;
 Or digge deepe pits, their Neighbours Neat to vex,
 To drowne the Calves, and crack the Heifers necks.
 Or with pretence of chasng thence the Brock,
 Send in a curre to worrie the whole Flock.

Lio. O Friar, those are faults that are not scene,
 Ours open, and of worst example beene.
 They call ours, *Fagan* pastimes, that infect
 Our blood with ease, our youth with all neglect;
 Our tongues with wantonnesse, our thoughts with lust,
 And what they censure ill, all others must.

Rob. I doe not know, what their sharpe sight may see
 Of late, but I should thinke it still might be
 (As 'twas) a happy age, when on the Plaines,
 The Wood-men met the Damselfs, and the Swaines
 The Neat'ards, Plow-men, and the Pipers loud,
 And each did dance, some to the Kit, or Crowd,
 Some to the Bag-pipe, some the Tabret-mov'd,
 And all did either love, or were belov'd.

Lio. The dextrous Shepherd then would try his sling,
 Then dart his Hooke at Dayfies, then would sing.
 Sometimes would wrastle. *Cl.* I, and with a Lasse:
 And give her a new garment on the grasse;
 After a course at Barley-breake, or Base.

Lio. And all these deeds were scene wit hout offence,
 Or the least hazard o' their innocence.

Rob. Those charitable times had no mistrust.
 Shepherds knew how to love, and not to lust.

Cl. Each minute that wee lose thus, I confesse,

Deserves a censure on us, more or lesse;
But that a sadder chance hath given allay,
Both to the Mirth, and Musicke of this day.
Our fairest Shepherdesse wee had of late,
Here upon *Trent*, is drown'd; for whom her mate
Young *Aeglamour*, a Swaine, who best could tread
Our countrey dances, and our games did lead,
Lives like the melancholy Turtle, drown'd
Deeper in woe, then she in water: crown'd
With *Yewgh* and *Cypressa*, and will scarce admit
The Physick of our presenceto his fit.

Lio. Sometimes he sits, and thinkes all day, then walkes,
Then thinkes againe; and sighes, weeps, laughs, and talkes,
And, 'twixt his pleasing frenzie, and sad grieve,
Is so distracted; as no sought reliefe,
By all our studies can procure his peace.

Cla. The passion finds in him that large increase,
As wee doubt hourelly wee shall lose him too.

Rob. You should not crosse him then what ere you doe;
For Phant'sie stop'd, will soone take fire, and burne
Into an anger, or to a Phrensie turne.

Cla. Nay, so wee are advis'd by *Alken* here;
A good sage Shepherd, who all-tho' he weare
An old worne hat and cloake, can tell us more
Then all the forward Fry, that boast their Lore.

Lio. See, yonder comes the brother of the Maid,
Young *Karolin*! how curious, and afraid
Hee is at once! willing to find him out,
And loath to offend him. *Alken.* Sure hee's here about.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Robin-hood. Clarion. Mellifleur. Lionel. Amie. Alken. Karolin.
Aeglamour, sitting upon a banke by.

Cla. See where hee sits. *Aeg.* It will be rare, rare, rare!
An exquisite revenge: but peace, no words!
Not for the fairest fleece of all the Flock:
If it be knowne afore, 'tis all worth nothing!
Ile carve it on the trees, and in the turfe,
On every greene sworth, and in every path,
Just to the Margin of the cruell *Trent*;
There will I knock the story in the ground,
In smooth great peble, and mosse fill it round,
Till the whole Countrey read how she was drown'd,
And with the plenty of salt teares there shed,
Quite alter the complexion of the Spring.
Or I will get some old, old Grandam, thither,
Whose rigid foot but dip'd into the water,
Shall strike that sharpe and suddaine cold, throughout,

As it shall loose all vertue; and those Nymphs,
 Those treacherous Nymphs pull'd in *Earine*;
 Shall stand curl'd up, like Images of Ice;
 And never thaw! marke, never! a sharpe Justice:
 Or stay, a better! when the yeares at hottest,
 And that the *Dog-starre* fomes, and the streames boiles,
 And curles, and workes, and swells ready to sparkle:
 To fling a fellow with a Fever in,
 To set it all on fire, till it burne,
 Blew as *Scamander*, 'fore the walls of *Troy*;
 When *Vulcan* leap'd in to him, to consume him.

Rob. A deepe hurt Phant'sie. *Aeg.* Doe you not approve it?

Rob. Yes gentle *Aeglamour*, wee all approve,
 And come to gratulate your just revenge:
 Which since it is so perfect, we now hope,
 You'll leave all care thereof, and mixe with us,
 In all the profer'd solace of the Spring.

Aeg. A Spring, now she is dead: of what, of thornes?
 Briars, and Brambles? Thistles? Burs, and Dorks?
 Cold Hemlock? Yewgh? the Mandrake, or the Boxe?
 These may grow still; but what can spring beside?
 Did not the whole Earth sicken, when she died?
 As if there since did fall one drop of dew,
 But what was wept for her! or any stalke
 Did beare a Flower! or any branch a bloome;
 After her wreath was made: In faith, in faith
 You doe not faire, to put these things upon me,
 Which can in no sort be: *Earine*,
 Who had her very being, and her name,
 With the first knots, or buddings of the Spring,
 Borne with the Primrose, and the Violet,
 Or earliest Roses blowne: when *Cupid* smil'd,
 And *Venus* led the *Graces* out to dance,
 And all the Flowers, and Sweets in *Natures* lap,
 Leap'd out, and made their solemne Conjurat[i]on,
 To last, but while shee liv'd: Doe not I know,
 How the Vale wither'd the same Day? How *Dove*,
Deane, *Eye*, and *Erwash*, *Idell*, *Snite*, and *Seare*,
 Each broke his Vrne, and twenty waters more,
 That swell'd proud *Trent*, shrunke themselves dry; that since,
 No Sun, or Moone, or other cheerfull Starre
 Look'd out of heaven! but all the Cope was darke,
 As it were hung so for her Exequies!
 And not a voice or sound, to ring her knell:
 But of that dismall paire, the scritch[ing] Owle;
 And buzzing Horner! harke, harke, harke the foule
 Bird! how shee flutters with her wicker wings!
 Peace you shall heare her scritch. *Cl.* Good *Karolin* sing,
 Helpe to divert this Phant'sie. *Kar.* All I can,

Though I am young, and cannot tell,
 Either what Death, or Love is well,
 Yet I have heard, they both beare darts,
 And both doe ayme at humane hearts:
 And then againe, I have beene told
 Love wounds with heart, as Death with cold;
 So that I feare, they doe but bring
 Extreames to touch, and meane onething.

As in a raine, we it call
 One thing to be blowne up, or fall;
 Or to our end, like way may have,
 By a flash of lightning, or a wave:
 So Loves inflamed shaft, or brand,
 May kill as soone as Deaths cold hand;
 Except Loves fires the vertue have
 To fright the frost out of the grave.

Aeg. Doe you thinke so? are you in that good heresie?
 I meane opinion? If you be, say nothing:
 I'll study it, as a new Philosophy,
 But by my selfe alone: Now you shall leave me!
 Some of these Nimphs, here will reward you; this
 This pretty Maid, although but with a kisse,
 Liv'd my *Earine*, you should have twenty:
 For every line here, one I would allow 'hem
 From mine owne store, the treasure I had in her:
 Now I am poore as you. *Kar.* And I a wretch!

Cla. Yet keepe an eye upon him, *Karoline*.

Mel. Alas that ever such a generous spirit,
 As *Aeglamours*, should sinke by such a losse.

Cla. The truest Lovers are least fortunate,
 Lookes all their Lives, and Legends; what they call
 The Lovers Scriptures: *Heliodores*, or *Tatij*!

Longi! *Eustathij*! *Prodomi*! you'll find it!

What thinke you Father? *Alk.* I have knowne some few,

And read of more; wh'have had their dose, and deepe,

Of these sharpe bitter-sweets. *Lio.* But what is this

To jolly *Robin*? who the Story is,

Of all beatitude in Love? *Cla.* And told

Here every day, with wonder on the world.

Lio. And with fames voice. *Alk.* Save that some folke delight
 To blend all good of others, with some spight.

Cla. Hee, and his *Marian*, are the Summe and Talke
 Of all, that breath here in the Greene-wood Walke.

Mel. Or *Be'voir Vale*? *Kar.* The Turtles of the Wood!

Cla. The billing Paire. *Alk.* And so are understood
 For simple loves, and sampled lives beside.

The Song
 Which while
Karolin sings,
Aeglamour
 reads.

Hee forces
Amie to kisse
 him,

Aeglamour
 goes out, and
Karolin fol-
 lowes him.

Mel. Faith, so much vertue should not be envi'd.

Alk. Better be so, then pittied *Mellifleur*!

For'gainst all envy, vertue is a cure;

But wretched pittie ever cal's on scornes.

The Deeres brought home: I heare it by their hornes.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

To *Robin*, &c. *Marian*. *John*. *Scarlet*. *Scathlock*.

Rob. My *Marian*, and my Mistris! *Mar.* My lov'd *Robin*!

Mel. The Moones at full, the happy paire are met!

Mar. How hath this morning paid me, for my rising!

First, with my sports; but most with meeting you!

I did not halfe so so well reward my hounds,

As she hath me to day: although I gave them

All the sweet morsels, call'd Tongue, Eares, and Dowcets!

Rob. What? and the inch-pin? *Mar.* Yes. *Rob.* Your sports then pleas'd you?

Mar. You are a wanton. *Rob.* One I doe confesse

I wanted till you came, but now I have you,

Ile grow to your embraces, till two soules

Distilled into kisses, through our lips

Doe make one spirit of love. *Mar.* O *Robin*! *Robin*!

Rob. Breathe, breathe a while, what sayes my gentle *Marian*?

Mar. Could you so long be absent? *Rob.* What a weeke?

Was that so long? *Mar.* How long are Lovers weekes!

Doe you think *Robin*, when they are asunder?

Are they not Pris'ners yeares? *Rob.* To some they seem so;
But being met againe, they are Schoole-boyes houres.

Mar. That have got leave to play, and so wee use them.

Rob. Had you good sport i' your chase to day? *Io.* O prime!

Mar. A lusty Stagge? *Rob.* And hunted yee at force?

Mar. In a full cry. *Io.* And never hunted change!

Rob. You had stanch Hounds then? *Mar.* Old and sure, I love
No young rash dogs, no more then changing friends.

Rob. What relays set you? *Io.* None at all; we laid not

In one fresh dog. *Rob.* Hee stood not long then? *Sca.* Yes,
Five houres and more. A great, large Deere! *Rob.* What head?

Io. Forked! A Hart of ten. *Mar.* Hee is good Venison,
According to the season i' the blood,
I'll promise all your friends, for whom he fell.

Io. But at his fall there hap't a chance. *Mar.* Worth mark?

Rob. I! what was that sweet *Marian*? *Mar.* You'll not heare?

Rob. I love these interruptions in a Story; *

They make it sweeter. *Mar.* You doe know, as soone

As the Assay is taken. * *Rob.* On my *Marian*.

I did but take the Assay. *Mar.* You stop ones mouth,

And yet you bid 'hem speake--when the Arbors made.

Rob. Puld downe, and paunch turn'd out. *Mar.* Hee that undoes him;
Doth cleave the brisket-bone, upon the spoone

* He kisses
her

* He kisses
her againe.

* He kisses
her againe.

Of which, a little gristle growes, you call it—

Rob. the Ravens-bone. *Mar.* Now, ore head sate a Raven!

On a fere bough! a growne great Bird! and Hoarse!

Who, all the while the Deere was breaking up,

So crok'd and cry'd for't, as all the hunt-men,

(Especially old *Scathlocke*) thought it ominous!

Swore it was Mother *Maudlin*; whom he met,

At the Day-dawne; just as hee rows'd the Deere,

Out of his Laire: but wee made shift to run him

Off his foure leggs, and funke him e're wee left.

Is the Deere come? *Scat.* Hee lies within o' the dresser!

Mar. Will you goe see him *Mellifleur*? *Mel.* I attend you.

Mar. Come *Amie*, you'll goe with us? *Am.* I am not well.

Lio. Shee's sick o' the yong Shep'ard that bekist her.

Mar. Friend, cheare your friends up, wee will eate him merrily!

Alk. Saw you the Raven, Friend? *Scat.* I, qu'ha suld let me?

I suld be afraid o' you sir suld I? *Clar.* Hunts-man!

A Dram more of Civilitie would not hurt you?

Rob. Nay, you must give them all their rudenesses;

They are not else themselves, without their language.

Alk. And what do you thinke of her? *Scat.* As of a Witch.

They call her a Wise-woman, but I thinke her

An arrant Witch. *Cl.* And wherefore think you so?

Sca. Because, I saw her since, broiling the bone

Was cast her at the Quarrie. *Alk.* Where saw you her?

Sca. I' the Chimley nuik, within: shee's there, now. *Rob.* *Marian*!

ACT I. SCENE VII.

Marian.

To them

Your Hunt holds in his tale, still; and tells more!

Mar. My Hunt? what tale? *Rob.* How! cloudie, *Marian*!

What looke is this? *Mar.* A fit one, Sir, for you.

Hand off rude Ranger! Sirrah, get you in

And beare the Venison hence. It is too good

For these course rustick mouthes that cannot open,

Or spend a thanke for't. A starv'd Muttons carkasse

Would better fit their palates. See it carried

To Mother *Maudlins*, whom you call the Witch, Sir.

Tell her I sent it to make merrie with,

Shee'll turne us thanks at least! why stand'st thou, Groome?

Rob. I wonder he can move! that hee's not fix'd!

If that his feeling be the same with mine!

I dare not trust the faith of mine owne senses.

I feare mine eyes, and eares! this is not *Marian*!

Nor am I *Robin-hood*! I pray you aske her!

Aske her good Shep'ards! aske her all for me;

Or rather aske yourselves, if shee be shee;

Or I, be I. *Mar.* Yes, and you are the spie:

To *Scathlocke*.

And

And the spi'd Spie, that watch upon my walkes,
 To informe what Deere I kill, or give away!
 Where! when! to whom! but spie your worst, good Spie!
 I will dispose of this where least you like!
 Fall to your cheefe-cakes, curdes, and clawted creame;
 Your fooles, your flaunes; and of ale a streame
 To wash it from your livers: straine ewes milke
 Into your Cider fillabubs, and be drunke
 To him, whose Fleece hath brought the earliest Lambe
 This yeare; and weares the Baudrick at your bord!
 Where you may all goe whistle; and record
 This i' your dance: and foot it lustily.

Shee leaves
 them,

Rob. I pray you friends, doe you heare? and see, as I doe?
 Did the same accents strike your eares? and objects?
 Youreyes, as mine? *Alk.* Wee taste the same reproches!

Lio. Have seen the changes! *Rob.* Are wee not all chang'd,
 Transformed from our selves? *Lio.* I do not know!
 The best is silence! *Alk.* And to await the issue.

Rob. The dead, or lazie wait for't: I will find it.

The Argument of the second Act.

THe Witch *Maudlin*, having taken the shape of *Marian* to abuse *Robin-hood*, and perplexe his guests, commeth forth with her daughter *Douce*, reporting in what confusion shee hath left them; defrauded them, of their Venison; made them suspitious each of the other; but most of all *Robin-hood* so jealous of his *Marian*, as shee hopes no effect of love would ever reconcile them; glorying so farre in the extent of her mischiefe, as shee confesseth to have surpriz'd *Earine*, strip'd her of her garments, to make her daughter appeare fine, at this feast, in them; and to have shut the maiden up in a tree, as her sonnes prize, if he could winne her; or his prey, if he would force her. Her Sonne a rude bragging swine'ard, comes to the tree to woo her (his Mother, and Sister stepping aside, to over-heare him) and first boasts his wealth to her, and his possessions; which move not. Then he presents her gifts, such as himselfe is taken with, but shee utterly shoves a scorne, and loathing both of him, and them. His mother is angry, rates him, instructs him what to doe the next time, and perswades her daughter, to show her selfe about the bower: tells, how shee shall know her mother, when she is transformed, by her broidered belt. Meane while the yong sheep'ardes *Amy* being kist by *Karolin*, *Earines* brother, before, falls in Love; but knowes not what Love is: but describes her disease so innocently, that *Marian* pitties her. When *Robin-hood*, and the rest of his Guests invited, enter to *Marian*, upbraiding her with sending away their Venison to Mother *Maudlin* by *Scathlock*, which shee denies; *Scathlock* affirms it, but seeing his Mistres weep, & to forswear it, begins to doubt his owne understanding, rather then affront her farder; which makes

makes *Robin-hood*, and the rest, to examine themselves better. But *Maudlin* entering like her selfe, the *Witch* comes to thanke her for her bountie: at which, *Marian* is more angrie, and more denies the deed. *Scathlock* enters, tells he has brought it againe, & delivered it to the *Cooke*. The *Witch* is inwardly vext, the *Venison* is so recover'd from her, by the rude *Huntsman*; and murmurs, and curses, bewitches the *Cooke*, mocks poore *Amie*, and the rest, discovereth her ill nature, and is a meane of reconciling them all. For the sage *Shepherd*, suspecteth her mischeife, if shee be not prevented: and so perswadeth to seize on her. Whereupon *Robin-hood* dispatcheth out his woodmen to hunt, and take her. which ends the Act.

ACT. II. SCENE. I.

Maudlin. Douce.

Man. **H**Ave I not left 'em in a brave confusion?
Amaz'd their expectation: got their *Venison*?
Troubled their mirth, and meeting: made them doubtfull,
And jealous of each other: all distracted?
And, i' the close, uncertaine of themselves?
This can your Mother doe my daintie *Douce*!
Take anie shape upon her! and delude
The senses, best acquainted with their Owners!
The jolly *Robin*, who' hath bid this feast,
And made this solemne invitation;
I ha' possessed so, with syke dislikes
Of his owne *Marian*, that all-bee' he know her,
As doth the vaunting hart, his venting hind,
Hee nêre fra' hence, fall neis her i' the wind,
To his first liking. *Dou.* Did you so distate him?

Man. As farre as her proud scorning him, could 'bate
Or blunt the edge of any Lovers temper.

Dou. But were yee like her mother? *Man.* So like *Douce*,
As had shee seen me her sel', her sel' had doubted
Whether had been the liker off the twâ!
This can your Mother doe, I tell you Daughter!
I ha' but dight yee, yet; i' the out-dresse;
And 'parraile of *Earine*! but this raiment,
These very weeds, fall make yee, as but comming
In view or ken of *Aeglamour*, your forme
Shall show too slipperie to be look'd upon!
And all the Forrest sweare you to be shee!
They shall rin after yee, and wage the odds,
Upo' their owne deceived fights, yee' are her!
Whilst shee (poore Lasse) is stock'd up in a tree:
Your brother *Lorells* prize! For so my largesse,
Hath lotted her, to be your brothers *Mistresse*,
Gif shee can be reclaim'd: gif not, his Prey!

T

And

And here he comes, new claiethed, like a Prince
Of Swine'ards ! like he seemes ! dight i' the spoiles
Of those he feedes ! A mightie Lord of Swine !
He is command now, to woo. Lets step aside,
And heare his love-craft ! See, he opes the dore !
And takes her by the hand, and helps her forth !
This is true court-ship, and becomes his ray.

A C T II. S C E N E II.

Lorel. Earine. Maudlin. Douce.

Lor. Yee kind to others, but yee coy to mee
Deft Mistres ! whiter then the cheefe, new prest !
Smoother then creame ! and softer then the curds !
Why start yee from mee, ere yee heare me tell
My wooing errand ; and what rents I have ?
Large heards, and pastures ! Swine, and Kie, mine owne !
And though my na' se be camus'd, my lipps thick,
And my chin bristled ! *Pan*, great *Pan*, was such !
Who was the chiefe of Heardf-men, and our Sire !
I am na' Fay ! na' Incubus ! na' Changlin !
But a good man, that lives o' my awne geere.
This house ! these grounds ! this stock is all mine awne !

Ear. How better 'twere to mee, this were not knowne !

Mau. Shee likes it not : but it is boasted well !

Lor. An hundred Udders for the payle I have,
That gi' mee Milke and Curds, that make mee Cheefe
To cloy the Mercatts ! twentie swarme of Bees,
Whilke (all the Summer) hum about the hive,
And bring mee Waxe, and Honey in by live.
Anaged Oake the King of all the field,
With a broad Beech there growes afore my dur,
That mickell Mast unto the ferme doth yeild.
A Chestnut, whilk hath larded money a Swine,
Whose skins I weare, to fend me fra the Cold.
A Poplar greene, and with a kerved Seat,
Under whose shade I solace in the heat ;
And thence can see gang out, and in, my neat.
Twa trilland brookes, each (from his spring) doth meet,
And make a river, to refresh my feet :

In which, each morning ere the Sun doth rise,
I look my selfe, and cleare my pleasant eyes,
Before I pipe ; For, therein I have skill

'Bove other Swine'ards. Bid mee, and I will
Straight play to you, and make you melodie.

Ear. By no meanes. Ah ! to me all minstrelsie
Is irksome, as are you. *Lor.* Why scorne you mee ?
Because I am a Heardf-man, and feed Swine !
I am a Lord of other geere ! this fine

Hee drawes
out other
presents.

Smooth

Smooth Bawsons Cub, the young Grice of a Gray;
Twa tynie Urshins, and this Ferret gay.

Ear. Out on 'hem! what are these? *Lor.* I give 'hem yee;
As presents Mrs. *Ear.* O, the feind, and thee!
Gar take them hence: they fewmand all the claithes,
And prick my Coates: hence with 'hem, limmer lowne,
Thy vermin, and thy selfe, thy selfe art one;
I lock me up. All's well when thou art gone.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Lorel. Maudlin. Douce.

Lor. Did you heare this? shee wish'd mee at the feind;
With all my presents! *Mam.* A tu luckie end
Shee wishend thee, fowle Limmer! drittie Lowne!
Gud faith, it duills mee that I am thy Mother!
And see, thy Sister scornes thee, for her Brother!
Thou woo thy Love? thy Mistresse? with twa Hedge-hoggs?
A stinkand brock? a polcat? out thou houlet!
Thou shoul'dst ha' given her, a Madge-Owle! and then
Tho' hadst made a present o' thy selfe, Owle-spiegle!

Dou. Why, Mother, I have heard yee bid to give;
And often, as the Cause calls. *Mam.* I know well,
It is a wittie part, sum-times, to give.
But what? to whame? no monsters! nor to maidens!
Hee suld present them with mare pleasand things,
Things naturall, and what all woemen cover
To see: the common Parent of us all!
Which Maids will twire at, 'tween their fingers, thus!
With which his Sire gat him! Hee's gett another!
And so beget posteritie upon her!
This he should do! (false Gelden) gang thy gait
And du thy turnes, betimes: or, I'is gart take
Thy new breikes fra' thee, and thy duiblet tu.
The Talleur, and the Sowter fall undu'
All they ha' made, except thou manlier woo!

Dou. Gud Mother, gif yow chide him, hee'll da wairs!

Mam. Hang him: I geif him to the Devills eirs.
But, yee my *Douce*, I charge yee, shew your sell,
Tu all the Sheep'ards, bauldly: gaing amang 'hem.
Be mickell i' their eye, frequent, and fugeand.
And, gif they aske yee of *Earine*,
Or of these claithes; say, that I ga' hem yee,
And say no more. I ha' that wark in hand,
That web upo' the Luime, fall gar 'hem thinke
By then, they feelin their owne frights, and feares,
I'is pu' the world, or Nature, bout their cares.
But, heare yee *Douce*, bycause, yec may meet mee
In mony shapes tu day; where ere you spie

Lorel goes out.

This browdred belt, with Characters, tis I.
 A Gypsie Ladie, and a right Beldame,
 Wrought it by Moone-shine for mee, and Star-light,
 Upo' your Granams grave, that verie night
 Wee earth'd her, in the shades; when our Dame *Hecat*,
 Made it her gaing-night, over the Kirk-yard,
 Withall the barke and parish tykes set at her,
 While I sate whyrland, of my brasen spindle:
 At every twisted thrid my rock let flie
 Unto the sew'ster, who did sit me nigh,
 Under the towne-turne-pike, which ran each spell
 She stitiched in the worke, and knit it well.
 See, yee take tent to this, and ken' your Mother.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Marian. Mellifleur. Amie.

Mar. How do you sweet *Amie*? yet? *Mel.* Shee cannot tell,
 If shee could sleepe, shee saies, shee should do well.
 Shee feeles a hurt, but where, shee cannot show
 Any least signe, that shee is hurt or no.
 Her paine's not doubtfull to her; but the seat
 Of her paine is. Her thoughts too work, and beat,
 Opprest with Cares: but why, shee cannot say.
 All matter of her care is quite away.

Mar. Hath any Vermin broke into your Fold?
 Or any rott seiz'd on your flock? or cold?
 Or hath your feighting Ram, burst his hard horne?
 Or any Ewe her fleece? or bag hath torne,
 My gentle *Amie*? *Am. Marian*, none of these.

Mar. Ha' you been stung by Waspes, or angry Bees?
 Or raz'd with some rude bramble, or rough briar?

Am. No *Marian*; my disease is somewhat nigher.

I weep, and boile away my Selfe, in teares;
 And then my panting heart would dry those feares:

I burne, though all the Forrest lend a shade;

And freize, though the whole Wood one fire were made. *Mar.* Alas!

Am. I often have been torne with thorne and briar;
 Both in the Leg, and Foot, and somewhat higher:

Yet gave not then such fearfull shreikes as these. Ah!

I often have been stung too, with curst Bees;

Yet not remember that I then did quit

Either my Companie, or Mirth for it. Ah!

And therefore, what it is that I feele now,

And know no cause of it, nor where, nor how,

It entred in mee, nor least print can see,

I feele afflicts mee more, then Briar, or Bee. Oh!

How often, when the Sun heavens brightest birth

Hath with his burning fervour cleft the earth,

Under a spreading Elme, or Oake, hard by
A coole cleare fountaine, could I sleeping lie
Safe from the heate? but now, no shadie tree,
Nor purling brook, can my refreshing bee?
Oft when the medowes, were growne rough with frost,
The rivers ice-bound, and their currents lost,
My thick warme fleece I wore, was my defence
Or large good fires, I made, drave winter thence.
But now, my whole flocks fells, nor this thick grove,
Enflam'd to ashes, can my cold remove.
It is a cold, and heat, that doth out-goe
All sence of Winters, and of Summers so.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Robin-hood. Clarion. Lionel. Alken.

Rob. O', are you here, my Miltresse? Mar. I my Love!
Where should I be, but in my Robins armes?
The Sphere which I delight in, so to move?

Shae seing
him, runs to
imbrace him.
He puts her
back,

Rob. What the rude Ranger? and spied Spie? hand off:
You are for no such rusticks. Mar. What meanes this,
Thrice worthy Clarion? or wise Alken? know yee?

Rob. 'Las no, not they! a poore sterv'd Muttons carkasse
Would better fit their palat's, then your Venison.

Mar. What riddle is this! unfold your selfe, deare Robin.

Rob. You ha' not sent your Venison hence by Scathlock,
To Mother Maudlin? Mar. I to Mother Maudlin?

Will Scathlock say so? Rob. Nay, wee will all sweare so.

For all did heare it, when you gave the charge so.

Both Clarion, Alken, Lionel, my selfe.

Mar. Good honest Shep'ards, Masters of your flocks,
Simple, and vertuous men, no others hirelings;
Be not you made to speake against your Conscience,
That which may soile the truth. I send the Venison
Away? by Scathlock? and to mother Maudlin?

I came to shew it here, to Mellifleur,
I doe confesse; but Amies falling ill,
Did put us of it: Since wee imploied our selves
In comforting of her. O', here he is!

Did I, Sir, bid you beare away the Venison,

To mother Maudlin? Sca. I gud faith, Madam,

Did you, and I ha' done it. Mar. What ha' you done?

Sca. Obey'd your hefts, Madam, done your Commaunds.

Mar. Done my Commaunds, dull groome? Fetch it againe

Or kennel with the hounds. Are these the Arts

Robin, you read your rude ones o' the wood,

To countenance your quarrells, and mistakings?

Or are the sports to entertaine your friends

Those formed jealousies? Aske of Mellifleur,

Scathlock, en-
cers;

If I were ever from her, here, or *Amie*,
 Since I came in with them; or saw this *Scathlock*,
 Since I related to you his tale, o' the Raven?

Scathlock
 goes out.

Sca. I, say you so? *Mel.* Shee never left my side
 Since I came in, here, nor I hers. *Cl.* This 's strange!
 Our best of Senses were deceiv'd, our eyes, then!

Lio. And cares too. *Mar.* What you have concluded on,
 Make good I pray you. *Am.* O' my heart, my heart!

Mar. My heart it is, is wounded prettie *Amie*;
 Report not you your greifes: I'll tell for all.

Mel. Some body is to blame, there is a fault.

Mar. Try if you can take rest. A little slumber
 Will much refresh you (*Amie*). *Alk.* What's her greif?

Mar. Shee does not know: and therein shee is happie:

ACT II. SCENE VI.

To them!

John, Maudlin, and Scathlock after.

Joh. Here's Mother *Maudlin* come to give you thanks,
 Madam, for some late gift, shee hath receiv'd —

Which shee's not worthie of, shee saies, but crakes,
 And wonders of it; hoppes about the house;

Transported with the joy. *Man.* Send mee a Stagge!

A whole Stagge, Madam! and so fat a Deere!

So fairelie hunted, and at such a time too!

When all your freinds were here! *Rob.* Do you mark this, *Clarion*?

Her owne acknowledgement? *Man.* 'Twas such a bountie

And honour done to your poore Bedef-woman,

I know not how to owe it, but to thanke you.

And that I come to du: I shall goe round,

And giddie with the toy of the good turne.

Shee daunceth.

Shee turnes
 round, till
 shee falls.

Looke out, looke out, gay folke about,

And see mee spin; the ring I am in

Of mirth, & glee, with thanks for see

The heart putts on, for th' Venison

My Lady sent, which shall be spent

In draughts of Wine, to fume up fine

Into the braine, and downe againe

Fall in a Swoune, upo' the growne.

Rob. Look to her, shee is mad. *Man.* My Son hath sent you

A pott of Strawberries, gather'd i' the wood

(His Hoggs would els have rooted up, or trod)

With a choice dish of wildings here, to scald

And mingle with your Creame. *Mar.* Thank you good *Maudlin*,

And thanke your Sonne. Go, beare 'hem into *Much*

Th' Acater, let him thanke her. Surelie, Mother

You were mistaken, or my Woodmen more,

Or most my selfe, to send you all our store

Of Venison, hunted for our selves, this day!

You

You will not take it, Mother, I dare say,
If wee'lld intreat you; when you know our ghests:
Red Deere is head still of the forrest feasts.

Man. But I knaw yee, a right free-hearted Ladie,
Can spare it out of superfluitie:
I have departit it 'mong my poore Neighbours
To speake your Largeffe. *Mar.* I not gave it, Mother;
You have done wrong then: I know how to place
My guifts, and where; and when to find my seasons
To give, not throw away my Curtesies.

Man. Count you this thrown away? *Mar.* What's ravish'd from mee
I count it worse; as stolne: I loose my thanks.
But leave this quest: they fit not you, nor mee,
Mandlin, Contentions of this qualitie.

How now? *Sca.* Your Stag's return'd upon my shoulders,
Hee has found his way into the Kitchin againe:
With his two Leggs, If now your Cooke can dresse him;
Slid, I thought the Swine'ard would ha' beat mee,
Hee lookes so big! the sturdie Karle, lewd *Lorel*!

Scathlock,
enters.

Mar. There *Scathlock*, forthy paines, thou hast deserv'd it.

Man. Do you give a thing, and take a thing, Madam?

Marian gives
him Gold.

Mar. No, *Mandlin*, you had imparted to your Neighbours;
As much good doo't them: I ha' done no wrong.

Man. The Spit stand still, no Broches turne
Before the fire, but let it burne
Both sides, and hanches, till the whole
Converted be into one Cole.

The first
Charme.

Cl. What Devils Pater noster mumbles shee?

Alk. Stay, you will heare more of her witcherie

Man. The Swilland Dropsie enter in
The Lazie Cuke, and swell his skin;
And the old Mort-mal on his shin
Now prick, and itch, withouten blin.

Cl. Speake out Hagge, wee may heare your Devils Mattens.

Man. The Pane, wee call S. Antons fire
The Gout, or what wee can desire,
To crampe a Cuke, in every lim,
Before they dine, yet; seize on him.

Alk. A foule ill Spirit hath possessed her.

Am. O Karol, Karol, call him back againe.

Lio. Her thoughts do worke upon her, in her slumber:
And may expresse some part of her disease.

Rob. Observe, and marke, but trouble not her ease.

Am. O, ô. *Mar.* How is't *Amie*? *Mel.* Wherefore start you?

Am. O' Karol, he is faire, and sweet. *Man.* What then?

Are there not flowers as sweet, and faire, as men?

The Lillie is faire! and Rose is sweet! *Am.* I, so!

Let all the Roses, and the Lillies goe:

Karol is only faire to mee! *Mar.* And why?

Am. Alas for Karol, *Marian*, I could die.

Karol

Karol. He singeth sweetly too ! *Man.* What then ?
Are there not Birds sing sweeter farre, then Men ?

Am. I grant the Linet, Larke, and Bul-finch sing,
But best, the deare, good Angell of the Spring,
The Nightingale. *Man.* Then why ? then why, alone,
Should his notes please you ? *Am.* I not long ago
Tooke a delight, with wanton kidds to play,
And sport with little Lambes a Summers Day !
And view their friskes ! me thought it was a fight
Of joy, to see my two brave Rammes to fight !
Now *Karol*, onely, all delight doth move !
All that is *Karol*, *Karol* I approve !

This verie morning, but-- (I did bestow
(It was a little 'gainst my will, I know)
A single kisse, upon the feelie Swaine,
And now I wish that verie kisse againe.
His lip is softer, sweeter then the Rose
His mouth, and tongue with dropping honey flowes.
The relish of it was a pleasing thing.

Man. Yet like the Bees it had a little sting.

Am. And funke, and sticks yet in my marrow deepe
And what doth hurt me, I now wish to keepe.

Mar. Alas, how innocent her Storie is !

Am. I doe remember, *Marian*, I have oft
With pleasure kist my Lambes, and Puppies, soft,
And once a daintie fine Roe-fawne I had,
Of whose out-skiping bounds, I was as glad
As of my health : and him I oft would kisse :
Yet had his, no such sting, or paine, as this.
They never prick't or hurt my heart. And, for
They were so blunt, and dull, I wish no more.
But this, that hurtes, and prickes doth please ; This sweet,
Mingled with sower, I wish againe to meet :
And that delay, mee thinks, most tedious is
That keepe, or hinders mee of *Karol*'s kisse.

Mar. Wee'll send for him sweet *Amie*, to come to you.

Man. But, I will keepe him of if Charmes will doe it.

Cla. Doe you marke the murmuring hagge, how shee doth mutter ?

Rob. I like her not. And lesse her manners now.

Alk. Shee is a shrewd deformed peice, I vow.

Lio. As crooked as her bodie. *Rob.* I beleeve
Shee can take any Shape ; as *Scathlock* saies.

Alk. Shee may deceive the Sense, but really
Shee cannot change her selfe. *Rob.* Would I could see her,
Once more in *Marians* forme ! for I am certaine
Now, it was shee abus'd us ; as I think
My *Marian*, and my Love, now, innocent :
Which faith I seale unto her, with this kisse,
And call you all to witnesse of my pennance.

Alk. It was beleiv'd before, but now confirm'd,

Shee goes
murmuring
out.

That

That wee have seen the Monster.

ACT II. SCENE VII.

To them

Tuck. John. Much. Scarlet.

Tuc. Heare you how
Poore Tom, the Cooke, is taken! All his joynts
Do crack, as if his Limbes were tied with points:
His whole frame slackens; and a kind of rack
Runs downe along the Spondylls of his back;
A Gowt, or Crampe, now seizeth on his head,
Then falls into his feet; his knees are lead;
And he can stirre his either hand, no more
Then a dead stumpe, to his office, as before.

Alk. Hee is bewitched. Cla. This is an Argument
Both of her malice, and her power, wee see.

Alk. Shee must by some device restrained bee,
Or shee'll goe farre in mischief. Rob. Advise how,
Sage Shep'ard, wee shall put it straight in practice.

Alk. Send forth your woodmen, then, into the walkes,
Or let'em prick her footing hence; A Witch
Is sure a Creature of Melancholy,
And will be found, or sitting in her fourme,
Or els, at releife, like a Hare. Cla. You speake
Alken, as if you knew the sport of Witch-hunting,
Or starting of a Hag. Rob. Go firs about it,
Take George here with you, he can helpe to find her;
Leave Tuck, and Much behind to dresse the Dinner,
I' the Cookes stead. Much. Wee'll care to get that done.

Rob. Come Marian, lets withdraw into the bowre.

ACT II. SCENE VIII.

John. Scarlet. Scathlock. George. Alken.

Jo. Rare sport I sweare! this hunting of the Witch
Will make us. Scar. Let's advise upon't, like huntsmen.

Geo. And wee can spie her once, shee is our owne.

Sca. First, think which way shee fourmeth, on what wind:

Or North, or South. Geo. For, as the Shep'ard said,
A Witch is a kind of Hare. Scat. And markes the weather,
As the hare does. Jo. Where shall wee hope to find her?

Alk. I have ask'd leave to assist you, jollie huntsmen,
If an old Shep'erd may be heard among you;
Not jear'd or laugh'd at. Jo. Father, you will see
Robin-hoods house-hold, know more Curtesie.

Scat. Who scornes at eld, peeles of his owne young haires.

Alk. Yee say right well. Know yee the Witches Dell?

Scar. No more then I do know the walkes of Hell.

Enter George
to the Hunts-
men; who by
themselves
continuc the
Scene.
The rest go-
ing off.

Alken re-
turnes.

Alk. Within a gloomie dimble, shee doth dwell
 Downe in a pitt, ore-growne with brakes and briars.
 Close by the ruines of a shaken Abbey
 Torne, with an Earth-quake, down unto the ground,
 'Mongst graves, and grotts, neare an old Charnell house,
 Where you shall find her sitting in her fourme,
 As fearfull, and melancholique, as that
 Shee is about ; with Caterpillers kells,
 And knottie Cobwebs, rounded in with spells,
 Thence shee steales forth to releif, in the foggs,
 And rotten Mistes, upon the fens, and boggs,
 Downe to the drowned Lands of *Lincolneshire* ;
 To make Ewes cast their Lambs ! Swine eate their Farrow !
 The House-wifes Tun not worke ! Nor the Milk churne !
 Writhe Childrens wrists ! and suck their breath in sleepe !
 Get Vialls of their blood ! And where the Sea
 Casts up his slimie Owze, search for a weed
 To open locks with, and to rivet Charmes,
 Planted about her, in the wicked feat,
 Of all her mischiefes, which are manifold.

Jo. I wonder such a storie could be told,
 Of her dire deeds. *Geo.* I thought a Witches bankes
 Had inclos'd nothing, but the merrie pranks
 Of some old woman. *Skar.* Yes, her malice more !

Sca. As it would quickly appeare, had wee the Store
 Of his Collects. *Geo.* I, this gud learned Man
 Can speake her right. *Skar.* He knowes, her shifts, and haunts !

Alk. And all her wiles, and turnes. The venom'd Plants
 Wherewith shee kill's ! where the sad Mandrake growes,
 Whose grones are deathfull ! the dead-numming Night-shade !
 The stupifying Hemlock ! Adders tongue !
 And Martagan ! the shreikes of lucklesse Owles,
 Wee heare ! and croaking Night-Crowes in the aire !
 Greene-bellied Snakes ! blew fire-drakes in the skie !
 And giddie Flitter-mice, with lether wings !
 The scalie Beetles, with their habergeons,
 That make a humming Murmur as they flie !
 There, in the stocks of trees, white Faies doe dwell,
 And span-long Elves, that dance about a poole !
 With each a little Changeling, in their armes !
 The airie spirits play with falling starres !
 And mount the Sphere of fire, to kisse the Moone !
 While, shee sits reading by the Glow-wormes light,
 Or rotten wood (o're which the worme hath crept)
 The banefull scedule of her nocent charmes,
 And binding Characters, through which shee wounds
 Her Puppets, the *Sigilla* of her witch-craft.
 All this I know, and I will find her for you ;
 And shew you her sitting in her fourme, I'll lay
 My hand upon her ; make her throw her skurt

Along her back, when shee doth start before us.
But you must give her Law : and you shall see her
Make twentie leapes, and doubles ; crosse the pathes,
And then squatt downe beside us. *Jo.* Craftie Croane!
I long to be at the sport, and to report it.

Scar. Wee'll make this hunting of the Witch, as famous,
As any other blast of Venerie.

Scat. Hang her foule hagge, shee'll be a stinking Chase!
I had rather ha' the hunting of heir heyre.

Geo. If wee could come to see her, cry, so haw, once!

Alk. That I doe promise, or I'am no good Hag-finder.

The Argument of the third Act.

Puck-hairy disc overs himselfe in the Forrest, and discourseth his offices with their necessities, breifly; After which, *Douce*, entring in the habit of *Earine*, is pursued by *Karol*; who mistaking her at first to be his Sister, questions her, how shee came by those garments. Shee answers, by her mothers gift. The sad Shepherd comming in the while, shee runs away affrighted, and leaves *Karol*, sodainely; *Aeglamour* thinking it to be *Earines* ghost he saw, falls into a melancholique expression of his phantse to *Karol*, & questions him sadly about that point, which moves compassion in *Karol* of his mistake still. When *Clarion*, and *Lionell* enter to call *Karol* to *Amie*; *Karol* reports to them *Aeglamours* passion, with much regret. *Clarion* resolves to seeke him. *Karol* to returne with *Lionell*. By the way *Douce*, and her Mother (in the shape of *Marian*) meet them, and would divert them, affirming *Amie* to be recovered, which *Lionell* wondred at to be so soone. *Robin-hood* enters, they tell him the relation of the Witch, thinking her to be *Marian*; *Robin* suspecting her to be *Maudlin*, lay's hold of her Girdle sodainely, but shee striving to get free, they both run out, and he returnes with the belt broken. Shee following in her owne shape, demaunding it, but at a distance, as fearing to be seiz'd upon againe; and seeing shee cannot recover it, falls into a rage, and cursing, resolving to trust to her old artes, which shee calls her daughter to assist in. The Shepherds content with this discovery, goe home triumphing, make the relation to *Marian*. *Amie* is gladdened with the sight of *Karol*, &c. In the meane time enters *Lorel*, with purpose to ravish *Earine*, and calling her forth to that lewd end, he by the hearing of *Clarions* footing, is staid, and forced to commit her hastily to the tree againe, where *Clarion* comming by, and hearing a voyce singing, drawes neere unto it, but *Aeglamour* hearing it also, and knowing it to be *Earine's*, falls into a superstitious commendation of it, as being an Angells, and in the aire, when *Clarion* espies a hand put forth from the tree, and makes towards it, leaving *Aeglamour* to his wild phantse, who quitteth the place, and *Clarion* beginning to court the hand, and make love to it, there ariseth a mist sodainely, which, darkning all the place, *Clarion* looseth himselfe, and the

the tree where *Earine* is inclosed, lamenting his misfortune, with the unknowne nimphs miserie. The Aire clearing, enters the Witch, with her Son and Daughter, tells them how shee had caused that late darkenesse, to free *Lorell* from surprisall, and his prey from being reskued from him: bids him looke to her, and lock her up more carefully, and follow her, to assist a work, shee hath in hand, of recovering her lost Girdle, which shee laments the losse of, with cursings, execrations, wishing confusion to their feast, and meeting: sends her Sonne, and Daughter to gather certaine Simples, for her purpose, and bring them to her Dell. This *Puck* hearing prevents, & shewes her error still. The Hunts-men having found her footing, follow the tract, and prick after her. Shee getts to her Dell, and takes her Forme. Enter, *Alken* has spied her sitting with her Spindle, Threds, and Images. They are eager to seize her presently, but *Alken* perswades them to let her begin her charmes, which they doe. Her Sonne and Daughter come to her, the Hunts-men are afrighted as they see her worke goe forward. And over-hastie to apprehend her, shee escapeth them all, by the helpe and delusions of *Puck*.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Puck-bairy.

THe Feind hath much to doe, that keepes a Schoole;
Or is the Father of a familie;
Or governes but a country Academie:
His labours must be great, as are his cares,
To watch all turnes, and cast how to prevent 'hem.
This Dame of mine here, *Maud.* growes high in evill,
And thinkes shee doe's all, when 'tis I, her Divell,
That both delude her, and must yet protect her:
Shee's confident in mischeife, and presumes
The changing of her shape will still secure her.
But that may faile, and diverse hazards meete
Of other consequence, which I must looke to:
Not let her be surpriz'd on the first catch.
I must goe daunce about the Forrest, now,
And firke it like a Goblin, till I find her.
Then will my service come worth acceptation;
When not expected of her, when the helpe
Meetes the necessity, and both doe kisse
'Tis call'd the timing of a dutie, this.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Karol. Douce, to them *Aeglamour.*

Kar. Sure, you are very like her! I conceiv'd
You had been shee, seeing you run afore mee:
For such a suite shee made her gainst this Feast;

In all resemblance, or the verie same;
I saw her in it; had shee liv'd to enjoy it
Shee had been there an acceptable Guest
To *Marian*, and the gentle *Robin-hood*,
Who are the Crowne, and Ghirland of the Wood.

Don. I cannot tell: my Mother gave it mee,
And bad mee weare it. *Kar.* Who, the wise good Woman?
Old *Mand.* of *Pappelwicke*? *Don.* Yes, this fullen Man.
I cannot like him. I must take my leave

Aeglamour
enters, and
Dance goes
out.

Aeg. What said shee to you? *Kar.* Who? *Aegl.* *Earine*.
I saw her talking with you, or her Ghost;
For shee indeed is drown'd in old *Trents* bottome.
Did shee not tell who would ha' pull'd her in?
And had her Maiden-head upon the place?
The rivers brim, the margin of the Flood?
No ground is holie enough; (you know my meaning)
Lust is committed in Kings Palaces,
And yet their Majesties not violated!

No words! *Car.* How sad, and wild his thoughts are! gone?

Aeg. But shee, as chaste, as was her name, *Earine*,
Dy'd undeflowr'd: and now her sweet soule hovers,
Here, in the Aire, above us, and doth haste
To get up to the *Moone*, and *Mercury*;
And whisper *Venus* in her *Orbe*; then spring
Up to old *Saturne*, and come downe by *Mars*,
Consulting *Jupiter*; and seate her selfe
Just in the midst with *Phæbus*; tempring all
The jarring Spheeres, and giving to the World
Againe, his first and tunefull planetting!
O' what an age will here be of new concords!
Delightfull harmonie! to rock old Sages,
Twice infants, in the Cradle of Speculation,
And throw a silence upon all the creatures!

Aeglamour
goes out, but
comes in
again.

Kar. A Cogitation of the highest rapture!

Aegl. The loudest Seas, and most enraged Windes
Shall lose their clangor; Tempest shall grow hoarse;
Loud Thunder dumbe; and every speece of storme
Laid in the lap of listning Nature, hush;
To heare the changed chime of this eighth spheere!
Take tent, and harken for it, loose it not.

He goes out
again, but
returues as
soone as be-
fore.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Clarion, Lionell, Karol.

Aeglamour
departs.

Cla. O' here is *Karol*! was not that the sad
Shep'erd, slip'd from him? *Aie.* Yes, I ghesse it was:
Who was that left you, *Karol*? *Kar.* The last man!
Whom, wee shall never see him selfe againe;
Or ours, I feare! He starts away from hand, so,
And all the touches, or soft stroke of reason!

Yee can applie. No Colt is so unbroken!
 Or hawke yet halfe so haggard, or unmann'd!
 He takes all toies that his wild phant'sy proffers,
 And flies away with them. He now conceives
 That my lost Sister, his *Earine*,
 Is lately turn'd a Sphere amid the seven:
 And reades a Musique-Lecture to the Planets!
 And with this thought, hee's run to cal 'hem, Hearers!

Cla. Alas, this is a strayn'd, but innocent phant'sie!

I'll follow him, and find him, if I can:

Meane time, goe you with *Lionell*, sweet *Karol*,

Hee will acquaint you with an accident

Which much desires your presence, on the place!

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Karol. Lionell.

Kar. What is it, *Lionell*, wherein I may serve you?
 Why doe you so survey, and circumscribe mee?

As if you stuck one Eye into my brest,
 And with the other took my whole dimensions?

Lio. I wish you had a windo' i' your bosome
 Or i' your back: I might look thorough you,
 And see your in-parts, *Karol*, liver, heart;
 For there the seat of *Love* is. Whence the Boy
 (The winged Archer) hath shott home a shaft
 Into my sisters brest, the innocent *Amie*,
 Who now cries out, upon her bed, on *Karol*,
 Sweet singing *Karol*! the delicious *Karol*!
 That kist her like a *Cupid*! In your eyes,
 Shee saies, his stand is! and between your lipp's
 He runs forth his divisions, to her eares,
 But will not bidethere, lesse your selfe do bring him.
 Goe with me *Karol*, and bestow a visit
 In charitie, upon the afflicted Maid,
 Who pineth with the languor of your love.

Mar. Whither intend you? *Amy* is recover'd,
 Feeles no such grieve as shee complain'd of, lately:
 This Maiden hath been with her from her Mother
Mandlin, the cunning Woman, who hath sent her
 Herbes for her head, and Simples of that nature,
 Have wrought upon her a miraculous Cure;
 Setled her braine, to all our wish, and wonder!

Lio. So instantly? you know, I now but left her,
 Possess'd with such a fit, almost to a phrensie;
 Your selfe too fear'd her, *Marian*; and did urge
 My haste, to seeke out *Karol*, and to bring him.

Mar. I did so. But the skill of that wise woman
 And her great charitie of doing good

To them
Maud and
Douce, but
Maud appea-
 ring like *Ma-*
rian.

Hath by the readie hand of this deft lasse
Her daughter, wrought effects, beyond beleife,
And to astonishment; wee can but thanke
And praise, and be amazed, while wee tell it.

They go
out.

Lio. 'Tis strange, that any art should so helpe nature
In her extremes. *Kar.* Then, it appeares most reall
When th'other is deficient. *Rob.* Wherefore, stay you
Discourfing here, and hafte not with your succours
To poore afflicted *Amie*, that fo needes them?

Enter Robin-
hood

Lio. Shee is recover'd well, your *Marian* told us
But now here: See, shee is return'd t'affirme it!

Enter Maud:
like Marian.
Maud: espy-
ing Robin-
hood would
run out, but
he staies her
by the Gir-
dle, and runs
in with her.
He retunes
with the Gir-
dle broken,
and shee in
her owne
shape.

Rob. My *Marian*? *Mar.* Robin-hood? Is hee here? *Rob.* Stay!
What was't you ha'told my friend? *Mar.* Helpe, murder, helpe.
You will not rob me Out-law? Theife, restore
My belt that yee have broken! *Rob.* Yes, come neere,

Man. Not i' your gripe. *Rob.* Was this the charmed circle?
The Copy that fo couzen'd, and deceiv'd us?

I'le carry hence the trophie of your spoiles.
My men shall hunt you too upon the start,
And course you foundly. *Man.* I shall make 'hem sport
And fend some home, without their leggs, or armes.
I'le teach 'hem to climbe Stiles, leape Ditches, Ponds,
And lie i'the Waters, if they follow mee.

Rob. Outmurmuring Hagge. *Man.* I must use all my powers,
Lay all my witts to piecing of this losse.
Things run unluckily, Where's my *Puck-hairy*?

ACT III. SCENE V.

Maud. *Puck.*

Hath he forsooke mee? *Puc.* At your beck, Madame.

Man. O *Puck*, my Goblin! I have lost my belt,
The strong theife, *Robin* Out-law, forc'd it from mee.

Puck. They are other Cloudes and blacker threat you, Dame;
You must be wary, and pull in your failes,
And yeeld unto the wether of the tempest.
You thinke your power's infinite as your malice;
And would do all your anger prompts you to:
But you must wait occasions, and obey them:
Saile in an egg-shell, make a straw your mast,
A Cobweb all your Cloth, and passe, unseen,
Till you have scap'd the rockes that are about you.

Man. What rock's about mee? *Puc.* I do love, Madam,
To shew you all your dangers, when you are past 'hem.
Come, follow mee, I'll once more be your pilot,
And you shall thanke mee. *Man.* Lucky, my lov'd Goblin!
Where are you gaang, now? *Lor.* Unto my tree,
To see my Maistres. *Man.* Gang thy gait, and try
Thy turnes, with better luck, or hang thy sel'.

Lorel meets
her.

The End.

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The Workes Of Benjamin Jonson Containing These Playes, Viz. 1 Bartholomew
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